



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

**B** 973,998



A7  
2  
G94















Engraved by W. E. Barker

INNOCENCE.

Published by J. H. B. & Co. New York & London.

PHILADELPHIA:  
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO. 98 CHESTNUT STREET.

.....  
1848.

---

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates, which appears to be a record of some kind. The names are written in a cursive script, and the dates are in a more formal, printed style. The list is organized into two columns, with names on the left and dates on the right.

2.

GRAHAM'S  
AMERICAN MONTHLY  
MAGAZINE

*Of Literature and Art.*

EMBELLISHED WITH

MEZZOTINT AND STEEL ENGRAVINGS, MUSIC, ETC.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, J. FENIMORE COOPER, RICHARD H. DANA, JAMES K. PAULDING, HENRY  
W. LONGFELLOW, N. P. WILLIS, CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, J. R. LOWELL.  
MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, MISS C. M. SEDGWICK, MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD, MRS. EMMA C  
EMBURY, MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY, MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN, ETC.  
PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM, AND ROBERT T. CONRAD, EDITORS.

VOLUME XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA:  
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO. 98 CHESTNUT STREET.

.....  
1848.





compl sets  
 Schuchal  
 3-4-41  
 42812

# CONTENTS

## OF THE

### THIRTY-SECOND VOLUME.

JANUARY, 1848, TO JUNE, 1848.

A Drama of Real Life. By N. P. WILLIS, -	61	The Lone Buffalo. By CHARLES LANMAN, -	294
Autumnal Scenery. By JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, -	64	The Fortunes of a Southern Family. By A	
Biographical Sketch of Gen. Wm. O. Butler.		NEW CONTRIBUTOR, -	325
By FRANCIS P. BLAIR, -	49	The Double Transformation. By JAMES K.	
Battle of Fort Moultrie. By C. J. PETERSON, -	198	PAULDING, -	350
Clara Harland. By G. G. FOSTER. (Illustrated.)	241	Whortleberrying. By ALFRED B. STREET, -	270
Cincinnati. By FAYETTE ROBINSON, -	352		
Captain Samuel Walker. By FAYETTE ROBIN-			
son. (With an Engraving.) -	301		
Dissolving Views. By F. E. F. -	172		
Effie Morris. By ENNA DUVAL, -	87		
First Love. By ENNA DUVAL, -	262		
Game-Birds of America. By PROF. FROST, -	68		
Game-Birds of America. By PROF. FROST, -	185		
Home. By Mrs. H. MARION WARD, -	129		
Jacob Jones. By T. S. ARTHUR, -	193		
Jehoiakim Johnson. By MARY SPENCER PEASE, -	313		
Lace and Diamonds. By THEODORE S. FAY, -	1		
Le Petit Soulier. By IK. MARVEL, -	165		
Marginalia. By EDGAR A. POE, -	23		
Mathew Mizzle. By JOSEPH C. NEAL, -	57		
Monteruma Moggs. By JOSEPH C. NEAL, -	116		
Marginalia. By EDGAR A. POE, -	130		
Mrs. Pelby Smith's Select Party. By Mrs. A.			
M. F. ANNAN, -	132		
Marginalia. By EDGAR A. POE, -	178		
My Lady-Help. By ENNA DUVAL, -	180		
Mary Warner. By Mrs. E. L. B. COWDERY, -	201		
Major-General Worth. By FAYETTE ROBINSON, -	275		
Power of Beauty, and a Plain Man's Love.			
By N. P. WILLIS, -	90		
Pauline Dumesnil. By ANGELE DE V. HULL, -	121		
Pauline Grey. By F. E. F. -	220, 265		
Phantasmagoria. By JOHN NEAL, -	260		
Phantoms All. By CAROLINE H. BUTLER, -	304		
Poor Penn—. By OLIVER BUCKLEY, -	309		
Stoke Church and Park. By R. BALMANNO, -	73		
The Rival Sisters. By HENRY W. HERBERT, -	13, 105		
The Little Gold-Fish. By J. K. PAULDING, -	31		
The Teacher Taught. By MARY S. ADAMS, -	39		
The Islets of the Gulf. By J. F. COOPER, -	42, 93, 150		
The Cruise of the Gentile. By FRANK BYRNE, -	133, 205		
The Little Cap-Maker. By Mrs. C. H. BUTLER, -	221		
The Portrait of General Scott. -	234		
Theresa. By JANE TAYLOR WORTHINGTON, -	247		
The Changed and the Unchanged. By Pro-			
FESSOR ALDEN, -	277		
The New England Factory Girl. By Mrs. Jo-			
SEPH C. NEAL, -	287, 343		

#### P O E T R Y .

A Funeral Thought. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR, -	10
An Hour. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR, -	94
A Butterfly in the City. By THOMAS BUCHANAN	
READ -	104
A Parting. By HENRY S. HAGERT, -	238
A Vision. By R. H. STODDART, -	286
A Song. By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, -	311
Burial of a Volunteer. By PARK BENJAMIN, -	128
Beauty's Bath. (Illustrated.) -	131
Contemplation. By JANE R. DANA. (Illustrated.)	190
City Life. By CHARLES W. BAIRD, -	204
Coriolanus. By HENRY B. HIRST, -	319
Cleopatra. By ELIZABETH J. EAMES, -	363
Decay and Rome. By R. H. STODDART, -	220
Elsie. By KATE DASHWOOD, -	67
Early English Poets. By ELIZABETH J. EAMES, -	92
Early English Poets. By ELIZABETH J. EAMES, -	171
Epitaph on a Restless Lady, -	179
Expectation. By LOUISA M. GREEN, -	187
Eurydice. By FRANCES S. OSGOOD, -	274
Encouragement. By Mrs. E. C. KINNEY, -	276
Fair Margaret. By WM. H. C. HOSMER, -	293
Homeward Bound. By E. CURTISS HINE, -	306
Isola. By JOHN TOMLIN, -	190
Renovar. By WM. GILMORE SIMMS, -	218
Lines to — By CAROLINE F. ORNE, -	63
Love. By R. H. STODDART, -	131
Lines to an Ideal. By ELIZABETH L. LINSLEY, -	151
Lethe. By HENRY B. HIRST, -	179
Lines. By GRETTA, -	184
Lennard. By Mrs. MARY G. HORSFORD, -	320
Lamartine to Madame Jorelle. By VIRGINIA -	303
Lines to —, By W. HORRY STILWELL, -	349
Midnight. By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, -	286
No, Not Forgotten. By EARLE S. GOODRICH, -	228
O, Scorn Not Thy Brother. By E. CURTISS	
HINE, -	235
Poetry. A Song. By GEORGE P. MORRIS, -	65
Revolution. By ARIAN, -	292

## Spirit-Yearnings for Love. By Mrs. H. MA-

RION WARD,	- - - - -	12
Sonnet to Graham. By ALTUS,	- - - - -	22
Sonnet to S. D. A. By "THE SQUIRE,"	- - - - -	48
Shawangunk Mountain. By A. B. STREET,	- - - - -	59
Sonnet to —. By CAROLINE F. ORNE,	- - - - -	67
Sunset After Rain. By ALFRED B. STREET,	- - - - -	115
Sonnet to Night. By GRETTA,	- - - - -	120
Spirit-Voices. By CHARLES W. BAIRD,	- - - - -	158
Song of the Elves. By ANNA BLACKWELL,	- - - - -	203
Song for a Sabbath Morning. By T. B. READ,	- - - - -	204
Sonnets. By JAMES LAWSON,	- - - - -	250
Sonnet. By C. E. T.	- - - - -	260
Sonnet. By Mrs. E. C. KINNEY,	- - - - -	281
Stanzas. By W. H. DENNY,	- - - - -	293
Song. By C. E. T.	- - - - -	342
The Memorial Tree. By W. GILMORE SIMMS,	- - - - -	11
The Rainbow. By Mrs. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY,	- - - - -	12
The Penance of Roland. By HENRY B. HIRST,	- - - - -	25
The Sea-Nymphs Song. By W. H. C. HOSMER,	- - - - -	30
The Vesper Bell. By PARK BENJAMIN,	- - - - -	38
The Sunbeam. By MARY E. LEE,	- - - - -	41
The Land of Dreams. By W. M. C. BRYANT,	- - - - -	48
The Mourner. By Dr. JOHN D. GODMAN,	- - - - -	67
The Saw-Mill. By W. M. C. BRYANT,	- - - - -	86
The Portrait. By R. T. CONRAD. (Illustrated.)	- - - - -	92
The Lost Pleiad. By HENRY B. HIRST,	- - - - -	115
The Bride's Confession. By ALICE G. LEE,	- - - - -	120
The Hermit of Niagara. By Mrs. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY,	- - - - -	127
The Bridal Morning. (Illustrated.)	- - - - -	128
The Alchemist's Daughter. By T. B. READ,	- - - - -	148
The Belle. By MARY L. LAWSON,	- - - - -	164
The Voice of the Fire. By J. B. TAYLOR,	- - - - -	177
Triumphs of Peace. By W. M. H. C. HOSMER,	- - - - -	187
To My Wife. By ROBT. T. CONRAD,	- - - - -	190
The Darling. By BLANCHE BENNAIRDE,	- - - - -	197
The Poet's Love. By HENRY B. HIRST,	- - - - -	200
To the Author of "The Raven." By Miss HARRIET B. WINSLOW,	- - - - -	203
The Fire of Drift-Wood. By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,	- - - - -	204
The Last of His Race. By S. DRYDEN PHELPS,	- - - - -	220
The Sailor-Lover to His Mistress. By R. H. BACON,	- - - - -	233
The Spirit of Song. By Mrs. E. C. KINNEY,	- - - - -	238
The Ancient and the Modern Muse. By LYMAN LONG,	- - - - -	246
The Oak-Tree. By PARK BENJAMIN,	- - - - -	264
The Voice of the Night Wind. By E. CURTISS HINE,	- - - - -	274
The Daypring. By SAMUEL D. PATTERSON,	- - - - -	281
The Adopted Child. By Mrs. FRANCES B. M. BROTHERRSON,	- - - - -	295
The Pole's Farewell. By W. M. H. C. HOSMER,	- - - - -	324
The Real and the Ideal. By MARION H. RAND,	- - - - -	341
The Human Voice. By GEO. P. MORRIS,	- - - - -	341
The Enchanted Isle. By LYDIA J. PIERSON,	- - - - -	311
The Continents. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR,	- - - - -	312
Venice as It Was and as It Is. By PROFESSOR GOODRICH,	- - - - -	342
White Creek. By ALFRED B. STREET,	- - - - -	147
Years Ago. By GEORGE P. MORRIS,	- - - - -	190

## REVIEWS.

The Poetical Works of Fitz-Greene Halleck,	- - - - -	70
The Poetical Works of Lord Byron,	- - - - -	71
The Life of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre. By G. P. R. JAMES,	- - - - -	72
Artist Life. By H. T. TUCKERMAN,	- - - - -	72
Poems of Early and After Years. By N. P. WILLIS,	- - - - -	132
Practical Physiology. By Edward Jarvis,	- - - - -	191
The Fruits and Fruit Trees of America. By A. J. DOWNING,	- - - - -	191
Historical and Select Memoirs of the Empress Josephine. By M <sup>lle</sup> . M. A. Le Normand,	- - - - -	239
Memoir of Sarah B. Judson. By "Fanny Forester,"	- - - - -	240
The History of a Penitent. By George W. BETHUNE, D. D.	- - - - -	240
Keble's Christian Year,	- - - - -	240
Edith Kinnaird. By the Author of "The Maiden Aunt,"	- - - - -	298
Jane Eyre. An Autobiography,	- - - - -	299
The Princess. By Alfred Tennyson,	- - - - -	300
The Origin, Progress and Conclusion of the Florida War. By John T. Sprague,	- - - - -	300
The Poetical Works of John Milton,	- - - - -	300
An Universal History of the Most Remarkable Events of All Nations, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time,	- - - - -	354
Lectures on Shakspeare. By H. N. HUDSON,	- - - - -	354
Military Heroes of the Revolution. By C. J. PETERSON,	- - - - -	356
Old Hicks, the Guide. By C. W. WEBBER,	- - - - -	356

## MUSIC.

Woman's Love. Poetry by Anon. Music by Mathias Keller,	- - - - -	188
Ben Bolt. The Words and Melody by Thomas Dunn English,	- - - - -	236
When Shall I See the Object that I Love. A favorite Swiss Air. Music by J. B. Müller,	- - - - -	296

## ENGRAVINGS.

Innocence, engraved by W. E. Tucker.	- - - - -
General Butler, engraved by Thomas B. Welsh.	- - - - -
A Portrait, engraved by Ross.	- - - - -
Beauty's Bath, engraved by Sartain.	- - - - -
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.	- - - - -
Bridal Morning, engraved by A. B. Ross.	- - - - -
Expectation, engraved by J. Addison.	- - - - -
Contemplation, engraved by Addison.	- - - - -
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.	- - - - -
Gen. Winfield Scott, engraved by Thos. B. Welsh.	- - - - -
Pauline Grey, engraved by J. B. Adams.	- - - - -
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.	- - - - -
General Worth, engraved by Sartain.	- - - - -
Clara Harland, engraved by Addison.	- - - - -
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.	- - - - -
Captain Walker, engraved by A. B. Walter.	- - - - -
Cincinnati, engraved by J. W. Steel.	- - - - -
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.	- - - - -

12

13

14





1781

A. D. G. 1781

Engraved Expressly for Graham's Magazine





Very your friend

W. S. Butler

UNIVERSITY

# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1848.

No. 1.

## LACE AND DIAMONDS.

OR TAKE CARE WHAT YOU DO.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

"Do n't be angry, ma'ma—I wont jest any more, if it displease you, but I will make a plain confession."

"Well," said Mrs. Clifford, "let me hear it."

"I have not one feeling which I wish to conceal from you. There have been moments when I liked Mr. Franklin," and a pretty color crossed her cheek, "but I have been struck with a peculiarity which has chilled warmer sentiments. He appears phlegmatic and cold. There is about him a perpetual repose that seems inconsistent with energy and feeling. I am not satisfied that I could be happy with such a person—not certain that he is capable of loving, or of inspiring love. When I marry any one, he must worship, he must adore me. He must be ready to go crazy for me. Let him be full of faults, but let him have—what so few possess—a warm, unselfish heart."

"I have heard you, through," said Mrs. Clifford, "now you must hear me. It is very proper that you should not decide without full consideration. Examine as long as you think necessary the qualities of Mr. Franklin, and never marry him till he inspire you with confidence and affection. But remember something is due also to him; and the divine rule of acting toward others as you wish them to act toward you, must be applied here, as in every affair in life. While you should not, I allow, be hurried into a decision, yet your mind once made up, he should not be kept a moment in suspense."

"Do you think, ma'ma," asked Caroline, "that he has much feeling?"

"I think he has. I think him peculiarly gifted with unselfish ardor. That which appears to you coldness, is, in my opinion, the natural reserve of a warm heart—so modest that it rather retires from observation than parades itself before the world. Sentiment and fire, when common on the lips, are not more likely to be native to the soul. It is precisely

that calm, that repose you allude to, which forms, in my judgment, the guarantee of Mr. Franklin's sincerity, and the finishing grace of his character—a character in all other respects, also, a true and noble one."

Caroline did not listen without interest.

Mrs. Clifford was a native of New York, and had come over just a year ago to enjoy a tour in Europe. Franklin had been a fellow-passenger; and a sort of intimacy had grown up between the young people, which the gentleman had taken rather *au sérieux*. He had gladly availed himself of an accidental business necessity which called the son and proposed traveling companion of Mrs. Clifford suddenly home, to join her little party, and had accompanied them through Italy, France, Germany, Belgium, and Holland. The result was, that the happiness of his life now appeared to depend upon an affirmative monosyllable in reply to the offer he had just made of his heart and hand. Mrs. Clifford was the widow of a captain in the American navy, who had left her only a moderate income—sufficient, but no more, for the wants of herself and daughter. Mr. Franklin was a lawyer of six-and-twenty, who had been advised to repair the effects of too severe professional application, by change of air, and a year's idleness and travel.

The conversation was scarcely finished, when the subject of it was announced.

After the usual salutations, Mr. Franklin said he had come, according to appointment, to accompany the ladies on a walk, and to see the lions of London, where they had arrived some days before. In a few minutes, hats, shawls, and gloves, being duly put in requisition, they had left their lodgings in Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square, and were wending their way toward Regent Street and the Strand, through the crowds of this wonderful and magnificent metropolis, of which every thing was



a delightful curiosity, and where, amid the millions around, they knew and were known by scarcely a human creature.

Every stranger, newly arrived and walking about London, has noted the effect of this prodigious town upon him; and how singularly he is lost in its immensity, overwhelmed by its grandeur, and bewildered amid its endless multiplicity of attractions. So it was with our little party. Excited by the thousand novel and dazzling objects, the hours fled away like minutes; and it was late before they had executed or even formed any plans.

"Let us at least go somewhere," said Caroline. "Let us go to St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey, or the Tower; and we have, beside, purchases to make—for ladies, you know, Mr. Franklin, have always shopping to do."

"Well, as it is so late," said Mrs. Clifford, "and we have promised to call on Mrs. Porter at half past two, I propose to leave the lions for another morning, and only enjoy our walk to-day."

"Then, ma'ma, let us go to that splendid shop, and look at the lace once more. Only think, Mr. Franklin, we yesterday saw lace, not broader than this, and I had a half fancy to buy some for a new dress—and what do you suppose it cost?"

"I am little versed," said Franklin, "in such mysteries—five pounds, perhaps—"

"Twelve pounds—twelve pounds and a half sterling—sixty American dollars. I never saw any thing so superb. Ma'ma says I ought not even to look at such a luxury."

"But is lace really such a luxury?" inquired Franklin, smiling.

"You can have no idea how exquisite this is!"

"As for me," rejoined Franklin, "I can never tell whether a lady's lace is worth twelve pounds or twelve cents. Although, I hope, not insensible to the general effect of a toilette, yet lace and diamonds, and all that sort of thing, are lost upon me entirely."

"Oh, you barbarian!"

"Real beauty was never heightened by such ornaments, and ugliness is invariably rendered more conspicuous and ugly."

"You will not find many ladies," said Mrs. Clifford, "to agree with you."

"Oh, yes! How often do we hear of belles, as distinguished for the simplicity of their toilette, as for the beauty of their persons. How often in real life, and how frequently in novels. There you read that, while the other ladies are shining in satin and lace, and blazing in diamonds, the real rose of the evening eclipses them all in a plain dress of white, without jewels, like some modest flower, unconscious of her charms, and therefore attracting more attention."

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Clifford, smiling, "it is just as you say!"

"And what does Miss Caroline think of my attack on lace and diamonds?"

"Why," said Caroline, laughing, "since you do me the honor to require my opinion, I will give it you. I agree that such pretending ornaments ill become the old and ugly. There you are right. I

agree that the extremely beautiful may also dispense with them. These ball-room belles of yours—these real roses of the evening—are, I suspect, so lovely as to make them exceptions to the general rule. But there is a class of young ladies, among whom I place myself, neither so old and ugly as to make ornament ridiculous, nor so beautiful as to render it unnecessary. To this middle class, a bit of lace—a neat tab—a string of pearls here and there—a pretty worked cape—or a coronet of diamonds, I assure you, do no harm."

"That you are not so ugly as to render ornament ridiculous," replied Franklin, "I allow; but that there is, in your case, any want of loveliness to require—to render—which—"

"Take care, Mr. Franklin!" interrupted Caroline, mischievously, "you are steering right upon the rocks; and a gentleman who refuses all decoration to a lady's toilette, should not embellish his own conversation with flattery."

"Upon my word," replied he, in a lower voice, "to whatever class you belong, Miss Clifford, you do yourself injustice if you suppose lace and diamonds can add to the power of your beauty, any more than the greatest splendor of fortune could increase the charms of your—"

"Ma'ma," exclaimed Caroline, "we have passed the lace shop."

"So we have," said Mrs. Clifford; "but why should we go back—you certainly don't mean to buy any—?"

"No, ma'ma; but I want some edging, and I might as well get it here, if only to enjoy another look at the forbidden fruit."

The shop was one of those magnificent establishments of late years common in large metropolises. A long hall led from the street quite back through the building, or rather masses of buildings, to another equally elegant entrance on the parallel street behind. The doors were single sheets of heavy plate-glass. In the windows all the glittering and precious treasures of India and Asia seemed draped in gorgeous confusion, and blazed also through unbroken expanses of limpid glass of yet larger dimensions than the doors. Silks, laces, Cashmere shawls, damask, heavy and sumptuous velvets of bright colors, and fit for a queen's train, muslins of bewildering beauty, dresses at £200 a piece, and handkerchiefs of Manilla of almost fabulous value. The interior presented similar displays on all sides, multiplied by reflections from broad mirrors, gleaming among marble columns. Perhaps those numerous mirrors were intended to neutralize the somewhat gloomy effect of the low ceiling, not sufficiently elevated to admit the necessary light into the central spaces. At various points, even in the day-time, gas-lights burned brilliantly. Before the door were drawn up half a dozen elegant coroneted equipages, the well-groomed, shining horses, and richly-liveried coachmen, indicating the rank of the noble owners; and on the benches before the windows lounged the tall and handsome footmen, with their long gold-headed sticks, powdered heads, gaudy coats, bright-

colored plush breeches, and white silk stockings, and gloves.

In the shop there were, perhaps, fifty persons, as it happened to be a remarkably fine day in June—one of those grateful gifts from heaven to earth which lure people irresistibly out of the dark and weary home, and which, when first occurring, after a long and dismal winter, as in the present instance, appear to empty into the sunshiny streets, every inhabitant, the sick and the well, the lame and the blind alike, from every house in town.

Caroline asked to be shown some of the lace which she had looked at the day before. It was produced, and Mrs. Clifford and Franklin were called to examine it. The wonder consisted as much in the endless variety of the patterns, as in the exquisite fineness and richness of the material. The counter was soon strewn with the airy treasures, one piece after another, unrolled with rapidity, appeared to make a lively impression on the young girl, who at last, with a sigh, apologized to the polite person patiently waiting the end of an examination which his practiced eyes had, doubtless, perceived was only one of vain curiosity.

"It is too dear," said Caroline, "I cannot afford it. Pray let me see some narrow edging."

"That lace is very pretty," remarked a lady of a commanding figure, evidently a person of rank.

"Very pretty, my lady," replied the clerk who had waited on Caroline.

"What is it?"

"Twelve and a half, my lady."

"It is really pretty—give me twenty yards."

"Very good, my lady."

The article was measured and cut almost as soon as ordered, and the remnant rewound into a small parcel and thrown upon the counter.

At the same moment, and as a boy handed Caroline the edging, wrapped in paper, for which she had already paid, and which she took mechanically, she heard one of the bystanders whisper to another: "The Countess D——!" (one of the most celebrated women of England.)

"Ma'ma," said Caroline, "did you observe that lady?"

And they left the shop.

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Clifford, looking at her watch, "do you know how late it is? Half past two. We promised to be at Mrs. Porter's at this very time. She said, you remember, she was going out at four; and it will take us, I'm afraid, nearly an hour to get there."

"Then let us make haste, ma'ma!"

And with a very rapid pace they hurried back toward Regent Street and Portland Place. They had gone on in this way, perhaps, twenty minutes, when a white-headed, respectable-looking old gentleman was thrust aside by a rude fellow pushing by, so that he ran against Caroline, and caused her to drop her pocket-handkerchief. He stopped, with evident marks of mortification, and picked it up, with a polite apology. Caroline assured him she was not hurt.

"But, my dear young lady," said the benevolent-looking old gentleman, "let me return your parcel."

"Oh, that is not mine," replied Caroline.

"I beg your pardon, it fell with your handkerchief."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Caroline, "what have I done! I have brought away a piece of that lace! Ma'ma, let us go back directly."

Although the incident had occupied but a minute, Mrs. Clifford and Franklin, engaged in conversation, had not perceived it, and had gone several paces on. The old gentleman smiled, bowed, and disappeared around a corner.

At this moment a man stepped up, and laying his hand roughly on Caroline's arm, said,

"Young woman, you must come with me!"

And a second iron-hand grasped her other arm.

Shocked and affrighted, she saw they were policemen.

Then the voice of a person very much out of breath, cried,

"This is the one!—I can swear to her! And look!—there is the very lace in her hand!"

Pale as death, bewildered with terror, the poor girl could only attempt to say, "Ma'ma! ma'ma!" but her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth, and her voice refused its office. A crowd had already collected, and the words, "Lady been a stealing!" and, "They've nabbed a thief!" were audible enough.

"Come, my beauty!" said the man, pulling her forward, "we've no time to lose."

"Scoundrel!" cried the voice of Franklin, as he grasped him by the throat, "who are you?"

"You see who we are;" was the stern reply; "we're policemen, in the execution of our duty. Take your hand off my throat."

Franklin recognized their uniform, and relaxed his hold.

"Policemen! and what have policemen to do with this lady? You have made some stupid blunder. This is a lady. She is under my protection. Take your hand off her arm!"

"If she's under your protection, the best thing you can do is to accompany us," replied the man, bluntly; and he made another attempt to drag her away.

Franklin restrained himself with an effort which did him honor, conscious that violence would be here out of place, and perceiving that it would be utterly useless. He strove a moment to collect his thoughts as one stunned by a thunderbolt.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded.

"If you ask for information," remarked the man, impressed by his agonized astonishment, "I will tell you; but wont the young woman get into a hack, out of the crowd?"

An empty carriage happened to be passing, into which, like a man in a dream, Franklin handed the ladies. One police officer entered with them—the other took his seat on the box with the coachman. Caroline, although still colorless, had partly regained her courage, and endeavored to smile. Mrs.

Clifford, in a most distressing state of agitation, only found breath to say, "Well, this is a pretty adventure, upon my word!"

As the carriage moved away, followed by a troop of ragamuffins, leaping, laughing, and shouting, Franklin said,

"And now, my good fellow, I have submitted peaceably to this atrocious outrage, tell me by whose authority you act, and in what way this young lady has exposed herself to such an infamous insult?"

"Well, in the first place," said the man, coolly, "I act by the authority of the Messieurs Blake, Blanchard & Co.; and in the second place, the young lady has exposed herself to such an infamous insult by stealing ten yards of Brussels' lace, at £12 a yard, value £120 sterling."

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Franklin, again grasping his collar.

"Hollo! hollo! hollo!" cried the man—hands off, my cove! and keep a civil tongue in your head, you'd best. It aint of no use, I give you my word of honor."

"Miss Clifford—"

But Miss Clifford had covered her face with her white hands, which did not conceal her still whiter complexion.

"Why, look ye, sir," said the man, "if you really aint a party to the offence, I'm very sorry for you. The business is just this here. The shop of Blake, Blanchard & Co., has been frequently robbed, and sometimes by ladies. I was called, not four months ago, to take a real lady to prison, who had stole to the amount of £10. And to prison she went, too, though some of the most respectable people in town came down and begged for her. Now this here young lady came yesterday to the shop of Blake, Blanchard & Co.—tumbled every thing upside down, and bought nothing—went away—to-day came again—asked to see the most valuable lace—bought ten shillings' worth of narrow edging, and left the premises. At her departure she was seen to take ten yards of lace—value, £120. I was called in, and followed her, with one of the clerks, to identify her person. We perceived her walking fast—very fast, indeed. It was as much as we could do to overtake her. The clerk can swear to her identity—and the lace was found in her hand. Both the young man and myself can swear to it, if she denies it—though I caution you, Miss, not to say any thing at present, because it can be used against you at your trial."

"I do not deny it," said Caroline, with flashing eyes. "I took the lace, but did not know I took it."

"Oh! ho-ho!" said the man. "I hope you can make 'em believe that. Perhaps you can."

"My dear friend," cried Mrs. Clifford, now nearly beside herself, "I assure you, this is a frightful mistake. She carried the lace away from mere carelessness. Here is all the money I have about me. Take it for yourself, only let us go. My daughter, I assure you, is utterly incapable of stealing. You don't know her. As for the lace, I am

willing to pay for it. My name is Mrs. Clifford. I live No. — Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square. My dear, kind, good sir, turn the carriage and let us go home. My husband was Captain Clifford, of the American navy. Do you think we would be guilty of stealing? I will give you any money you desire. I will give you £50—only let us go."

"If your husband was Admiral Nelson himself," replied the man, with dignity, "I could not let you go now—not if you were to give me £500. I have only to do my duty. It's a very painful one—but it must be done. I aint a judge. I'm a policeman; and my business is to deliver you safe into the hands of Blake, Blanchard & Co."

To describe the whirl of thoughts which swept through the mind of Franklin during the interval would be impossible. He saw that a simple act of carelessness had been committed by Caroline; but he was enough of a lawyer to perceive that the proof against her was singularly striking and unanswerable—and he knew the world too well, not to feel extraordinary alarm at the possible consequences. In London, alone, without friends or acquaintances, a glance into the future almost drove him to distraction. At moments he was half mastered by the impulse to bear Caroline away, by a sudden *coup de main*; but his hand was held by the reflection, that even were such a wild scheme possible, success would be no means of security, inasmuch as Mrs. Clifford had given her address; while the attempt would exasperate the other party, appear but a new evidence of guilt, and in every way enhance the danger of their position.

As they approached the fatal shop, a large crowd had collected around the door. Franklin felt that he was in one of those crises on which hang human destiny and life, and that he had need of more prudence and wisdom than man can possess, except it be given him from above. Deep, therefore, and trusting, was his silent prayer to Him who hath said, "*Be strong and of a good courage. I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.*"

Caroline appeared ready to sink into the earth when the carriage stopped.

"My dearest Miss Clifford," said Franklin, "these men have fallen into a bungling error, and it will require some prudence on our part to make them see it. But compose yourself. Put down your veil; say nothing till I call you—and may God, in his mercy, grant that our ordeal be short!"

These words were uttered with a composure and cheerful presence of mind which reassured in some degree the fainting girl. She had at her side a protector who would never desert her—a pilot with a strong arm, a steady eye, and a bold heart—who would steer her through the wild storm, if any human being could.

Mrs. Clifford, speechless with terror, let down her daughter's veil as well as her shaking hands permitted, and was led by Franklin from the carriage into the house. He then handed, or rather lifted, out Caroline, who clung to him with helplessness and terror. The trembling party—a hundred unfeeling

eyes bent upon them—were conducted through the shop to a back parlor, into the presence of Mr. Jennings, the only one of the firm of Blake, Blanchard & Co. who happened to be at home. As Franklin saw him his heart sank in his bosom, and the courage which had begun to mount with the danger, seemed a mockery.

Mr. Jennings was a respectable looking man of forty, of a thin, hard countenance, repelling manners, and sharp voice, which, when excited, rose to a piercing and discordant note. There was no sign of mercy or moderation in his physiognomy. This man, who, after faithful subordinate services, had become the inferior and hardest working partner, happened to be afflicted with a very violent temper, which had been wrought into a rage by various recent purloinings, apparently like the present, attributed to female customers, and perpetrated with a combined cunning and daring which baffled detection, and he had long yearned to lay his hand upon one of them. His passions and interests were mingled together in this desire, which, in addition, he supposed fully sanctioned by duty; and when a man, and particularly such a man, of a narrow mind and cold heart—loving power, and rarely enabled to taste its sweets, once gets into his head the idea that he is acting from duty—God help the poor victim that falls within his grasp.

Such was the individual before whom, in the attitude of a detected criminal, was dragged the sweet and trembling girl. Such was the man before whom Franklin stood, curbing within the limits of prudence his high wrought feelings.

"Now, my honest women," said Jennings, seating himself magisterially in a large arm-chair by a table, while the rest stood in a circle around, like prisoners at a bar before their judge, "what have you to say with regard to the atrocious act of felony—"

"One moment, sir," said Franklin. "You will have the kindness to order chairs for those ladies."

Mr. Jennings paused, fixed a surprised glance at the speaker, and obeyed.

"Well then, *now*—" demanded he.

"I beg your pardon!" again interrupted Franklin, "permit me, in your own interest, to make another suggestion. Before you proceed in this examination, I warn you, with all deference to the sincerity of your present error, that you have before you two ladies of respectability, and unblemished reputation, and who are entirely innocent in this matter."

"Bah!" ejaculated Mr. Jennings.

"Silence, sir," cried Franklin, with an indignation irrepressible. "You have dragged before you through the streets of London, a young and innocent girl, like a criminal. If circumstances seem for a moment to give you the right, humanity, as well as decency requires, at least till the question of her guilt be settled, that you address her with respect, and hear her defence with candor and attention."

Mr. Jennings turned pale, swallowed his rage,

and replied: "Speak, sir! speak, sir! I am all candor and attention."

"I beg your pardon," resumed Franklin, "if I have answered with too much asperity. But this young lady is perfectly innocent. She has high friends. You will consider her under the protection of the American Ambassador at this Court! State to me, if you please, your reasons for dragging her before you in the custody of policemen."

Awed by Franklin's tone, but rather infuriated than melted, Mr. Jennings answered with sarcastic politeness—

"Certainly, sir, your request is a just one. The case is this. The young lady came to my shop this morning, and had brought out for her examination the most expensive lace, of which, however, she purchased none, but, instead, expended ten shillings for some narrow edging. I must inform you that persons in the dress of ladies, and even persons in the rank of ladies, have more than once committed thefts of this kind, and I have ordered one of the young men to watch. This individual saw in a mirror the young lady, as she was about to leave, seize a parcel of lace, and carry it out under cover of her pocket-handkerchief. We sent directly for policemen—but so rapid was the flight of the party, including yourself, that it was not without considerable difficulty and delay that they were overtaken, when the stolen lace was found in her hand. We are often obliged to forego the gratification of punishing such misdemeanors by the technical difficulty of proving the crime upon the criminal. You perceive how the present case stands. I am willing to allow it is but fair you should be heard, if you have any thing to say in reply."

"I have much to say," resumed Franklin, smiling with assumed confidence, "enough to satisfy any reasonable man, and I hope I stand before such a one. That the young lady took the lace no one can deny. But I will tell you how she took it. For the first time in London, her mind naturally excited, she was bewildered amid the novel and interesting objects around her. The splendor of your establishment dazzled her eyes and distracted her attention. In company with her mother and myself she came here to see the lace in question, but she could not have intended to steal it, if I must answer to such a charge, because it would have been impossible for her to use such an article without the knowledge of her mother. If she is a thief her mother and I share her guilt. I therefore repeat to you that these ladies can command references to raise them above the slightest breath of suspicion—references sufficient to satisfy the most incredulous—the most unreasonable. She is a person of the purest life and strongest principles. Not one of her friends, and, after a proper examination, not one of the public, will ever believe her guilty of any thing worse than a mere moment of bewilderment and absence of mind."

"Upon my word, sir," said Mr. Jennings, "you have undertaken a pretty difficult task—no less than to convince me that black is white, and that two and

two do n't make four. Who are you?—and where are your references?"

Franklin did not succeed in concealing a certain trepidation at this blunt demand, and it was not lost upon Jennings.

"My references do not reside in England."

"Ah! ha!"

"I am a stranger in your metropolis."

"Oh! ho!"

"And therefore," added Franklin, "every noble-minded and fair-play loving Englishman will say, possessing greater claim upon your moderation. I can bring you, from my own country—through the official intervention of the American Minister, references to outweigh a thousand fold—ten million fold—all opposite appearances. I can give a moral demonstration that the intentional commission by this young lady of the act with which she is charged, is an utter, and a ridiculous impossibility."

"I have now heard you," said Jennings, "and I am sorry to say, I must, notwithstanding, send the lady before a magistrate. The ingenious arguments you have used are equally applicable to every theft. No reference—no rank—no character can weigh against so plain a fact, proved by ocular demonstration. No rational judge or jury can doubt she *stole* the lace. It is my duty to make an example of her. This is not the first, nor the second time, we have been robbed by ladies in affluent circumstances, and respectably connected. It is a peculiar crime, and generally committed in a way which renders it both difficult and dangerous, even when we know the criminal, to attempt to fix the fact upon her. This time we have caught her in the very *act*. We have eye-witnesses enough to render doubt impossible. She does not deny it. She fled with precipitation. She was overtaken a long distance off—nearly half an hour after the offence—the lace was found in her hand—and her companion tried to bribe the policeman with £50 to let her escape. And do you now talk to me of 'respectability,' and 'connections,' and such nonsense? I would go as far as you or any man to save an innocent person from destruction. But when once convinced, by my own eyes, of deliberate guilt, it is too late for mercy. The ignorant beggar, who steals to save himself from starving, I could pity—I could almost release; but when the rich and the educated resort to stealing, to gratify their vanity and avarice, hoping to shelter themselves from punishment by their 'connections,' and their high position in society—they must be taught, sir, that they do it at a fearful peril, and that detection will bring down upon them the same vulgar and rigorous penalties as if they were the lowest dregs of the people."

"I agree with you perfectly," replied Franklin, with forced composure, although the plain picture appalled him, and robbed his countenance of every trace of color, "but permit me to remark that you must be quite sure the person before you belongs to this guilty class. Her innocence can be rendered

morally certain. The whole world will brand as cruel injustice any harsh treatment. A careless girl has been absent-minded. All people are liable to be so. You look for your spectacles when they are on your nose—or seek your pocket-handkerchief, and find it in your hand—"

"Our opinions differ on that point," said Mr. Jennings coldly, "and a jury must decide between us. Policemen, take the party before the magistrate. I will follow with my witnesses, and I pledge myself to visit so heinous a crime with the utmost rigor of the law."

The policemen stepped to the side of Caroline.

"I appeal to your generosity—to your mercy," cried Franklin, "that she may at least be taken to the American Minister, instead of being dragged before a magistrate. I request only that you act with gentleness."

Mr. Jennings pointed the policemen to the door.

"And I not only request, I demand it!" cried Franklin. "If you refuse me, you refuse me at your peril—"

"You have nothing to command here, sir," replied Mr. Jennings. "The American Minister can make his statement before the magistrate. I am not disposed to exercise the least mercy. Policemen, your duty. If her fate be a terrible one, she has herself to thank for it. I hope it may deter others from following her example."

"And what will be my daughter's fate?" asked the unsteady voice of Mrs. Clifford.

"Transportation for life," was the reply.

Mrs. Clifford shrieked. Caroline rose wildly and staggered toward the door. Mr. Jennings, as if thirsting for her destruction, and fearing her escape, seized her so roughly that she screamed with pain and terror, when Franklin dragged him back and hurled him to the wall. His impulse was to strike him to the earth, but with one of the highest qualities attained by man, self-government, he recollected himself and refrained.

"Policemen," shouted Mr. Jennings, very white, "I command you to take the whole party into custody. You witnessed the assault. I am in danger of my life. They are a gang of thieves and cut-throats. Off with them this instant!"

"Stop!" cried Franklin, and there was something in his voice which arrested the step of the policemen, and *compelled* Jennings to stand in breathless attention. "I demand the presence of one or both of your partners, before the young lady be removed. You will not, because you *dare* not, refuse me this reasonable request. If you do, sir, it were better you never had been born. Guilty, or not guilty, the person whom, before she has been tried, your infamous lips have branded as a common thief, has a right to all mild and gentle treatment, consistent with law and justice. You say the jury will decide. But the question is now whether your house is prepared to send her before a jury. That is the question to be discussed, and you are not in a temper of mind, sir, to enable you to decide it impartially. The affair will ring from one end of England and

the United States to the other, and the execrations of thousands, who have as yet never heard of you, will fall upon your name. You will find that there are two sides to the question. You will find that if the lady has a malignant accuser she has also indignant and powerful defenders. The world will say you might have been excusable not to release her, but you had no right to hurry her before the public with needless and brutal precipitation. They will say—and I will take care to tell them—that, overcome by your violent temper, you insulted—you *assaulted*—a helpless young girl in your power, whose guilt had not been proved, and that, because I dragged you back—blind with wrath, and burning with revenge—you dared to take upon yourself, alone, the whole responsibility of this outrage, which will bring punishment on you, and disgrace on your house. They will say let no lady hereafter trust herself across the threshold of Blake, Blanchard & Co., where the watch is set and the trap laid for the unwary. They will say that Mr. Jennings is a foul calumniator of woman as a sex—that he has charged the noble ladies of England with crime. They will judge whether the young girl could be guilty without the participation of her mother and myself, who, as you say, fled with her. The case is one of mere carelessness, or we are three thieves. Go on, if you dare, without your partners. Your house will become infamous, and you—yourself—mark me, sir, shall not escape the chastisement you deserve!”

He ceased, and the silence remained for a while unbroken.

This appeal was not, on the part of Franklin, the mere result of passion and despair, although from both it received a strange power. It was a wise calculation that Jennings, who could not be reasoned or melted, might be terrified from his purpose, till the arrival of his partners, before whom the matter might take a different turn. By a happy inspiration Franklin had read the man aright, and he saw changes of countenance, as he proceeded, which gave boldness to his heart and fire to his lips. Jennings was a coward. He was terror-struck at the idea of acting on his “sole responsibility,” in an affair which seemed likely to be so hotly contested. The blood curdled in his veins at the thought of the deadly enemies, darkly hinted at, and the consequences clearly threatened. He saw Caroline was no common thief, and Franklin no common man. There were moments when he actually believed the fact really was as Franklin represented—and, thus quailing under the torrent of eloquence to which the voice and manner gave something absolutely irresistible, half suffocated with rage and fear, he said with ill assumed indifference:

“Oh! very well, sir, very well. I will wait for my partners. Nothing shall be done rashly. Nothing from revenge. But the young lady shall not escape. Mr. Williams, go and see if Mr. Blake or Mr. Blanchard have come in.”

And thus at least more time was gained.

Mr. Williams went out, and returned to say that

Mr. Blake had not yet come in, but Mr. Blanchard had, and would join them immediately.

The door opened and the person in question entered. He was a young man of thirty, of unusually prepossessing exterior. A stream of hope shot through Franklin's heart as he read his face.

Mr. Blanchard seated himself gravely in the large chair which was abdicated in his favor by Jennings, who related to him the facts, respectfully and clearly, and called up the policemen and Mr. Williams in confirmation.

“It is a bad case,” said Mr. Blanchard. “Our duty is clear. Is there any thing said in the defence?”

“Oh yes, there is a powerful defence!” replied Mr. Jennings, with a sneer, “the young lady took the lace, and kept it half an hour, running away as fast as she could, but she *but she did n't know she had it!* ha! ha! ha!”

Mr. Blanchard shook his head.

“Sir, may I speak?” said Franklin.

“Speak,” returned Mr. Blanchard, in a low voice.

“If you have any thing to say I will hear it with the sincerest desire to find it of weight. But you have a difficult task before you. These occasions are extremely painful. The necessity of sending to prison a respectable young lady, as you represent this person to be, is harrowing indeed; but private feelings must give way to higher considerations. I have a duty to perform—a duty to society—a duty to my partners—a duty to God!”

“You have,” rejoined Franklin, “but if you properly examine your conscience, and ask light of Him who knows the truth, you will hear the voice of God himself, warning you not to perform that duty prematurely, carelessly, or cruelly. I ask time. I offer references to prove that the person in question, from education, character, habits, opinions, religious principles, and her whole pure and artless life, is not, and could not be intentionally guilty of the act in question. I request time to produce these references. My young companion took the lace in a moment of bewilderment—of absence of mind. She has just arrived in London—is dazzled and excited. If, sir, you have a sister, a daughter, a mother, a wife, picture her—after such a careless accident—grasped by a policeman, dragged through the streets, exposed to the eyes of the jesting crowd—the blackest construction put upon her action, shrinking before a magistrate, cast into prison, and, God knows what else!—and all because of an act, not in reality more inexplicable than that of a man who walks off with a hat not his own, or another person's umbrella—in a fit of forgetfulness.”

Jennings leaned over and whispered something to Mr. Blanchard.

“It is quite probable,” said Mr. Blanchard, “that you believe her innocent, but the various and glaring circumstances do not permit me to be of your opinion. The expressive flight, the intervening time, long enough to discover a mistake merely accidental—the bribe of £50—no—no—it is impossible,” said he, rising, “I am sorry for you, sir, but this matter

rests no longer with me. The prisoner must be removed."

"What I ask," said Franklin, "is not her release. It is only time to make you acquainted with the proofs of which the case is susceptible. The 'prisoner,' as you call her, is as innocent as the snow yet unfallen from heaven. I do not ask you to sacrifice what you fancy your duty, I ask you only to pause ere you execute it. I request you ere you thrust a shrinking girl, as a suspected thief, before the public, that you more carefully examine her side of the question. Her bankers, the Messrs. Baring, will answer for her presence whenever you desire. My banker will answer for her. The American Minister will satisfy you of the strong impropriety of any other proceeding. Oh! sir, in the name of a mother's breaking heart—in the name of sweet girlish innocence—in the name of God, believe what I say! If you err, err on the side of mercy. Think, when you lay your head this night on your pillow, the day has not been lost, for it was marked by an act of mercy. Think, when on your death-bed, you plead at the throne of God, He has said, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall receive mercy.' If she really had committed the offence, I should not fear to ask you for mercy on her young head—her inexperienced life. Our Divine Master granted mercy even to the guilty. Will you refuse it then to this trembling and innocent girl, for whose guileless intention, in this terrible accident, I answer before man and God, and with my life and soul. Come here, Miss Clifford! Take off your veil. Tell Mr. Blanchard, in the simple language of truth, how this incident took place."

"Yes, come here, my young friend," said Mr. Blanchard, "and tell me how this sad mistake arose."

Perhaps it was Franklin's eloquence—perhaps it was Caroline's appearance—perhaps it was both, which drew the silent tear from Mr. Blanchard's eyes, and those two significant words from his lips. But oh! to Franklin's soul, wrought up almost to despair—almost to madness—they were rapture, they were ecstasy, they were like the first streak of golden sky which announces to the half-wrecked sailor that the tempest is over.

"Speak, my dear young lady," said Mr. Blanchard, "do not tremble so! you have nothing to fear from me!"

"I left the door," said Caroline, in a low voice, "without knowing I had the lace. A gentleman ran against me and knocked it out of my hand. He picked it up. I then saw what I had done. I exclaimed, 'ma'ma, let us go back!'—but ma'ma had gone on—I was alone—two men seized me—and—"

She covered her face with her hands, and sunk into the chair.

"But, so far from coming back," said Mr. Jennings' piercing voice, "you were walking rapidly away."

"No," said Caroline.

"But I say yes!" screamed Jennings. "Mr.

Williams, was not the young woman walking rapidly away?"

"She *had been* walking rapidly," said Mr. Williams, "but when we came up she was, as she says, standing still, looking at the lace. It is also true that an old gentleman ran against her, knocked the lace out of her hand, and picked it up again. That I saw from the distance."

"Mark you!" exclaimed Franklin, "how each small feature of her story is confirmed."

"But you left our door," exclaimed Mr. Jennings, "at a furious pace."

"That I can explain to your satisfaction," said Franklin. "We were engaged to call upon a lady, Mrs. Porter, No. —, Portland-Place, at half past two. This Mrs. Porter herself can testify. We left your door too late, and walked rapidly to keep our appointment. You can ascertain from your clerks at what hour we left."

"It was just half past two," said Mr. Williams. I looked at the clock."

"Mark!" cried Franklin, with an air of triumph.

"Upon my word, Mr. Jennings," said Mr. Blanchard, "we have been too hasty—"

At this moment the door opened, and another person entered.

"Just in time," muttered Mr. Jennings.

It was Mr. Blake, chief partner in the firm of Blake, Blanchard & Co. He was a venerable old gentleman, of an agreeable person, with a certain dignity which well became his snow-white hair, but through which, on the present occasion, appeared a settled firmness, almost a sternness, boding no good.

"You have come in time," said Jennings. "Do you know what is going on here?"

"I do. The facts have been related to me."

"And the famous defence?" added Jennings, with one of his worst sneers, "do you know that also?"

"I do. It is a clear case. There is but one course for us."

"And yet," cried Jennings, "Mr. Blanchard has been thinking it will not do to send so respectable a young lady to prison. But I say you will not have a case in forty years so proper to make a wholesome example of. If you let this one go, whom can you punish? Precautions were useless, if thieves can commit their depredations under our very noses with impunity."

"I am of your opinion," said Mr. Blake. "The offence is of a very aggravated description; and I deem it absolutely necessary to send the delinquent before a magistrate to be punished as she deserves."

"I have explained—" said Franklin.

But while he commenced once more his agonizing task, Mr. Jennings took Mr. Blake aside, and whispered to him some minutes vehemently. Franklin attempted to speak again.

"I will hear no explanation," said the old gentleman. "No argument—no character—no references can prevail against so wicked a felony so clearly proved. The youth, condition in life, and educa-

tion of the person, only render the crime more detestable, and the necessity for a terrible example more unavoidable. Your own good sense should have taught you, sir, that threats are here out of place, and violence can only make matters worse. I have solemnly vowed that I would meet the next case with the utmost rigor of the law. I am determined to prosecute. Where is the prisoner? Policemen, take her into custody."

"But," cried Franklin.

"I will hear no more," said Mr. Blake, coldly and firmly. "Mr. Jennings, who has gone over the case with the most attention, is thoroughly convinced—"

"Thoroughly!" said Mr. Jennings.

"Policemen—"

Franklin's brain whirled in wild despair. He clasped his hands—he conjured the mild, mistaken man, whose slightest word could save Caroline from destruction.

"Mercy! I ask only one day."

"Young man, you plead in vain! Ask mercy of God, but not of me."

"Then listen, heart of stone!" cried Franklin, "and hear my final words. You are old. Your head is white; your feet are already in the grave. You will, ere long, be called before your Maker—yourself a trembling suppliant for mercy. If, with cold-blooded, stupid obstinacy, in the face of my warning, you drag this innocent and modest girl, prematurely, into a police office—at a bar for criminals—to stand a spectacle for the public, amid robbers, and murderers, and to run the fearful chances of the law, I solemnly warn you, old man, you will have innocent blood on your conscience—you will call down God's curse upon your head."

"What can I do?" said Mr. Blake, overwhelmed by his irresistible earnestness.

"You can do unto others, as you would have them do unto you—you can give us time for proof, and yourself for reflection. You can suppose it was your own daughter in her place. You can examine more carefully. You can break from the leading-strings of that malignant Mr. Jennings. You can consult with Mr. Blanchard, a man of reason and feeling, who disapproves your severity. You can wait to satisfy yourself that this young lady is distinguished for a stainless character, a pure life, strict religious principles, humble faith in God, and habitual communion with him. You can judge for yourself whether this is a case of *monomania*—whether a person thus distinguished, could be guilty of intentional purloining. Sir, ocular demonstration weighs *nothing* against such a character. You can ask yourself more dispassionately whether it be not a possibility—a very natural one—for an absent-minded person to commit such an act mechanically and unconsciously. You can hear her artless story from her own lips, and candidly consider if it *may not* be the truth."

Carried away by Franklin's eloquent vehemence, Mr. Blake did look. Caroline had risen. The last spark of earthly hope had fled. She stood, without

gesture or tear. It seemed as if death had already laid his icy hand upon her, only her eyes were lifted above, while she breathed a silent prayer to Him whose mighty hand can raise the trusting heart, in one instant, from the lowest depths of despair.

"Ha! What! God bless my soul!" suddenly ejaculated the old gentleman, in great astonishment. What do I see! My dearest, sweetest young lady! Mr. Blanchard! Mr. Jennings! Mr. Williams—"

Caroline gazed at him a moment—uttered a shriek which thrilled to every heart with an electric shock, cried, "Oh, sir, save me—you can save me!" and fell insensible into the arms of Franklin.

"Policemen!—off with you!" cried Mr. Blake, with tears in his eyes. "Mr. Jennings, you are a fool! I answer with my life for this young lady. I ran against her in the street. I picked up the lace, and saw her look of astonishment and horror; and heard her exclaim, '*ma'ma! let us go back directly!*'" Go, proclaim to every one in the establishment that she is innocent. We are the guilty party—and *we* are at *her* mercy!"

To terminate the exciting scene, Franklin proposed to return home. A carriage was called. Caroline had revived, and her feelings, fortunately, found vent in tears. She wept bitterly on her mother's bosom, who gave it back with interest. But in the midst of their joy, not one of the three forgot to offer up their secret, thankful prayer, to that overruling Providence, whose watchful mercy had rescued them from a fate too horrible for imagination.

Franklin could scarcely wait till they walked to the carriage. He wished to carry—to drag Caroline away. He shifted his position continually, without apparent cause; at last shook hands with his companions, saying he would follow the carriage, as he wanted air and exercise.

They soon arrived home, where Caroline, in a high state of excitement, was ordered to bed by a physician; but, after soothing medicines had calmed certain hysterical symptoms, she fell into a deep sleep, which the doctor said was worth more than all the apothecaries could compound. In fact, she did not wake till late next morning, and in a day or two was comparatively restored.

But poor Franklin had gone home in a raging fever, which increased during the night to delirium. His ravings were of magistrates, the jeering crowd, dungeons, chains, and the convict-ship. Then he was at the penal settlement. He heard the frightful oaths, obscene jests, and blasphemous laughter of the convicts. Among them he beheld Caroline Clifford—haggard, and in rags—now toiling at her task, now shrieking beneath the bloody lash—and he seemed to grasp the throat of Jennings, and implored him to stay his hellish hand.

More than a month passed before he was sufficiently recovered to leave his room. Every day Mrs. Clifford had visited him, and watched over him with a mother's love. Every day the carriage of Mr. Blake brought the old gentleman to the bedside of the poor invalid, where he listened to the



ravings of his disturbed imagination, and shuddered to think of what horrors—but for a providential coincidence—he might have added to the history of human wo.

At length Mr. Franklin was allowed to take a drive. It is scarcely necessary to say that he called on the ladies. Mrs. Clifford, previously apprized of his intended visit, at the sound of the bell, accidentally remembered that she had left her scissors up stairs. So Franklin found Caroline alone.

"You are very, very pale," cried the greatly agitated girl, her eyes filling with good, honest tears, as she gave him her hand.

He raised it to his lips.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Clifford."

But, like Beatrice, she seemed to hold it there again with a fervor which even the modest Franklin could not wholly misunderstand.

"I owe you more than my life," cried Caroline, with such a look as she had never bestowed upon him before.

"And yet," cried Franklin, "you fraudulently withhold from me the only payment in your power."

"Nonsense—what payment, cried she, blushing deeply.

"Your dear self!" answered Franklin, in a timid voice.

"Then you must collect your debt, as other hard-hearted creditors do—by force."

"In that case," rejoined Franklin, with a boldness which astonished himself, "an execution must issue, and proceedings commence directly.

Mrs. Clifford, having found her scissors, just then entered the room, but not before the ardent lawyer had performed the threatened duty—not quite so harrowing a one as that attempted by Mr. Jennings, though it led to the same result, viz., she was obviously transported, and, as it turned out—for life.

Nor is this all.

Old Mr. Blake had learned how the land lay from Mrs. Clifford, and he resolved to make the young people reparation. He owed it to them in all conscience. They were married in about six weeks; and when the ceremony was over, a parcel was brought in, directed "*To Mrs. Franklin, with the compliments of Messrs. Blake, Blanchard & Co.,*" which, on being opened, was found to contain a superb Cashmere shawl—thirty yards of the £12 lace, and a neat mahogany box, with a coronet of diamonds for the young criminal.

We wont go into the history of the ladies' objections to accepting these costly testimonials. Mr. Blake pleaded almost as eloquently as Franklin had done, till at last Franklin "put his foot down," as I recommend all young husbands to do on such occasions, and showed Mr. Blake who was master.

Nor was this all either.

A number of years afterward, when Mr. and Mrs. Franklin had returned to New York, and while the fond wife and happy mother was one day profoundly engaged in arranging a highly ornamented and curious little cap, her husband entered with a letter, and read as follows:

TO MRS. CAROLINE FRANKLIN.

London, Feb. 10, 184—.

MADAM,—It has become my duty to inform you, that, by the will of the late Mr. Blake, of the firm of Blake, Blanchard & Co., you have become entitled to his blessing, and a legacy of £2500 sterling, which, upon proving your identity, you can either draw for on me, at thirty days, or have remitted in any other way you desire.

I have the honor to be, madam, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN LOCKLEY,

Solicitor, No. — Russel Square.

## A FUNERAL THOUGHT.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

WHEN the pale Genius, to whose hollow tramp  
Echo the startled chambers of the soul,  
Waves his inverted torch o'er that wan camp  
Where the archangel's marshaling trumpets roll,  
I would not meet him in the chamber dim,  
Hushed, and o'erburthened with a nameless fear,  
When the breath flutters, and the senses swim,  
And the dread hour is near!

Though Love's dear arms might clasp me fondly then,  
As if to keep the Summoner at bay,  
And woman's wo and the calm grief of men  
Hallow at last the still, unbreathing clay—  
These are Earth's fetters, and the soul would shrink,  
Thus bound, from Darkness and the dread Unknown,  
Stretching its arms from Death's eternal brink,  
Which it must dare alone!

But in the awful silence of the sky,  
Upon some mountain summit, never trod  
Through the bright ether would I climb, to die  
Afar from mortals, and alone with God!

To the pure keeping of the stainless air  
Would I resign my feeble, failing breath,  
And with the rapture of an answered prayer  
Welcome the kiss of Death!

The soul, which wrestled with that doom of pain,  
Prometheus-like, its lingering portion here,  
Would there forget the vulture and the chain,  
And leap to freedom from its mountain-bier!  
All that it ever knew, of noble thought,  
Would guide it upward to the glorious track,  
Nor the keen pangs by parting anguish wrought,  
Turn its bright glances back!

Then to the elements my frame would turn;  
No worms should riot on my coffined clay,  
But the cold limbs, from that sepulchral urn,  
In the slow storms of ages waste away!  
Loud winds, and thunder's diapason high,  
Should be my requiem through the coming time,  
And the white summit, fading in the sky,  
My monument sublime!

## THE MEMORIAL TREE.

BY WM. GILMORE SIMES, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "RICHARD HURDIS," ETC.

GREAT trees that o'er us grow—  
Green leaves that gather round them—the fresh hues,  
That tell of fruit, and blossoms yet to blow,  
Opening fond bosoms to the embracing dews ;

These, now so bright,  
That deck the slopes about thy childhood's home,  
And seem, in long duration, to thy sight,  
As they had promise of perpetual bloom ;

So linked with all  
The first dear throbs of feeling in thy heart,  
When, at the dawn of summer and of fall,  
Thou weptst the leaf that must so soon depart !

What had all these,  
Of frail, deciduous nature, to persuade,  
Howe'er their sweets might charm, and beauty please,  
The memories that their own could never aid ?

They kept no tale—  
No solemn history of the fruitful hour ;  
The lover's promise, the beloved one's wail—  
To wake the dead leaf in each lonely bower !

The autumn breath  
O'erthrew each frail memorial of their past ;  
And every token was resigned to death,  
In the first summons of the northern blast.

They nourished naught  
That to the chain of moral being binds  
The recollections of the once gay spot,  
And its sweet offices, to future minds.

Thou may'st repair—  
Thou, who hast loved in summer-eve to glide  
With her whom thou hast still beheld as fair,  
When she no longer wandered by thy side.

And thou wilt weep  
Each altered aspect of that happiest home,  
Which saw the joys its memories could not keep,  
Save by the sympathy which shares their doom.

Thus Ruin stands  
For Ruin—and the wreck of favorite things,  
To him who o'er the waste but wrings his hands,  
Proofs of the fall, and not the spring-time brings.

Ah ! who will weep,  
In after seasons, when thou too art gone,  
Within this grot, where shadowy memories keep  
Their watch above the realm they keep alone ?

Who will lament,  
In fruitless tears, that she the dear one died,  
And thy surviving heart, in languishment,  
Soon sought the grave and withered at her side ?

A newer bright  
Makes young the woods—and bowers that not to thee  
Brought fruit or blossom, triumph in the sight  
Of those who naught but fruit and blossom see ;

To whom no voice  
Whispers, that through the loved one's mould the root  
Of that exulting shrub, with happiest choice,  
Has gone, with none its passage to dispute.

While thine own heart,  
In neighboring hillock, conscious, it may be—  
Quivers to see the fibres rend and part  
The fair white breast which was so dear to thee.

Of all the past,  
That precious history of thy love and youth,  
When not a cloud thy happy dawn o'ercast,  
When all thou felt'st was joy, thou saw'st was truth ;

These have no speech  
For idiot seasons that still come and go—  
To whom the heart no offices can teach,  
Vainer than breezes that at midnight blow !

And yet there seem  
Memorials still in nature, which are taught,—  
Unless all pleasant fancies be a dream,  
To bring our sweetest histories back to thought.

A famous tree  
Was this, three hundred years ago, when stood  
The hunter-chief below it, bold and free,  
Proud in his painted pomp and deeds of blood.

By hunger taught,  
He gathered the brown acorn in its shade,  
And ere he slept, still gazing upward, caught  
Sweet glimpses of the night, in stars arrayed.

His hatchet sunk  
With sharp wound, fixing his own favorite sign,  
Deep in the living column of its trunk,  
Where thou may'st read a history such as thine.

He, too, could feel  
Such passion as awakes the noble soul—  
And in fond hour, perchance, would hither steal,  
With one, of all his tribe, who could his ire control.

And others signs,  
Tokens of races, gentlier taught, that came  
To write like record, though in smoother lines,  
And thus declare a still more human flame.

Here love's caprice—  
The hope, the doubt, the dear despondencies—  
Joy that had never rest, hope without peace—  
These each declared the grief he never flies.

And the great oak  
Grew sacred to each separate pilgrimage,  
Nor heeded, in his bulk, the sudden stroke  
That scarred his giant trunk with seams of age.

And we who gaze  
Upon each rude memorial—letter and date—  
Still undefaced by storm and length of days,  
Stand, as beneath the shadow of a fate !

Some elder-born,  
A sire of wood and vale, guardian and king  
Of separate races, unsubdued, unshorn,  
Whose memories grasp the lives of every meaner thing!

With great white beard  
Far streaming with a prophet-like display,  
Such as when Moses on the Mount appeared,  
And prostrate tribes looked down, or looked away!

With outstretched arms,  
Paternal, as if blessing—with a grace,  
Such as, in strength and greatness, ever charms,  
As wooing the subdued one to embrace!—

Thus still it stood,  
While the broad forests, 'neath the pioneer,  
Perished—proud relic of the ancient wood—  
Men loved the record-tree, and bade them spare!

And still at noon,  
Repairing to its shadow, they explore  
Its chronicles, still musing o'er th' unknown,  
And telling well-known histories, told of yore!

We shall leave ours,  
Dear heart! and when our sleep beneath its boughs  
Shall suffer spring to spread o'er us her flowers,  
Eyes that vow love like ours shall trace our vows.

## THE RAINBOW.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

MOUNTAIN! that first received the foot of man—  
Giving him shelter, when the shoreless flood  
Went surging by, that whelmed a buried world—  
I see thee in thy lonely grandeur rise—  
I see the white-haired Patriarch, as he knelt  
Beside his earthen altar, 'mid his sons,  
While beat in praise the only pulse of life  
Upon this buried planet.—

O'er the gorged  
And furrowed soil, swept forth a numerous train,  
Horned, or cloven-footed, fierce, or tame,  
While, mixed with song, the sound of countless wings,  
His rescued prisoners, fanned the ambient air.

The sun drew near his setting, clothed in gold,  
But on the Patriarch, ere from prayer he rose,  
A darkly-cinctured cloud chill tears had wept,  
And rain-drops lay upon his silver hairs.

Then burst an arch of wondrous radiance forth,  
Spanning the vaulted skies. Its mystic scroll  
Proclaimed the amnesty that pitying Heaven  
Granted to earth, all desolate and void.

Oh signet-ring, with which the Almighty sealed

His treaty with the remnant of the clay  
That shrank before him, to remotest time  
Stamp wisdom on the souls that turn to thee.

Unswerving teacher, who four thousand years  
Hast ne'er withheld thy lesson, but unfurled  
As shower and sunbeam bade, thy glorious scroll,—  
Oft, 'mid the summer's day, I musing sit  
At my lone casement, to be taught of thee.

Born of the tear-drop and the smile, methinks,  
Thou hast affinity with man, for such  
His elements, and pilgrimage below.  
Our span of strength and beauty fades like thine,  
Yet stays its fabric on eternal truth  
And boundless mercy.

The wild floods may come—  
The everlasting fountains burst their bounds—  
The exploring dove without a leaf return—  
Yea, the fires glow that melt the solid rock,  
And earth be wrecked: *What then?*—be still, my soul,  
Enter thine Ark—God's promise cannot fail—  
For surely as yon rainbow tints the cloud,  
His truth, thine Ararat, will shelter thee.

## SPIRIT-YEARNINGS FOR LOVE.

BY MRS. H. MARION WARD.

Love me, darling, love me, for my wild and wayward heart,  
Like Noah's dove in search of rest, will hover where thou  
art;

Will linger round thee, like a spell, till by thy hand  
caressed,

It folds its weary, care-worn wings, to nestle on thy breast.

Love me, darling, love me! When my soul was sick with  
strife,

Thy soothing words have been the sun that warmed it into  
life;

Thy breath called forth the passion-flowers, that slumbered  
'neath the ice

Of self-distrust, and now their balm makes earth a *Paradise*.

Love me, darling, love me! Let thy dreams be all of *me*!  
Let waking thoughts be round my path, as mine will cling  
to thee!

But if—oh, God! it cannot be—but if thou *shouldst* grow  
cold

And weary of my jealous love, or think it over-bold—

Or if, perchance, some fairer form should charm thy truant  
eye,

Thou 'lt find me *woman*—proud and calm, so leave me—  
let me die.

I'd not reclaim a wavering heart whose pulse has *once*  
grown cold,

To write my name in princely halls, with diamonds and gold.

So love me, only love me, for I have no world but thee,  
And darksome clouds are in my sky—'t is woman's destiny;  
But let them frown—I heed them not—no fear can they  
impart,

If thou art near, with smiles to bend hope's rainbow round  
my heart.

## THE RIVAL SISTERS.

### AN ENGLISH TRAGEDY OF REAL LIFE.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," ETC.

It has been gravely stated by an Italian writer of celebrity, that "the very atrocity of the crimes which are therein committed, proves that in Italy the growth of man is stronger and more vigorous, and nearer to the perfect standard of manhood, than in any other country."

A strange paradox, truly, but not an uningenious—at least for a native of that "purple land, where law secures not life," who would work out of the very reproach, an argument of honor to his country. If it be true, however, that proneness to the commission of unwonted and atrocious crime is to be held a token of extraordinary vigor—vigor of nerve, of temperament, of passion, of physical development—in a race of men, then surely must the Anglo-Norman breed, under all circumstances of time, place, and climate, be singularly destitute of all these qualities—nay, singularly frail, effeminate, and incomplete.

For it is an undoubted fact, both of the past and present history of that great and still increasing race, whether limited to the narrow bounds of the Island Realm which gave it being, or extended to the boundless breadth of isles, and continents, and oceans, which it has filled with its arms, its arts, its industry, its language—it is, I say, an undoubted fact, that those dreadful and sanguinary crimes, forming a class apart and distinct of themselves, engendered for the most part by morbid passions, love, lust, jealousy, and revenge, which are of daily occurrence in the southern countries of Europe, Asia, and America, are almost unknown in those happier lands, where English laws prevail, with English liberty and language.

It is to this that must be ascribed the fact, that, in the very few instances where crimes of this nature have occurred in England or America, the memory of them is preserved with singular pertinacity, the smallest details handed down from generation to generation, and the very spots in which they have occurred, howmuchsoever altered or improved in the course of ages, haunted, as if by an actual presence, by the horror and the scent of blood; while on the other hand the fame of ordinary deeds of violence and rapine seems almost to be lost before the lives of the perpetrators are run out.

One, and almost, I believe, a singular instance of this kind—for I would not dignify the brawls and assassinations which have disgraced some of our southern cities, the offspring of low principles and an unregulated society, by comparing them to the class of crimes in question, which imply even in their

atrocity a something of perverted honor, of extravagant affection, or at least of not ignoble passion—is the well-known Beauchamp tragedy of Kentucky, a tale of sin and horror which has afforded a theme to the pens of several distinguished writers, and the details of which are as well known on the spot at present, as if years had not elapsed since its occurrence. And this, too, in a country prone above all others, from the migratory habits of its population, to cast aside all tradition, and to lose within a very few years the memory of the greatest and most illustrious events upon the very stage of their occurrence.

It is not, therefore, wonderful that in England, where the immobility of the population, the reverence for antiquity, and the great prevalence of oral tradition, induced probably at first by the want of letters, cause the memory of even past trifles to dwell for ages in the breasts of the simple and moral people, any deed of romantic character, any act of unusual atrocity, any crime prompted by unusual or extraordinary motives, should become, as it were, part and parcel of the place wherein it was wrought; that the leaves of the trees should whisper it to the winds of evening; that the echoes of the lonely hills should repeat it; that the waters should sigh a burthen to its strain; and that the very night should assume a deeper shadow, a more horrid gloom, from the awe of the unforgotten sin.

I knew a place in my boyhood, thus haunted by the memory of strange crime; and whether it was merely the terrible romance of the story, or the wild and gloomy character of the scenery endowed with a sort of natural fitness to be the theatre of terrible events, or yet again the union of the two, I know not; but it produced upon my mind a very powerful influence, amounting to a species of fascination, which constantly attracted me to the spot, although when there, the weight of the tradition, and the awe of the scene produced a sense of actual pain.

The place to which I allude was but a few miles distant from the celebrated public school, at which I passed the happiest days of a not uneventful life, and was within an easy walk of the college limits; so that when I had attained that favored eminence, known as the sixth form, which allows its happy occupants to roam the country, free from the fear of masters, provided only they attend at appointed hours, it was my frequent habit to stroll away from the noisy playing-fields through the green hedgerow lanes, or to scull my wherry over the smooth surface of the silver Thames, toward the scene of dark tra-

dition; and there to lap myself in thick coming fancies, half sad, half sweet, yet terrible withal, and in their very terror attractive, until the call of the homeward rooks, and the lengthened shadows of the tall trees on the greensward, would warn me that I too must hie me back with speed, or pay the penalty of undue delay.

Now, as the story has in itself, apart from the extraneous interest with which a perfect acquaintance with its localities may have invested it in my eyes, a powerful and romantic character; as its catastrophe was no less striking than un-English; and as the passions which gave rise to it were at once the strongest and the most general—though rarely prevailing, at least among us Anglo-Normans, to so fearful an extent—I am led to hope that others may find in it something that may enchain their attention for a time, though it may not affect them as it has me with an influence, unchanged by change of scene, unaltered by the lapse of time, which alters all things.

I propose, therefore, to relate it, as I heard it first from an old superannuated follower of the family, which, owning other, though not fairer demesnes in some distant county, had never more used Ditton-in-the-Dale as their dwelling place, although well nigh two centuries had elapsed since the transaction which had scared them away from their polluted household gods.

But first, I must describe briefly the characteristics of the scenery, without which a part of my tale would be hardly comprehensible, while the remarkable effect produced by the coincidence, if I may so express myself, between the nature of the deed, and the nature of the place, would be lost entirely.

In the first place, then, I must premise that the name of Ditton-in-the-Dale is in a great measure a misnomer, as the house and estate which bear that name, are situated on what a visiter would be at first inclined to call a dead level, but on what is in truth a small secondary undulation, or hollow, in the broad, flat valley through which the father of the English rivers, the royal-towered Thames, pursues, as Gray sang,

The turf, the flowers, the shades among,  
His silver-winding way.

But so destitute is all that country of any deep or well defined valleys, much less abrupt glens or gorges, that any hollow containing a tributary stream, which invariably meanders in slow and sluggish reaches through smooth, green meadow-land, is dignified with the name of dale, or valley. The country is, however, so much intersected by winding lanes, bordered with high straggling white-thorn hedges full of tall timber trees, is subdivided into so many small fields, all enclosed with similar fences, and is diversified with so many woods, and clumps of forest trees, that you lose sight of the monotony of its surface, in consequence of the variety of its vegetation, and of the limited space which the eye can comprehend, at any one time.

The lane by which I was wont to reach the demesne of Ditton, partook in an eminent degree of this character, being very narrow, winding about continually

without any apparent cause, almost completely embowered by the tall hawthorn hedges, and the yet taller oaks and ashes which grew along their lines, making, when in full verdure, twilight of noon itself, and commanding no view whatever of the country through which it ran, except when a field-gate, or cart-track opened into it, affording a glimpse of a lonely meadow, bounded, perhaps, by a deep wood-side.

On either hand of this lane was a broad, deep ditch, both of them quite unlike any other ditches I have ever seen. Their banks were irregular; and it would seem evident that they had not been dug for any purposes of fencing or enclosure; and I have sometimes imagined, from their varying width and depth—for in places they were ten feet deep, and three times as broad, and at others but a foot or two across, and containing but a few inches of water—that their beds had been hollowed out to get marl or gravel for the convenience of the neighboring cultivators.

Be this as it may, they were at all times brimful of the clearest and most transparent water I ever remember to have seen—never turbid even after the heaviest rains; and though bordered by water-flaggs, and tapestried in many places by the broad, round leaves of the white and yellow water-lilies, never corrupted by a particle of floating scum, or green duckweed.

Whether they were fed by secret springs I know not; or whether they communicated by sluices or side-drains with the neighboring Thames; I never could discover any current or motion in their still, glassy waters, though I have wandered by their banks a hundred times, watching the red-finned roach and silvery dace pursue each other among the shadowy lily leaves, now startling a fat yellow frog from the marge, and following him as he dived through the limpid blackness to the very bottom, now starting in my own turn, as a big water-rat would swim from side to side, and vanish in some hole of the marly bank, and now endeavoring to catch the great azure-bodied, gauze-winged dragon-flies, as they shot to and fro on their poised wings, pursuing kites of the insect race, some of the smaller ephemera.

It was those quiet, lucid waters, coupled with the exceeding shadiness of the trees, and its very unusual solitude—I have walked it, I suppose, from end to end at least a hundred times, and I never remember to have met so much even as a peasant returning from his daily labor, or a country maiden tripping to the neighboring town—that gave its character, and I will add, its charm to this half pastoral, half sylvan lane. For nearly three miles it ran in one direction, although, as I have said, with many devious turns, and seemingly unnecessary angles, and through that length it did not pass within the sound of one farm-yard, or the sight of one cottage chimney. But to make up for this, of which it was, indeed, a consequence, the nightingales were so bold and familiar that they might be heard all day long filling the air with their delicious melodies, not waiting, as in more frequented spots, the approach of night, whose dull ear to charm with amorous rapture; nay, I have seen them perched in full view on the branches,

gazing about them fearless with their full black eyes, and swelling their emulous throats in full view of the spectator.

Three miles passed, the lane takes a sudden turn to the northward, having previously run, for the most part, east and west; and here, in the inner angle, jutting out suddenly from a dense thicket of hawthorns and hazels, an old octagonal summer-house, with a roof shaped like an extinguisher, projects into the ditch, which here expands into a little pool, some ten or twelve yards over in every direction, and perhaps deeper than at any other point of its course.

Beyond the summer-house there is a little esplanade of green turf, faced with a low wall toward the ditch, allowing the eye to run down a long, narrow avenue of gigantic elm-trees, meeting at the top in the perfect semblance of a Gothic aisle, and bordered on each hand by hedges of yew, six feet at least in height, clipped into the form and almost into the solidity of a wall. At the far end of this avenue, which must be nearly two-thirds of a mile in length, one can discern a glimpse of a formal garden, and beyond that, of some portion of what seems to be a large building of red brick.

At the extremity of the esplanade and little wall, there grows an enormous oak, not very tall, but with an immense girth of trunk, and such a spread of branches that it completely overshadows the summer-house, and overhangs the whole surface of the small pool in front of it. Thenceforth, the tall and tangled hedge runs on, as usual denying all access of the eye, and the deep, clear ditch all access of the foot, to the demences within; until at the distance of perhaps a mile and a quarter, a little bridge crosses the latter, and a green gate, with a pretty rustic lodge beside it, gives entrance to a smooth lawn, with a gravel-road running across it, and losing itself on the farther side, in a thick belt of woodland.

It is, however, with the summer-house that I have to do principally, for it is to it that the terror of blood has clung through the lapse of years, as the scent of the Turkish Atar is said to cling, indestructible, to the last fragment of the vessel which had once contained it.

When first I saw that small lonely pavilion, I had heard nothing of the strange tradition which belonged to it, yet as I looked on the plastered walls, all covered with spots of damp and mildew, on the roof overrun with ivy, in masses so wildly luxuriant as almost to conceal the shape, on the windows, one in each side of the octagon, closed by stout jalousies, which had been once green with paint, but were now green with damp and vegetable mould, a strange feeling, half of curiosity and half of terror, came over me, mixed with that singular fascination of which I have spoken, which seemed to deny me any rest until I should have searched out the mystery—for I felt sure that mystery there was—connected with that summer-house, so desolate and so fast lapsing into ruin, while the hedges and gardens within appeared well cared for, and in trim cultivation.

I well remember the first time I beheld that lonely and deserted building. It was near sunset, on as

lovely a summer evening as ever shed its soft light on the earth; the air was breathless; the sky cloudless; thousands of swallows were upon the wing, some skimming the limpid surface of those old ditches, others gliding on balanced pinions so far aloft in the darkening firmament that the eye could barely discern them.

The nightingales were warbling their rich, melancholy notes from every brake and thicket; the bats had come forth and were fitting to and fro on their leathern wings under the dark trees; but the brilliant dragon-flies, and all the painted tribe of butterflies had vanished already, and another race, the insects of the night, had taken their places.

The rich scent of the new-mown hay loaded the air with fragrance, and vied with the odors of the eglantine and honeysuckle, which, increased by the falling dew, steamed up like incense to the evening skies.

I was alone, and thoughtful; for the time although sweet and delicious, had nothing in it gay or joyous; the lane along which I was strolling was steeped in the fast increasing shadows, for although the air aloft was full of sunshine, and the topmost leaves of the tall ashes shimmered like gold in the late rays, not a single beam penetrated the thick hedgerows, or fell upon the sandy horse-road. The water in the deep ditches looked as black as night, and the plunge of the frogs into their cool recesses startled the ear amid the solitude and stillness of the place.

It was one of those evenings, in a word, which calls up, we know not why, a train of thought not altogether sad, nor wholly tender, but calm and meditative and averse to action. I had been wandering along thus for nearly an hour, musing deeply all the while, yet perfectly unconscious that I was musing, much more what was the subject of my meditations, when coming suddenly to the turn of the lane, the old summer-house met my eyes, and almost startled me, so little did I expect in that place to see any thing that should recall to my mind the dwellings or the vicinity of man.

The next minute I began to scrutinize, and to wonder—for it was evident that this building must be an appendage to the estate of some gentleman or person of degree, and, knowing all the families of note in that neighborhood, I was well assured that no one dwelt here of sufficient position to be the owner of what appeared at first sight to be a noble property.

Anxious as I was, however, to effect my entrance into that enchanted ground, I could discover no means of doing so; for the depth of the water effectually cut off all access to the hedgerow banks, even if there had been any prospect of forcing a passage through the tangled thorn-bushes beyond. Before I could find any solution to my problem, the fast thickening shadows admonished me that I must beat my retreat; and it was only by dint of redoubled speed that I reached college in time to escape the consequences of absence from roll-call.

An early hour of the evening found me at my post on the following day; for having a direct object now in view, I wasted no time on the road, and the sun

was still some distance above the horizon, when I reached the summer-house.

It had been my hope, as I went along, that I might find some shallow spot, with a corresponding gap in the hedge, before reaching the place, by means of which I might turn the defences, and take the enemy in the rear; but it was all in vain; and I came upon the ground without discovering any opening by which an animal larger than a rat could enter the forbidden ground.

Difficulty, it is well known, heightens desire; and, if I wished before, I was now determined that I would get in. Quickening my pace, I set off at a smart run to reconnoitre the defences beyond, but having found nothing that favored my plans, in some half mile or so, I again returned, now bent on forcing my way, even if I should be compelled to undress, and swim across the pool to the further side.

Before having recourse to this last step, however, I reconnoitred my ground somewhat more narrowly than before, and soon discovered that one of the main limbs of the great oak shot quite across the pool, and extended some little distance on my side over terra firma.

It is true that the nearer extremity of the branch was rather of the slenderest, to support the weight even of a boy, and that the lowest point was a foot or two above my head. But what of that? I was young and active in those days, and somewhat bold withal; and without a spice of danger, where were the pleasure or excitement of adventure?

It did not take me long to make up my mind, and before I had well thought of the risk, I had swung myself up into the branches, and was creeping, with even less difficulty than I had anticipated, along the great gnarled bough above the mirrored pool.

Danger, in fact, there was none; for slender as the extremities appeared, they were tough English oak, and the parent branch once gained, would have supported the weight of Otus and Ephialtes, and all their giant crew, much more of one slight Etonian.

In five minutes, or less, I had reached the fork of the trunk, and, swarming down on the further side, stood in the full fruition of my hopes, on that enchanted ground.

It was as I had expected to find it, a singular and gloomy spot; the tall elm trees which formed the avenue, and the black wall of clipped yew, which followed their course, diverging to the right and left, formed a semicircle, the chord of which was the low wall and hawthorn hedge, the summer-house standing, as I entered, in the angle on my left hand.

Although, as I have said, the sun was still high in heaven, the little area was almost dark already; and it was difficult, indeed, to conjecture for what end the wisdom of our ancestors had planted a sun-dial in the centre of the grass-plot, where it seemed physically impossible that a chance sunbeam should ever strike it, to tell the hour.

If it had not been for the narrow open space between the oak tree and the summer-house, the little lawn would even now have been as black as night; as it was, a sort of misty-gray twilight, increased,

perhaps, by the thin vapors rising from the tranquil pool, filled all its precincts; and beyond these, stretching away in long perspective until the arch at the further end seemed dwindled to the size of a needle's eye, was the long aisle of gloomy foliage, as massive and impenetrable to any ray of light as the stone arches of a Gothic cloister.

The only thing that conveyed an idea of gayety or life, to the cold and tomb-like scenery, was the glimpse of bright sunshine which lay on the open garden at the extremity of the elm-walk, with the gaudy and glowing hues, indistinctly seen in the distance, of some summer flowers.

Yet even this was not all unmixed with something of melancholy, for the contrast of the gay sunbeams and bright flowers only rendered the gloom more apparent, and like a convent-garden, seemed to awaken cravings after the joyous world without, diminishing nothing of the sorrow and monotony within.

But I was not in those days much given to moralizing, or to the investigation of my own inward feelings.

I had come thither to inquire, to see, to learn, to find out things—not causes. And perceiving at one glance that my first impression was correct, that the grass-plots were recently mown, the gravel-walks newly rolled, and spotless of weeds, the tall yew hedges assiduously clipped into the straightest and most formal lines; that every thing, in short, displayed the most heedful tendance, the neatest cultivation, with the exception of the summer-pavilion, which evidently was devoted to decay, I became but the more satisfied that there was some mystery, and the more resolute to probe it to the core.

It was quite clear that when that garden was laid out, and that avenue planted, how many years ago the giant size of the old elms denoted, the summer-house was the meaning of the whole design. The avenue had no object but to lead to it, the little lawn no purpose but to receive it. Doubly strange, therefore, did it seem that these should be kept up in all their trimness, that suffered to fall into decay.

It was the tragedy of Hamlet, with Hamlet's part omitted!

I stood for a little while wondering, and half overcome by a sort of indescribable fanciful superstition. A cloud had come over the sun, the nightingales had ceased to sing, and there was not a sound of any kind to be heard, except the melancholy murmur of the summer air in the tree-tops.

In a moment, however, the transitory spell was shaken off, and, once more the bold and rockless schoolboy, I turned to the performance of my self-imposed task.

The summer-house, as I have said, was octagon, three of its sides, with a window in each, jutting out into the clear pool, and three, with a door in the centre, and a window on each side, fronting the little lawn. But, alas! the windows were all secured with jalousies, strongly bolted and barred from within, and the door was secured by a lock, the key of which was absent.

A short examination showed, however, that the

door was held by no bolts at the top or bottom; and the rusty condition of both lock and hinges rendered it probable that it would not stand a very violent assault.

Wherefore, retreating some twenty paces, I ran at it *more Etonensi*, at the top of my speed, planted the sole of my foot even and square against the key-hole, with the whole impetus of my charge, and had the satisfaction of feeling the door fly open in an instant, while a jingling clatter within showed that my entrance had been effected with no greater damage to the premises than the starting of the staple into which the bolt of the lock shot.

Having entered thus, my first task was to repair damages, which was effected in five minutes, by driving the staple into its old place by aid of a great stone; my second, to provide means for future visits, which was as speedily managed by driving back the bolt of the lock with the same great stone; and my third, to look eagerly and curiously about me. To do this more effectually, I soon opened the two windows looking upon the lawn, and let in the light, for the first time, I fancy, in many a year, to that deserted room.

If I had marveled much before I entered, much more did I marvel now; for although every thing within showed marks of the utmost negligence and decay, though spiders had woven their webs in every angle, though mildew and damp mould had defaced the painted walls, though the gilding was black and tarnished, though the dust lay thick on the furniture, still I had never seen any thing in my life, except the state-rooms at Hampton Court and Windsor Castle, which could have vied with this pavilion in the splendor of its original decoration.

Its area was about thirty feet in diameter, and in height nearly the same, with a domed roof, richly fretted with what had once been golden scroll-work upon an azure ground. The walls were painted, as even I could discover, by the hand of a master, with copies from Guido and Caracci, in compartments bordered with massive gilded scroll-work, the ground between the panels having been originally, like the ceiling, of bright azure. The window-frames had been gilded; and the inside of the door painted, like the walls, in azure, with pictures of high merit in the panels. Every side of the octagon but two, the opposite walls to the right and left, were occupied by windows or a door; but that to the right was filled by a mantel-piece, exquisitely wrought with Caryatides in white Carrara marble, with a copy of the Aurora above it, while the space opposite to it had been occupied by a superb mirror, reaching from the cornice of the ceiling.

Nearly in the centre of this mirror, however, there was a small circular fracture, as if made by a stone or a bullet, with long cracks radiating, like the beams of a star, in all directions over the shivered plate; and when I looked at it more closely, I observed that it was dashed in many places with large drops of some dark purple fluid, which had hardened with time into compact and solid gouts.

I thought little of this at the time, and only won-

2\*

dered why people could be so mad as to abandon so beautiful a place; and why, since they had abandoned it, they did not remove the furniture, of which even a boy's eye could detect the value.

There was a centre-table of circular form, the pedestal of which, curiously carved, had been wrought, like all the rest, in gold and azure, while the slat, when I had wiped away with some fresh green leaves the thick layer of dust which covered it, positively astonished my eyes, by the delicacy and beauty of the designs with which it was adorned. Beside this, there were divans and arm-chairs of the same fashion and colors, with cushions which had been once of sky-blue damask, though their brilliancy, and even their hues, had long ago been defaced by the dust, the dampness, and the squalor of that neglected place.

I should have mentioned, that on the beautiful table I discovered gouts of the same dark substance which I had previously observed on the broken mirror: and that there were still clearly perceptible on one of the divans, dark splashes, and what must, when fluid, have been almost a pool of the same deep, rusty hue.

At the time, it is true, I paid little attention to these things, being busily employed in the boy-like idea of putting my newly discovered palace of Armida into a complete state of repair, and coming to pass all my leisure moments, even to the studying my Prometheus Bound, and composing my weekly hexameters and Alcaics in this sweet sequestered spot.

And, in truth, within a week I had put the greater part of my plan into execution; purloined dusters from my dame's boarding-house, green boughs of the old elms for brooms, and water from the ditch, soon made things clean at least; and the air, which I suffered, so long as I was there, daily, to blow through it in all directions, soon rendered it, comparatively speaking, dry and comfortable; and when all its windows were thrown wide, it would be scarcely possible to find a more lightsome or delicious spot for summer musing than that old English summer-house.

Thus things went on for weeks, for months, unsuspected—for I always latched the door, and secured the windows from within, before leaving my fairy palace for the night; and as all looked just as usual without, no one so much as dreamed of trying the lock, to ascertain if a door were still fastened, the threshold of which, as men believed, no human foot had crossed since the days of the second James.

I could often, it is true, discover the traces of recent labor in the immediate neighborhood of my discovery; I could perceive at a glance where the grass had been newly shorn, the yew hedges clipped, or the gravel-walks rolled, but never, in the course of several months, during which I spent every fine evening, either reading, or musing, or composing my boy verses, in that my enchanted castle—for I began really to consider it almost my own—did I see any human being on the premises.

The cause of this, which I did not suspect until it was revealed to me, after chance had discovered my visits to the place, was simply this, that my intrusions



were confined solely to the evening, whereas, so great was the awe of the servants and the workmen for that lonely and terror-haunted spot, that nothing short of absolute compulsion, or the strongest necessity, would have induced them to go near the place, after the sun had turned downward from the zenith.

In the meantime, gratified by the complete success of my first inroad, and the possession of my first discovery, I felt no inclination to push my advances further, or to make any incursion into the body of the place.

Every evening, as early as I could escape from the college walls, I was at my post, and lingered there as late as college hours would permit. It was a strange fancy in a boy, and stranger yet than would at first appear in this, that there was a very considerable admixture of something nearly approaching to fear, and that of a painful kind, in the feelings which made me so assiduous in my visits to that old pavilion.

There was, it is true, nothing definite in my fancies. I knew nothing, I cannot say even that I suspected any thing, concerning the mysterious closing of the place; and often, since I have been made acquainted with the tale, I have marveled at my own obtuseness, and wondered that a secret so transparent should have escaped me.

So it was, however, that I suspected nothing, although I felt sure that mystery there was; and being of somewhat an imaginative temper, I used to amuse myself by accounting for it in my own mind, weaving all sorts of strange and wild romances, and inventing the most horrible stories that can be conceived, until, as the shadows would fall dark around me, daunted by my own conceptions, I would make all secure and fast with trembling fingers, swing myself back across over the pool by my accustomed oak-branch, and run home as hard as my legs could carry me, haunted by indistinct and almost superstitious horror.

Thus things went on, until at the end of summer I was at last detected in my stolen visits, and the whole mystery was cleared up.

I remember as clearly as if I heard it now, the exclamation of terror and dismay uttered by the old gardener, who, having left some implement behind him on the lawn during the morning labors, had been forced to bend his unwilling steps back to the haunted ground to recover it.

I could not but smile afterward, when he recounted to me his astonishment and terror at seeing the old summer-house, which never had been opened within the memory of man, with all its windows wide to the free air and evening sunshine—when he told me how often he turned back to seek aid from his fellows—how he almost believed that fiends or evil spirits were holding their foul sabbath there, and how he started aghast with horror, not now for himself, but for me, as he beheld the young Etonian stretched tranquilly upon the blood-stained couch—for those dark stains were of human gore—conning his task for the morrow.

I rushed out of the place at his hurried outcry; a

few words told my story, and plead my excuse—with the good, simple-minded rustic little excuse was needed—but it was not till after many sittings, and many a long afternoon's discourse, that I learned all the details of the sad event which had converted that fair pavilion into a place as terrible, to the ideas of the country folks, as a dark charnel-vault.

"Ay!" said the old man, as he gazed fearfully about him, after I had persuaded him at length to cross the dreaded threshold, "Ay! it is all as they tell, though not a man of them has ever seen it. There is the glass which the bullet broke, after passing right through his brain; and there is his blood, all spattered on the mirror. And look, young master, those spots on the table came from *her* heart; and that couch you was lying on, is where they laid her when they took her up. See, it's all dabbled yet; and where your head was resting now, the dead girl's head lay, more than a hundred years since! Come away, master—come away! I never thought to have looked on these things, though I know all about them."

"Oh, tell me—tell me about them!" I exclaimed. "I am not a bit afraid. Do tell me all about them."

"Not now—not now—nor not here," said the old man, gazing about as if he expected to see a spirit stalk out of some shady nook of the surrounding trees. "I would not tell you here to be master of all Ditton-in-the-Dale! But come up, if you will, to the great house to-morrow, and ask for old Matthew Dawson, and I'll show you all the place—the family never lives here now, nor hasn't since that deed was done—and then I'll tell you all about it, if you must hear. But if you're wise, you'll shun it; for it will chill your young blood to listen, and cling to your young heart with a gloom forever."

"Oh, I will come, be sure, Matthew! I would not miss it for the world. But it is getting late, so I'll fasten up the old place, and be going;" and suiting the action to the word, I soon secured the fastenings, while the old gardener stood by, marvelling and muttering at the boldness of young blood, until I had finished setting things in order, when I shook hands with the old man, slipping my *own* half crown into his horny palm, and saying,

"Well, good night, Matthew Dawson, and don't forget to-morrow evening."

"That I wont, master," he replied, greatly propitiated by my offering. "But which way are you going?"

"Oh, I'll soon show you," I replied; and swinging myself up my tree, I was beyond the precincts of the haunted ground almost in a moment.

"The very way *he* came the time he did it," cried the old gardener, with upturned hands, and eyes aghast. But I tarried then to ask no further questions, being quite sufficiently terrified for one night; although my pride forbade my displaying my terrors to the old rustic.

The next day I was punctual to my appointment; and then, for the first time, I heard the melancholy tale which, at length, I purpose to relate.

It was a proud and noble Norman family which had held the demesnes of Ditton-in-the-Dale, since

the reign of the last Plantagenet—a brave and loyal race, which had poured its blood like water on many a foreign, many a native battle-field. At Evesham, a Fitz-Henry had fought beside Prince Edward's bridle-rein, against the great De Montfort, and his confederate barons; and afterward through all the long and cruel wars of the Roses, on every field a Fitz-Henry had won honor or lost blood, upholding the claims of the true sovereign house—the house of York—until at fatal Bosworth the house itself went down, and dragged down with it the fortunes of its bold supporters.

Thereafter, during the reign of the Tudors, the name of Fitz-Henry was heard rarely in the court, or on the field; impoverished in fortune by fines and sequestrations, suspected of disloyalty to the now sovereign house, the heads of the family had wisely held themselves aloof from intrigue and conspiracy, and dwelt among their yeomen, who had in old times been their fathers' vassals, stanch lovers of field-sports, true English country gentlemen, seeking the favor and fearing the ill-will of no man—no, not of England's king.

Attached to the old religion, though neither bigots nor zealots, they had escaped the violence of bluff Harry, when he turned Protestant for Bullen's eyes; and had, though something to leeward of her favor, as lukewarm Romanists and no lovers of the Spaniard, passed safely through the ordeal of Mary's cruel reign.

But with the accession of the man-minded Elizabeth, the fortunes of the house revived for a while. It was the policy of that great and gracious queen to gather around her all that were brave, honest, and manly in her realm, without regard to family creeds, or family traditions. Claiming descent as much from one as from the other of the rival houses of Lancaster and York, loyalty to the one was no more offence to her clear eyes than good faith to the other. While loyalty to what he honestly believed to be the true sovereign house, was the strongest recommendation to her favor in each and every subject.

The Fitz-Henry, therefore, of her day, a young and gallant soldier, who visited the shores of the New World with Cavendish and Raleigh, fought for his native land, although a Catholic, against the terrible armada of the Most Catholic King, with Drake, and Frobisher and Howard, waged war in the Low Countries, and narrowly missed death at Zutphen by Philip Sidney's side, stood as high in the favor of his queen as in the estimation of all good and honorable men. It is true, when the base and odious James succeeded to the throne of the lion-queen, and substituted mean and loathsome king-craft for frank and open English policy, the gray-haired soldier, navigator, statesman—for he had shone in each capacity—retired, as his ancestors had done before him, during the reigns of the seventh and eighth Henrys, to the peaceful shades and innocent pleasures of Ditton-in-Dale.

So true, however, was he to the time-honored principles of his high race, so loyally did he bring up his son, so firmly did he strengthen his youthful mind

with all maxims, and all laws of honor, linking the loyal subject to the rightful king, that no sooner had the troubles broken out between the misguided monarch and his rebellious Parliament—although the veteran of Elizabeth had fallen asleep long before, full of years and honors—than his young heir, Osborn Fitz-Henry, displayed the cognizance of his old house, mustered his tenantry, and set foot in stirrup, well nigh the first, to withdraw it the very last, of the adherents of the hapless Charles. So long did he resist in arms, so pertinaciously did he uphold the authority of the first Charles, so early did he rise again in behalf of the second, that he was noted by the Parliament as an incorrigible and most desperate malignant; and, had it not been that, by his gallantry in the field, and his humanity when the strife was ended, he had won the personal good-will of Cromwell, it is most likely that it would have gone hard with his fortunes if not with his life.

After the restoration, he was of course neglected by the fiddling, gambling, wenching, royal buffoon, who succeeded the royal martyr, and whose necessities he had supplied, when an outcast pauper exile in a foreign land, from the proceeds of those very estates which he had so nearly lost in fighting for his crown.

Osborn Fitz-Henry, too, was gathered to his fathers. He died little advanced beyond the prime of life, worn out with the toil he had undergone in the camp, and shattered by the wounds which he had received on almost every battle-field from Edge-Hill to Dunbar and Worcester.

He had, however, married very young, before the breaking out of the rebellion, and had lived to see not his son only a noble and superior man, ready to fill his place when vacant, and in it uphold the honor of his family, but his son's children also advancing fast toward maturity.

Allan Fitz-Henry, the son of Charles' stout partisan, the grandson of Elizabeth's warrior, was the head of the house, when my tale commences.

He, too, had married young—such, indeed, was the custom of his house—and had survived his wife, by whom he had two fair daughters, but no heir; and this was a source of vexation so constantly present to his mind, that in the end it altered the whole disposition of the man, rendering him irritable, harsh, stern, unreasonable, and unhappy.

Fondly attached to the memory of his lost wife, whom he had loved devotedly while living, it never entered his mind to marry a second time, even with the hope of begetting an heir by whom to perpetuate the honors and principles of his house; although he was continually on the fret—miserable himself, and making others miserable, in consequence of the certainty that he should be the last of his race.

His only hope was now centered in his daughters, or to speak more correctly, in his eldest daughter—for her he had determined to constitute his heiress, endowing her with all his landed property, all his heirlooms, all that could constitute her the head of his house; in return for which he had predetermined that she should become the wife of some husband of

his own choosing, who should unite to a pedigree as noble as that of the Howards, all qualifications which should fit him to represent the house into which he should be adopted; and who should be willing to drop his own paternal name and bearings, how ancient and noble soever, in order to adopt the style and the arms of Fitz-Henry.

Proud by nature, by blood, and by education—though with a clear and honorable pride—he had been rendered a thousand times prouder and more haughty by the very circumstances which seemed to threaten a downfall to the fortunes of his house—his house, which had survived such desperate reverses; which had come out of every trial, like pure gold, the better and the brighter from the furnace—his house, which neither the ruin of friendly monarchs, nor the persecutions of hostile monarchs, nor the neglect of ungrateful monarchs, had been able to shake, any more than the autumnal blasts, or the frosts of winter, had availed to uproot the oak trees of his park, coeval with his name.

In the midst of health and wealth, honor and good esteem, with an affectionate family, and a devoted household around him, Allan Fitz-Henry fancied himself a most unhappy man—perhaps the most unhappy of mankind.

Alas! was it to punish such vain, such sinful, such senseless, and inordinate repinings?

Who shall presume to scrutinize the judgments, or pry into the secrets of the Inscrutable?

This much alone is certain, that ere he was gathered to his fathers, Allan Fitz-Henry might, and that not unjustly, have termed himself that, which now, in the very wantonness of pampered and insatiate success he swore that he was daily—the most unhappy of the sons of men.

For to calamities so dreadful as might have disturbed the reason of the strongest minded, remorse was added, so just, so terrible, so overwhelming, that men actually marveled how he lived on and was not insane.

But I must not anticipate.

It was a short time after the failure of the Duke of Monmouth's weak and ungrateful attempt at revolution, a short time after the conclusion of the merciless and bloody butcheries of that disgrace to the English ermine, the ferocious Jefferies, that the incidents occurred, which I learned first on the evening subsequent to my discovery in the fatal summer-house.

At this time Allan Fitz-Henry—it was a singular proof, by the way, of the hereditary pride of this old Norman race, that having numbered among them so many friends and counsellors of monarchs, no one of their number had been found willing to accept titular honors, holding it a higher thing to be the premier gentleman than the junior peer of England—At this time, I say, Allan Fitz-Henry was a man of some forty-five or fifty years, well built and handsome, of courtly air and dignified presence; nor must it be imagined that in his fancied grievances he forgot to support the character of his family, or that he carried his griefs abroad with him into the world.

At times, indeed, he might be a little grave and thoughtful, especially at such times as he heard mention made of the promise or success of this or that scion of some noble house; but it was only within his own family circle, and to his most familiar friends, that he was wont to open his heart, and complain of his ill-fortune, at being the first childless father of his race—for so, in his contempt for the poor girls, whom he still, strange contradiction! loved fondly and affectionately, he was accustomed in his dark hours to style himself; as if forsooth an heir male were the only offspring worthy to be called the child of such a house.

Though he was fond, and gentle, and at times even tender to his motherless daughters—for, to do him justice, he never suffered a symptom of his disappointment and disgust to break out to their annoyance, yet was there no gleam of paternal satisfaction in his sad eye, no touch of paternal pride in his vexed heart, as he looked upon their graceful forms, and noted their growing beauties.

And yet they were a pair of whom the haughtiest potentate on earth might have been proud, and with justice.

Blanche and Agnes Fitz-Henry were at this time in their eighteenth and seventeenth years—but one summer having passed between their births, and their mother having died within a few hours after the latter saw the light.

They were, indeed, as lovely girls as the sun of merry England shone upon; and in those days it was still merry England, and famous then as now for the rare beauty of its women, whether in the first dawn of girlhood, or in the full-blown flush of feminine maturity.

Both tall, above the middle height of women, both exquisitely formed, with figures delicate and slender, yet full withal, and voluptuously rounded, with the long taper hands, the small and shapely feet and ankles, the swan-like necks, and classic heads gracefully set on, which are held to denote, in all countries, the predominance of gentle blood; when seen at a distance, and judged by the person only, it would have been almost impossible to distinguish the elder from the younger sister.

But look upon them face to face, and never, in all respects, were two girls of kindred race so entirely dissimilar. The elder, Blanche, was, as her name denotes, though ladies' names are oftentimes misnomers, a genuine English blonde. Her abundant and beautiful hair, trained to float down upon her snowy shoulders in silky masses of unstudied curls, was of the lightest golden brown. There was not a shade of red in its hues, although her complexion was of that peculiarly dazzling character which is common to red-haired persons; yet when the sun shone on its glistening waves, so brilliantly did the golden light flash from it, that you might almost have imagined there was a circlet of living glory above her clear white brow.

Her eyebrows and eyelashes were many shades darker than her hair, relieving her face altogether from that charge of insipidity which is so often, and

for the most part so truly, brought against fair-haired and fair-featured beauties. The eyes themselves, which those long lashes shrouded, were of the deepest violet blue; so deep, that at first sight you would have deemed them black, but for the soft and humid languor which is never seen in eyes of that color. The rest of her features were as near as possible to the Grecian model, except that there was a slight depression where the nose joins the brow, breaking that perfectly straight line of the classical face, which, however beautiful to the statue, is less attractive in life than the irregular outline of the northern countenance.

Her mouth, with the exception of—perhaps I should rather say in conjunction with—her eyes, was the most lovely and expressive feature in her face. There were twin dimples at its corners; yet was not its expression one of habitual mirth, but of tenderness and softness rather, unmixed, although an anchorite might have been pardoned the wish to press his lips to its voluptuous curve, with the slightest expression of sensuality.

Her complexion was, as I have said, dazzlingly brilliant; but it was the brilliance of the lily rather than of the rose, though at the least emotion, whether of pain or pleasure, the eloquent blood would rush, like the morning's glow over some snow-crowned Alp, across cheek, brow, and neck, and bosom, and vanish thence so rapidly, that ere you should have time to say, nay, even to think,

"Look! look how beautiful, 't was fled."

Such was the elder beauty, the destined heiress of the ancient house, the promised mother of a line of sons, who should perpetuate the name and hand down the principles of the Fitz-Henries to far distant ages. Such were the musings of her father,

*Proh! cœca mens mortalium!*

and at such times alone, if ever, a sort of doubtful pride would come to swell his hope, whispering that for such a creature, no man, however high or haughty, but would be willing to renounce the pride of birth, even untempted by the demesnes of Ditton-in-the-Dale, and many another lordly manor coupled to the time-honored name of Fitz-Henry.

Her sister, Agnes, though not less beautiful than Blanche—and there were those who insisted that she was more so—was as different from her, in all but the general resemblance of figure and carriage, as night is from morning, or autumn from early summer-time.

Her ringlets, not less profuse than Blanche's, and clustering in closer and more mazy curls, were as black as the raven's wing, and, like the feathers of the wild bird, were lighted up when the sun played on them with a sort of purplish and metallic gloss, that defies alike the pen of the writer, and the painter's pencil to depict to the eye.

Her complexion, though soft and delicate, was of the very darkest hue that is ever seen in persons of unmixed European blood; so dark that the very blood which would mantle to her cheek at times in burning blushes, was shaded, as it were, with a darker hue,

like damask roses seen through the medium of a gold-tinted window-pane.

Her brows and lashes were as black as night, but, strange to say, the eyes that flashed from beneath them with an almost painful splendor, were of a clear, deep azure, less dark than those of the fairer sister, giving a singular and wild character to her whole face, and affecting the style of her beauty, but whether for the better or the worse it was for those who admired or shunned—and there were who took both parts—to determine. Her face was rounder and fuller than her sister's, and, in fact, this was true of her whole person—so much so that she was often mistaken for the elder—her features were less regular, her nose having a slight tendency to that form which has no name in our language, but which charmed all beholders in Roxana, as *retroussée*. Her mouth was as warm, as soft, as sweetly dimpled, but it was not free from that expression which Blanche's lacked altogether, and might have been blamed as too wooing and luxurious.

Such were the various characters of the sisters' personal appearance—the characters of their mental attributes were as distinctly marked, and as widely different.

Blanche was all gentleness and moderation from her very cradle—a delicate and tender child, smiling always, but rarely laughing; never boisterous or loud even in her childish plays. And as she grew older, this character became more definite, and was more strongly observed; she was a pensive, tranquil creature, not melancholy, much less sad—for she was awake to all that was beautiful or grand, all that was sweet or gentle in the face of nature, or in the history of man; and there was, perhaps, more real happiness concealed under her calm exterior, than is often to be found under the wilder mirth of merrier beings. Ever ready to yield her wishes to those of her friends or companions, many persons imagined that she had little will, and no fixed wishes, or deliberate aspirations—passionless and pure as the lily of the vale, many supposed that she was cold and heartless. Oh! ignorant! not to remember that the hearts of the fiercest volcano boil still beneath a head of snow; and that it is even in the calmest and most moderate characters that passion once enkindled burns fierce, perennial and unquenchable! Thus far, however, had she advanced into the flower of fair maidenhood, undisturbed by any warmer dream than devoted affection toward her parent, whose wayward grief she could understand if she could not appreciate, and whom she strove by every gentle wile to wean from his morbid fancies; and earnest love toward her sister, whom she, indeed, almost adored—perhaps adored the more from the very difference of their minds, and for her very imperfections.

For Agnes was all gay vivacity, and petulance, and fire—so that her young companions, who sportively named Blanche the icicle, had christened her the sunbeam; and, in truth, if the first name were ill chosen, the second seemed to be an inspiration; for like a sunbeam that touched nothing but to illuminate it, like a sunbeam she played with all things, smiled

on all things in their turn—like a sunbeam she brought mirth with her presence, and after her departure, left a double gloom behind her.

More dazzling than Blanche, she made her impression at first sight, and so long as the skies were clear, and the atmosphere unruffled, the sunbeam would continue to gild, to charm, to be worshiped. But if the time of darkness and affliction came, the gay sunbeam held aloof, while the poor icicle, melted from its seeming coldness, was ever ready to weep for the sorrows of those who had neglected her in the days of their happiness.

Unused to yield, high-spirited when crossed, yet carrying off even her stubbornness and quick temper by the brilliancy, the wit, the lively and bold audacity which she cast around them, Agnes ruled in her circle an imperious and despotic queen; while her slaves, even as they trembled before her half sportive but emphatic frown, did not suspect the sceptre of the tyrant beneath the spell of the enchantress.

Agnes, in one word, was the idol of the rich and gay; Blanche was the saint of the poor, the lowly, the sick, and those who mourn.

It may be that the peculiarity of her position, the neglect which she had always experienced from her father, and mediately from the hirelings of the household, ever prompt to pander to the worst feelings of their superiors—the consciousness that born co-heiress with her sister, she was doomed to sink into the insignificance of an undowered and uncared-for girl, had tended in some degree to form the character which Agnes had ever borne, and which alone she had displayed, until the period when my tale commences.

It may be that the consciousness of wrong endured, had hardened a heart naturally soft and tender, and rendered it unyielding and rebellious—it may be that injustice, endured at the hands of hirelings in early years, had engendered a spirit of resistance, and armed her mind and quickened her tongue against the world, which, as she fancied, wronged her. It may be, more than all, that a secret, perhaps an unconscious jealousy of her sister's superior advantages, not in the wretched sense of worldly wealth or position, but of the love and reverence of friends and kindred, had embittered her young soul, and caused her to cast over it a veil of light and wild demeanor, of free speech, and daring mirth, which had by degrees grown into habits, and become part and parcel of her nature.

If it were so, however, there were no outward indications that such was the case; for never were there seen two sisters more united and affectionate—nor would it have been easy to say on which side the balance of kindness preponderated. For if Blanche was ever the first to cede to her sister's wishes, and the last, in any momentary disappointment or annoyance, to speak one quick or unkind word, so was Agnes, with her expressive features, and flashing eye, and ready, tameless wit, prompt as light to avenge the slightest reflection cast on Blanche's tranquillity and coldness; and if at times a quick word or sharp retort broke from her lips, and called a tear to the eye of her calmer sister, not a moment would elapse before she would cast herself upon her neck and weep her sincere contrition, and be for hours an altered being; until her natural spirit would prevail, and she would be again the wild, mirthful madcap, whose very faults could call forth no keener reproach than a grave and thoughtful smile from the lips of those who loved her the most dearly.

Sad were the daughters of Allan Fitz-Henry—daughters whom not a peer in England but would have regarded as the brightest gems of his coronets, as the pride and ornament of his house; but whom, by a strange anomaly, their own father, full as he was of warm affections, and kindly inclinations, never looked upon but with a secret feeling of discontent and disappointment, that they were not other than they were: and with a half confessed conviction, that fair as they were, tender, and loving, graceful, accomplished, delicate and noble-minded, he could have borne to lay them both in the cold grave, so that a son could be given to the house, in exchange for their lost loveliness.

In outward demeanor, however, he was to his children all that a father should be; a little querulous at times, perhaps, and irritable, but fond, though not doting, and considerate; and I have wandered greatly from my intention, if any thing that I have said has been construed to signify that there existed the slightest estrangement between the father and his children—for had Allan Fitz-Henry but suspected the possibility of such a thing, he had torn the false pride, like a venomous weed, from his heart, and had been a wiser and a happier man. In his case it was the blindness of the heart that caused its partial hardness; but events were at hand, that should flood it with the clearest light, and melt it to more than woman's tenderness. [To be continued.]

## SONNET TO GRAHAM.

Oh, in thy mission! 'T is a holy power  
That which thou wieldest o'er a people's heart:  
And wastes of mind, that never knew a flower,  
Bloom now and brighten, 'neath thy magic art.  
Hearthstones are cheerful that were chill before;  
And softened beams, like light that melteth through  
The stained glass of old cathedrals, pour

*New Orleans, October 1, 1847.*

Stream upon stream of beauty. All that 's true,  
All that is brave and beautiful, 't is thine—  
High office, high and holy! thus to shed,  
Sun-like, and sole, in shadow or in shine,  
Thoughts that bedew and rouse minds cold and dead,  
Startling the pulse that stirred not. This is thine!  
Be proudly humble: 't is a power divine!

ALTVS.

## MARGINALIA.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

WE mere men of the world, with no principle—a very old-fashioned and cumbersome thing—should be on our guard lest, fancying him on his last legs, we insult, or otherwise maltreat some poor devil of a genius at the very instant of his putting his foot on the top round of his ladder of triumph. It is a common trick with these fellows, when on the point of attaining some long-cherished end, to sink themselves into the deepest possible abyss of seeming despair, for no other purpose than that of increasing the space of success through which they have made up their minds immediately to soar.

All that the man of genius demands for his exaltation is moral matter in motion. It makes no difference *whither* tends the motion—whether for him or against him—and it is absolutely of *no* consequence *what* is the matter.”

In Colton's "American Review" for October, 1845, a gentleman, well known for his scholarship, has a forcible paper on "The Scotch School of Philosophy and Criticism." But although the paper is "forcible," it presents the most singular admixture of error and truth—the one dovetailed into the other, after a fashion which is novel, to say the least of it. Were I to designate in a few words what the whole article demonstrated, I should say "the folly of not beginning at the beginning—of neglecting the giant Moulinsau's advice to his friend Ram." Here is a passage from the essay in question:

"The Doctors [Campbell and Johnson] both charge Pope with error and inconsistency:—error in supposing that *in English*, of metrical lines unequal in the number of syllables and pronounced in equal times, the longer suggests celerity (this being the principle of the Alexandrine):—inconsistency, in that Pope himself uses the same contrivance to convey the contrary idea of slowness. But why in English? It is not and cannot be disputed that, in the Hexameter verse of the Greeks and Latins—which is the model in this matter—what is distinguished as the 'dactylic line' was uniformly applied to express velocity. How was it to do so? Simply from the fact of being pronounced in an equal time with, while containing a greater number of syllables or 'bars' than the ordinary or average measure; as, on the other hand, the spondaic line, composed of the minimum number, was, upon the same principle, used to indicate slowness. So, too, of the Alexandrine in English versification. No, says Campbell, there is a difference: the Alexandrine is not in fact, like the dactylic line, pronounced in the common time. But does this alter the principle? What is the rationale of Metre, whether the classical hexameter or the English heroic?"

I have written an essay on the "Rationale of Verse," in which the whole topic is surveyed *ab initio*, and with reference to general and immutable principles. To this essay (which will soon appear) I refer Mr. Bristed. In the meantime, without trou-

bling myself to ascertain whether Doctors Johnson and Campbell are wrong, or whether Pope is wrong, or whether the reviewer is right or wrong, at this point or at that, let me succinctly state what is *the truth* on the topics at issue.

And first; the same principles, in *all* cases, govern *all* verse. What is true in English is true in Greek.

Secondly; in a series of lines, if one line contains more syllables than the law of the verse demands, and if, nevertheless, this line is pronounced in the same time, upon the whole, as the rest of the lines, then this line suggests celerity—on account of the increased rapidity of enunciation required. Thus in the Greek Hexameter the dactylic lines—those most abounding in dactyls—serve best to convey the idea of rapid motion. The spondaic lines convey that of slowness.

"Thirdly; it is a gross mistake to suppose that the Greek dactylic line is "the model in this matter"—the matter of the English Alexandrine. The Greek dactylic line is of the same number of feet—bars—beats—pulsations—as the ordinary dactylic-spondaic lines among which it occurs. But the Alexandrine is longer by one foot—by one pulsation—than the pentameters among which it arises. For its pronunciation it demands *more time*, and therefore, *ceteris paribus*, it would well serve to convey the impression of length, or duration, and thus, indirectly, of slowness. I say *ceteris paribus*. But, by varying conditions, we can effect a total change in the impression conveyed. When the idea of slowness is conveyed by the Alexandrine, it is not conveyed by any slower enunciation of syllables—that is to say, it is not *directly* conveyed—but indirectly, through the idea of *length* in the whole line. Now, if we wish to convey, by means of an Alexandrine, the impression of velocity, we readily do so by giving rapidity to our enunciation of the syllables composing the several feet. To effect this, however, we must have *more* syllables, or we shall get through the whole line too quickly for the intended time. To get more syllables, all we have to do, is to use, in place of iambs, what our prosodies call anapaests\*. Thus, in the line,

Flies o'er the unbending corn and skims along the main,  
the syllables "*the unbend*" form an anapaest and, demanding unusual rapidity of enunciation, in order that we may get them in in the ordinary time of an

\* I use the prosodial word "anapaest," merely because here I have no space to show what the reviewer will admit I have distinctly shown in the essay referred to—viz: that the additional syllable introduced, does *not* make the foot an anapaest, or the equivalent of an anapaest, and that, if it did, it would spoil the line. On this topic, and on all topics connected with verse, there is not a profound existence which is not a mere jumble of the grossest error.

iambus, serve to suggest celerity. By the elision of *e* in *the*, as is customary, the whole of the intended effect is lost; for *th'unbend* is nothing more than the usual iambus. In a word, wherever an Alexandrine expresses celerity, we shall find it to contain one or more anapæsts—the more anapæsts, the more decided the impression. But the tendency of the Alexandrine consisting merely of the usual iambuses, is to convey slowness—although it conveys this idea feebly, on account of conveying it indirectly. It follows, from what I have said, that the common pentameter, interspersed with anapæsts, would better convey celerity than the Alexandrine interspersed with them in a similar degree;—and it unquestionably does.

To converse well, we need the cool tact of talent—to talk well, the glowing *abandon* of genius. Men of *very* high genius, however, talk at one time *very* well, at another *very* ill:—well, when they have full time, full scope, and a sympathetic listener:—ill, when they fear interruption and are annoyed by the impossibility of exhausting the topic during that particular talk. The partial genius is flashy—scrappy. The true genius shudders at incompleteness—imperfection—and usually prefers silence to saying the something which is not every thing that should be said. He is so filled with his theme that he is dumb, first from not knowing how to begin, where there seems eternally beginning behind beginning, and secondly from perceiving his true end at so infinite a distance. Sometimes, dashing into a subject, he blunders, hesitates, stops short, sticks fast, and, because he has been overwhelmed by the rush and multiplicity of his thoughts, his hearers sneer at his inability to think. Such a man finds his proper element in those “great occasions” which confound and prostrate the general intellect.

Nevertheless, by his conversation, the influence of the conversationist upon mankind in general, is more decided than that of the talker by his talk:—the latter invariably talks to best purpose with his pen. And good conversationists are more rare than respectable talkers. I know many of the latter; and of the former only five or six:—among whom I can call to mind, just now, Mr. Willis, Mr. J. T. S. S.—of Philadelphia, Mr. W. M. R.—of Petersburg, Va., and Mrs. S.—d, formerly of New York. Most people, in conversing, force us to curse our stars that our lot was not cast among the African nation mentioned by Eudoxus—the savages who, having no mouths, never opened them, as a matter of course. And yet, if denied mouth, some persons whom I have in my eye would contrive to chatter on still—as they do now—through the nose.

—  
All in a hot and copper sky  
The bloody sun at noon  
Just up above the mast did stand,  
No bigger than the moon.—COLERIDGE.

Is it possible that the poet did not know the apparent diameter of the moon to be greater than that of the sun?

If any ambitious man have a fancy to revolutionize, at one effort, the universal world of human thought, human opinion, and human sentiment, the opportunity is his own—the road to immortal renown lies straight, open, and unencumbered before him. All that he has to do is to write and publish a very little book. Its title should be simple—a few plain words—“My Heart Laid Bare.” But—this little book must be true to its title.

Now, is it not very singular that, with the rabid thirst for notoriety which distinguishes so many of mankind—so many, too, who care not a fig what is thought of them after death, there should not be found one man having sufficient hardihood to write this little book? To *write*, I say. There are ten thousand men who, if the book were once written, would laugh at the notion of being disturbed by its publication during their life, and who could not even conceive *why* they should object to its being published after their death. But to write it—*there* is the rub. No man dare write it. No man ever will dare write it. No man *could* write it, even if he dared. The paper would shrivel and blaze at every touch of the fiery pen.

For all the rhetorician's rules  
Teach nothing but to name the tools.—HODIERNAS.

What these oft-quoted lines go to show is, that a falsity in verse will travel faster and endure longer than a falsity in prose. The man who would sneer or stare at a silly proposition nakedly put, will admit that “there is a good deal in that” when “*that*” is the point of an epigram shot into the ear. The rhetorician's rules—if they *are* rules—teach him not only to name his tools, but to use his tools, the capacity of his tools—their extent—their limit; and from an examination of the nature of the tools—(an examination forced on him by their constant presence)—force him, also, into scrutiny and comprehension of the material on which the tools are employed, and thus, finally, suggest and give birth to new material for new tools.

Among his *eidola* of the den, the tribe, the forum, the theatre, etc., Bacon might well have placed the great *eidolon* of the parlor (or of the wit, as I have termed it in one of the previous Marginalia)—the idol whose worship blinds man to truth by dazzling him with the *apposite*. But what title could have been invented for *that* idol which has propagated, perhaps, more of gross error than all combined?—the one, I mean, which demands from its votaries that they reciprocate cause and effect—reason in a circle—lift themselves from the ground by pulling up their pantaloons—and carry themselves on their own heads, in hand-baskets, from Beersheba to Dan.

All—absolutely all the argumentation which I have seen on the nature of the soul, or of the Deity, seems to me nothing but worship of this unnameable idol. *Pour savoir ce qu'est Dieu*, says Bielfeld, although nobody listens to the solemn truth, *il faut être Dieu même*—and to reason about the reason is of all things the most unreasonable. At least, he alone is fit to discuss the topic who perceives at a glance the insanity of its discussion.

# THE PENANCE OF ROLAND.

A ROMANCE OF THE PEINE FORTE ET DURE.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

## PART I.

When the weird and wizard bats were flitting round his dusky way,  
 Over a moorland, like a whirlwind, rushed the knight, Sir Roland Grey;  
 When the crimson sun was setting, as the yellow moon arose,  
 Far and faint, behind Sir Roland, sank the slogan of his foes—

Far and faint; and growing fainter as he reached the forest sward,  
 Spreading round for many an acre over the lands which owned him lord.  
 He dashed along the woodland, fitfully, upon the breeze,  
 Swept the tu-who-o of the owl through the naked forest trees;

And the loudly whirring black-cock through the creaking branches sprung,  
 Rightened by his horse's hoofs, that like the Cyclop's anvil rung—  
 Like a hurricane on he hurried, wood and valley gliding past,  
 While around him, o'er him, on him, burst the sudden autumn blast.

Down upon him, in a deluge, rushed the cold November rain;  
 And the wind about him whistled, and the tempest swept in vain.

That to him was wind or tempest, when his brain was seared with flame?  
 That to him was earth or heaven, when his soul was sick with shame?

The dreary, desolate desert on his ears had burst a tale,  
 That, like falling thunder, stunned and left him terrified and pale;  
 Now, while he was battling bravely, like a true and holy knight,  
 By the sacred tomb of Christ, against the swarthy Moslemite;

Now, while round him lances shivered, armor rang, and arrows fell,  
 And the air was mad with noises—Arab shout and Paynim yell—  
 He, the partner of his heart, descended (so the legend said)

From the ancient Saxon monarchs, sank in shame her sunny head.

From his friends—his growing glory—over dark and dangerous seas—

From his red-cross banner proudly flowing, floating on the breeze—

Over field and flood he traveled, flinging fame and honor by,

With a heart as full of hell as full of glory was the sky.

All his mind became a chaos; but along its waste there stole  
 What his bloody purpose shook, and what was manna to his soul,—  
 Memories of his youthful moments, when through grassy glen and wood  
 He wandered with the Lady Gwineth, dreaming none so fair and good;

And he saw her sweetly smiling, as when at her feet he knelt,  
 And with bold but modest manner on his burning passion dwelt—  
 Felt her fall upon his bosom—felt her tears upon his cheek,  
 As he felt them when his tongue was all too full of joy to speak!

And his heart was slowly softening—when a hoarse voice bade him "yield!"  
 And a claymore clanked and clattered on the bosses of his shield;—  
 Rising round him, closing on him, sprang an ambush of his foe,  
 The despoiler of his honor! All his answer was a blow!  
 All his soul was in his arm; and, as his foemen closed around,  
 Vassal after vassal, wounded, yelling, fell and bit the ground;  
 But when through the wood there rushed an hundred thronging to the fight,  
 Charging through them, still defying, Roland safety sought in fight.

When the crimson sun descended, as the yellow moon arose,  
 Far and faint behind Sir Roland sank the slogan of his foes—  
 Far and faint, and waxing fainter, as he reached the forest sward,  
 Spreading round for many an acre, over the lands that owned him lord.

Like a whirlwind on he hurried, though the storm was raging sore:  
 In his heart he carried torture: there was music in its roar—  
 Like a hurricane on he hurried, spurring on with loosened rein,  
 Till he checked his jaded courser on his old paternal plain.

Clouds were scudding o'er the heavens; wild the tempest roared around;  
 And the very earth was shaking with the thunder's heavy sound;  
 But between the lightning flashes, frowning grimly, here and there,  
 Loomed his old ancestral castle, with its old ancestral air.

There, the barbiann—the draw-bridge—there, the ancient donjon-keep,



With its iron-banded portals—there, the moat in sullen sleep !—  
Galloping onward, lo ! he halted, for they kept strict watch  
and ward,  
And his courser's clanking hoofs had roused the ever-wary  
guard.

Loud above the increasing tempest rose the warder's threat-  
ening hail ;  
Louder rose the ringing answer from a lip that scorned to  
quail :  
" Grey of Grey ! " the warrior thundered, " he who fears  
nor bolt nor dart—  
He who is your master, vassal—Roland of the Lion  
Heart ! "

Clanking, clattering, grating, slowly up the huge portcullis  
went,  
And the draw-bridge over the moat creaking, shrieking,  
downward bent ;  
On his armor flashed the torch-light, over helmet, cuirass,  
shield,  
With its *lion d' or couchant* upon a stainless *argent* field.

Over rode he, frowning fiercely, throwing from him ruddy  
light,  
Flashing, like a burning beacon, on his startled vassal's  
sight.  
Rose the draw-bridge, fell the barrier, closed the oaken  
gates behind.  
—All was silence save the roaring of the wild November  
wind.

#### PART II.

In a lofty vaulted chamber, pillared, Gothic, full of gloom,  
But that flashes of the fire-light fitfully fell athwart the  
room—

Ruddy gleams of fading fire-light, lighting many a bearded  
face,  
On the fluted hangings woven—founders of her husband's  
race—

On a carven couch in slumber lay the Lady Gwineth Grey,  
Traces of a smile yet lingering on a cheek of rosy May—  
On the softest velvet slumbering, in a mist of golden hair,  
Trembling on her heaving bosom, and along her neck as  
fair.

Seemed she like the Goddess Dian sleeping in some lonely  
wood,  
Or a nun on convent pallet dreaming only what was good :  
By her stood an outened flambeaux, from which, blue, and  
thin, and rare,  
Stole a wave of trembling vapor, slowly melting into air.

But the tapestry was lifted, and a form in steel array  
Suddenly entered, and his coming drove the waning mist  
away.  
Treading softly o'er the rushes Roland stepped beside his  
bride,  
In the passing of a moment standing at her couch's side.

Like an angel seemed the lady, lying in her rosy rest ;  
Like a devil seemed the knight, with passion raging in  
his breast :  
For within his bosom, gnawing all his heart with teeth of  
fire,  
Reigned Revenge, and on his forehead burned the purple  
hue of ire.

Slowly bending o'er his wife, but making not a sound, he  
gazed

Upon her, while his glaring eye-balls, like twin torches,  
brightly blazed.

—Starting, feeling one was near her, Gwineth raised her  
golden head,  
Looking round her—flashed his falchion, and she sank in  
silence—dead !

Roared the tempest ; crashed the thunder ; even the castle  
seemed to quail  
And tremble, like a living thing, before the fury of the gale ;  
But the fierce and fearless murderer turned to where his  
child reclined,  
Asleep, amid the thunder's crash, the rushing rain and  
roaring wind.

As he bent above his boy, dim memories of days long back  
Came, like stars an instant seen amid the autumn tempest's  
rack ;  
But as swiftly over his spirit flashed the ruin of his name—  
Flashed the withering thought that even that child might  
be the child of shame.

Wildly then he raised his glaive, but wilder, sterner, still,  
without,  
Swelled the tempest, burst the thunder, yelled the winds  
with maniac shout ;  
While the lightning, red and vivid, quivered through the  
skies in ire,  
Till the chamber with its flashes seemed a blazing hall of  
fire.

With this climax of the tempest—thunder, lightning, rain  
and wind—  
Roland felt an awful doubt creep tremblingly athwart his  
mind ;  
Slowly, slowly, it arose, and grew gigantic ; slowly, slowly,  
Cloud-like, overshadowing him, darkening his spirit  
wholly.

Then, like Saul of Eld, he trembled, feeling his deed was  
one of guilt—  
Believing heaven itself asserted it was innocent blood he  
spilt—  
Feeling heaven was interfering, sank his heart, and fell  
his blade,  
And the superstitious murderer tottered, wailing and dis-  
mayed.

" Be she spotless," groaned the warrior, " I have done a  
grievous crime—  
Stained the snowiest shield that ever graced the temple-  
walls of Time.  
—Thou, my noblest and my fairest ! with thy mother's  
Saxon eye—  
Shall my hand, too, strike thee lifeless ? No ! I cannot  
see thee die ! "

Suddenly Roland saw the peril hanging over his guilty  
head—  
Felt that he could never hide him from the vengeance of  
the dead—  
Saw the heartless headman smiling, and the axe, and  
heard the crowd  
Shouting curses on the assassin—and the chieftain groaned  
aloud—

Groaned, for that his deed had robbed him of a home and  
of a name,  
Hurling on his orphan son the damning heritage of shame :  
Life and lands by law were forfeit ; he had driven his off-  
spring forth,  
Rudely, ruthlessly, to wander one of the Ishmaelites of  
earth.

But a sudden thought came o'er him, and his lofty eye again

Flashed with resolution, stern and strong as was his spirit's pain.

"Shall I rob thee of thy birthright—rob thee of thy noble name,  
Of our old ancestral castle, and our fathers' deeds of fame?"

"Shall I fling thee forth to struggle with a never-sparing world;  
Knowing every eye will scorn thee, every lip at thee be curled?"

Know thee, budding bloom of beauty, withering in thy youth away—

Feel thy infant promise fading—see thy falcon-eye decay?

"Did I give thee life to cloud it—life to poison every breath?"

Better far the dreary dungeon, and the dark and iron death!  
Never! Let them heap upon me rock on rock Olympus high;

None shall see a sinew quiver, none shall hear the slightest cry.

"'Blood for blood' is rightly written: I have slain a spotless wife,

And will dree a heavy penance—yield the law my forfeit life;

Come the judgment, I will meet it; and the torture shall not tear

Word from me to make a beggar of my rightful, righteous heir."

As the stricken knight was speaking, in the distance died the storm;

And the moonlight on the casement wandered sweetly, rested warm;

Through the golden glass it floated, fluttering over the lady's hair,

Till she seemed a mild Madonna, watched by angels, slumbering there.

Shaken by the storm of conscience, Roland sank upon his knee,

Sudden as before a hurricane falls some famous forest tree;

Sank beside pale, placid Gwineth, weeping, wailing, sorrow riven,

Feeling God had spoken, praying that his crime might be forgiven.

All that long and dreary night, Sir Roland watched beside the dead,

Humbly kneeling in the rushes strown around the carven bed.

Slowly, quietly approaching came the gray-eyed dreamy dawn,

Making every thing about him seem more desolate and wan.

One by one the stars went out, and slowly over the Orient came

Streaks of rose and tints of purple, flakes of gold and rays of flame,

And around the ancient castle Roland heard the hum of those

That from quiet sleep were waking, as they, one by one, arose.

Slowly through the painted casement, touching first the chamber crown

And the gabled roof, the sunlight stole in lovely lustre down

Over the tapestry, that glistened, gleaming with its golden ray,

Till it kissed the russet rushes where in yellow sleep it lay.

Came the Lady Gwineth's maidens, starting at the sudden sight

Of their lord, Sir Roland, standing like a warrior for the fight;

But he waved them on; and, wondering, they unto the sleeper went—

Shrieking loudly, shrieking wildly as above her corpse they bent.

Startled by the sudden clamor, Roland's son in fright awoke,

As from all sides, madly rushing in the room, the vassals broke;

Gathering round him, gazing on him, looking on the bloody brand

And the lady, who, when living, was the loveliest in the land.

Not a word the warrior uttered, though his son implored him sore,

And they led him like an infant toward the oaken chamber-door;

There he turned and gazed on Gwineth, looking on her face his last;

Then between his guards in silence to the castle-prison passed.

There they left him; but at mid-day came, and, beckoning, bade him forth

To journey, not as he was wont to, from his ancient honored hearth:

To an armed guard they gave him, and amid their stern array,

Haughty, lofty-souled and silent Roland sternly rode away.

### PART III.

When the gathering gloom of night in swarthy shadows floated down

On the mountain and the forest, Roland saw the distant town:

O'er its walls, and round its towers, a dim and sickly lustre lay.

Like the gray and ghostly haze that heraldeth the dawning day.

While, behind those walls and turrets, standing blackly in her light,

Full and large the lurid moon rose ghastly upon the night;

Shrouded in a cloud of crimson, slowly, slowly as he came

Rising higher, higher, higher, till the east was full of flame.

As his guards approached the gates—did she sink or did they rise?

Behind the black gigantic towers the planet vanished from his eyes.

All without was solemn blackness, but within was drearier dark,

Save when from some grim old building stole a taper's trembling spark.

Slowly through the lengthy streets, between old houses, rising high,

Over which, dark, dusk, sepulchral, bent the purple pall-like sky,

Through the town they bore him on, until frowningly, at last,

Rose the castle-walls before them, huge and massy, broad and vast.

With a last look on the heavens, the knight rode on beneath  
the gate :  
Stepping from his steed he bowed him, stately, to his fear-  
ful fate :  
On his limbs they fastened fetters, cold ! how cold ! their  
chillness ran  
Freezing through his blood, the spirit of the stern, uncon-  
quered man.

Through a gallery they led him to a dark and dismal cell,  
Where they left him. Sad and solemn, heavy, awful as  
a knell,  
Seemed the fading of their footsteps, as he heard them  
slowly glide  
Through the long and vaulted corridor till their very echo  
died.

Days went by—days dark with anguish, for his conscience,  
like a spur,  
Drove him o'er the wastes of memory which were never  
black before ;  
Weeks slid by, and months—such months ! such bitter  
months of pungent pain,  
That their very hours seemed serpents gnawing at his  
heart and brain.

Next they led him forth to trial : like a child he bowed  
and went,  
With his once black hair like snow, and his stalwart form  
so bent,  
And his beard so long and white, and his cheek so thin and  
wan,  
Even his very keepers thought it was a ghost they gazed  
upon !

When before his ermined judges, stately, silent, Roland  
came,  
Over his cheek there flashed and faded, suddenly, a flush  
of flame :

Like a falling star it faded : lofty and erect he turned,  
With the feeling that aroused it under his iron Will inured.

"Roland, Baron Grey !" the crier, in the ancient Latin  
tongue,  
Which, like some old bell in tolling, through the vaulted  
building rung :—

Cold and stern the prisoner answered—cold and stern—de-  
void of fear—

Looking haughtily around him :—"Roland, Baron Grey,  
is here !"

Muttering the solemn charge, they bade him answer ; but  
he stood

Cold, and calm, and motionless, as though he were nor  
flesh nor blood,

But, rather, all a bronzed statue of the proud, primeval  
time—

In his silence self-devoted—in his very guilt sublime.

Thrice they prayed him : while he listened, not a quiver  
on his brow,

Not the movement of a hair upon his head or beard of  
snow,

Not the motion of a lip, nor even the flutter of an eye,  
Betokening that he even heard them—he was there alone  
to die.

In the distant, dreary years, so run the legends even now—  
Misty legends on whose summits slumber centuries of  
snow—

Lofty legends round whose summits clouds have lain for  
solemn ages—

Legends penned with iron pens in blood by Draco-minded  
sages—

It was written, they should bear him to a dungeon under  
ground,  
Far beneath the castle moat, where came no single human  
sound,  
And unto the earth should chain him, naked, on the icy  
ground—  
Naked, like the sage Prometheus, on the mountain's sum-  
mit bound.

Water—there was none for him, save that which flowed  
in the castle moat,  
On whose green and slimy surface newts and mosses loved  
to float—

Bread—a crust a day—so, starving, freezing, there the  
Doomed was spread,  
Pressed with weights of stone and iron till he answered or  
was dead.

Did he answer guiltless, lo ! the trial ; guilty, lo ! the axe ;  
Death before the grinning thousand ! worse than were a  
myriad racks !

While the trial were an evil quite as grievous, quite as  
great,

For the verdict of his peers would rend from him his proud  
estate :

But, if he died silent, then his lands would pass in quiet  
down

To bless his boy, his innocent boy, and not escheat unto  
the crown :

So he chose the darksome dungeon, rather there to die alone  
Than by cowardly fear to steal the birthright of his  
orphan son.

But, beside this, came the thought that, by this penance he  
might win

Forgiveness from offended Heaven for his now-repeated  
sin.

"Noble Roland," quoth his judges, "answer, ere it be  
too late ;

Heavy, else, must be our judgment—heavier thine awful  
fate."

Then arose the ghostly knight, with his spectral eyes  
aflame,

While a more than mortal vigor coursed and circled  
through his frame ;

And he gazed upon them smiling, and like hollow thunder  
broke

His accents on the swarthy silence :—thus and so the  
chieftain spoke :

"Lords ! I answer not. If guilty, God will judge my sinful  
soul :

For my body—that is yours ! I yield it to your stern  
control.

Would you have me—me, a warrior, like a coward  
plead for life ?

Death and I are old acquaintance ! I have met him in the  
stife—

"I have met him when the air was swooning with a  
ghastly fear ;

When the Moslem swept before us, driven like a herd of  
deer ;

When our voices mocked the thunder, shouting 'England  
and Saint George !'

And the lightning of our falchions fell like flashes from a  
forge !

"There, amid the clash and clang of sword and shield, I  
strove with Death—

That I conquered, ye may see ; and now I yield to him my  
breath—

Where there is no rescue, yield! and, as one would call a bride,  
So I bid the gria! monarch smilingly unto my side.

"Shall I yield my broad estates, my castles and my manor lands,  
To the harpies of the law, to hold them with unhallowed hands?

Shall I send my youthful heir forth with a stain upon his crest?

No! my eaglet yet shall reign an eagle in his parent nest.

"Lords and judges, I have done: no further words shall pass my lips,  
Save prayers to Heaven, that my soul may, sun-like, rise from death's eclipse."

Silently, he braved them still; and, sighing, sad, and full of gloom,

His judges sent him forth to struggle with the sharp and lingering doom.

Did he tremble at their sentence? Not a muscle quivered, not

A sign to mark he heard, save on his cheek one purple spot: Statelier yet than ever, firmer, with a long triumphant breath,

Roland, smiling on his judges, sternly walked to certain death.

#### PART IV.

In his cell the knight is lying, naked, fettered foot and hand;

Bound unto the rocky ground with many an iron link and band;

On him lie the piles of granite, pressing, pressing; yet he still

Looks on death with lofty eye—so giant is his mighty will.

Day by day, he lay and suffered, wrung with agony, but content—

Day by day, though hard to bear was his grievous punishment—

Never once, though, hour on hour, they piled the jagged granite higher

On his quivering limbs, he murmured; yet his very veins were fire.

Once, however, came his jailer, saying that his nephew sought

His presence; and the knight, consenting, in his brother's son was brought:

"Uncle Roland," quoth he, weeping, "what is this that I have done?

Curses, curses on my head! curse, uncle, curse thy brother's son!

Mine the tongue that wrought this evil—mine the false and slanderous tongue

That done to death the Lady Gwineth—O! my soul is sadly wrung!"

"Demon, devil!" groaned the warrior—"devil of the evil eye!

Look upon the awful horror wrought by thy atrocious lie.

Tell me? was it all a falsehood? Tell me, was it all—all—

Speak! and let these prison walls, oppressed with horror, on thee fall!"

"All was false! Mine, too the ambush; for I sought to grasp thy lands—

Sought to win the Lady Gwineth, with thy blood upon my hands.

But she drove me forth with scorn; and then I coined the lying tale—

O! forgive me, Uncle Roland! give me leave to weep and wail;

Give me leave to sit in sackcloth, heaping ashes on my head;

Mourning in some craggy cavern for the early lost and dead."

"Unexampled liar and traitor! first of all our noble name Guilty of so black a treason! first to stain our shield with shame!

Hence! away! I—No! repent! begone! and pray for my repose:

Life on both of us too soon for our grievous crimes will close.

I forgive thee—now away—nay, do not touch me! I am wan—

Sick with suffering—mad with anguish—Go!" The penitent man is gone.

—Once again he lies alone, save his agony, alone;

Then they come and pile upon him heavier weights of iron and stone.

Still more pallid, at the even, Roland in his anguish lay, Wrestling, for his soul was strong, with his body's slow decay;

And the sweat upon his forehead stood and rolled and fell like rain,

Cold, while pain and fire and fever battled in his heart and brain.

Now and then his senses wandered; now again his mind was calm,

And he wrung from out his suffering penitential draughts of balm;

Then again his senses left him, and he lay in phrenzy there. Talking wildly in his madness with the dim, impalpable air.

Now, he saw the Lady Gwineth wandering in her maiden joy;

Now, he viewed her in her chamber frolic with her baby boy;

Now, he saw her sadly lying, all her bosom bathed with blood;

And beheld himself as o'er her on that fatal night he stood.

Was he dreaming? through his dungeon stole a pale purpureal light,

Flowing round him, floating round him, making daylight of its night;

In its midst, his gentle Gwineth, while around her brow there flowed,

Fluttering flame, a golden halo! that with heavenly glory glowed.

Did he hear her? Was it real? With an angel's voice she spoke:

How the words, like flakes of music, silver music! sweetly broke,

Round and round him! how they floated, ringing in his ravished ears,

Like the notes of Memnon's lyre, or chantings from the distant spheres!

"Coming, Roland, from that heaven where, though clad with light, I sigh

And languish for the softer lustre of thy gentle loving eye. I await thee, singing, singing hymns to cheer thy dying hour

That the Cherubim sang in Eden when it first arose in flower.

Hearken! how my notes are mingling—one by one, and  
two by two,  
Dropping on thy brain as falls on fading roses freshening  
dew;  
Three by three, they upward circle: thou hast heard them  
in thy dreams,  
When I came, a missioned spirit, from the four eternal  
streams.

I can see them, though thine eyes can only compass earthly  
vision:  
Soon, O, Roland! soon, O, Roland! thou shalt see with  
eyes elysian:  
Then the notes that now thou hearest thou shalt see, as on  
they flow,—  
Angels that are rarest air! and view them through their  
dances go."

Still, entranced, the sufferer listened; and it seemed as  
from his pain  
Sweeter music yet was born, for holier hymning lulled his  
brain;  
Very wild his agony; very; but between its bars his eyes  
Saw the angels as they wandered on the walls of Paradise.  
Faint and fainter grew he, while the melody loud and  
louder rang,  
Till it seemed not only Gwineth but a myriad angels sang;  
And his soul seemed rising, rising, rising from his pallid clay,  
Which, each moment, grew more feeble—faintlier wrest-  
ling with decay.

Burst upon his ears one swell! it seemed an anthem of the  
spheres,  
Jubilant, divinely ringing; swam his eyes with happy  
tears—  
"Come, forgiven one," the cadence, "chastened spirit,  
come, arise  
From thine earthly prison-house to holy homes beyond the  
skies."

Fainter, fainter, still more feeble, grew the sufferer as he  
heard,  
And a sigh swooned on the silence, soft as breathing of a  
bird,—  
And all was over. In his trance his spirit's sparkling feet  
had trod  
The realms of space, and gone from earth, through air, to  
judgment and to God.

## NOTES.

The judgment of the *peine forte et dure*, on an instance of which our ballad is founded, was well known in the ancient law of England. As has been seen, it was terribly severe. The circumstances of the judgment were as follows: When a prisoner stood charged with an offence, and an indictment had been found against him, before he could be tried he was called upon to answer, or, in technical parlance, to plead. A plea in bar is an answer, either affirming or denying the offence charged in the indictment, or, if of a dilatory character, showing some ground why the defendant should not be called upon to answer at all. In those days, in all capital cases, the estates of the criminal, on conviction and judgment, were forfeited to the crown. The blood of the offender was considered as corrupted, and, as a consequence, his property could not pass to his family, who, although innocent, suffered for the faults of the criminal. Crimes, therefore, where the punishment fell, not only on the criminal but on his family, were comparatively of rare occurrence. An admission of guilt produced the same effect as a conviction. If the defendant, however, stood mute, obstinately refusing to answer, by which behaviour he preserved his estates to his family, he was sentenced to undergo the judgment of the *peine forte et dure*.

"The English judgment of penance for standing mute," says Chief Justice Blackstone, in his admirable Commentaries, "was as follows: That the prisoner be remanded to the prison from whence he came, and put into a low, dark chamber; and there be laid on his back, naked, unless where decency forbids: that there be placed upon his body as great a weight of iron as he could bear and more; that he have no sustenance, save only on the first day, three morsels of the worst bread; and, on the second day, three draughts of standing water, that should be nearest to the prison door; and in this situation this should be alternately his daily diet till he died, or (as anciently the judgment ran) till he answered."

With respect to this horrid judgment, Christian, in his notes to the same work, goes on to say: that "the prosecutor and the court could exercise no discretion, or show no favor to a prisoner who stood obstinately mute." "In the legal history of this country," (England,) he continues, "are numerous instances of persons who have had resolution and patience to undergo so terrible a death in order to benefit their heirs by preventing a forfeiture of their estates, which would have been a consequence of a conviction by a verdict. There is a memorable story of an ancestor of an ancient family in the north of England. In a fit of jealousy he killed his wife; and put to death his children who were at home, by throwing them from the battlements of his castle; and proceeding with an intent to destroy his only remaining child, an infant nursed at a farm-house at some distance, he was intercepted by a storm of thunder and lightning. This awakened in his breast compunctions of conscience. He desisted from his purpose, and having surrendered himself to justice, in order to secure his estates to this child, he had the resolution to die under the dreadful judgment of the *peine forte et dure*." This tale is the base of our romance.

## THE SEA NYMPH'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM H. C. ROSEMER.

SOUND is he sleeping  
Far under the wave—  
Sea nymphs are keeping  
A watch for the brave:  
Deep was our grief and wild—  
Wilder our dirge  
When the doomed ocean child  
Drowned in the surge.

Within a bright chamber  
His form we have laid;  
With spar, pearl and amber  
The walls are arrayed—  
Though high rolls the billow  
He wakes not at morn,  
And sponge for his pillow  
From rocks we have torn.

I heard thy name spoken  
When down came the mast;  
His hold was then broken,  
That word was his last.  
A picture is lying,  
Lorn maid! on his breast—  
That picture in dying  
His hand closely prest.

Why turns thy cheek paler  
These tidings to know?  
The truth of thy sailor  
Should lessen thy woe:  
The wave could not chill it  
That stifled his breath;  
Pure love—can aught kill it?  
Give answer, Oh, Death!

## THE LITTLE GOLD-FISH.

### A FAIRY TALE.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF THE "DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," ETC.

In the reign of good King Doddipol, surnamed the Gnatsnapper, there lived in a stately castle, on the top of a high mountain, a rich old Norseman, who had an only son whom he loved with great ardor, and little discretion, on account of his being the last of an illustrious family. The youth was called Violet, partly because he had for his godmother the Fairy Violetta, and partly on account of having on his left shoulder an impression of that flower, so perfectly defined, and so vivid in color, that the old nurse mistook it at first sight for a real violet, and declared it smelled like a nosegay.

Being the only son of a great and rich nobleman, as well as somewhat indolent and unambitious, Violet passed much of his time, while growing up to manhood, in thinking much and doing nothing. He was without companions, having no equals around him, and was prohibited from associating with his inferiors by the strict etiquette which prevailed throughout the dominions of good King Doddipol. As he grew up thus in almost entire solitude his temperament became highly poetical and imaginative, his feelings irregular and ardent; and it was predicted that some day or other he would become a martyr to love.

Much of his time was spent in lonely rambles among the mountains which surrounded the residence of the Old Man of the Hills, as he was called, a distance of many miles in every direction, and one summer day, wandering on without knowing or caring whither he went, he at length found himself in a region where he had never been before. It was a deep, sequestered, rocky dell, shaded by gloomy pines, from the farther extremity of which there tumbled a bright cascade of snow-white foam, which, after forming a deep transparent basin at its foot, escaped murmuring among the rocks below and disappeared. Not a sound was heard but that of the falling waters and the gurgling stream, for the birds delight not in the gloom of perpetual shade, and neither hunter nor woodman ever visited this lonely retreat.

Tired with his long ramble, Violet sat down at the foot of a lofty tree, whose roots seemed to drink of the crystal basin, and fell into a deep reverie, during which his eyes were fixed unconsciously on the transparent water, which, though clear as our northern lakes, was so deep that no one could see the bottom. While thus occupied in weaving webs of youthful anticipation, he saw a little gold-fish suddenly dart from under the rock on which he was seated, and play around with infinite grace, quivering its fins and fanning its tail, while their bright colors glittered in the rippling water with indescribable brilliancy.

The youth watched its motions with increasing interest, and an eagerness he had never experienced before. Sometimes it would come up close to the spot, almost within reach of his hand, and after balancing on the surface awhile, again dart away, only to return and play a thousand fantastic gambols, full of vivacity and grace. At other times it would remain stationary awhile, looking him in the face with its mellow, melancholy eyes, and an expression of sorrowful tenderness that sunk into his heart. He remained watching its motions in deep solicitude, until the gathering shadows of twilight warned him away, and reached home so late that he found his father anxiously awaiting his return. The Old Man of the Hills inquired of him where he had been, and what had detained him so long; but he answered evasively, being ashamed to confess he had been fascinated by a little gold-fish.

That night he could think of nothing but the little gold-fish, and when at length sleep came over his eyelids, he dreamed it was a beautiful princess, transformed by the power of some wicked enchanter or malignant fairy. The impression was so vivid in his mind, that when he awoke he could not decide whether it was indeed a dream, or whether he had not actually seen the charming princess, whose features were indelibly impressed on his memory. The next morning he again sought the path he had traveled the day before, and about mid-day arrived at the glen of the shining cascade. He had scarcely seated himself, when the little gold-fish darted from under the rock as before, and winning its way to the surface of the crystal basin, looked at him with an expression of its beautiful eyes that spoke a joyful welcome. Violet put forth his hand, and tried to woo it still nearer, but it only gave a melancholy shake of the head, and when he attempted to seize it, retired beyond his reach with a lingering hesitation that seemed to indicate a mingled desire and apprehension.

Thus the little creature continued to coquette with him for several days during which he repeated his visits, staying all day, and dreaming every night the same dream of the beautiful princess changed into a little gold-fish. While absent from the crystal basin, his imagination was forever dwelling on the form and features of the princess, and the mysterious connection he was convinced subsisted between his waking thoughts and experience and his nightly dreams. By degrees the two became inseparably associated together in his mind, and insensibly he fell in love to distraction, but whether with the beautiful princess or the little gold-fish he could not decide. He became

so melancholy in consequence that the latter, as if conscious of his feelings, permitted him to take it in his hand, kiss it, and nestle it in his bosom at pleasure. At such times he would beseech it in the most moving terms to speak to him, tell him if his dreams were true, and respond to his devoted affection. But it only replied by a silent tear, and a look of strange meaning, which he could not comprehend.

Violet grew every day more sad, and his youthful form continued to waste away, so that as he walked in the sun, his shadow could scarcely be seen. During this period the behavior of the little gold-fish was so full of inconsistencies and contradictions that Violet was well nigh distracted. Sometimes it would contemplate his pale cheek and wasted form with tears in its eyes, while at the next moment it looked at him with an expression of unfeeling triumph. Then its eyes would glance rapidly and eagerly, sometimes toward himself, at others down on the crystal basin, and at others upward to the skies.

One bright morning, when the position of the sun toward the east had become gradually changed, and the beams of the former fell directly upon the crystal basin, Violet was sitting, as usual, fondling the little gold-fish in his hand, admiring its soft hazel eyes, and addressing a thousand endearments to the little dumb creature, which at that moment appeared insensible to his affection. Keeping its eyes earnestly fixed on the transparent waters, which now glittered in the golden beams of the sun, the youth suddenly felt it tremble as if with ecstasy in his hand, as with a sudden spring it vaulted into the basin and instantly disappeared. He gazed with intense anxiety, expecting every moment it would reappear; but it returned no more, and after waiting in vain, until dusky twilight enveloped the glen in shadows, he bent his way homeward, scarcely conscious whither he was going. That night he slept from the mere weariness of sorrow, and dreamed the beautiful princess appeared to thank and bless him for her disenchantment.

The next day the Old Man of the Hills called his son before him, and announced with great satisfaction that he had just concluded a treaty of marriage between him and the oldest daughter of King Doddipol, a lady of great discretion, and old enough to be his mother. The young man quitted the presence of his father in despair, and, scarcely conscious of whither he was wandering, sought the crystal basin at the foot of the shining cascade. Here, seated on the rock, he gazed himself almost blind, in the hope of seeing the little gold-fish once more appear, to receive his last farewell. But he gazed in vain for hours, and hours, until in the bitterness of disappointment he at length cried out aloud—"It is all in vain. It will come no more, and nothing is now left me but a remembrance carrying with it eternal regrets. But one hope remains. I will seek my adored princess, for such I know she is, where she disappeared from my sight, and either find her or a grave." Saying this he plunged into the basin in an agony of despair.

He continued to sink, as it appeared to him, for nearly half an hour, without once drawing his breath, until, just as he felt himself quite exhausted, he found

himself precipitated into what seemed a new world, far more beautiful than that he had just abandoned. The skies were of a deeper blue, and being likewise far more transparent, reflected the features of the lower world as in a vast illimitable mirror. There was no sun visible in the heavens. Yet a soft, delicious mellow light, more rich and yet more gentle than that of summer twilight, diffused itself everywhere, giving to every object the charm of distance, and giving to the air a genial warmth inexpressibly grateful. The meadows seemed like endless waving seas of verdure, and together with the foliage of the woods, exhibited all the freshness of the new-born spring; the little warbling birds seemed to revel among the groves and verdant meads in joyous luxury, filling the air with their melodious concert; the meadows were sprinkled with beds of flowers of various hues and fragrance, and a thousand delicious odors gave zest to every breath he drew. Vast fields of violets, most especially, were spread out in every direction, larger and more beautiful than any he had ever seen before. A gentle river meandered deep and clear through a long valley spread out before him, skirted on either side by pale blue hills, so high they seemed to reach and mingle with the heavens above. A cool, refreshing zephyr played about his brow, and as he breathed its inspiring odors, Violet felt himself suddenly restored to all his wonted vigor and activity.

As he stood gazing in almost stupefied wonder at the scene before him, and doubtful whether it was merely a creation of his bewildered fancy, he perceived a radiant female form approaching, seated in a chariot formed of a single violet, and crowned with a diadem of the same flowers. Her dress, too, was composed of many-colored violets, and her chariot drawn by butterflies, whose wings of gold and purple were of glorious lustre. The chariot stood still on coming up to the youth; the lady springing out, lighted on the flowers without ruffling their leaves, and giving him her tiny hand addressed him as follows:

"Welcome, Prince Violet, for such you are by birth, and by my creation. I was the friend of your mother. I presided at your birth, and I gave you your name. I therefore feel in some measure responsible for your happiness, and am come hither to give you the benefit of my advice and assistance. Know, my prince, that you are brought here by a destiny you could not avoid. You are in the dominions, I might almost say in the power of the wicked enchanter Curmudgeon, who is as potent as he is wicked. Among his other diabolical acts, he is an adept in the new science of animal magnetism, can put you to sleep by the waving of his hand, pull out your teeth without your knowing any thing about it, and divorce your spirit from your body, sending it wandering away to distant regions, while the body remains unconscious though not inanimate. In short, there is no end to his wicked devices, and he is the most mischievous, malignant monster in the world, inexorable in his revenge, and clothed with the power of gratifying it to its utmost extent. It is to warn you against him that I am here. My name is Violetta."

The prince, as he must now be called, listened to this speech with great gravity and decorum, though he thought it rather long, and replied with infinite discretion. He thanked the fairy for her kind intentions, and concluded by observing that he had often, when a child, heard his mother speak of the Fairy Violetta with great affection.

"Your mother was a woman of taste," said the fairy, "but there is not a moment to be lost, for the enchanter is by this time apprized of your coming, and the purport of your visit. Do not ask me what that is. It is sufficient that you are here to fulfill your destiny."

The fairy then stamped three times with her little foot on a bed of violets. At the first stamp there rose out of the ground a superb suit of violet-colored armor; at the second a sword and spear; and at the third a gallant violet-colored steed richly caparisoned.

"Take these, arm thyself, mount, and away. You will meet with many obstacles in your course, but you have nothing to fear so long as you fear nothing. Your first enemy will be a little mischievous catiff, called Master Whipswichem, a creature of the wicked enchanter; your second a monstrous giant; your third a beautiful spectre, and your fourth the enchanter himself. The first you must circumvent by your wit; the second by your valor; the third by your self-command; and the fourth by your promptitude and sagacity. There is no magic in your weapons, though they are equally good and true. Your dependence must be on yourself alone; on your valor, your constancy, and your cause; and remember, that should you ever turn your back on an enemy, whether man, beast, or fiend, your happy destiny will never be accomplished. You will never see your little gold-fish again.

"My little gold-fish!" exclaimed the prince eagerly—"What dost thou mean? O tell me, most beneficent fairy!"

"You will know in good time, if you do not turn recreant," answered the fairy, with a significant smile. "But away, away, my prince. Mount and away. Follow the course of the river, and once more, never turn aside let what will be before you, remembering that nothing is impossible to courage, conduct, and perseverance in a good cause."

The prince bowed himself before the lady, repeated his grateful thanks, mounted his neighing steed, which pawed the ground impatiently, and was about clapping spurs to his sides, when the fairy suddenly stopped him.

"Hold, prince! I had almost forgotten. Take this bouquet of violets, place it in your bosom, and guard it well. But be careful not to draw it forth except in the last extremity, depending always on your valor and your sword. When your life shall hang suspended by a single hair; when the last breath is quivering on thy lips, and all other means fail, then, and not till then, use it as your instinct may direct. Adieu, my prince—be faithful, bold and fortunate."

The fairy mounted her chariot, the butterflies spread their gorgeous wings, and ascending rapidly through

the transparent skies the whole pageant disappeared. The prince lost not a moment in pursuing the course pointed out by the fairy, and as he proceeded, gradually fell into a reverie, the subject of which was the hint that it would depend on himself whether he ever saw the little gold-fish again. The thought roused him to the utmost height of daring, and he resolved, come what might, nothing should be wanting on his part to the accomplishment of a glorious and happy destiny. He felt himself suddenly animated by this determination to gain a noble prize by noble exertions, for nothing is more certain than that none but groveling, abject beings, to whom nature has denied the ordinary faculties of mind, can remain insensible to the excitement of glory, or the rewards of love.

He had not, however, proceeded far, when on a sudden there alighted on the head of his steed, right between the ears, one of the most extraordinary creatures he had ever seen. It was a little imp, about three feet high, exactly resembling one of those scarecrows we sometimes see in corn-fields, except that it was a great deal more *outré* in its form and dimensions. It wore an immense hat, of the shape of a cullender, and with almost as many holes, through which protruded little wisps of straw instead of feathers. The face was perfectly undefinable, having neither dimensions nor shape, resembling nothing of the live human species, and consisting apparently entirely of a nose which projected several inches beyond the brim of his hat; his shirt-collar was tied with a piece of rope; his jacket was as much too short as his breeches were too long, one being out at the elbows, the other at the knees, the latter of which were tied with a wisp of straw tortured into a true lover's knot; his legs seemed nothing but a pair of short broom-sticks, of neither shape nor substance, ensconced in an old pair of spatterdashies; and the toes of his shoes curled upward like a pair of old-fashioned skates. Altogether he cut a curious figure, and the prince could not help laughing at his new traveling companion. "This," thought he, "must be Master Whipswichem."

But his gallant steed did not seem to enter into the spirit of the joke. He pricked his ears, pawed the ground, snorted, champed and foamed, and finally stood stock still, trembling like a leaf. Prince Violet began to wax somewhat impatient. Yet at length said to him very courteously—

"My friend, if it is the same thing to you, I had rather you would get off and walk."

"Thank you, my friend, but if it's the same thing to you, I'd rather ride. Ho-ho! ha-hah!" and thereupon he laughed like a whole swarm of flies.

Then the valiant prince drew his sword and gave Master Whipswichem a great blow under the short-ribs, which he took it for granted would cut him in two; but the sword rebounded as if it had struck on an empty bladder, while the little imp only bounded upward about three yards, alighting in the same place as before, and crying out, "Ho-ho! hah-hah!" At this rate, thought Prince Violet, I shall never get to the end of my journey. Still he repeated his blows,



at each one of which the pestiferous little imp only jumped higher and laughed louder, and the gallant steed only snorted, pawed, and stamped more vehemently, until both steed and master became quite exhausted. The latter then resorted to artifice, seeing that force was unavailing. So putting up his sword, he affected to expostulate with his troublesome companion on the impropriety of his conduct, watching at the same time for an opportunity of laying hold of him. When he seemed off his guard, and was crying "Ho-ho! ha-hah!" with infinite glee, the prince suddenly throwing himself forward, seized him by the long nose, and after holding him up kicking in the air for a few moments—for he was as light as a feather—with a sudden jerk pitched him away out into the river, where, after bobbing up and down some half a dozen times, and crying "Ho-ho! ha-hah!" he disappeared. "Ho-ho! ha-hah!" cried the prince, "I think I have done Master Whipswitchem's business this time." After which he proceeded gayly on his journey.

Before, however, he had time to enjoy the victory, his gallant steed suddenly began to rear up before, and then to kick up behind with great violence. The prince clapped his hand on his trusty blade, thinking he was approaching the giant, but on looking round in every direction could see neither castle nor draw-bridge. Indeed nothing visible seemed to justify the horse in his unseemly gambols, and the prince accused his gallant steed of being in league with his enemies, when happening to look over his shoulder, who should he see but Master Whipswitchem seated quietly on the crupper, and spurring away with an old rusty nail he had fixed in the heel of his shoe, while he held by the horse's tail for a bridle. "I swear by the eyes of my beautiful gold-fish," cried the prince, "but this is too bad!" And then he attempted to dislodge the pestilent imp, by thrusting his elbow into his back; but the little caitiff every time bounced up like a tennis-ball, and the next instant was in his seat, crying, "Ho-ho! ha-ha!" louder than ever. This time he was too cunning for the prince; for knowing by experience that his nose was the most exposed part of his outworks, he kept his back to the prince, and his face toward the tail of the horse. At the expiration of an hour the prince became so worried that he could scarcely lift his hand to his head, and his horse so exhausted that he could kick no more. At length, however, while the little caitiff was spurring and laughing away with great glee, the prince turning suddenly round on the saddle, seized the rope which he wore round his neck for a cravat, and leaping from his steed, hoisted him up to an old sign-post at the road-side, where he left him dangling in the air. "Ho-ho! ha-ha!" said the prince, "I think I shall have no more trouble with Master Whipswitchem."

Finding himself as well as his steed quite exhausted, and both requiring rest and refreshment, Prince Violet dismounted in a pleasant, shady grove, through which meandered a clear stream, bordered by rich, luxuriant grass, thus furnishing both drink and food to the panting animal, whom, having turned loose, he left

to roam at will. Seating himself among a bed of fragrant flowers, he lighted a cigar, and sat smoking and thinking of his future prospects.

"Ho-ho! ha-hah! my prince, what are you about? You put me in mind of a smoking chimney, though from your mighty contented look, I should suppose you were very pleasantly occupied. I should like to take a puff too, if you have no objection."

"O, beneficent Fairy Violetta," exclaimed the prince, "what shall I do with this pestiferous caitiff, who minds neither hanging nor drowning?" And thereupon the fairy, who doubtless heard his adjuration, inspired him with a lucky thought. Knowing that the little caitiff was but a man of straw, animated by the wicked enchanter, he at once resolved to take advantage of that circumstance.

"Ho-ho! ha-hah! are you there, my friend?" replied the prince. "Well, I see there is no use in quarreling with such a pleasant fellow. Come, sit down, and take a puff with me, and let us swear eternal friendship."

"Agreed!" replied the little caitiff, briskly. "It is true you played a joke or two on me, but I flatter myself, on the whole, I paid you beforehand; and for the present the account is pretty well balanced."

So they sat down and smoked very sociably together, talking about various matters, until the little caitiff's cigar being burnt to a stump, and somewhat incommoding his long nose, he began turning and twisting it about, until it set fire to some blades of straw that projected from his nostrils, which straightway communicated to his head, and thence to his body, and in a moment he was in full blaze.

"I am a gone sucker!" exclaimed he, and the words were scarcely out of his mouth when he became nothing but a heap of black ashes.

"Ho-ho! ha-hah!" quoth the prince, "if he is a gone sucker, I take it for granted, it is all Dicky with Master Whipswitchem." And then, himself and his horse being sufficiently refreshed, he mounted and rode forward on his journey.

Ascending a high, wearisome hill, he saw at a little distance a great and magnificent castle, which he at once took for that of the enchanter Curmudgeon. The crisis of his fate was then at hand; and after inspecting his armor and equipments, the prince spurred on briskly to consummate his destiny. A few moments brought him to a tower, at the end of a draw-bridge, where hung an enormous bell, which, without hesitating a moment, he rung till it resounded far and near. Instantly at the sound there rose up from the inner side, a monstrous and deformed giant, upward of sixteen feet high. As he advanced, he seemed all body and no legs—the latter being utterly disproportioned to the former; his shoulders rose like mountains, one higher than the other, almost to the top of his head; his body was all over covered with impenetrable scales like an alligator, and he wore on his head an old Continental cocked-hat, from which projected a queue of such unaccountable length that it was said nobody ever saw the end of it. But his most atrocious feature was a great proboscis, growing just over a little pug nose, he used for smelling, about the

size of that of an elephant, which it exactly resembled in strength and elasticity.

"What want you here?" roared the monster, in a voice so loud and horrible, that it set the bell tinkling, and in a most discourteous manner peculiar to giants, who are notorious for their ill manners.

"I wish to see the far-famed and puissant enchanter, the great Curmudgeon, with whom I have a bone to pick, an please your worship," replied the prince, with infinite politeness.

"You see him—what good will that do? He would not look at, much less speak to, such a sloppy stripling as you. To the right-about—march! or I'll make mince-meat of you in less than no time."

"Stand aside, and let me pass!" cried the enraged prince, drawing his sword.

"Advance at your peril!" roared the giant, twirling his proboscis, and twisting his long queue like a great black-snake.

And now commenced a battle, the like of which is not recorded in history, tradition, or romance. The sword of the valiant prince gleamed, and flashed, and flew about like lightning, raining such a shower of dry blows on the monster, that had not his hide been invulnerable to any but enchanted weapons, he would in good time have been a gone sucker, as Sir Bruin said. The giant, on the other hand, had managed his proboscis with admirable skill, his great object being to entwine the prince in its folds, and squeeze him to death. Sometimes he would stretch it out at least six yards, and at others draw it in suddenly, in hopes the prince would be deceived as to its length, and come within the sphere of its action. But the prince being gloriously seconded by his gallant steed, displayed an activity fully equal to the craft of the giant; and for an hour at least the fight continued doubtful. The only vulnerable part of the monster was his long queue, which the prince, in hopes that, like Sampson, his strength might peradventure lie in his hair, by an adroit manœuvre cut off about six feet from his head. Thereupon he roared like ten thousand bulls of Bashan, inasmuch that the enchanter, Curmudgeon, feared he was vanquished, and trembled in the recesses of his castle.

The giant frantic with rage at the loss of what he was more vain of than even his stately proboscis, now redoubled his efforts, while the prince every moment became more exhausted, and his gallant steed ceased his usual activity. The giant seeing this, watched his opportunity, till he at length succeeded in throwing a slipping noose, made by twisting his proboscis over the head of the prince. This he gradually tightened with all his force, until the prince perceived himself rapidly suffocating. His eyes failed him, and seemed bursting from their orbits; his vision presented nothing but gleams of many colored lights dancing before him; his heart heaved and panted with throes of desperate agony; his arm became almost nerveless, and his sword fell from his hand, while the shouts of the giant announced that the victory was won.

At this moment of extreme peril, when the last gleam of consciousness lingered in his brain, the

prince recollected the bouquet of violets which he still carried in his bosom, and drawing it forth with a desperate effort, thrust it into the little pug nose of the giant, which was directly before him. That instant the proboscis relaxed, as if by magic, and the giant suddenly untwining its folds, commenced a fit of sneezing, awful to hear, jumping up several feet from the ground at every paroxysm, swearing at intervals like a trooper, and cutting the most enormous capers. The moment Prince Violet recovered himself sufficiently, he dismounted, and regaining his trusty sword, belabored the impenetrable hide of the egregious monster with such arrant good will, that he retreated backward between every fit of sneezing, until finally falling into the moat, he stuck fast in the mud, sneezing and roaring most vociferously.

Prince Violet lost no time, but passed swiftly into the castle, and proceeding through several apartments, far more vast and magnificent than the palace of King Doddipol, at length came to the study where the wicked enchanter practiced Mesmerism, and other diabolical devices. The old sinner was seated in an arm-chair of ebony, curiously carved, and ornamented with figures of strange, misshapen imps, among which the prince recognized his old friend, Master Whip-switchem. By his side stood a female of such transcendent and inimitable beauty, that the prince at once concluded this was the phantom against whom he was so emphatically warned by his good friend the fairy. He allowed himself but one glance, which sufficed to convince him she resembled exactly the charming princess he had so often seen in his dreams, and which had like to have proved fatal. Then shutting his eyes, he advanced backward, sword in hand, toward the enchanter, who at the first moment he saw him, began those mysterious wavings of the hand with which he was wont to put his victims to sleep, and those cabalistic words which changed men into beasts, insects, and reptiles. But the prince having his eyes shut, and his back toward him, could not see his motions, and the enchanter being horribly affrighted, as well as naturally a great blockhead, was so long in recollecting the formula of his incantation, that the prince, seeing by a sly glance over the shoulder, that he was sufficiently near, suddenly turned round, and with one blow severed his head from his shoulders. Then catching it before it fell to the ground, he threw it into the great kettle that hung boiling over the fire. He was just in time, for Curmudgeon had got to the last but one of his cabalistic words, and in a single instant more, Prince Violet would have been changed into a cabbage. No sooner was the head thrown into the kettle, than the water began to hiss and foam, and blaze up in spires of blue sulphureous flame, until finally the kettle burst into a thousand fragments, and the head disappeared up the chimney. Then the phantom beauty, uttering a shrill, dismal scream, melted into air—and the enchantment was dissolved forever. At that moment Prince Violet heard a voice from the skies, as tuneful as the music of the spheres, saying, "Well done, my prince, the death of the wicked enchanter was necessary to the recovery of thy lost gold-fish—for while he lived thou

wouldst never have seen it again. Go on—thy destiny ere long will be accomplished." A strain of aerial music succeeded, which gradually faded into whispering zephyrs, bearing on their wings the mingled perfume of a thousand flowers.

The prince took possession of the castle by right of conquest; and when the people over whom the enchanter had reigned with a cruel and despotic sway heard of the gallantry with which he had rid them of their tyrant, they gathered themselves together, and with one voice chose him for their king.

Prince Violet proved an excellent sovereign; but, though he made his subjects happy, he partook not in what he so freely bestowed on others. The recollection of the little gold-fish, and of the beautiful princess he had so often seen in his dreams, was ever present, and poisoned his days and nights with perpetual sorrows. Though courted by King Grabyall, and all the surrounding potentates, who had grown up daughters, he declined their advances, passing most of his leisure hours in wandering along the river he had followed in his journey, and which flowed just at the foot of the terrace of his stately castle. He remembered that it issued from the aperture through which he had emerged from the crystal basin, and constantly fed his sickly fancy with the hope that the little gold-fish might have vanished in the same direction. If so, it was probably still in the river, if it lived at all; and he was perpetually bending over the stream, watching the gambols of the finny tribes, to see if he could not detect among them his lost wanderer.

One day having rambled much further than he had ever been before in that direction, he perceived in turning a sharp angle of the river, a noble marble villa, which had never attracted his notice before. It basked its white, unsullied beauties on the bank of the murmuring stream, and its turrets rose from out a sea of green foliage that almost hid them from sight. Led by curiosity, or rather by his destiny, he approached the building by a winding walk, that seemed almost a labyrinth, now bringing him near, and anon carrying him to a distance, until tired at last, he stopped, and rested himself under the shade of a stately beech, that spread its broad arms afar, and afforded a delightful canopy. Here, gazing around in listless apathy, his attention was attracted by the letter V, carved on the smooth bark, and environed with a chaplet of violets, underneath which the motto, "Forget me not," was cut in graceful letters. While pondering on this rural emblem of constant love, he was startled by a low and plaintive female voice chanting the following simple strain, with the gentle pathos of chastened sorrow:

"Forget me not! forget me not!  
Pale, withered leaf, in which I read  
The sad, mysterious, lonely lot  
By cruel fate for me decreed.

"Pale, withered leaf, you mind me now  
Of him whose gentle name you bear,  
Whose lips once uttered many a vow,  
In breath more sweet than violets are.

"Oft would he take me in his hands,  
Oft hide me in his throbbing heart;  
Oft kiss my eyes with words so bland—  
Was ever scaly imp so blessed;

"I joy'd his wasting form to see,  
His stately beauties fade away;  
'T was wo to him, but bliss to me—  
It made him sad, while I was gay.

"But I shall never see him more,  
Nor share with him my life's dear lot;  
Sweet youth, whose memory I adore—  
Forget me not! forget me not!"

These words, sung to a sweet, melancholy melody, equally excited the sympathy and wonder of the prince. The idea of a young lady being delighted at seeing the face of her lover wither, and his body waste away, he thought did little credit to the heart of woman; and that what made him sad should make her gay, appeared to show a great want of sympathy. As to the "little scaly imp," he could make nothing of it. Still there was that in the song which seemed to bear some strange allusion to his own peculiar situation; and his curiosity became so excited, that without reflecting on the impropriety of his conduct, or its consequences, he, as it were, impelled by an involuntary yet irresistible impulse, advanced in the direction whence the voice proceeded.

Passing through a long winding avenue bordered by beds of violets, and overshadowed by lofty trees, he at length came to a bower of clambering vines entwined with each other, at the further extremity of which, seated on a bank of flowers, he beheld a female figure, her cheek resting on her hand, and tears flowing from her eyes. He gazed on her face, which was turned toward the heavens, and shuddered as he recognized an exact likeness of the phantom beauty he had seen at the side of the enchanter's chair. He sought to retreat, but continued his advance by an irresistible impulse, until the lady, at the sound of his footsteps, looked toward him. The moment she saw the prince she uttered a piercing shriek, at the same time rushing forward with extended arms, and a face glowing with joyous welcome. Then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she hastily retired, and sunk down on the seat, her cheek glowing with blushes. The prince continued to advance, controlled by an influence he could not withstand, and coming up to her, apologized as well as the confusion of his mind would permit, for his unceremonious intrusion.

The lady remained gazing at him, with mingled smiles and blushes, for a few moments, and then addressed the prince in words that seemed to come from a mouth of roses.

"Don't you know me, my prince?"

"Know you," faltered he, "I believe—I fear—I know you but too well. You are the phantom beauty. The chosen instrument of the wicked enchanter, Curmudgeon."

"Alas! no. I am no phantom, nor, I trust, an instrument of mischief at least to you. The phantom was formed in my likeness, because—because, as the enchanter confessed, he could create nothing so

beautiful as myself by the utmost exertion of his arts."

The prince gazed at her in a trance of admiration, for never, with the single exception of the phantom, and the idol princess of his dreams, had he seen a being so enchantingly lovely. The lady received his scrutiny with smiles of modest pleasure, and at length repeated her question—

"Do you not know me, my prince?"

The prince emboldened by her smiles, or impelled by his destiny, seated himself by her side, and gazed ardently, yet wistfully, in her face. There was something in the expression of her eyes he fancied he had seen before, but when or where he could not call to mind. At length the lady, compassionating his perplexity, again anxiously asked—

"Do you remember a certain little gold-fish?"

"Remember? I shall never forget," and his eyes glistened.

"Do you remember how you used to come to the crystal basin, at the foot of the shining cascade, and stay all day long fondling a little gold-fish, kissing its eyes, and hiding it in your bosom?"

"Remember!" cried the prince, "the recollection constitutes the hope, or rather the despair, of my life. Would that I could see my dear little companion again. Methinks I should then be happy, or at least die content."

"Look in my face—look steadily," replied the lady, greatly agitated.

Their eyes met, and that look of mutual intelligence which never deceives, disclosed the mystery. He recognized at once that glance of mingled love and gratitude he had so often seen beaming from the soft expressive eyes of the little gold-fish. He started from her side, threw himself at her feet, and exclaimed—

"Tell me—tell me! art not *thou* my little gold-fish?"

"I am," rejoined the lady. "Once thy little gold-fish, now thy faithful and devoted handmaid, the Princess Violetta. It is to thy constancy I am indebted for the recovery of my former self; and such as I am, I will be to thee what thou choosest to make me."

"Mine forever! my beloved, my adored wife!" cried the prince, as he folded her in his arms, kissed her as he was wont to do the little gold-fish, and at that moment reaped the reward of all his sufferings.

After enjoying the first delights of mutual love, the princess said to him, "Doubtless you are anxious to know how I came to be transformed into a fish; and I will tell you now, that there may be nothing to explain hereafter. I must begin early, for my misfortunes commenced almost at my birth. I am the only child of King Grabyall, in whose dominions you now are; and according to the universal custom of all royal christenings, a great many fairies were invited to mine, and some few vulgar things came without invitation. Among the latter was an old fairy, so ill-natured and malicious, that, though very powerful to do evil, no one would pay her the least attention; for they knew that no kindness could conciliate the

wicked old creature. Of course, neither my father nor mother paid her the least attention, or made her presents; and no one spoke a word to her, at which she flew into a great rage, and went away shaking her wand, and mumbling in a spiteful manner, 'Well, good people, you are all mighty silent now, but before long you shall have talking enough, I promise you!'

"Everybody laughed at the spiteful old woman—but it was no such laughing matter, I assure you, my prince; for she was hardly out of sight, when, to the astonishment of the whole court, I began to talk with such volubility that nobody could keep pace with me. First I scolded the nurse, then abused the fairies, and finally took my parents to task roundly for attempting to stop me. The courtiers tried to persuade them that this was only an omen of my precocious genius, and that, beyond all doubt, I should one day become the wisest, most eloquent princess in the world. But they remembered the threat of the malicious old fairy, and became exceedingly sorrowful. As I grew up my volubility increased; I talked from morning till night, and all night too. Sleeping or waking, it was just the same; and my voice was so loud and shrill that it could be heard all over the palace. What rendered the matter still worse, I was exceeding ill-natured, satirical, and witty, insomuch, that all were afraid to come near me; and I was obliged at last to talk to myself. It is necessary I should apprise you that I grew up to great beauty, and by the time I was sixteen, many of the neighboring princes came to pay their addresses to me. But I never gave them an opportunity, for before they could open their lips, I poured a torrent of satirical reproaches in their ears that struck them all dumb; insomuch, that it was said some of them never recovered their speech afterward. Do you not hate me, my prince, for being such a termagant?"

The prince, to say the truth, was a little startled at this detail, but replied with a look that was perfectly satisfactory; and the princess proceeded with her story.

"At the age of seventeen, the enchanter, Curmudgeon, incited by the report of my beauty, came to pay my father a visit—my mother being long since dead. He at first sight fell violently in love, and demanded me in marriage of my father, who, though a kind-hearted, good man, was, I believe, heartily glad to get rid of me, but at the same time frankly apprized him of my infirmity. 'O, ho!' answered the enchanter, 'never mind that—I shall soon cure her, I warrant you.' He then approached to make his declaration, when, being exceedingly provoked at his slighting expressions, which I had overheard, I gave him such an explosion of satire, spleen, and ill-nature, as he had never probably heard before. I ridiculed his pretensions, scoffed at his person, despised his offers, and defied his power, until he could stand it no longer. Stamping his foot on the floor, waving his hand, and muttering some cabalistic words, he at length cried out in a rage, 'BE DUMB FOREVER! or at least till such time as some prince shall be fool enough to fall in love with you, and pine away until he makes no shadow in the sun.'

"At that moment I found myself changed into a gold-fish, and swimming in the crystal basin where you first saw me. How long I remained there before you made your appearance I cannot tell, but I know that I was heartily tired of my loneliness, and at first felt the loss of speech very severely. I rejoiced when I first saw you. Your caresses penetrated my heart, and—you must forgive me, my dear prince—but when I beheld you wasting away daily, and knew it was for love of me, my happiness grew with your sorrows, for I felt that my deliverance was at hand, and that I should live to reward you for all your sufferings. The day the sun first shone full into the crystal basin, and I saw that you cast no shadow there, you may remember, I suddenly darted from your hand and disappeared. It was very ungrateful, but I could not resist my destiny. I was instantly transformed to my original likeness, and—but don't be alarmed, my prince, for I assure you my propensity to talking was effectually and forever repressed, by the long habit of silence I had preserved as the little gold-fish. I was received by my father with affectionate welcome, and—and what else shall I say? I have mourned your absence day after day, until I almost ceased to hope that I should ever see you again. But," added the princess, with a look of unutterable tenderness, "thou hast come back once more to me—thou hast sought and found thy little gold-fish, and I am happy."

The prince had scarcely time to return suitable acknowledgments, and vow eternal love, when they were roused by the sound of the hunter's horn, announcing the return of King Grabyall from the chase. The princess introduced him to the prince; and his majesty being in high good humor, having been very

successful that morning, beside having an excellent appetite for dinner, received him most graciously. The ardent prince lost no time in declaring his love; and King Grabyall, knowing that he had been chosen to govern the territories of the enchanter, Curmudgeon, beside inheriting all his vast riches, graciously consented to the marriage. He did this the more willingly, knowing from late experience that the princess, having fulfilled the denunciation of the malicious old fairy, had survived her infirmity.

There was never in this world such a splendid and happy wedding; and what added to the pleasure of all parties, was seeing the good fairy, Violetta, enter the superb saloon to honor the ceremony.

"Welcome, my prince," said she, holding out her little, delicate hand, "I congratulate you; you have triumphed by valor and constancy."

When the ceremony was over, the prince inquired anxiously whether she knew aught of his father, and was informed that he had married the daughter of good King Doddipol, and was wasting his substance as fast as possible, by giving *fêtes* to the bride, and lending great sums to his father-in-law. Prince Violet sighed at the fate of the Old Man of the Hills, but in good time forgot all his griefs in the arms of love and beauty.

The Princess Violetta made a most excellent wife, and never afterward talked more than became a reasonable woman. The wicked giant, who, it should have been premised, had been extricated from the moat, and finished his fit of sneezing, being freed from the diabolical influence of the enchanter, Curmudgeon, took the pledge, became a tetotalter, and lived ever after an example to all overgrown monsters, past, present, and future.

## THE VESPER BELL.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

How deep and mournfully at eve's sweet hour  
The bell for vespers chimes its holiest note,  
When the soft twilight lends its soothing power  
And on the air a silence seems to float!

The weary wand'rer knows a home of rest,  
He toils not now who toiled the livelong day,  
Friends cherish fondest recollections, blest  
With thoughts of them whose love cannot decay,

The best affections of the heart are told,  
We greet with joy our dear, domestic hearth,  
And think how strong the viewless bonds that hold  
Unwearied love to transient things of Earth.

And visions of his lyre the poet sees  
At this lone time of Nature's sweet repose,  
When fancied music, borne on every breeze,  
Æolian-like, with thrilling sadness flows.

Oh, then move thoughts, the holiest and best,  
O'er the soul's calm and mild serenity,  
Like beauteous birds that skim along the breast  
Of the still waters in some waveless sea.

Where that deep bell sends forth its solemn tone,  
How many worship at Devotion's shrine!  
How many voices rise before the throne  
Whence the bright glories of the Godhead shine!

Not when the glories of th' opening day  
With crimson blushes usher in the dawn,  
Not when the noontide pours its deepest ray  
On forest, glade, blue lake and emerald lawn;

Not when the moonbeams shed their silvery light  
In richest lustre over copse and dell,  
Come sainted hopes, sweet dreams and fancies bright  
As when through shadows sounds the Vesper Bell.

## THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

BY MARY S. ADAMS.

"THREE months' imprisonment! Heigho!" soliloquized Harvey Hall, as he entered the school-room, and surveyed the array of seats before him. "Well, poverty is a crime punished not only by one's state and country, but by the whole world. Here am I longing for a profession which shall give some play to my mind, which shall enable me to take a stand among men; and now to purchase that profession I must 'teach young ideas' till the requisite sum is obtained. The daughters of Darius were condemned for the murder of their husbands to fill leaky vessels in Tartarus—that is, they became teachers! It is hard that those who have neither *been* nor *murdered* husbands should endure like punishment."

Harvey Hall always spoke the truth, albeit sometimes the truth a little *swollen*; so he was, as he said, condemned to a temporary reign over children and spelling-books, in order to pursue his studies—for the expenses of which the limited finances of his parents would not suffice; and he had taken the academy at L., with the due announcement of all his qualifications in the county newspaper.

"Some bright faces here," thought he, as his eyes glanced over those of his scholars upturned to him, and rested on one with eyes bright enough to light Cupid on his way to any untenanted heart, but bearing the expression of smothered mirth, never relished by those who do not happen to know the *mot d'enigme*. Small white fingers traced something rapidly on the slate, which was then given to a young lady, who, on the perusal of its characters, gave a stifled laugh, and buried her face in a handkerchief. But the author of the mischief, whatever it was, instantly turned to gravity, and met the searching gaze of Hall with a demure look which amused him not a little.

"That daughter of Parson Hinton finds fun enough in something. I wish her father could preach her into better behavior. She is the most troublesome sprite I have in school. Young ladies," he said, assuming all the dignity of his position, "less whispering, and more attention to your studies would conduce to your improvement."

Annie Hinton and her chum took their books, and were soon apparently absorbed in them. Annie met with some question she could not solve; and taking her book to the teacher, she asked an explanation. It was given.

"And you made an observation just now, sir, which I wish to remember. Will you be so kind as to repeat it," she added, bending toward him with the greatest mock attention and deference.

It is said that the worst reception of a compliment is to request its repetition; and the remark is just as applicable to a reproof. Certainly Harvey Hall found

it so. Impudence he could have met successfully; but there was something in the arch air of respect, so evidently assumed, and in the polite tone accompanying bright eyes which *would* almost laugh out, which told him that the present scene would figure in some after frolic formidable enough to young gentlemen who are never proof against the ridicule of mirthful girls in their teens. He longed to laugh with her at it all, but an assembled school, a roguish scholar, would not exactly admit of this; so, coloring a little, and then provoked at himself for the *gossiping* blood which betrayed his inward embarrassment, he said,

"Oh, merely that study is more appropriate to the school-room than amusement. I shall be happy to have it dwell in your memory and practice, Miss Hinton."

Annie bowed gracefully, gravely, and turned away, but not before Hall mentally resolved never to admonish her again if he could avoid it.

When the day for compositions came—that bore which all parties would gladly overlook instead of look over—Hall, dreading trite essays on all the hackneyed themes of school, told the misses under his charge to write on any thing that interested them—they might describe some of the manners and customs among them.

"But we have *no manners*, and very few customs, Mr. Hall," said Annie.

"Well, select any subject that pleases yourself, Miss Annie."

The composition was on Dignity, and was so ludicrous, so *personal* a description of it, that Mr. Hall was fairly puzzled. What shall I say to this merry damsel, who seems to turn into sport all I say or do. I cannot correct her.

"Miss Hinton, carry this home to your father, and see if he says it is a proper article for you to bring in as a composition."

The next day it was returned with, "My father thinks Dignity one of the finest things he has ever seen," she said, half hesitating, as if unwilling to utter such praise, but looking as if all the spirits of fun had taken the opportunity to look out of her eyes. Of course, her reverend parent had never had a glimpse of it—and this her teacher very well knew.

But why watch her with more interest than all the "well behaved" of his school? In accordance with Scripture, he left the ninety and nine just ones, to search for the one who went astray. The lessons she recited had for him a double interest; the days she was absent were like the dull, gray sky of autumn—nay, several times he even acknowledged to himself that teaching was *not* the dull routine he had supposed, and the term of his probation had not the leaden wings he had anticipated.

But there was an apprehension to disturb the tenor of his thoughts, and fall heavily upon his official capacity. He had—yes, he certainly had seen Annie Hinton receive a billet from Charles Lane; and Charles Lane was a bright youth—a fine scholar—ready to enter college the next term—and just her age. It was wrong, decidedly wrong, to have any silly flirtations between mere boys and girls—he had always considered it so; but now it was wonderful to see how strong his reasoning, and firm his opinions were on this subject. And personal experience has an extraordinary power in giving edge to moral reflections; how it draws them out of the shade, concentrates and clinches them.

Well, Harvey Hall felt really grieved that scholars should have their attention drawn away from their studies by such nonsense as a children's love affair. Charles Lane was a promising boy to be sure; but he must go through college, and be settled in life before, he ought to think of fancying any one. He might become dissipated—such bright boys often did; or fickle—in short, no one knew which rein of his character the future might pull. And Annie—pretty creature—who could not pass a day without some mirthful episode, how ridiculous for a child like her to think of selecting a lover! her mind was not disciplined at all—her taste not pronounced; she might make a different choice when she really knew her own wishes, and had seen more of the world. It would be wrong to entangle herself with any passing fancy like the present—really wrong to suffer a child to make a decision by which the *woman* must abide. And then the good minister would be shocked to see his plaything, Annie, forming any foolish attachment. Yes, he must do all he could to prevent it. But how could Parson Hinton be so blind? The other evening when he called there, Charles Lane knocked at the door, to bring a slip of geranium, which he had walked several miles to get for Annie; and the old gentleman only said, "You are very obliging, Charles—drop in and see us often." So strange, not to know it was just like such precocious youths to fancy themselves in love with every pretty girl. So laws were enacted stricter than those of the Medes and Persians, against all billets passed in school; as if Cupid, had he made the essay, would not have delighted to jeopardize all regulations, and fly in the face of all laws.

One day as Mr. Hall was ascending the steps to enter school, he saw Annie give Charles Lane a knitted purse, and heard her say something about "the phillipina." As I said, he was *principled* against such interchange of sentiment, or gifts, between such children; but the present instance did not come precisely under his dominion, being *out* of school—and he entered upon his duties with a somewhat cloudy brow. Every one has observed how much the sky of his feelings influences the earth of reality. If one wakes "out of tune" in the morning, the events of the day seldom harmonize him. Let you walk out in a city, feeling blue and burthened, and how many things conspire to annoy you. You are blinded by dust, or contaminated with mud, or the snow

slumps, or your feet slip at every step; a child is almost run over in the street; people jostle rudely; the bell tolls; the town-crier seems to scream at every corner where you turn; the lady you particularly admire is talking with vast animation to —, and does not even perceive you; a bow thrown away; Mr. Lawkens, the deaf man, will cross over to speak to you, but cannot hear your answer, although you have repeated it the third time; a gust of wind blows off your hat, and a bore holds you by the button to tell you, what you well knew, the election has gone against your favorite candidate; while you inwardly exclaim, "misfortunes never come single."

Our pedagogue had a hazy atmosphere around his spirit this day—and nothing cleared it. The recitations were miserable, and the boys full of pranks—which boys are heir to; the girls were any thing but book-intent. The class in chemistry was called, and as Mr. Hall was performing some experiments on the apparatus, he said,

"Now, when I apply this, you will see that—it wont go," he added, as the desired result, from some cause, failed.

"Certainly, we see it," smilingly whispered Annie to the next on her seat.

The sound reached Mr. Hall, already mortified by the failure of the experiment.

"Miss Hinton," he exclaimed, in a loud, stern tone, "take your books, and go home."

Annie looked surprised, as well she might, and waited, as if to be sure she did not misunderstand him. The attention of the school was roused—there could be no revocation—so the mandate was repeated, and obeyed.

Poor Hall! his chemical manipulations were no more successful that day; classes were called, and heard at random. The small scholars thought "it was a grand time—master did not seem to mind them;" while older ones wondered at his unwonted humor. Meanwhile his reflections were any thing but agreeable. How could he have been so harsh for such a trifle, and ungentelemanly too. All Annie's faults were the mere exuberance of a joyous spirit; and she was quick to acknowledge and regret them; and yet he had not expostulated, but abruptly commanded her to leave. How she must despise him! And she had a great deal of sensibility; he had seen the color suffuse her face, and the tears glisten in her dark eyes, when a tale of sorrow or delicious poem had excited her emotion. Perhaps she was at that very moment weeping at his harshness; and then proofs of interest in *him*, albeit she was a laughter-loving spirit, stole over his memory. He thought of an evening he had lately passed at her house, when his conversation seemed to rivet her attention, although he afterward heard her say, "There! Mary Jane has a party to-night, and I entirely forgot it until too late. Well, I have enjoyed myself better here." And *he*, the ingrate! how had he returned it, by unwarrantable rudeness! She was just beginning to talk to him with confiding frankness of her books, her tastes, and opening to *his* study a mind as well

worth it as the changing loveliness of her face—when this folly had destroyed it all. And what would the good minister say? He who had received him so kindly; so hospitably told him to come to him at any and all times when he could be of assistance—what would *he* say to have his pet, at once his amusement and pride, turned out of school like any common urchin?

Oh! how the hours of school dragged. Every moment seemed to bear a weight of lead, and carry to the luckless teacher a thousand arrows poisoned by self-reproach. No sooner was his fiat of release obtained, than with mingled regret and apprehension, he wended his steps to the parsonage. He knocked at the door, desired to see Mr. Hinton, and was accordingly shown up into his study.

"He looks as if something lay on his mind," thought the clergyman, as he saw him enter, and advanced to shake hands with him. "Perhaps he is considering the concerns of his soul. Heaven help me to counsel him aright!" and there was an unusual kindness in his tone, as he urged him to be seated, which was "heaping coals of fire" on the head of the conscience-stricken teacher.

A pause. "I am—I have called—I regret—"

"Ah, yes," mentally ejaculated the old man, "he feels the burden of sin, and is under conviction, I see—"

"In short, sir, I am sorry to trouble you at this time, but I—"

"Speak out freely, my dear young man," said his benignant listener.

Is it possible he does not know what has passed?

"I regret to say that, vexed by the inattention of the scholars, and by whispering, in which Miss Annie joined, I hastily told her to leave school."

"Told my daughter Annie to leave school!"

The door of the study was thrown open, and Annie danced into the middle of the room, her bonnet hanging on her arm, flowers in her hair, and a bouquet in her hand, fresh from the woods in which she had been rambling. "Father! father!" she stopped, and gazed first at her father, and then at Mr. Hall, with a mingled expression of regret and surprise. Her long walk that afternoon had given her a heightened color; and the varied feelings which moved her were clearly depicted on her face.

"Come here, Annie," said Hall, extending his hand, "come here, and say you forgive the rudeness of this afternoon." She hesitated an instant—the crimson deepened on her cheek, and the lip slightly trembled; then looking up with one of her own radiant smiles, she gave her small, white hand to the teacher.

Not long after he made another visit to the good minister's study, not, indeed, to ask forgiveness for turning Annie out of school, but to beg permission to transplant her one day to a home of his own. Whatever was said, we suspect Annie might have served as "an instance in point" for that rather broad generalization of Swift,

"No girl is pleased with what is taught  
But has the teacher in her thought."

"Young gentlemen," said Harvey Hall, (Judge Hall then,) when some years afterward two or three of his law students were spending the evening at his hospitable mansion, "young gentlemen, never regret the necessity of exerting yourself in order to obtain your profession; for beside the habit of *self-help* thus formed, which is invaluable, you may," he added, glancing archly at the face, fair as ever, of her who sat with muslin stitchery by the centre-table, "meet with a wayside rose as precious as Annie."

## THE SUNBEAM.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.)

Come! watch with me this sunbeam, as o'er the moss bank green

It glides, and enters swiftly the foliage dark between;  
Resting its golden lever, of mystic length and line,  
Upon the dewy herbage, in an oblique decline:  
Toward its moving column the stamen of the flowers  
Whirl, as by strong attraction; and through the daylight hours

Gay insects, azure atoms, with every-colored wing,  
Swim 'mid the light, still lending fresh sparkles as they spring.

See! how in cadenced measure they gravitate below,  
Now linking, then unlinking, in quick, harmonious flow;  
Of Plato's worlds ideal the semblance here appears,  
Those worlds that danced in circles to the music of the spheres:

So small is every atom, amid yon countless band,  
That hosts of them were needful to make a grain of sand;  
They form the lowest step of that brilliant ladder trod,  
Ascending from the light mote to the all-present God.

4\*

And yet a separate being exists in every part,  
Within each airy globule there dwells a beating heart;  
One world, perchance, presiding o'er worlds unnumbered,  
free,

To which the lightning's passage is an eternity;  
Yet, doubtless, each enjoying, within their drop of space,  
Days, nights, in all fulfilling their order and their place;  
And while in wondrous ecstasy, man's throbbing eye looks on,

A thousand worlds are ended, their destinies are won!

O God! how vast the sources which feed such life and death,

How piercing is that vision which marks out every breath;  
How infinite that Spirit which cherishes each grade;  
And more than all, how boundless that love, free, unrepaid,  
Which nurtures into being each particle that floats,  
Descending from far sun-worlds to microscopic motes;  
O God! so grand and awful in yonder little ray,  
What thought dare seek to fathom the blaze of thy full day?

MARY E. LEE.



## THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool  
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but  
Travelers must be content. As YOU LIKE IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," ETC.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(Continued from page 293.)

### PART XV.

The screams of rage, the groan, the strife,  
The blow, the grasp, the horrid cry,  
The panting, throttled prayer for life,  
The dying's heaving sigh,  
The murderer's curse, the dead man's fixed, still glare,  
And fear's and death's cold sweat—they all are there.  
MATTHEW LEE.

It was high time that Capt. Spike should arrive when his foot touched the bottom of the yawl. The men were getting impatient and anxious to the last degree, and the power of Señor Montefalderon to control them was lessening each instant. They heard the rending of timber, and the grinding on the coral, even more distinctly than the captain himself, and feared that the brig would break up while they lay alongside of her, and crush them amid the ruins. Then the spray of the seas that broke over the weather side of the brig, fell like rain upon them; and every body in the boat was already as wet as if exposed to a violent shower. It was well, therefore, for Spike that he descended into the boat as he did, for another minute's delay might have brought about his own destruction.

Spike felt a chill at his heart when he looked about him and saw the condition of the yawl. So crowded were the stern-sheets into which he had descended, that it was with difficulty he found room to place his feet; it being his intention to steer, Jack was ordered to get into the eyes of the boat, in order to give him a seat. The thwarts were crowded, and three or four of the people had placed themselves in the very bottom of the little craft, in order to be as much as possible out of the way, as well as in readiness to bail out water. So seriously, indeed, were all the seamen impressed with the gravity of this last duty, that nearly every man had taken with him some vessel fit for such a purpose. Rowing was entirely out of the question, there being no space for the movement of the arms. The yawl was too low in the water, moreover, for such an operation in so heavy a sea. In all, eighteen persons were squeezed into a little craft that would have been sufficiently loaded, for moderate weather at sea, with its four oarmen and as many sitters in the stern-sheets, with, perhaps, one in the eyes to bring her more on an even keel. In other words, she had just twice the weight in her, in living

freight, that it would have been thought prudent to receive in so small a craft, in an ordinary time, in or out of a port. In addition to the human beings enumerated, there was a good deal of baggage, nearly every individual having had the forethought to provide a few clothes for a change. The food and water did not amount to much, no more having been provided than enough for the purposes of the captain, together with the four men with whom it had been his intention to abandon the brig. The effect of all this cargo was to bring the yawl quite low in the water; and every seafaring man in her had the greatest apprehensions about her being able to float at all when she got out from under the lee of the Swash, or into the troubled water. Try it she must, however, and Spike, in a reluctant and hesitating manner, gave the final order to "Shove off!"

The yawl carried a lugg, as is usually the case with boats at sea, and the first blast of the breeze upon it satisfied Spike that his present enterprise was one of the most dangerous of any in which he had ever been engaged. The puffs of wind were quite as much as the boat would bear; but this he did not mind, as he was running off before it, and there was little danger of the yawl capsizing with such a weight in her. It was also an advantage to have swift way on, to prevent the combing waves from shooting into the boat, though the wind itself scarce outstrips the send of the sea in a stiff blow. As the yawl cleared the brig and began to feel the united power of the wind and waves, the following short dialogue occurred between the boatswain and Spike.

"I dare not keep my eyes off the breakers ahead," the captain commenced, "and must trust to you, Strand, to report what is going on among the man-of-war's men. What is the ship about?"

"Reefing her top-sails just now, sir. All three are on the caps, and the vessel is laying-too, in a manner."

"And her boats?"

"I see none, sir—ay, ay, there they come from alongside of her in a little fleet! There are four of them, sir, and all are coming down before the wind, wing and wing, carrying their luggs reefed."

"Ours ought to be reefed by rights, too, but we dare not stop to do it; and these infernal combing seas

seem ready to glance aboard us with all the way we can gather. Stand by to bail, men; we must pass through a strip of white water—there is no help for it. God send that we go clear of the rocks!”

All this was fearfully true. The adventurers were not yet more than a cable's length from the brig, and they found themselves so completely environed with the breakers as to be compelled to go through them. No man in his senses would ever have come into such a place at all, except in the most unavoidable circumstances; and it was with a species of despair that the seamen of the yawl now saw their little craft go plunging into the foam.

But Spike neglected no precaution that experience or skill could suggest. He had chosen his spot with coolness and judgment. As the boat rose on the seas he looked eagerly ahead, and by giving it a timely sheer, he hit a sort of channel, where there was sufficient water to carry them clear of the rock, and where the breakers were less dangerous than in the shoaler places. The passage lasted about a minute; and so serious was it, that scarce an individual breathed until it was effected. No human skill could prevent the water from combing in over the gunwales; and when the danger was passed, the yawl was a third filled with water. There was no time or place to pause, but on the little craft was dragged almost gunwale to, the breeze coming against the lugg in puffs that threatened to take the mast out of her. All hands were bailing; and even Biddy used her hands to aid in throwing out the water.

“This is no time to hesitate, men,” said Spike, sternly. “Every thing must go overboard but the food and water. Away with them at once, and with a will.”

It was a proof how completely all hands were alarmed by this, the first experiment in the breakers, that not a man stayed his hand a single moment, but each threw into the sea, without an instant of hesitation, every article he had brought with him and had hoped to save. Biddy parted with the carpet-bag, and Señor Montefalderon, feeling the importance of example, committed to the deep a small writing-desk that he had placed on his knees. The doubloons alone remained, safe in a little locker where Spike had deposited them along with his own.

“What news astern, boatswain?” demanded the captain, as soon as this imminent danger was passed, absolutely afraid to turn his eyes off the dangers ahead a single instant. “How come on the man-of-war's men?”

“They are running down in a body toward the wreck, though one of their boats does seem to be sheering out of the line, as if getting into our wake. It is hard to say, sir, for they are still a good bit to windward of the wreck.”

“And the Molly, Strand?”

“Why, sir, the Molly seems to be breaking up fast; as well as I can see, she has broke in two just abaft the fore-chains, and cannot hold together in any shape at all many minutes longer.”

This information drew a deep groan from Spike, and the eye of every seaman in the boat was turned

in melancholy on the object they were so fast leaving behind them. The yawl could not be said to be sailing very rapidly, considering the power of the wind, which was a little gale, for she was much too deep for that; but she left the wreck so fast as already to render objects on board her indistinct. Everybody saw that, like an overburthened steed, she had more to get along with than she could well bear; and, dependent as seamen usually are on the judgment and orders of their superiors, even in the direst emergencies, the least experienced man in her saw that their chances of final escape from drowning were of the most doubtful nature. The men looked at each other in a way to express their feelings; and the moment seemed favorable to Spike to confer with his confidential sea-dogs in private; but more white water was also ahead, and it was necessary to pass through it, since no opening was visible by which to avoid it. He deferred his purpose, consequently, until this danger was escaped.

On this occasion Spike saw but little opportunity to select a place to get through the breakers, though the spot, as a whole, was not of the most dangerous kind. The reader will understand that the preservation of the boat at all, in white water, was owing to the circumstance that the rocks all around it lay so near the surface of the sea as to prevent the possibility of agitating the element very seriously, and to the fact that she was near the lee side of the reef. Had the breakers been of the magnitude of those which are seen where the deep rolling billows of the ocean first meet the weather side of shoals or rocks, a craft of that size, and so loaded, could not possibly have passed the first line of white water without filling. As it was, however, the breakers she had to contend with were sufficiently formidable, and they brought with them the certainty that the boat was in imminent danger of striking the bottom at any moment. Places like those in which Mulford had waded on the reef, while it was calm, would now have proved fatal to the strongest frame, since human powers were insufficient long to withstand the force of such waves as did glance over even these shallows.

“Look out!” cried Spike, as the boat again plunged in among the white water. “Keep bailing, men—keep bailing.”

The men did bail, and the danger was over almost as soon as encountered. Something like a cheer burst out of the chest of Spike, when he saw deeper water around him, and fancied he could now trace a channel that would carry him quite beyond the extent of the reef. It was arrested, only half uttered, however, by a communication from the boatswain, who sat on a midship thwart, his arms folded, and his eye on the brig and the boats.

“There goes the Molly's masts, sir! Both have gone together; and as good sticks was they, before them bomb-shells passed through our rigging, as was ever stepped in a keelson.”

The cheer was changed to something like a groan, while a murmur of regret passed through the boat.

“What news from the man-of-war's men, boatswain? Do they still stand down on a mere wreck?”

"No, sir; they seem to give it up, and are getting out their oars to pull back to their ship. A pretty time they'll have of it, too. The cutter that gets to windward half a mile in an hour, ag'in such a sea, and such a breeze, must be well pulled and better steered. One chap, however, sir, seems to hold on."

Spike now ventured to look behind him, commanding an experienced hand to take the helm. In order to do this he was obliged to change places with the man he had selected to come aft, which brought him on a thwart alongside of the boatswain and one or two other of his confidants. Here a whispered conference took place, which lasted several minutes, Spike appearing to be giving instructions to the men.

By this time the yawl was more than a mile from the wreck, all the man-of-war boats but one had lowered their sails, and were pulling slowly and with great labor back toward the ship, the cutter that kept on, evidently laying her course after the yawl, instead of standing on toward the wreck. The brig was breaking up fast, with every probability that nothing would be left of her in a few more minutes. As for the yawl, while clear of the white water, it got along without receiving many seas aboard, though the men in its bottom were kept bailing without intermission. It appeared to Spike that so long as they remained on the reef, and could keep clear of breakers—a most difficult thing, however—they should fare better than if in deeper water, where the swell of the sea, and the combing of the waves, menaced so small and so deep-loaded a craft with serious danger. As it was, two or three men could barely keep the boat clear, working incessantly, and much of the time with a foot or two of water in her.

Josh and Simon had taken their seats, side by side, with that sort of dependence and submission that causes the American black to abstain from mingling with the whites more than might appear seemly. They were squeezed on to one end of the thwart by a couple of robust old sea-dogs, who were two of the very men with whom Spike had been in consultation. Beneath that very thwart was stowed another confidant, to whom communications had also been made. These men had sailed long in the Swash, and having been picked up in various ports, from time to time, as the brig had wanted hands, they were of nearly as many different nations as they were persons. Spike had obtained a great ascendancy over them by habit and authority, and his suggestions were now received as a sort of law. As soon as the conference was ended, the captain returned to the helm.

A minute more passed, during which the captain was anxiously surveying the reef ahead, and the state of things astern. Ahead was more white water—the last before they should get clear of the reef; and astern it was now settled that the cutter that held on through the dangers of the place, was in chase of the yawl. That Mulford was in her Spike made no doubt; and the thought embittered even his present calamities. But the moment had arrived for something decided. The white water ahead was much more formidable than any they had passed; and the boldest seaman there gazed at it with dread. Spike

made a sign to the boatswain, and commenced the execution of his dire project.

"I say, you Josh," called out the captain, in the authoritative tones that are so familiar to all on board a ship, "pull in that fender that is dragging along-side."

Josh leaned over the gunwale, and reported that there was no fender out. A malediction followed, also so familiar to those acquainted with ships, and the black was told to look again. This time, as had been expected, the negro leaned with his head and body far over the side of the yawl, to look for that which had no existence, when two of the men beneath the thwart shoved his legs after them. Josh screamed, as he found himself going into the water, with a sort of confused consciousness of the truth; and Spike called out to Simon to "catch hold of his brother-nigger." The cook bent forward to obey, when a similar assault on his legs from beneath the thwart, sent him headlong after Josh. One of the younger seamen, who was not in the secret, sprang up to rescue Simon, who grasped his extended hand, when the too generous fellow was pitched headlong from the boat.

All this occurred in less than ten seconds of time, and so unexpectedly and naturally, that not a soul beyond those who were in the secret, had the least suspicion it was any thing but an accident. Some water was shipped, of necessity, but the boat was soon bailed free. As for the victims of this vile conspiracy, they disappeared amid the troubled waters of the reef, struggling with each other. Each and all met the common fate so much the sooner, from the manner in which they impeded their own efforts.

The yawl was now relieved from about five hundred pounds of the weight it had carried—Simon weighing two hundred alone, and the youngish seaman being large and full. So intense does human selfishness get to be, in moments of great emergency, that it is to be feared most of those who remained, secretly rejoiced that they were so far benefitted by the loss of their fellows. The Señor Montefalderon was seated on the aftermost thwart, with his legs in the stern-sheets, and consequently with his back toward the negroes, and he fully believed that what had happened was purely accidental.

"Let us lower our sail, Don Esteban," he cried, eagerly, "and save the poor fellows."

Something very like a sneer gleamed on the dark countenance of the captain, but it suddenly changed to a look of assent.

"Good!" he said, hastily—"spring forward, Don Wan, and lower the sail—stand by the oars, men!"

Without pausing to reflect, the generous-hearted Mexican stepped on a thwart, and began to walk rapidly forward, steadying himself by placing his hands on the heads of the men. He was suffered to get as far as the second thwart, or past most of the conspirators, when his legs were seized from behind. The truth now flashed on him, and grasping two of the men in his front, who knew nothing of Spike's dire scheme, he endeavored to save himself by holding to their jackets. Thus assailed, those men seized

others with like intent, and an awful struggle filled all that part of the craft. At this dread instant the boat glanced into the white water, shipping so much of the element as nearly to swamp her, and taking so wild a sheer as nearly to broach-to. This last circumstance probably saved her, fearful as was the danger for the moment. Everybody in the middle of the yawl was rendered desperate by the amount and nature of the danger incurred, and the men from the bottom rose in their might, underneath the combatants, when a common plunge was made by all who stood erect, one dragging overboard another, each a good deal hastened by the assault from beneath, until no less than five were gone. Spike got his helm up, the boat fell off, and away from the spot it flew, clearing the breakers, and reaching the northern wall-like margin of the reef at the next instant. There was now a moment when those who remained could breathe, and dared to look behind them.

The great plunge had been made in water so shoal, that the boat had barely escaped being dashed to pieces on the coral. Had it not been so suddenly relieved from the pressure of near a thousand pounds in weight, it is probable that this calamity would have befallen it, the water received on board contributing so much to weigh it down. The struggle between these victims ceased, however, the moment they went over. Finding bottom for their feet, they released each other, in a desperate hope of prolonging life by wading. Two or three held out their arms, and shouted to Spike to return and pick them up. This dreadful scene lasted but a single instant, for the waves dashed one after another from his feet, continually forcing them all, as they occasionally regained their footing, toward the margin of the reef, and finally washing them off it into deep water. No human power could enable a man to swim back to the rocks, once to leeward of them, in the face of such seas, and so heavy a blow; and the miserable wretches disappeared in succession, as their strength became exhausted, in the depths of the gulf.

Not a word had been uttered while this terrific scene was in the course of occurrence; not a word was uttered for some time afterward. Gleams of grim satisfaction had been seen on the countenances of the boatswain, and his associates, when the success of their nefarious project was first assured; but they soon disappeared in looks of horror, as they witnessed the struggles of the drowning men. Nevertheless, human selfishness was strong within them all, and none there was so ignorant as not to perceive how much better were the chances of the yawl now than it had been on quitting the wreck. The weight of a large ox had been taken from it, counting that of all the eight men drowned; and as for the water shipped, it was soon bailed back again into the sea. Not only, therefore, was the yawl in a better condition to resist the waves, but it sailed materially faster than it had done before. Ten persons still remained in it, however, which brought it down in the water below its proper load-line; and the speed of a craft so small was necessarily a good deal lessened by the least deviation from its best sailing,

or rowing trim. But Spike's projects were not yet completed.

All this time the man-of-war's cutter had been rushing as madly through the breakers, in chase, as the yawl had done in the attempt to escape. Mulford was, in fact, on board it; and his now fast friend, Wallace, was in command. The latter wished to seize a traitor, the former to save the aunt of his weeping bride. Both believed that they might follow wherever Spike dared to lead. This reasoning was more bold than judicious notwithstanding, since the cutter was much larger, and drew twice as much water as the yawl. On it came, nevertheless, faring much better in the white water than the little craft it pursued, but necessarily running a much more considerable risk of hitting the coral, over which it was glancing almost as swiftly as the waves themselves; still it had thus far escaped—and little did any in it think of the danger. This cutter pulled ten oars; was an excellent sea boat; had four armed marines in it, in addition to its crew, but carried all through the breakers, receiving scarcely a drop of water on board, on account of the height of its wash-boards, and the general qualities of the craft. It may be well to add here, that the Poughkeepsie had shaken out her reefs, and was betraying the impatience of Capt. Mull to make sail in chase, by firing signal guns to his boats to bear a hand and return. These signals the three boats under their oars were endeavoring to obey, but Wallace had got so far to leeward as now to render the course he was pursuing the wisest.

Mrs. Budd and Biddy had seen the struggle in which the Señor Montefalderson had been lost, in a sort of stupid horror. Both had screamed, as was their wont, though neither probably suspected the truth. But the fell designs of Spike extended to them, as well as to those whom he had already destroyed. Now the boat was in deep water, running along the margin of the reef, the waves were much increased in magnitude, and the comb of the sea was far more menacing to the boat. This would not have been the case had the rocks formed a lee; but they did not, running too near the direction of the trades to prevent the billows that got up a mile or so in the offing, from sending their swell quite home to the reef. It was this swell, indeed, which caused the line of white water along the northern margin of the coral, washing on the rocks by a sort of lateral effort, and breaking, as a matter of course. In many places no boat could have lived to pass through it.

Another consideration influenced Spike to persevere. The cutter had been overhauling him, hand over hand, but since the yawl was relieved of the weight of no less than eight men, the difference in the rate of sailing was manifestly diminished. The man-of-war's boat drew nearer, but by no means as fast as it had previously done. A point was now reached in the trim of the yawl, when a very few hundreds in weight might make the most important change in her favor; and this change the captain was determined to produce. By this time the cutter was in deep water, as well as himself, safe through all the dangers of the reef, and she was less than a quarter of a mile astern.

On the whole, she was gaining, though so slowly as to require the most experienced eye to ascertain the fact.

"Madame Budd," said Spike, in a hypocritical tone, "we are in great danger, and I shall have to ask you to change your seat. The boat is too much by the stern, now we've got into deep water, and your weight amidships would be a great relief to us. Just give your hand to the boatswain, and he will help you to step from thwart to thwart, until you reach the right place, when Biddy shall follow."

Now Mrs. Budd had witnessed the tremendous struggle in which so many had gone overboard, but so dull was she of apprehension, and so little disposed to suspect any thing one-half so monstrous as the truth, that she did not hesitate to comply. She was profoundly awed by the horrors of the scene through which she was passing, the raging billows of the gulf, as seen from so small a craft, producing a deep impression on her; still a lingering of her most inveterate affectation was to be found in her air and language, which presented a strange medley of besetting weakness, and strong, natural, womanly affection.

"Certainly, Capt. Spike," she answered, rising. "A craft should never go astern, and I am quite willing to ballast the boat. We have seen such terrible accidents to-day, that all should lend their aid in endeavoring to get under way, and in averting all possible hamper. Only take me to my poor, dear Rosy, Capt. Spike, and every thing shall be forgotten that has passed between us. This is not a moment to bear malice; and I freely pardon you all and every thing. The fate of our unfortunate friend, Mr. Montefalderon, should teach us charity, and cause us to prepare for untimely ends."

All the time the good widow was making this speech, which she uttered in a solemn and oracular sort of manner, she was moving slowly toward the seat the men had prepared for her, in the middle of the boat, assisted with the greatest care and attention by the boatswain and another of Spike's confidants. When on the second thwart from aft, and about to take her seat, the boatswain cast a look behind him, and Spike put the helm down. The boat luffed and lurched, of course, and Mrs. Budd would probably have gone overboard to leeward, by so sudden and violent a change, had not the impetus thus received been aided by the arms of the men who held her two hands. The plunge she made into the water was deep, for she was a woman of great weight for her stature. Still, she was not immediately gotten rid of. Even at that dread instant, it is probable that the miserable woman did not suspect the truth, for she grasped the hand of the boatswain with the tenacity of a vice, and, thus dragged on the surface of the boiling surges, she screamed aloud for Spike to save her. Of all who had yet been sacrificed to the captain's selfish wish to save himself, this was the first instance in which any had been heard to utter a sound, after falling into the sea. The appeal shocked even the rude beings around her, and Biddy chiming in with a powerful appeal to "save the missus!" added to the piteous nature of the scene.

"Cast off her hand," said Spike reproachfully, "she'll swamp the boat by her struggles—get rid of her at once! Cut her fingers off if she won't let go."

The instant these brutal orders were given, and that in a fierce, impatient tone, the voice of Biddy was heard no more. The truth forced itself on her dull imagination, and she sat a witness of the terrible scene, in mute despair. The struggle did not last long. The boatswain drew his knife across the wrist of the hand that grasped his own, one shriek was heard, and the boat plunged into the trough of a sea, leaving the form of poor Mrs. Budd struggling with the wave on its summit, and amid the foam of its crest. This was the last that was ever seen of the unfortunate relict.

"The boat has gained a good deal by that last discharge of cargo," said Spike to the boatswain, a minute after they had gotten rid of the struggling woman—"she is much more lively, and is getting nearer to her load-line. If we can bring her to *that*, I shall have no fear of the man-of-war's men; for this yawl is one of the fastest boats that ever floated."

"A very little *now*, sir, would bring us to our true trim."

"Ay, we must get rid of more cargo. Come, good woman," turning to Biddy, with whom he did not think it worth his while to use much circumlocution, "your turn is next. It's the maid's duty to follow her mistress."

"I know'd it *must* come," said Biddy, meekly. "If there was no mercy for the missus, little could I look for. But ye'll not take the life of a Christian woman widout giving her so much as one minute to say her prayers?"

"Ay, pray away," answered Spike, his throat becoming dry and husky, for, strange to say, the submissive quiet of the Irish woman, so different from the struggle he had anticipated with *her*, rendered him more reluctant to proceed than he had hitherto been in all of that terrible day. As Biddy kneeled in the bottom of the stern-sheets, Spike looked behind him, for the double purpose of escaping the painful spectacle at his feet, and that of ascertaining how his pursuers came on. The last still gained, though very slowly, and doubts began to come over the captain's mind whether he could escape such enemies at all. He was too deeply committed, however, to recede, and it was most desirable to get rid of poor Biddy, if it were for no other motive than to shut her mouth. Spike even fancied that some idea of what had passed was entertained by those in the cutter. There was evidently a stir in that boat, and two forms that he had no difficulty, now, in recognizing as those of Wallace and Mulford, were standing on the grating in the eyes of the cutter, or forward of the forecail. The former appeared to have a musket in his hand, and the other a glass. The last circumstance admonished him that all that was now done would be done before dangerous witnesses. It was too late to draw back, however, and the captain turned to look for the Irish woman.

Biddy arose from her knees, just as Spike withdrew his eyes from his pursuers. The boatswain and

another confident were in readiness to cast the poor creature into the sea, the moment their leader gave the signal. The intended victim saw and understood the arrangement, and she spoke earnestly and piteously to her murderers.

"It's not wanting will be violence," said Biddy, in a quiet tone, but with a saddened countenance. "I know it's my turn, and I will save yer sowls 'om a part of the burden of this great sin. God, and His Divine Son, and the Blessed Mother of Jesus ave mercy on me if it be wrong; but I would far adder jump into the sea widout having the rude hands of man on me, than have the dreadful sight of so missus done over ag'in. It's a fearful thing is 'rther, and sometimes we have too little of it, and sometimes more than we want—"

"Bear a hand, bear a hand, good woman," interrupted the boatswain, impatiently. "We must clear the boat of you, and the sooner it is done the better it will be for all of us."

"Don't grudge a poor morthal half a minute of life, at the last moment," answered Biddy. "It's not long that I'll throuble ye, and so no more need ye said."

The poor creature then got on the quarter of the boat, without any one's touching her; there she placed herself with her legs outboard, while she sat on the unwale. She gave one moment to the thought of arranging her clothes with womanly decency, and then she paused to gaze with a fixed eye, and pallid cheek, on the foaming wake that marked the rapid course of the boat. The troughs of the sea seemed so terrible to her than their combing crests, and she waited for the boat to descend into the next.

"God forgive ye all, this deed, as I do!" said Biddy, earnestly, and bending her person forward, she fell, as it might be "without hands," into the gulf of eternity. Though all strained their eyes, none of the men, Jack Tier excepted, ever saw more of Biddy Joon. Nor did Jack see much. He got a frightful glimpse of an arm, however, on the summit of a wave, but the motion of the boat was too swift, and the surface of the ocean too troubled, to admit of sight else.

A long pause succeeded this event. Biddy's quiet submission to her fate had produced more impression on her murderers than the desperate, but unavailing, struggles of those who had preceded her. Thus it is ever with men. When opposed, the demon within blinds them to consequences as well as to their duties; but, unresisted, the silent influence of the image of God makes itself felt, and a better spirit begins to prevail. There was not one in that boat who did not, for a brief space, wish that poor Biddy had been spared. With most that feeling, the last of human kindness they ever knew, lingered until the occurrence of the dread catastrophe which, so shortly after, closed the scene of this state of being on their eyes.

"Jack Tier," called out Spike, some five minutes after Biddy was drowned, but not until another observation had made it plainly apparent to him that the man-of-war's men still continued to draw nearer, being now not more than fair musket shot astern.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Jack, coming quietly out of his hole, from forward of the mast, and moving aft as if indifferent to the danger, by stepping lightly from thwart to thwart, until he reached the stern-sheets.

"It is your turn, little Jack," said Spike, as if in a sort of sorrowful submission to a necessity that knew no law, "we cannot spare you the room."

"I have expected this, and am ready. Let me have my own way, and I will cause you no trouble. Poor Biddy has taught me how to die. Before I go, however, Stephen Spike, I must leave you this letter. It is written by myself, and addressed to you. When I am gone, read it, and think well of what it contains. And now, may a merciful God pardon the sins of both, through love for his Divine Son. I forgive you, Stephen; and should you live to escape from those who are now bent on hunting you to the death, let this day cause you no grief on my account. Give me but a moment of time, and I will cause you no trouble."

Jack now stood upon the seat of the stern-sheets, balancing himself with one foot on the stern of the boat. He waited until the yawl had risen to the summit of a wave, when he looked eagerly for the man-of-war's cutter. At that moment she was lost to view in the trough of the sea. Instead of springing overboard, as all expected, he asked another instant of delay. The yawl sunk into the trough itself, and rose on the succeeding billow. Then he saw the cutter, and Wallace and Mulford standing in its bows. He waved his hat to them, and sprang high into the air, with the intent to make himself seen; when he came down, the boat had shot her length away from the place, leaving him to buffet with the waves. Jack now managed admirably, swimming lightly and easily, but keeping his eyes on the crests of the waves, with a view to meet the cutter. Spike now saw this well planned project to avoid death, and regretted his own remissness in not making sure of Jack. Everybody in the yawl was eagerly looking after the form of Tier.

"There he is on the comb of that sea, rolling over like a keg!" cried the boatswain.

"He's through it," answered Spike, "and swimming with great strength and coolness."

Several of the men started up involuntarily and simultaneously to look, hitting their shoulders and bodies together. Distrust was at its most painful height; and bull-dogs do not spring at the ox's muzzle more fiercely than those six men throttled each other. Oaths, curses, and appeals for help, succeeded; each man endeavoring, in his frenzied efforts, to throw all the others overboard, as the only means of saving himself. Plunge succeeded plunge; and when that combat of demons ended, no one remained of them all but the boatswain. Spike had taken no share in the struggle, looking on in grim satisfaction, as the Father of Lies may be supposed to regard all human strife, hoping good to himself, let the result be what it might to others. Of the five men who thus went overboard, not one escaped. They drowned each other by continuing their maddened conflict in an element unsuited to their natures.

Not so with Jack Tier. His leap had been seen, and a dozen eyes in the cutter watched for his person, as that boat came foaming down before the wind. A shout of "There he is!" from Mulford succeeded; and the little fellow was caught by the hair, secured, and then hauled into the boat by the second lieutenant of the Poughkeepsie and our young mate.

Others in the cutter had noted the incident of the hellish fight. The fact was communicated to Wallace, and Mulford said, "That yawl will outsail this loaded cutter, with only two men in it."

"Then it is time to try what virtue there is in lead," answered Wallace. "Marines, come forward, and give the rascal a volley."

The volley was fired; one ball passed through the head of the boatswain, killing him dead on the

spot. Another went through the body of Spike. The captain fell in the stern-sheets, and the boat instantly broached to.

The water that came on board apprised Spike fully of the state in which he was now placed, and by a desperate effort, he clutched the tiller, and got the yawl again before the wind. This could not last, however. Little by little, his hold relaxed, until his hand relinquished its grasp altogether, and the wounded man sunk into the bottom of the stern-sheets, unable to raise even his head. Again the boat broached-to. Every sea now sent its water aboard, and the yawl would soon have filled, had not the cutter come glancing down past it, and rounding-to under its lee, secured the prize.

[To be continued.]

## THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

A MIGHTY realm is the Land of Dreams,  
With steepes that hang in the twilight sky,  
And weltering oceans and trailing streams  
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy border flow  
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,  
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,  
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,  
From their bowers of light, to that bordering land,  
And walk in the fainter glory there,  
With the souls of the living, hand in hand.

One calm sweet smile in that shadowy sphere,  
From eyes that open on earth no more—  
One warning word from a voice once dear—  
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day,  
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,  
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away  
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,  
There walk the spectres of guilty fear.  
And soft low voices that float through the night  
Are whispering sin in the helpless ear.

Dear maids, in thy girlhood's opening flower,  
Scarce weaned from the love of childish play!  
The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower  
That freshens the early blooms of May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow  
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,  
And I know, by the moving lips, that now  
Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet!  
Oh keep where that beam of Paradise falls;  
And only wander where thou may'st meet  
The blessed ones from its shining walls.

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,  
With love and peace, to this world of strife;  
And the light that over that border streams  
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

## SONNET—TO S. D. A.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

WHEN the young Morning, like a new-drest bride,  
With pearls of dew fresh-glistening in her hair,  
Walks through the east in early summer-tide,  
Her robe loose floating on the scented air,  
The laughing hours assembled at her side  
Or circling round her—then is she less fair  
Than, in my heart, the picture, sweet and rare,

Thy presence left.—My books go unperused,  
Old friends are shunned, and time flies by unused,  
While I, grown idle, nothing do but dream;  
Gazing upon that picture till I seem  
Thyself, again, before my eyes to see,  
And not the ideal show: so that to me  
The semblance turns to sweet reality.

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

### OF GENERAL WILLIAM O. BUTLER.

BY FRANCIS P. BLAIR.

IN memoirs of individuals of distinction it is usual to look back to their ancestry. The feeling is universal which prompts us to learn something of even an ordinary acquaintance in whom interest is felt. It will indulge, therefore, only a necessary and proper curiosity to introduce the subject of this notice by a short account of a family whose striking traits survive in him so remarkably. General Butler's grandfather, Thomas Butler, was born 6th April, 1720, in Kilkenny, Ireland. He married there in 1742. Three of his five sons who attained manhood, Richard, William and Thomas, were born abroad. Pierce, the father of General William O. Butler, and Edward, the youngest son, were born in Pennsylvania. It is remarkable that all these men, and all their immediate male descendants, with a single exception, (who was a judge,) were engaged in the military service of this country.

The eldest, Richard, was Lieut. Col. of Morgan's celebrated rifle-regiment, and to him it owed much of the high character that gave it a fame of its own, apart from the other corps of the Revolution. The cool, disciplined valor which gave steady and deadly direction to the rifles of this regiment, was derived principally from this officer, who devoted himself to the drill of his men. He was promoted to the full command of his regiment sometime during the war, (when Morgan's great merit and services had raised him to the rank of general,) and in that capacity had commanded Wayne's left in the attack on Stony Point. About the year 1790, he was appointed major-general. On the 4th of November, 1791, he was killed in St. Clair's bloody battle with the Indians. His combat with the Indians, after he was shot, gave such a peculiar interest to his fate that a representation of himself and the group surrounding him was exhibited throughout the Union in wax figures. Notices of this accomplished soldier will be found in Marshall's *Life of Washington*, pages 290, 311, 420. In Gen. St. Clair's report, in the *American Museum*, volume xi. page 44, Appendix.

William Butler, the second son, was an officer throughout the revolutionary war; rose to the rank of colonel, and was in many of the severest battles. He was the favorite of the family, and was boasted of by this race of heroes as the coolest and boldest man in battle they had ever known. When the army was greatly reduced in rank and file, and there were many superfluous officers, they organized themselves into a separate corps, and elected him to the command. General Washington declined re-

ceiving this novel corps of commissioned soldiers, but in a proud testimonial did honor to their devoted patriotism.

Of Thomas Butler, the third son, we glean the following facts from the *American Biographical Dictionary*. In the year 1776, whilst he was a student of law in the office of the eminent Judge Wilson of Philadelphia, he left his pursuit and joined the army as a subaltern. He soon obtained the command of a company, in which he continued to the close of the revolutionary war. He was in almost every action fought in the Middle States during the war. At the battle of Brandywine he received the thanks of Washington on the field of battle, through his aid-de-camp Gen. Hamilton, for his intrepid conduct in rallying a detachment of retreating troops, and giving the enemy a severe fire. At the battle of Monmouth he received the thanks of Gen. Wayne for defending a defile, in the face of a severe fire from the enemy, while Col. Richard Butler's regiment made good its retreat. At the close of the war he retired into private life, as a farmer, and continued in the enjoyment of rural and domestic happiness until the year 1791, when he again took the field to meet the savage foe that menaced our western frontier. He commanded a battalion in the disastrous battle of Nov. 4, 1791, in which his brother fell. Orders were given by Gen. St. Clair to charge with the bayonet, and Major Butler, though his leg had been broken by a ball, yet on horseback, led his battalion to the charge. It was with difficulty his surviving brother, Capt. Edward Butler, removed him from the field. In 1792 he was continued in the establishment as major, and in 1794 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel commandant of the 4th sub-legion. He commanded in this year Fort Fayette, at Pittsburg, and prevented the deluded insurgents from taking it, more by his name than by his forces, for he had but few troops. The close of his life was embittered with trouble. In 1803 he was arrested by the commanding general—Wilkinson—at Fort Adams, on the Mississippi, and sent to Maryland, where he was tried by a court-martial, and acquitted of all the charges, save that of *wearing his hair*. He was then ordered to New Orleans, where he arrived, to take command of the troops, October 20th. He was again arrested next month; but the court did not sit until July of the next year, and their decision is not known. Col. Butler died Sept. 7, 1805. Out of the arrest and persecution of this sturdy veteran, Washington Irving (*Knickerbocker*) has worked up a fine piece of burlesque, in which Gen. Wilkinson's cha-



acter is inimitably delineated in that of the vain and pompous Gen. Von Poffenburg.

Percival Butler, the fourth son, father of General Wm. O. Butler, was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1760. He entered the army as a lieutenant at the age of eighteen; was with Washington at Valley Forge; was in the battle of Monmouth, and at the taking of Yorktown—being through the whole series of struggles in the Middle States, with the troops under the commander-in-chief, except for a short period when he was attached to a light corps commanded by La Fayette, who presented him a sword. Near the close of the war he went to the South with the Pennsylvania brigade, where peace found him. He emigrated to Kentucky in 1784. He was the last of the old stock left when the war of 1812 commenced. He was made adjutant-general when Kentucky became a State, and in that capacity joined one of the armies sent out by Kentucky during the war.

Edward Butler, the youngest of the five brothers, was too young to enter the army in the first stages of the Revolution, but joined it near the close, and had risen to a captaincy when Gen. St. Clair took the command, and led it to that disastrous defeat in which so many of the best soldiers of the country perished. He there evinced the highest courage and strongest fraternal affection, in carrying his wounded brother out of the massacre, which was continued for miles along the route of the retreating army, and from which so few escaped, even of those who fled unencumbered. He subsequently became adjutant-general in Wayne's army.

Of these five brothers four had sons—all of whom, with one exception, were engaged in the military or naval service of the country during the last war.

1st. General Richard Butler's son, William, died a lieutenant in the navy, early in the last war. His son, Captain James Butler, was at the head of the Pittsburg Blues, which company he commanded in the campaigns of the Northwest, and was particularly distinguished in the battle of Massassinawa.

2d. Colonel William Butler, also of the revolutionary army, had two sons, one died in the navy, the other a subaltern in Wayne's army. He was in the battle with the Indians in 1794.

3d. Lieut. Col. Thomas Butler, of the old stock, had three sons, the eldest a judge. The second, Col. Robert Butler, was at the head of Gen. Jackson's staff throughout the last war. The third, William E. Butler, also served in the army of Gen. Jackson.

4th. Percival Butler, captain in the revolutionary war, and adjutant-general of Kentucky during the last war, had four sons: first, Thomas, who was a captain, and aid to Gen. Jackson at New Orleans. Next, Gen. William O. Butler, the subject of this notice. Third, Richard, who was assistant adjutant-general in the campaigns of the war of 1812. Percival Butler, the youngest son, now a distinguished lawyer, was not of an age to bear arms in the last war. Of this second generation of the Butler's, there are nine certainly, and probably more, engaged in the present war.

This glance at the family shows the character of the race. An anecdote, derived from a letter of an

old Pennsylvania friend to the parents, who transplanted it from Ireland, shows that its military instinct was an inheritance. "While the five sons," says the letter, "were absent from home in the service of the country, the old father took it in his head to go also. The neighbors collected to remonstrate against it; but his wife said, 'Let him go! I can get along without him, and raise something to feed the army in the bargain; and the country wants every man who can shoulder a musket.'" It was doubtless this extraordinary zeal of the Butler family which induced Gen. Washington to give the toast—"The Butlers, and their five sons," at his own table, whilst surrounded by a large party of officers. This anecdote rests on the authority of the late Gen. Findlay, of Cincinnati. A similar tribute of respect was paid to this devoted house of soldiers by Gen. La Fayette, in a letter now extant, and in the possession of a lady connected with them by marriage. La Fayette says, "*When I wanted a thing well done, I ordered a Butler to do it.*"

From this retrospect it will be seen that in all the wars of the country, in the revolutionary war, in the Indian war, in the last British war, and the present Mexican war, the blood of almost every Butler able to bear arms has been freely shed in the public cause. Maj. Gen. William O. Butler is now among the highest in the military service of his country; and he has attained this grade from the ranks—the position of a private being the only one he ever sought. At the opening of the war of 1812, he had just graduated in the Transylvania University, and was looking to the law as a profession. The surrender of Detroit, and the army by Hull, aroused the patriotism and the valor of Kentucky—and young Butler, yet in his minority, was among the first to volunteer. He gave up his books, and the enjoyments of the gay and polished society of Lexington, where he lived among a circle of fond and partial relations—the hope to gratify their ambition in shining at the bar, or in the political forum of the state—to join Capt. Hart's company of infantry as a private soldier.

Before the march to join the northwestern army, he was elected a corporal. In this grade he marched to the relief of Fort Wayne, which was invested by hostile Indians. These were driven before the Kentucky volunteers to their towns on the Wabash, which were destroyed, and the troops then returned to the Miami of the lakes, where they made a winter encampment. Here an ensign's commission in the second regiment of United States infantry was tendered to the volunteer corporal, which he declined, unless permitted to remain with the northwestern army, which he had entered to share in the effort of the Kentucky militia to wipe out the disgrace of Hull's surrender by the recapture of Detroit. His proposition was assented to, and he received an ensign's appointment in the seventeenth infantry, then a part of the northwestern army, under the command of Gen. Winchester. After enduring every privation in a winter encampment, in the wilderness and frozen marshes of the lake country, awaiting in vain the expected support of additional forces,

the Kentucky volunteers, led by Lewis, Allen, and Madison, with Well's regiment, (17th U. S.) advanced to encounter the force of British and Indians which defended Detroit. On leaving Kentucky the volunteers had pledged themselves to drive the British invaders from our soil. These men and their leaders were held in such estimation at home, that the expectation formed of them exceeded their promises; and these volunteers, though disappointed in every succor which they had reason to anticipate—wanting in provision, clothes, cannon, in every thing—resolved, rather than lose reputation, to press on to the enterprise, and to endeavor to draw on to them, by entering into action, the troops behind. It is not proper here to enter into explanations of the causes of the disaster at the River Raisin, the consequence of this movement, nor to give the particulars of the battle. The incidents which signalized the character of the subject of this memoir alone are proper here.

There were two battles at the River Raisin, one on the 18th, the other on the 22d of January. In the first, the whole body of Indian warriors, drawn together from all the lake tribes, for the defence of Upper Canada against the approaching Kentuckians, were encountered. In moving to the attack of this formidable force of the fiercest, and bravest, and most expert warriors on the continent, a strong party of them were desecrated from the line with which Ensign Butler advanced, running forward to reach a fence, and hold it as a cover from which to ply their rifles. Butler instantly proposed, and was permitted, to anticipate them. Calling upon some of the most alert and active men of the company, he ran directly to meet the Indians at the fence. He and his comrades outstripped the enemy, and getting possession of the fence, kept the advantage of the position for their advancing friends. This incident, of however little importance as to results, is worth remembrance in giving the traits of a young soldier's character. It is said that the hardest veteran, at the opening of the fire in battle, feels, for the moment, somewhat appalled. And Gen. Wolfe, one of the bravest of men, declared that the "horrid yell of the Indian strikes the boldest heart with affright." The stripling student, who, for the first time, beheld a field of battle on the snows of the River Raisin, presenting in bold relief long files of those terrible enemies, whose massacres had filled his native State with tales of horror, must have felt some stirring sensations. But the crack of the Indian rifle, and his savage yell, awoke in him the chivalric instincts of his nature; and the promptitude with which he communicated his enthusiasm to a few comrades around, and rushed forward to meet danger in its most appalling form, risking himself to save others, and secure a triumph which he could scarcely hope to share, gave earnest of the military talent, the self-sacrificing courage, and the soldierly sympathies which have drawn to him the nation's esteem. The close of the battle of the 18th gave another instance in which these latter traits of Gen. Butler's character were still more strikingly illustrated. The Indians, driven from the defences around the town on the River Raisin, retired fighting

into the thick woods beyond it. The contest of sharp-shooting from tree to tree was here continued—the Kentuckians pressing forward, and the Indians retreating, until night closed in, when the Kentuckians were recalled to the encampment in the village. The Indians advanced as their opposers withdrew, and kept up the fire until the Kentuckians emerged from the woods into the open ground. Just as the column to which Ensign Butler belonged reached the verge of the dark forest, the voice of a wounded man, who had been left some distance behind, was heard calling out most piteously for help. Butler induced three of his company to go back in the woods with him to bring him off. He was found, and they fought their way back—one of the men, Jeremiah Walker, receiving a shot, of which he subsequently died.

In the second sanguinary battle of the River Raisin, on the 22d of January, with the British and Indians, another act of self-devotion was performed by Butler. After the rout and massacre of the right wing, belonging to Wells' command, the whole force of the British and Indians was concentrated against the small body of troops under Major Madison, that maintained their ground within the picketed gardens. A double barn, commanding the plot of ground on which the Kentuckians stood, was approached on one side by the Indians, under the cover of an orchard and fence; the British, on the other side, being so posted as to command the space between it and the pickets. A party in the rear of the barn were discovered advancing to take possession of it. All saw the fatal consequences of the secure lodgment of the enemy at a place which would present every man within the pickets at close rifle-shot to the aim of their marksmen. Major Madison inquired if there was no one who would volunteer to run the gauntlet of the fire of the British and Indian lines, and put a torch to the combustibles within the barn, to save the remnant of the little army from sacrifice. Butler, without a moment's delay, took some blazing sticks from a fire at hand, leaped the pickets, and running at his utmost speed, thrust the fire into the straw with the barn. One who was an anxious spectator of the event we narrate, says, "that although volley upon volley was fired at him, Butler, after making some steps on his way back, turned to see if the fire had taken, and not being satisfied, returned to the barn and set it in a blaze. As the conflagration grew, the enemy was seen retreating from the rear of the building, which they had entered at one end, as the flame ascended in the other. Soon after reaching the pickets in safety, amid the shouts of his friends, he was struck by a ball in his breast. Believing from the pain he felt that it had penetrated his chest, turning to Adjutant (now Gen.) McCalla, one of his Lexington comrades, and pressing his hand to the spot, he said, "I fear this shot is mortal, but while I am able to move, I will do my duty." To the anxious inquiries of this friend, who met him soon afterward, he opened his vest, with a smile, and showed him that the ball had spent itself on the thick wadding of his coat and on his breast bone. He suffered, however, for many weeks.

The little band within the pickets, which Winchester had surrendered, after being carried himself a prisoner into Proctor's camp, denied his powers. They continued to hold the enemy at bay until they were enabled to capitulate on honorable terms, which, nevertheless, Proctor shamefully violated, by leaving the sick and wounded who were unable to walk to the tomahawk of his allies. Butler, who was among the few of the wounded who escaped the massacre, was marched through Canada to Fort Niagara—suffering under his wound, and every privation—oppressed with grief, hunger, fatigue, and the inclement cold of that desolate region. Even here he forgot himself, and his mind wandered back to the last night scene which he surveyed on the bloody shores of the River Raisin. He gave up the heroic part and became the school-boy again, and commemorated his sorrows for his lost friends in verse, like some passionate, heart-broken lover. These elegiac strains were never intended for any but the eye of mutual friends, whose sympathies, like his own, poured out tears with their plaints over the dead. We give some of these lines of his boyhood, to show that the heroic youth had a bosom not less kind than brave.

#### THE FIELD OF RAISIN.

The battle's o'er! the din is past,  
Night's mantle on the field is cast;  
The Indian yell is heard no more,  
An silence broods o'er Erie's shore.  
At this lone hour I go to tread  
The field where valor vainly bled—  
To raise the wounded warrior's crest,  
Or warm with tears his icy breast;  
To treasure up his last command,  
And bear it to his native land.  
It may one pulse of joy impart  
To a fond mother's bleeding heart;  
Or for a moment it may dry  
The tear-drop in the widow's eye.  
Vain hope, away! The widow ne'er  
Her warrior's dying wish shall hear.  
The passing zephyr bears no sigh,  
No wounded warrior meets the eye—  
Death is his sleep by Erie's wave,  
Raisin's snow we heap his grave!  
How many hopes lie murdered here—  
The mother's joy, the father's pride,  
The country's boast, the foeman's fear,  
In wilder'd havoc, side by side.  
Lend me, thou silent queen of night,  
Lend me awhile thy waning light,  
That I may see each well-loved form,  
That sunk beneath the morning storm.

These lines are introductory to what may be considered a succession of epitaphs on the personal friends whose bodies he found upon the field. It would extend the extract too far to insert them. We can only add the close of the poem, where he takes leave of a group of his young comrades in Hart's company, who had fallen together.

And here I see that youthful band,  
That loved to move at Hart's command;  
I saw them for the battle dressed,  
And still where danger thickest pressed,  
I marked their crimson plumage wave.  
How many filled this bloody grave!  
Their pillow and their winding-sheet  
The virgin snow—a shroud meet!  
But wherefore do I linger here?  
Why drop the unavailing tear?  
Where'er I turn, some youthful form,  
Like floweret broken by the storm,  
Appeals to me in sad array,  
And bids me yet a moment stay,

Till I could fondly lay me down  
And sleep with him on the cold, cold ground.  
For thee, thou dread and solemn plain,  
I ne'er shall look on thee again;  
And Spring, with her effacing showers,  
Shall come, and Summer's mantling flowers;  
And each succeeding Winter throw  
On thy red breast new robes of snow;  
Yet I will wear thee in my heart,  
All dark and gory as thou art.

Shortly after his return from Canada, Ensign Butler was promoted to a captaincy in the regiment to which he belonged. But as this promotion was irregular, being made over the heads of senior officers in that regiment, a captaincy was given him in the 44th, a new raised regiment. When free from parole, by exchange, in 1814, he instantly entered on active duty, with a company which he had recruited at Nashville, Tennessee. His regiment was ordered to join General Jackson in the South, but Captain Butler finding its movements too tardy, pushed on, and effected that junction with his company alone. Gen. Call, at that time an officer in Capt. Butler's company, (since Gov. of Florida,) in a letter addressed to Mr. Tanner of Kentucky, presents, as an eye-witness, so graphically, the share which Capt. Butler had in the campaign which followed, that it may well supersede any narrative at second hand.

*"Tallahassee, April 3, 1844.*

"SIR,—I avail myself of the earliest leisure I have had since the receipt of your letter of the 18th of February, to give you a reply.

"A difference of political sentiments will not induce me to withhold the narrative you have requested, of the military services of Col. Wm. O. Butler, during the late war with Great Britain, while attached to the army of the South. My intimate association with him, in camp, on the march, and in the field, has perhaps made me as well acquainted with his merits, as a gentleman and a soldier, as any other man living. And although we are now standing in opposite ranks, I cannot forget the days and nights we have stood side by side, facing the common enemy of our country, sharing the same fatigues, dangers, and privations, and participating in the same pleasures and enjoyments. The feelings and sympathies springing from such associations in the days of our youth can never be removed or impaired by a difference of opinion with regard to men or measures, when each may well believe the other equally sincere as himself, and where the most ardent desire of both is to sustain the honor, the happiness and prosperity of our country.

"Soon after my appointment in the army of the United States, as a lieutenant, in the fall of 1814, I was ordered to join the company of Capt. Butler, of the 44th regiment of infantry, then at Nashville, Tennessee. When I arrived, and reported myself, I found the company under orders to join our regiment in the South. The march, mostly through an unsettled wilderness, was conducted by Capt. Butler with his usual promptitude and energy, and by forced and rapid movements we arrived at Fort Montgomery, the head-quarters of Gen. Jackson, a short distance above the Florida line, just in time to follow our beloved general in his bold enterprise to drive the enemy from his strong position in a neutral territory. The van-guard of the army destined for the invasion of Louisiana had made Pensacola its head-quarters, and the British navy in the Gulf of Mexico had rendezvoused in that beautiful bay.

"The penetrating sagacity of Gen. Jackson discovered the advantage of the position assumed by the British forces, and with a decision and energy which never faltered, he resolved to find his enemy, even under the flag of a neutral power. This was

done by a prompt and rapid march, surprising and cutting off all the advanced pickets, until we arrived within gun-shot of the fort at Pensacola. The army of Gen. Jackson was then so inconsiderable as to render a reinforcement of a single company, commanded by such an officer as Capt. Butler, an important acquisition. And although there were several companies of regular troops ordered to march from Tennessee at the same time, Capt. Butler's, by his extraordinary energy and promptitude, was the only one which arrived in time to join this expedition. His company formed a part of the centre column of attack at Pensacola. The street we entered was defended by a battery in front, which fired on us incessantly, while several strong block-houses, on our flanks, discharged upon us small arms and artillery. But a gallant and rapid charge soon carried the guns in front, and the town immediately surrendered.

"In this fight Capt. Butler led on his company with his usual intrepidity. He had one officer, Lieut. Flournoy, severely wounded, and several non-commissioned officers and privates killed and wounded.

"From Pensacola, after the object of the expedition was completed, by another prompt and rapid movement, we arrived at New Orleans a few weeks before the appearance of the enemy.

"On the 23d of December the signal-gun announced the approach of the enemy. The previous night they had surprised and captured one of our pickets; had ascended a bayou, disembarked, and had taken possession of the left bank of the Mississippi, within six miles of New Orleans. The energy of every officer was put in requisition, to concentrate our forces in time to meet the enemy. Capt. Butler was one of the first to arrive at the general's quarters, and ask instructions; they were received and promptly executed. Our regiment, stationed on the opposite side, was transported across the river. All the available forces of our army, not much exceeding fifteen hundred men, were concentrated in the city; and while the sun went down the line of battle was formed; and every officer took the station assigned him in the fight. The infantry formed on the open square, in front of the Cathedral, waiting in anxious expectation for the order to move. During this momentary pause, while the enemy was expected to enter the city, a scene of deep and thrilling interest was presented. Every gallery, porch and window around the square were filled with the fair forms of beauty, in silent anxiety and alarm, waving their handkerchiefs to the gallant and devoted band which stood before them, prepared to die, or defend them from the rude intrusion of a foreign soldiery. It was a scene calculated to awaken emotions never to be forgotten. It appealed to the chivalry and patriotism of every officer and soldier—it inspired every heart, and nerved every arm for battle. From this impressive scene the army marched to meet the enemy, and about eight o'clock at night they were surprised in their encampment, immediately on the banks of the Mississippi. Undiscovered, our line was formed in silence within a short distance of the enemy; a rapid charge was made into their camp, and a desperate conflict ensued. After a determined resistance the enemy gave way, but disputing every inch of ground we gained. In advancing over ditches and fences in the night, rendered still more dark by the smoke of the battle, much confusion necessarily ensued, and many officers became separated from their commands. It more than once occurred during the fight that some of our officers, through mistake, entered the enemy's lines; and the British officers in like manner entered ours. The meritorious officer in command of our regiment, at the commencement of the battle, lost his position in the darkness and confusion, and was unable to regain it until the action was over. In this manner, for a short time, the regiment was without a commander, and its movements were regulated by the platoon officers, which increased the confusion and irregularity of the advance. In this critical situation, and in the heat of the battle, Capt. Butler, as the senior officer present, assumed command of the regi-

ment, and led it on most gallantly to repeated and successful charges, until the fight ended in the complete rout of the enemy. We were still pressing on their rear, when an officer of the general's staff rode up and ordered the pursuit discontinued. Captain Butler urged its continuance, and expressed the confident belief of his ability to take many prisoners, if permitted to advance. But the order was promptly repeated, under the well-founded apprehension that our troops might come in collision with each other, an event which had unhappily occurred at a previous hour of the fight. No corps on that field was more bravely led to battle than the regiment commanded by Capt. Butler, and no officer of any rank, save the commander-in-chief, was entitled to higher credit for the achievement of that glorious night.

"A short time before the battle of the 8th of January, Capt. Butler was detailed to command the guard in front of the encampment. A house standing near the bridge, in advance of his position, had been taken possession of by the light troops of the enemy, from whence they annoyed our guard. Capt. Butler determined to dislodge them and burn the house. He accordingly marched to the attack at the head of his command, but the enemy retired before him. Seeing their retreat, he halted his guard, and advanced himself, accompanied by two or three men only, for the purpose of burning the house. It was an old frame building, weather-boarded, without ceiling or plaster in the inside, with a single door opening to the British camp. On entering the house he found a soldier of the enemy concealed in one corner, whom he captured, and sent to the rear with his men, remaining alone in the house. While he was in the act of kindling a fire, a detachment of the enemy, unperceived, occupied the only door. The first impulse was to force, with his single arm, a passage through them, but he was instantly seized in a violent manner by two or three stout fellows, who pushed him back against the wall with such force as to burst off the weather-boarding from the wall, and he fell through the opening thus made. In an instant he recovered himself, and under a heavy fire from the enemy, he retreated until supported by the guard, which he immediately led on to the attack, drove the British light troops from their strong position, and burnt the house in the presence of the two armies.

"I witnessed on that field many deeds of daring courage, but none of which more excited my admiration than this.

"Capt. Butler was soon after in the battle of the 8th of January, where he sustained his previously high and well earned reputation for bravery and usefulness. But that battle, which, from its important results, has eclipsed those which preceded it, was but a slaughter of the enemy, with trivial loss on our part, and presenting few instances of individual distinction.

"Capt. Butler received the brevet rank of major for his gallant services during that eventful campaign, and the reward of merit was never more worthily bestowed. Soon after the close of the war, he was appointed aid-de-camp to Gen. Jackson, in which station he remained until he retired from the army. Since that period I have seldom had the pleasure of meeting with my valued friend and companion in arms, and I know but little of his career in civil life. But in camp, his elevated principles, his intelligence and generous feelings, won for him the respect and confidence of all who knew him; and where he is best known, I will venture to say, he is still most highly appreciated for every attribute which constitutes the gentleman and the soldier.

"I am, sir, very respectfully,

"R. K. CALL."

"MR. WILLIAM TANNER."

General Jackson's sense of the services of Butler, in this memorable campaign, was strongly expressed in the following letter to a member of the Kentucky Legislature:

*"Hermitage, Feb. 20, 1844.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—You ask me to give you my opinion of the military services of the then Captain, now Colonel, Wm. O. Butler, of Kentucky, during the investment of New Orleans by the British forces in 1814 and 1815. I wish I had sufficient strength to speak fully of the merit of the services of Col. Butler on that occasion; this strength I have not: Suffice it to say, that on all occasions he displayed that heroic chivalry, and calmness of judgment in the midst of danger, which distinguish the valuable officers in the hour of battle. In a conspicuous manner were those noble qualities displayed by him on the night of the 23d December, 1814, and on the 8th of January, 1815, as well as at all times during the presence of the British army at New Orleans. In short, he was to be found at all points where duty called. I hazard nothing in saying that should our country again be engaged in war during the active age of Col. Butler, he would be one of the very best selections that could be made to command our army, and lead the Eagles of our country on to victory and renown. He has sufficient energy to assume all responsibility necessary to success, and for his country's good.

"ANDREW JACKSON."

Gen. Jackson gave earlier proof of the high estimation in which he held the young soldier who had identified himself with his own glory at New Orleans. He made him his aid-de-camp in 1816—which station he retained on the peace establishment, with the rank of colonel. But, like his illustrious patron, he soon felt that military station and distinction had no charms for him when unattended with the dangers, duties, and patriotic achievements of war. He resigned, therefore, even the association with his veteran chief, of which he was so proud, and retired in 1817 to private life. He resumed his study of the profession that was interrupted by the war, unmarried, and settled down on his patrimonial possession at the confluence of the Kentucky and Ohio rivers, in the noiseless but arduous vocations of civil life. The abode which he had chosen made it peculiarly so with him. The region around him was wild and romantic, sparsely settled, and by pastoral people. There are no populous towns. The high, rolling, and yet rich lands—the precipitous cliffs of the Kentucky, of Eagle, Tavern and other tributaries which pour into it near the mouth—make this section of the State still, to some extent a wilderness of thickets—and the tangled pea-vine, the grape-vine and nut-bearing trees, which rendered all Kentucky, until the intrusion of the whites, one great Indian park. The whole luxuriant domain was preserved by the Indians as a pasture for buffalo, deer, elk, and other animals—their enjoyment alike as a chase and a subsistence—by excluding every tribe from fixing a habitation in it. Its name consecrated it as the dark and bloody ground; and war pursued every foot that trod it. In the midst of this region, in April, 1791, Wm. O. Butler was born, in Jessamine county, on the Kentucky River. His father had married, in Lexington, soon after his arrival in Kentucky, 1782, Miss Howkins, a sister-in-law of Col. Todd, who commanded and perished in the battle of the Blue-Licks. Following the instincts of his family, which seemed ever to court danger, Gen. Pierce Butler, as neighborhood encroached around him, removed, not long after the birth of his son William, to the mouth of the Ken-

tucky River. Through this section the Indian war-path into the heart of Kentucky passed. Until the peace of 1794, there was scarcely a day that some hostile Savage did not prowl through the tangled forests, and the labyrinths of hills, streams and cliffs, which adapted this region to their lurking warfare. From it they emerged when they made their last formidable incursion, and pushed their foray to the environs of Frankfort, the capital of the State. General Pierce Butler had on one side of him the Ohio, on the farther shore of which the savage hordes still held the mastery, and on the other the romantic region through which they hunted and pressed their war enterprises. And here, amid the scenes of border warfare, his son William had that spirit, which has animated him through life, educated by the legends of the Indian-fighting hunters of Kentucky.

To the feelings and taste inspired by the peculiarities of the place and circumstances adverted to, must be attributed the return of Col. Butler to his father's home, to enter on his profession as a lawyer. There were no great causes or rich clients to attract him—no dense population to lift him to the political honors of the State. The eloquence and learning, the industry and integrity which he gave to adjust the controversies of Gallatin and the surrounding Counties, would have crowned him with wealth and professional distinction, if exhibited at Louisville or Lexington. But he coveted neither. Independence, the affections of his early associates, the love of a family circle, and the charm which the recollection of a happy boyhood gave to the scenes in which he was reared, were all he sought. And he found them all in the romantic dells and woodland heights of Kentucky, and on the sides of the far spreading, gently flowing, beautiful Ohio. The feeling which his sincere and sensitive nature had imbibed here was as strong as that of the Switzer for his bright lakes, lofty mountains, and deep valleys. The wild airs of the boat horn, which have resounded for so many years from arks descending the Ohio and Kentucky, floating along the current and recurring in echoes from the hollows of the hills, like its eddies, became as dear to him as the famous *Rans de Vache* to the native of Switzerland. We insert, as characteristic alike of the poetical talent and temperament of Butler, some verses which the sound of this rude instrument evoked when he returned home, resigning with rapture "the ear piercing fife and spirit stirring drum" for the wooden horn, which can only compass in its simple melody such airs as that to which Burns has set his beautiful words—

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,  
And gentle peace returning,  
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,  
And many a widow mourning;  
I left the lines and tented field.

The music of this song made the burden of the "Boatman's Horn," and always announced the approaching ark to the river villages.

The sentiments of the poet, as well as the sweet and deep tones which wafted the plaintive air over the wide expanse of the Ohio, may have contributed to awaken the feeling which pervaded these lines.

## THE BOAT HORN.

O, boatman! wind that horn again,  
 For never did the list'ning air  
 Upon its lambent bosom bear  
 So wild, so soft, so sweet a strain—  
 What though thy notes are sad, and few,  
 By every simple boatman blown,  
 Yet is each pulse to nature true,  
 And melody in every tone.  
 How oft in boyhood's joyous day,  
 Unmindful of the lapsing hours,  
 I've loitered on my homeward way  
 By wild Ohio's brink of flowers.  
 While some lone boatman, from the deck,  
 Poured his soft numbers to that tide,  
 As if to charm from storm and wreck  
 The boat where all his fortunes ride!  
 Delighted Nature drank the sound,  
 Enchanted—Echo bore it round  
 In whispers soft, and softer still,  
 From hill to plain, and plain to hill,  
 Till e'en the thoughtless, frolic boy,  
 Elate with hope, and wild with joy,  
 Who gambled by the river's side,  
 And sported with the fretting tide,  
 Feels something new pervade his breast,  
 Chain his light step, repress his jest,  
 Bends o'er the flood his eager ear  
 To catch the sounds far off yet dear—  
 Drinks the sweet draught, but knows not why  
 The tear of rapture fills his eye  
 And can he now, to manhood grown,  
 Tell why those notes, simple and lone,  
 As on the ravished ear they fall,  
 Bind every sense in magic spell?  
 There is a tide of feeling given  
 To all on earth, its fountain Heaven.  
 Beginning with the dewy flower,  
 Just oped in Flora's vernal bower—  
 Rising creation's orders through  
 With louder murmur, brighter hue—  
 That *hills* is sympathy! its ebb and flow  
 Give life its hues of joy and woe.  
 Music, the master-spirit that can move  
 Its waves to war, or lull them into love—  
 Can cheer the sinking sailor mid the wave,  
 And bid the soldier on! nor fear the grave—  
 Inspire the fainting pilgrim on his road,  
 And elevate his soul to claim his God.  
 Then, boatman! wind that horn again!  
 Though much of sorrow mark its strain,  
 Yet are its notes to sorrow dear;  
 What though they wake fond memory's tear!  
 Tears are sad memory's sacred feast,  
 And rapture oft her chosen guest.

This retirement, which may almost be considered seclusion, was enjoyed by Col. Butler nearly twenty-five years, when he was called out by the Democratic party to redeem by his personal popularity the congressional district in which he lived. It was supposed that no one else could save it from the Whigs. Like all the rest of his family, none of whom had made their military service a passport to the honors and emoluments of civil stations, he was averse to relinquish the attitude he occupied to enter on a party struggle. The importunity of friends prevailed; and he was elected to two successive terms in Congress, absolutely refusing to be a candidate a third time. He spoke seldom in Congress, but in two or three fine speeches which appear in the debates, a power will readily be detected which could not have failed to conduct to the highest distinction in that body. Taste, judgment, and eloquence, characterized all his efforts in Congress. A fine manner, an agreeable voice, and the high consideration accorded to him by the members of all parties, gave him, what it is the good fortune of few to obtain, an attentive and gratified audience.

In 1844 the same experiment was made with Butler's popularity to carry the state for the De-

mocracy, as had succeeded in his congressional district. He was nominated as the Democratic candidate for governor by the 8th of January Convention; and there is good ground to believe that he would have been chosen over his estimable Whig competitor, Governor Owsley, but for the universal conviction throughout the state that the defeat of Mr. Clay's party, by the choice of a Democratic governor in August, would have operated to injure Mr. Clay's prospects throughout the Union, in the presidential election which followed immediately after in November. With Mr. Clay's popularity, and the activity of all his friends—with the state pride so long exalted by the aspiration of giving a President to the Union—more eagerly than ever enlisted against the Democracy, Col. Butler diminished the Whig majority from twenty thousand to less than five thousand.

The late military events with which Maj. Gen. Butler has been connected—in consequence of his elevation to that grade in 1846, with the view to the command of the volunteers raised to support Gen. Taylor in his invasion of Mexico—are so well known to the country that minute recital is not necessary. He acted a very conspicuous part in the severe conflict at Monterey, and had, as second in command under Gen. Taylor, his full share in the arduous duties and responsibilities incurred in that important movement. The narrative of Major Thomas, senior assistant adjutant-general of the army in Mexico, and hence assigned by Gen. Taylor to the staff of Gen. Butler, reports so plainly and modestly the part which Gen. Butler performed in subjecting the city, that it may well stand for history. This passage is taken from it. "The army arrived at their camp in the vicinity of Monterey about noon September 19th. That afternoon the general endeavored by personal observation to get information of the enemy's position. He, like Gen. Taylor, saw the importance of gaining the road to Saltillo, and fully favored the movement of Gen. Worth's division to turn their left, &c. Worth marched Sunday, September 20th, for this purpose, thus leaving Twiggs' and Butler's divisions with Gen. Taylor. Gen. Butler was also in favor of throwing his division across the St. John's river, and approaching the town from the east, which was at first determined upon. This was changed, as it would leave but one, and perhaps the smallest division, to guard the camp, and attack in front. The 20th the general also reconnoitered the enemy's position. Early the morning of the 21st the force was ordered out to create a diversion in favor of Worth, that he might gain his position; and before our division came within long range of the enemy's principal battery, the foot of Twiggs' division had been ordered down to the northeast side of the town, to make an armed reconnaissance of the advanced battery, and to take it if it could be done without great loss. The volunteer division was scarcely formed in rear of our howitzer and mortar battery, established the night previous under cover of a rise of ground, before the infantry sent down to the northeast side of the town became closely and hotly engaged, the batteries of that division were sent down, and we were then ordered to

*support the attack.* Leaving the Kentucky regiment to support the mortar and howitzer battery, the general rapidly put in march, by a flank movement, the other three regiments, moving for some one and a-half or two miles under a heavy fire of round shot. As further ordered, the Ohio regiment was detached from Quitman's brigade, and led by the general (at this time accompanied by Gen. Taylor) into the town. Quitman carried his brigade directly on the battery first attacked, and gallantly carried it. Before this, however, as we entered the suburbs, the chief engineer came up and advised us to withdraw, as the object of the attack had failed, and if we moved on we must meet with great loss. The general was loath to fall back without consulting with Gen. Taylor, which he did do—the general being but a short distance off. As we were withdrawing, news came that Quitman had carried the battery, and Gen. Butler led the Ohio regiment back to the town at a different point. In the street we became exposed to a line of batteries on the opposite side of a small stream, and also from a *tête de pont* (bridge-head) which enfiladed us. Our men fell rapidly as we moved up the street to get a position to charge the battery across the stream. Coming to a cross-street, the general reconnoitered the position, and determining to charge from that point, sent me back a short distance to stop the firing, and advance the regiment with the bayonet. I had just left him, when he was struck in the leg, being on foot, and was obliged to leave the field."

"On entering the town, the general and his troops became at once hotly engaged at short musket range. He had to make his reconnoissances under heavy fire. This he did unflinchingly, and by exposing his person—on one occasion passing through a large gateway into a yard which was entirely open to the enemy. When he was wounded, at the intersection of the two streets, he was exposed to a cross-fire of musketry and grape."

"In battle the general's bearing was truly that of a soldier; and those under him felt the influence of his presence. He had the entire confidence of his men."

The narrative of Major Thomas continues:

"When Gen. Taylor went on his expedition to Victoria, in December, he placed Gen. Butler in command of the troops left on the Rio Grande, and at the stations from the river on to Saltillo—Worth's small division of regulars being at the latter place. Gen. Wool's column had by this time reached Parras, one hundred or more miles west of Saltillo. General Butler had so far recovered from his wound as to walk a little and take exercise on horseback, though with pain to his limb. One night, (about the 19th December,) an express came from Gen. Worth at Saltillo, stating that the Mexican forces were advancing in large numbers from San Luis de Potosi, and that he expected to be attacked in two days. His division, all told, did not exceed 1500 men, if so many, and he asked reinforcements. The general remained up during the balance of the night, sent off the necessary couriers to the rear for reinforcements, and had the 1st Kentucky, and the 1st Ohio foot, then encamped three miles from town, in the place by daylight; and these two regiments, with Webster's battery, were

encamped that night ten miles on the road to Saltillo. This promptness enabled the general to make his second day's march of twenty-two miles in good season, and to hold the celebrated pass of Los Muertos, and check the enemy should he have attacked Gen. Worth on that day, and obliged him to evacuate the town. Whilst on the next, and last day's march, the general received notice that the reported advance of the enemy was untrue. Arriving at the camp-ground, the general suffered intense pain from his wound, and slept not during the night. This journey, over a rugged, mountainous road, and the exercise he took in examining the country for twenty miles in advance of Saltillo, caused the great increase of pain now experienced."

The major's account then goes on to relate Gen. Butler's proceedings while in command of all the forces after the junction of Generals Worth and Wool—his dispositions to meet the threatened attack of Santa Anna—the defences created by him at Saltillo, and used during the attack at Buena Vista in dispersing Miñon's forces—his just treatment of the people of Saltillo, with the prudent and effectual precautions taken to make them passive in the event of Santa Anna's approach. It concludes by stating that all apprehensions of Santa Anna's advance subsiding, Gen. Butler returned to meet Gen. Taylor at Monterey, to report the condition of affairs; and the latter, having taken the command at Saltillo, transmitted a leave of absence to Gen. Butler, to afford opportunity for the cure of his wound.

This paper affords evidence of the kind feeling which subsisted between the two generals during the campaign, and this sentiment was strongly evinced by Gen. Butler, on his arrival in Washington, where he spoke in the most exalted terms of the leader under whom he served.

In person Gen. Butler is tall, straight, and handsomely formed, exceedingly active and alert—his mien is inviting—his manners graceful—his gait and air military—his countenance frank and pleasing—the outline of his features of the aquiline cast, thin and pointed in expression—the general contour of his head is Roman.

The character of Gen. Butler in private life is in fine keeping with that exhibited in his public career. In the domestic circle, care, kindness, assiduous activity in anticipating the wants of all around him—readiness to forego his own gratifications to gratify others, have become habits growing out of his affections. His love makes perpetual sunshine at his home. Among his neighbors, liberality, affability, and active sympathy mark his social intercourse, and unbending integrity and justice all his dealings. His home is one of unpretending simplicity. It is too much the habit in Kentucky, with stern and fierce men, to carry their personal and political ends with a high hand. Gen. Butler, with all the masculine strength, courage, and reputation to give success to attempts of this sort, never evinced the slightest disposition to indulge the power, whilst his well-known firmness always forbade such attempts on him. His life has been one of peace with all men, except the enemies of his country.

MATHEW MIZZLE,  
OF THE INQUIRING MIND.

BY THE LATE JOSEPH C. NEAL.



How could he help it? Born with an inquiring turn of mind, and gifted from the first with a disposition toward experimental philosophy, by what processes would you undertake to change the current of Mathew Mizzle's mind? He is one of those who take nothing for granted. A weight of authority is little in his mind when compared to the personal investigation of the fact—facts for the people, and for himself as one of the people—that's the pivot on which Mathew Mizzle turns and returns, one fact being to his mind worth whole volumes of speculative assumption; and to Mizzle all facts, let them relate to what they may, are of peculiar interest. It is useless to tell him so. He must go, see and examine

for himself. Often, for instance, as he had been told that Gruffenhoff's big dog would bite at the aspect of strange visitations, do you think that this species of information would content the youthful Mizzle? No—he must see into the matter for himself, and ascertain it beyond the possibility of a doubt, by touching up Gruffenhoff's big dog with a stick, as the aforesaid big dog lay asleep in the sun, whereby the demonstration was immediately afforded. The big dog would bite—he did bite severely; and thus the little Mizzle added another fact to his magazine of knowledge, as well as an enduring scar to his person, which placed the result upon record, and kept memory fresh on the subject. One dog, at least, will



bite; and thenceforth, Mathew Mizzle admitted the inference that dogs are apt to bite, under circumstances congenial to such dental performances. If you doubt it, there 's the mark.

"Burnee—burnee, baby," are the notes of warning often heard in the nursery, when heated stoves become an object of interest to little human specimens just learning to creep. But "burnee, burnee," conveyed no precise idea to the infantile Mizzle during his preliminary locomotive operations; and in consonance with the impulses of his nature, he soon tried the stove in its most intense displays of caloric, and in this way determined that "burnee, burnee," was unpleasant to the person, and injurious to the costume and raiment of that person, to say nothing of its threatening dispositions toward the whole establishment. "Burnee, burnee," to the house, as well as "burnee, burnee," to the baby. And so also as to lamps and candles—that they would "burnee" too, was placed, painfully, beyond the impertinent reach of a doubt in minds of the most sceptic order. Mathew Mizzle can show you the evidences to this day, scored, as it were, upon the living parchment, and engrossed in characters not to be misunderstood upon the cuticular binding of his physical identity.

It was useless, also, to place the little Mathew at the head of stairs, with information that any further advance on his part would prove matter of injury. How could he know until he had tried? Indeed, it required several clear tumbles down an entire flight to satisfy his judgment on this point, and to imprint it on his mind, through the medium of his bumpology, that the swiftest transition from one place to another, especially when effected by the downward movement, is not always the safest and the most agreeable. But afterward, none knew better than he what is meant by the word "landing," as applied to the staircase. "The Landing of Columbus" may be celebrated in pictures; but Mathew Mizzle accomplished landings that made very nearly as much noise as that effected by "the world-seeking Genoese," and the voyages of both were accompanied by squalls.

But it was not by the touch alone that Mathew Mizzle sought after information in his earlier career. His taste was equally curious. Strange bottles were subjects of the most intense interest, so that like Mithridates, he almost became proof against injury by the frequent imbibings of poison. He knew that pleasant draughts came from bottles, but had to learn that because a bottle has contents, it does not necessarily follow that these contents are either safe or agreeable. Ink, for instance—a copious mouthful of ink—however literary one may be, ink thus administered is not a matter over which the recipient is inclined greatly to rejoice. It did not appear so, at least, when Mathew Mizzle, in frock and trowsers, astonished, after this fashion, his mouth, his clothing and the carpet—so astonished himself that he forgot to reverse the bottle, but permitted it to pour in a steady stream right into the aperture of his lovely countenance. No one probably in the wide world ever acquired a greater variety of knowledge, as to the effect of substances of all kinds upon the human

palate, than was obtained by Mathew Mizzle in the course of his earlier investigations into the relative qualities of solids and liquids. A spoonful of Cayenne pepper probably afforded him as much of surprise as any thing of the same portable compass. The varied expressions of his countenance would have been a study to a Lavater. The opera-house never witnessed a dance more remarkable for force and for expression; and if ever Mathew Mizzle was wide awake—wider than on any previous occasion, it was when he had seasoned himself highly with Cayenne. It made Mathew piquant to a degree; and something of the same kind might have been said of him when under the influence of mustard. He was then the warmest boy anywhere about; and fully appreciated the cheering influence of "the castors"—he did not go upon castors for a long time afterward, and never again to the same extent.

There was another source of trouble to Mathew Mizzle. His eyes proper were sharp enough; but the knowledge they acquired was not sufficient to satisfy his devouring thirst for information, and therefore much of his seeing was done with the tips of his fingers, or the grasp of his hands. He must touch every thing, and of course spoilt many things. Leave him alone in the room for a moment, and he would open all the letters, peep into every drawer, smell at every unknown substance, displace your china, spoil your musical-box, climb up the piano-forte, and pull over the vases of flowers. If you did not hear a crash this time, do not flatter yourself. Some secret, but equally important mischief has been accomplished, though it may not be apparent for days. The Mathew Mizzles always leave their mark; and when a gun went off in his hands, the shot that fractured the mirror rendered it fortunate that the mark was only a mirror, as Mathew Mizzle roared with terror at "the sound himself had made."

Mathew Mizzle, grown as he is now to man's estate, has perchance changed the objects of his pursuit, but the activity both of his mind and of his body remains undiminished. Curious as ever to ascertain facts. He is one of those who have ever an eye upon their neighbors. He follows people to ascertain whither they are going. It is a favorite amusement of his to peep through the blinds of an evening, to ascertain what you and your family are about. He listens at doors, and he peers through cracks and patronizes knot-holes. If he can learn nothing else, it is a satisfaction for him to ascertain what you are about to have for dinner, and who stopped in to tea. Speak over loud in the street, and Mathew Mizzle saunters close at your elbow, but with such an unconscious look, that you would never dream that he had come merely for information.

No one knows better than he all about the domestic difficulties of families. His sources of intelligence are innumerable. Sometimes you may find him on the back fence, taking observations of the domestic circle; and he has been seen of an evening up the linden-tree in front of domiciles, for similar purposes. The servants of the vicinage are all on confidential terms with Mathew Mizzle; and—have you not

noted the fact?—when you would have secret discourse with a friend, Mizzle comes upon you, as the birds of prey scent a battle-field. All secrets appear to hold a species of telegraphic communication with our friend Mathew Mizzle, as to the fact at least, that there is a secret in existence, as well as a regard to its local habitation.

Ubiquitous Mathew Mizzle, yet invariably out of place. Open the door suddenly, and Mathew Mizzle is almost knocked down. Throw out a bucket of water at night, and Mathew Mizzle is there to receive its contents. Pass a stick through the key-hole, and it's Mizzle's eye that suffers the detriment. You stumble over him in dark entries—you find him lying perdu in the closet. Go where you will, there is Mizzle, if it be in the wrong place for Mizzle's presence.

Behold him prowling round the scenes to investigate the mysteries of a theatrical performance. There he is, just where he was told not to be, and William Tell was not in fault that his arrow has stricken Mathew Mizzle breathless. What business had Mizzle there in Switzerland, lurking near the walls of Altorf?

Mizzle's last catastrophe, like the last catastrophe of many other distinguished citizens, was effected by means of a ladder, which he had ascended cautiously

by night, after the painters had left their work, to see what was going on in the chamber of a second story. Suddenly, there was a dog at the bottom of the aforesaid ladder, and a cudgel at the top, presenting the alternatives of a dilemma. Switches above and bark below, what could the unfortunate Mathew Mizzle do but surrender himself a prisoner of war? Poor Mizzle! They put him under the pump, and made him acquainted with the nature of ducks.

Is it not a pity that the system of "espionage" does not obtain in America, that Mathew Mizzle might have a field for the exercise of the qualities which are so remarkably developed in his constitution? It would be a perfect union of duty and of pleasure, if he could be employed to find out every thing that goes on in town and about, and it is a great pity that means could not be devised to save so fine a young man from the waste of his genius.

"People are so fussy about their secrets," says he, "as if there were any use of having secrets, if it were not for the fun of finding them out and talking about them. It's mean and selfish to abridge intelligence in that sort of way, and if I knew of any country where they manage matters on a different system, I'd emigrate right away, I would. A pretty piece of business, to put a man under the pump, because he seeks after knowledge."

## SHAWANGUNK MOUNTAIN.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

BETWEEN the plough had scattered fields of grain  
And grassy orchards midst the oaken woods  
Of Shawangunk, upon the mountain's top  
Stood a wood-cutter's hut. Himself and wife  
Shared it alone. The spot was green and sweet.  
The earth was covered with a velvet sward,  
Grouped with low thickets, here and there a tree  
Rearing its dark rich foliage in the heavens.

Pleasant the echoes of his fast piled axe,  
Merrily rattling through the mountain-woods,  
To those who sought the old surveyor's road  
For shade and coolness; and amidst the sounds  
Would boom deep heavy shocks of falling trees,  
Like growls of thunder in the noontide-hush,  
So that the eye would glance impulsively  
Up to the tree-tops, to discern the peak  
Of the ascending cloud.

His forest-life,  
Though rude, was joyous. When the mellow charm  
Of sunset on the smiling mountains lay,  
The creaking of his high-piled cart would blend  
With song or whistle blithe, as, dipping down  
The road, he sought the village in the midst  
Of the green hollow. This slight mountain-road  
Went slanting to the summit, with blazed trunks  
On either side, and soft delicious grass  
Spreading its carpet; one faint track alone  
Telling that wheel had e'er its beauty scarred.

Close to the hut it passed, then downward plunged,  
And sought the level of the opposite side.

'T was at the close of one cold winter day  
That down this road I trod. My weary steps,  
With efforts vain, had tracked, for hours, the deer,  
And now, with empty flask and rifle, swift,  
I journeyed homeward. Nature's great bright eye  
Low beaming in the west, still poured sweet light  
Upon the mountain. The pure snow, all round,  
In delicate rose-tints glowed. The hemlocks smiled,  
Speckled with gold. The oak's sear foliage, still  
Tight clinging to the boughs, was kindled up  
To warm rich brown. The myriad trunks and sprays  
Traced their black lines upon the soft snow-blush  
Beneath, until it seemed a tangled maze.  
Upon the mountain's top, a thread of smoke  
From the low cabin rose, as though a streak  
Of violet had been painted on the air.  
I heard the ring of the wood-cutter's axe,  
And, through an opening, saw his instrument  
Flashing into a walnut's giant stem,  
Whose upborne mass, in the fast lowering light,  
Seemed cut in copper. A broad wind-fall near  
Let down my eyes upon the hollow. White  
In snow it lay, with long and dusky lines  
Of fences crossing—groups of orchard-trees—  
Hay-barracks—barns and long low dwelling-roofs.  
Straight as an arrow ran the streak of road

Athwart the hollow. As I looked, the eye  
In the red west sank lower, till half quenched  
Behind the upland, then a shred of light  
Glittered and vanished, and the sky was bare.

Whilst gazing on this splendor, suddenly  
I heard a shriek. Shri!l, ringing midst the woods  
In piercing clearness, through my ears it cut,  
And left a sense of deafness. Startled, round  
I gazed. Again the horrid sound thrilled past.  
I knew it then as the terrific cry  
Of the fierce, bloody panther. In our woods  
Naught fiercer, bloodier dwells, when roused by rage  
Or hunger. Oft our hunters had of late  
Marked the huge foot-prints of the ravenous beast,  
And heard his scream at midnight, but no eye  
As yet had seen him. With a nervous grasp  
Upon my useless weapon, and a weight  
Of helplessness, like lead, upon my soul,  
I started on my path. At every step  
I thought his tawny form and fierce green eye  
Would meet my sight, upon some limb o'erhead.  
But naught was seen. The village soon I reached,  
And gladly crossed the threshold of my home.

The long, cold, breathless night came swiftly down.  
The clear, magnificent moon seemed not inlaid  
In the bright blue, but stood out bold, distinct,  
As though impending from the cloudless skies  
Glittering with frost. Upon the sparkling snow  
The rich light slept in such sweet purity  
As naught on earth can match. The hours sped on.  
The silver day still shone serene and clear,  
And twinkled on the crystals shooting round.  
Gazing once more upon the splendid scene,  
Before I sought the couch, my wandering eye  
Glanced at the mountain. There it grandly stood  
A giant mass of ivory. On the spot  
Where the steep slanting road the hollow joined,  
My sight a moment dwelt, for there I last  
Had swept around a quick and piercing gaze,  
In search of the gaunt monster whose keen cry  
Still echoed in my ears. Is that a spot  
Of shadow flickering in some transient breeze?  
No. O'er the hollow, gliding swift, it comes.  
Is it the ravenous panther, fierce for blood,  
Seeking the village? Closer as it speeds  
A clearer shape it shows—a human form—  
"T is the wood-cutter's wife! She loudly shrieks,  
"My husband—lost—wake, wake!" the moonlight falls  
Upon her features swollen with tears. A band  
Of villagers was soon aroused, and forth  
We sallied toward the mountain. So intense  
The cold, the snow creaked shrilly at our tread,  
And the strewed diamonds on its surface flashed  
Back the keen moonlight. As we trod along,  
The wife in breathless haste, her story told,  
How, when the sunset fell, she watched to see  
Her husband's form swift speeding up the road,  
From the side-clearing, at that wonted hour,  
Toward his low roof. The sunset died, and night  
Sprang on the earth; the absent one came not.  
The moon moved up; the latch-string was not pulled  
For entrance in the cabin. Hours sped on.

And still, upon the silvered snow, no form  
Her gaze rewarded. Once she heard afar  
A panther's shriek. Her fear to frenzy rose.  
To the side-clearing sped she; naught was there  
But solitude and moonlight. As she told  
Her tale I shuddered. In my ear again  
Rang the fierce shriek I heard as sunset glowed,  
And my flesh crept with horror. Up we trod  
Our mountain snow-path speedily. At length,  
To where the narrow opening in the woods  
Led from the road, we came. 'T was at this spot  
I stood, and watched the form and flashing axe  
Of him, the lost. We passed within. The moon  
Threw on the little clearing a full flood  
Of radiance. There the crusted wood-pile stood;  
There was the walnut with a ghastly notch  
Deep in its heart. A ledge of rock rose up  
Beside the wounded tree, and at its base  
A space of blackest hue proclaimed a chasm.  
No life was stirring on the brilliant waste;  
The trees rose like a wall on every side  
But where the ledge frowned darkly. As I checked  
My footsteps at the half-hewn walnut, drops  
Thick sprinkled round—the snow stamped down—an axe  
Lying upon the high wreathed roots, my gaze,  
As with a charm, arrested. From this spot  
Large prints and a broad furrow stretched along  
To the black chasm within the rocky ledge.  
We clustered round the mouth. A low, deep growl  
Came from the depths. Two orbs of flashing fire  
Glared in the darkness. Brace, the hunter, aimed  
His rifle just between the flaming spots,  
And fired. Fierce growls and gnashings loud of teeth  
Blent with the echoes, and then all was still.  
The spots were seen no more. A few had brought  
Splinters of pine for torches, and the flint  
Supplied the flame. With one hand grasping tight  
A hatchet keen, the other a bright torch,  
The dauntless hunter ventured, with slow steps,  
Within the cavern. Soon a shout we heard,  
And Brace appeared, with all his giant strength  
Dragging a lifeless panther. In again  
He passed, and then brought out a human form,  
Mangled and crushed. A shriek peeled wild and high,  
And, swooning, sank the wife upon the snow,  
Beside the dead. With silent, deep-felt awe  
We bore both to the hut. A sudden cloud  
Rose frowning from the north, and deep and fierce  
Howled the loosed tempest. From her death-like swoon,  
Roused by our care, the hapless wife poured out  
Her cries and wailings. Through the livelong night  
We heard her moans and screams and ravings wild,  
Blending with all those stern and awful tones  
That the scourged forest yields. But morning dawned,  
And brought the widowed and the broken heart  
The peace of death. Beside the lonely hut,  
Two graves were opened in the frozen snow,  
And silence then fell deeply on the spot.  
No more the smoke curled up. No more the axe  
Rang in the mountain; and a few short years  
Leveled the cabin with the forest-earth,  
Midst spreading bushes, fern and waving grass.

## INNOCENCE.

LET me, lamb-like, share caresses,  
From thy hand that knows not stain;  
Flowers that woo, the smile that blesses,  
Hours that pass and leave no pain!

Be with me in sleeping, waking;  
Be with me in toil and rest:  
Living, thine; and, life forsaking,  
Let me slumber on thy breast!

## A DRAMA OF REAL LIFE.

(IN A LETTER FROM N. P. WILLIS TO THE EDITOR OF GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.)

TO GEO. R. GRAHAM, ESQ.

*New York, December 1, 1847.*

DEAR SIR,—By to-night's mail should go to you a piece of mental statuary, which is yet in a marble block of the reluctant quarry of my brain—due to you by agreement on the first of December, one unconceived tale! But though we do so strangely bargain the invisible wares of the imagination, deliverable, like merchandize, on a certain day, the contractor is still liable to the caprices of the world he trades from, and your order on me for fancy yet undug, must, I fear, be protested. You would not believe me if I were to tell you literally why. But the truth is that I, and a certain cave (mentioned by Humboldt, on the banks of the Oronookoo, which he calls a "subterranean organ,") can only give out music in certain states of the weather. With the dry, sharp, icy north wind of the last few days, I could no more write than I could supply electricity to Morse's wire.

But—no failure is *quite* twenty shillings in the pound. What say you to the assets? The statue will not be forth coming—but will you have the model, after which the undug block was to have been chiseled? Shall I send you the literal truth which I had intended to drape with imagination—tell the facts of real life which I had designed to weave into a story. I shall thus, at least, clear *yourself* of the non-fulfilment of the promise of your pre-advertised contents, and (engaging to send you a story properly completed for the next number) shall effect, perhaps, a compromise for my delinquent punctuality.

This, then, is the thread of literal truth which was to have run through the fancy-woof of my story.

Some years ago, after a year or two of residence in different cities of Italy, I found myself very much at home in Naples. It was an unusually gay season—the concentration of the rank and fashion of the floating society of travelers varying between Rome, Florence, and Naples, very much as it does, in our country, between the different watering-places—by caprices that no one can foresee. The English people of rank, more particularly, were in very great force; and the blonde moustaches, so much admired in the dark-haired South, and the skins of alabaster and rose, so envied by the brunettes of Italy, abounded at the balls and in the public places. The king kept very gay court, the royal entertainments accessible to all strangers properly introduced, and the ambassadors and bankers, nobles and wealthy strangers, seemed to want twice as many nights and mornings in the week, so conflicting were the balls and breakfasts, driving-parties and dinners.

As, of course, an unobserved looker-on in scenes of such brilliant rivalry and display, I had more attention to spare than most whom I met; and I soon

found myself—eyes, mind, fancy, and interest, absorbed in one study—a new revelation of a type of woman. We are accustomed to see the sex in classes—hundreds of a kind—and find them sufficiently absorbing as nouns of multitude. It is probably one of Heaven's principles of human safety, that women are made in "lots" so like, that a transfer of a slighted heart, from an unwilling beauty to some willing likeness of her, safely vents the volcano. Proportionately dangerous, however, are those rare women—of whom a man sees, perhaps, one or two in his life—who are the only ones of their type and kind; for, out of love for them, their is no exit but through their hearts.

You are going too fast if you fancy I am about to record a fruitless passion of my own. Though of "easy wax," I am not stamped, except by will of the imprintress; and my only cobweb thread of personal remembrance is a horseback excursion to Camaldoli, in which I played the propriety-third to the best of my discretion. It is necessary to define thus much, to redeem my estimate of the lady from the imputation of mere fancy. Had I known her intimately, or not known her at all, my judgment of her would be less reliable. In just the position for untroubled and most favorable observation, I studied her in silence through that brilliant season, and laid away her image (as one does without more than one or two choked-down aspirations) to people castles in the air, and fill niches in the temple of dreams.

The foregoing prepares you for a portrait of the proposed heroine of my story—but that you would have had, had the story been written. I never could draw a picture of a woman but from the life, and to that fictitious tale I should have transferred, with studied and careful truthfulness, the enamel portrait burnt in upon my memory, and which you would have admired my fancy for conceiving. Oh! the mistake of supposing that we can imagine things brighter than we have seen with our eyes—that there is any kingdom of air, visitable by poets, which is comparable to the glorious world we live in, with its *some* women, *some* sunsets, *some* strains of music, and *some* fore-tasted heaven-thrills of emotion.

The heir to one of the oldest titles of England was the husband of this lady. The fortunes of his family had been wasted; and they had lived for a generation or two in comparative obscurity, when the present Lord——came of age. He had been educated carefully, but was of great personal beauty, and I thought when I first saw him, was as fine a model as I had ever seen of the quiet, reserved, self-intrrenched school of modern English manners. With his beauty and his title, though with little or no estate, he had easily married a lady of fortune—the only daughter

of a retired banker. And this heiress, Lady —, is the one whose story I would have told through a veil of fiction.

The Countess of — was an unsurpassed horse-woman, and rode constantly. Her blood-horses had been sent round by ship from England; and she was always mounted on an animal whose every fibre seemed obedient to her thought, and with whose motion every line of her own tall and slenderly-rounded person, and every ringlet of her flowing, golden curls seemed in a correspondence governed by the very spirit of beauty. She rode with her rein loose, and her mind apparently absorbed with any thing but her horse. A turn of her head, or the pressure of her foot upon his shoulder, was probably the animal's guidance. But, of an excessively impassioned nature, she conversed in the saddle with the expression and gesture of the most earnest untrammeling of mind, and, in full speed, as in the repose upon a lounge in a saloon, she carried away the listener with her uncalculating and passionate absorption—no self-possession, however on its guard it might be, able, apparently, to withstand the enveloping and resistless influence which she herself was a slave to. Unconsciousness of every thing in the world, except the feeling she was pouring from her soul, seemed the only and every-day condition and law of her nature; and supreme as she was in fashion of dress, and style of manner, these seemed matters learned and lost thought of—she having returned to nature, leaving her triumphs as a belle to be cared for by infallible habit. A separate spirit of light, speaking from the lips of the most accomplished and best perfected of women—the spirit, and the form possessed, being each in full exercise of their best faculties—could scarcely have conveyed more complete impressions of wondrous mind, in perfect body, or have blended more ravishingly, the entireness of heavenly with the most winning earthly development. She was an earnest angel, in the person of a self-possessed and unerringly graceful woman.

I chanced to be looking on, when Prince —, one of the brothers of a royal family of central Europe, was presented to the Countess —. It was at a crowded ball; and I observed that, after a few minutes of conversation with her, he suddenly assumed a ceremonious indifference of manner, and went into another room. I saw at once that the slightness of the attention was an "anchor to windward," and that, in even those few minutes the prince had recognized a rare gem, and foreseen that, in the pursuit of it, he might need to be without any remembered particularity of attention. Lady — conversed with him with her usual earnest openness, but started a little, once or twice, at words which were certainly unaccompanied by their corresponding expression of countenance; and this, too, I put down for an assumption of disguise on the part of the prince. It was natural enough; with his conspicuous rank, he could only venture to be unguarded in his attentions to those for whom he had no presentiment of future intimacy.

That the progress of this acquaintance should

assume for me the interest of a drama—a scene of it played every night, with interludes every day, in public drives and excursions—would not be wonderful to you, could I have drawn the portrait of the principal performer in it, so that you would understand its novelty. I had never seen such a woman, and I was intensely interested to know how she would bear temptation. The peculiar character of the prince I easily understood; and I felt at once that of all stages of an accomplished man's progress, he was at the one most dangerous to her, while, perhaps, no other kind of woman in the world would have called upon any but very practiced feelings of his own. He was of middle age, and had intelled enough to have long anticipated the ebb of pleasure. With his faculties and perceptions in full force, he was most fastidious in permitting himself to enjoy an enthusiasm, to admire, to yield to, or to embark upon with risk. The admiration of mere beauty, mere style, mere wit, mere superiority of intellect in woman, or of any of these combined, was but a recurrent phase of artificial life. He had been to the terminus, the farthest human capability of enjoyment of this, and was now back again to nature, with his keenest relish in reserve, looking for such outdoings of art as nature sometimes shows in her caprices. In the Countess — he recognized at once a rare miracle of this—a woman whose beauty, whose style, whose intellect, whose pride, were all abundant, but, abundant as they were, still all subservient to electric and tumultuous sensation. Her life, her impulse—the consciousness with which she breathed—was the one gift given her by Heaven in tenfold measure, and her impression on those she expanded to, was like the magnetizing presence of ten full existences poured into one. The heart acknowledged it before her—though the reason knew not always why.

Lord — would scarce have been human had he not loved such a woman, and she his wife. He did love her—and doubtless loves her at this hour with all the tenderness of which he could ever be capable. If they had lived only on their estates in England, where seclusion would have put up no wall of concealment to his feelings, she might have drawn from the open well of his heart, the water for which her ardent being was athirst. But with the usage of fashionable life, he followed his own amusements during the day, leaving the countess to hers; and in scenes of gayety they were, of course, still separated by custom; and all she enjoyed of nature in her rides, or of excitement in society, was, of course, with others than her husband. Naples is in the midst of palace-gardens, and of wonders of scenery—in seeing which love is engendered in the bosom and brain with tropical fruitfulness—and Lady — could no more have lived that year in Italy without passionate loving, than she could have stayed from breathing the fragrance of the orange blossoms, when galloping between the terraced gardens of Sorrento.

When abroad, a little more than a year ago, I made a visit to a friend, whose estate is in the same county with that of the father of Lady —, and be-

tween whose park-gates and his extends the distance of a morning's drive through one of the loveliest hedged winding-roads of lovely England. A very natural inquiry was of the whereabouts and happiness of the Countess of —, whom I had left at Naples ten years before, and had not been in the way of hearing of since; and I named her in the gay tone with which one speaks of the brilliant and happy. We were sitting at the dinner-table, and I observed that I had mis-struck a chord of feeling in the company present, and with well-bred tact, the master of the house informed me that misfortunes had befallen the family since the period I spoke of, and turned the conversation to another topic. After dinner, I heard from him the following outline of the story, and its affecting sequel.

Near the close of the season when Lord — was at Naples, he suddenly left that city and returned with his wife and their one child to England. To the surprise of the wondering world, Lady — went to her father's, and Lord — to the small estate of his widowed mother, where they remained for a while in unexplained seclusion. It was not long before rumors arrived from Italy, of a nature breathing upon the reputation of the lady; and soon after a formal separation took place, Mr. —, her father, engaging to leave his whole fortune to the son of Lord —, if that nobleman would consent to give him to the exclusive keeping of his mother. With these facts ended the world's knowledge of the parties, the separated pair remaining, year after year, in absolute seclusion; and Lady — never having been known to put foot beyond the extending forest in which her home was hidden from view, and the gates to which were guarded from all entrance, even of family friends.

It was but a few days before this sequel was narrated to me, that the first communication had been

made from the Countess of — to her husband. It was a summons to attend, if he wished, the burial of his only child—the heir of his name, and the bringer-back, had he lived, of wealth to the broken fortunes of his title. A severer blow could hardly have followed the first—for it struck down heart, pride, and all that could brighten this world's future. Lord — came. The grave was made in a deep grove of firs on the estate of the boy's mother. There were but three mourners present—herself, her father, and her husband. The boy was ten or eleven years old when he died, and one of the most gifted and noble lads, in mind and person, that had ever been seen by those who knew him. On his horse, with his servant behind him, the young boy-lord was a constant sight of pride and beauty to the inhabitants of the county, and was admired and beloved every where he rode in his daily excursions.

The service was read; the two parents stood side by side at the grave, while the body was laid in it—the first time they had met since their separation, and both in the prime of life, and with hearts yearning—both hearts, beyond a doubt—with love, and longing for forgiveness; and when the earth rang on the coffin, they parted *without exchanging a word*. The carriage of Lord — waited for him in the avenue; and with the expiring echo of his wheels through that grove of fir-trees, died all hope and prospect, if any had been conceived, of a re-union, in grief, of these proud broken-hearted.

I have told you thus, with literal truth, all that I could know of this drama of real life; but, of course, its sketchy outline could be easily filled out by fancy. Your readers, perhaps, will like to do this for themselves.

Yours truly,

N. P. WILLIS.

LINES TO — .

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

LIKE a cloud of the summer sunset  
Gleaming across the blue,  
Like a star of the golden twilight  
Through the misty evening dew,  
Like a strain of heavenly music  
Breathed mournfully and low,  
Charming the heart to sadness  
By its bewildering flow—  
Thou camest to my presence  
In the far off long-ago.  
Thou camest for a moment,  
Then fledst swift away,  
As the rosy cloud of sunset  
Fades at the close of day,  
As the beaming star of twilight  
Withdraws its golden ray.  
Thou hast past from out my presence  
As the song low cadence dies,

Which the heart seeketh ever,  
And evermore it flies.  
Oh, in my weary journeying  
Come to me yet once more,  
While still my footsteps wander  
On Time's uncertain shore.  
Come to me, oh, sweet vision  
Of what my soul has sought,  
And with mine once more mingle  
Thy far, sky-piercing thought.  
Call I in vain thy spirit?  
Do I seek thee all in vain?  
Shall I never hear thy accent  
In music fall again?  
Why didst thou cross my pathway,  
Oh soul so pure and true?  
To fade like the clouds of sunset.  
Like the star from the misty blue?

## AUTUMNAL SCENERY.

### WHAT IS NECESSARY TO THE ENJOYMENT OF NATURE'S BEAUTIES.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

I AM not of those who think that a true enjoyment of the beauties of nature, of natural scenery, and natural objects, generally, is a test of the purity of principle or the delicacy of sentiment, any more than I hold that a love of music is essential to domestic, social or political virtue. The cultivation of the eye and the ear—or the capabilities in those organs for cultivation—have more to do with all this than many seem to allow; and men and women of the purest principles, and the highest benevolence, may stand within the loveliest scenes that nature has ever spread out, or may listen to the most delicious music that art has ever prepared and performed, without comprehending the beauties or the excellence of either, or imagining that there is a moral test applied to them in these attractions. Nevertheless, there is an enjoyment in such scenes and such sounds, and those who are permitted to share therein have another life—or such an additional enjoyment added to *that* of ordinary minds, that they seem to live more, if not longer, in such pleasures than the common allotment; and none, I suspect, will doubt that the indulgence of a taste for natural beauties tends to soften the mind, soothe the passions, and thus elevate the feelings and aspirations.

If I have less of the power of appreciating and enjoying rural sights and rural sounds, if there is vouchsafed to me a *limited* capability of understanding and delighting in the beauties of the field and wood, of gathering pleasure from the outstretched loveliness of land and stream, still I thank God; and I speak with reverence, I thank God that I have *some* pleasure in these things; and more than that, I have a certain fixed delight in noticing the enjoyment which the better formed and higher cultivated mind derives from what a good Providence has poured out for the decoration of the earth. Humble as this faculty may be, which is partly exercised through intermediate objects, I find it useful to me, and, still better, I find that it ministers to other pleasures—to enjoy what is lovely is a high and a cultivated talent—the enjoyment of that loveliness with another kindred or more elevated mind is a yet higher attainment, as the performance of *concerted* music is more difficult and more gratifying than a simple solo.

Rarely within my recollection, and that is as inclusive as the remembrance of almost any around me, rarely has an autumn been more delightful than that which has just closed, in its clear, shining sunlight, or more attractive for its bland and healthful temperature. Not leisure—for that I have little to boast of, or to *fear*. Let my young readers mark that word, *fear*. I am not about to write a homily

upon the uses of time and talents, but let me parenthetically note that the gift of enjoying leisure is so rare in the young, that a lack of constant occupation should be rather feared than courted. I do not speak of the danger of flagrant vice, but of a growing propensity to disregard portions of time, because only *portions* may be necessary to the discharge of admitted duties—the danger is imminent—but not to the young alone. In youth, love of action *may* employ the leisure to the promotion of vice in age, a tendency to inactivity may induce the abuse of the leisure to total inaction. I can hardly imagine any object more unsightly than an idle old man—the dead trunk of a decayed tree, marring the landscape and injuring culture. But I must return. Not leisure, for I have little of that to boast of or fear; not leisure, but a love, a growing love for the partial solitude of the field, and something of an enjoyment of the elevating communion which it leaves, sent me more than once in November last strolling beyond the dusty roads and noisy turnpike in the vicinity of our city. It was, as I have reason to recollect, on the eighteenth of November, that I was wandering observantly, but in deep contemplation, across some of the fields that lie near the road leading from the city to Frankford. It was a lovely day, and every feeling of my heart was consonant to the scene. Ascending a little eminence, I obtained an extensive view. The forest trees had lost their rich garb of mottled beauties, and their denuded limbs stretched out with attenuated delicacy, seemed to streak the distant horizon with darkened lines. On my right the winding Delaware lay stretched out in glassy beauty, and near me, glittering in the sunlight beyond, were a thousand gossamer webs that had survived a recent storm. The fields were unusually green, for the season, as if the year were clothing itself, like an expiring prelate, with its richest habiliments, that its departure might leave the impress of that beauty which comes from its usefulness. I had yielded to the influences of the scene, had allowed my feeling to predominate, and was in the midst of an unwonted abstraction from all ordinary cares and relations, catching something of that state with which the more gifted are indulged, when I was startled by the sound of footsteps upon the carpet-like grass around me.

“Hardly looking for game here?” said the person inquiringly.

“And without dog and gun?” said I.

“There’s not much game in these parts,” said he.

“And yet I was hunting!” said I. “Hunting pleasure from the prospect.”

“I do not derive much pleasure,” said my com-

panion, "from such things. Almost all fields are alike to me. Generally they are places for labor, or they lie between my residence and labor, and thus make a toilsome distance."

"But do you not enjoy the pleasure of this scene? Do you not, while looking abroad from some eminence, feel a sensation different from what you experience while walking on the turnpike?"

"Most generally. I think there was once or twice a feeling came over me here which I did not exactly understand."

"And when was that?"

"Always on Sunday morning, as I have been crossing the field to attend service at the church yonder. I could not tell whether it was a sense of relief from ordinary labor, or something connected with the service in which I was about to join; but, certainly, the fields, and woods, and water beyond, had a different appearance, and seemed to affect me differently from their ordinary influence. Perhaps as these feelings are recent, they may have sprung from another cause."

"If the beauties of nature, and the influence of religious aspirations could not account for those feelings which you experienced, I can scarcely tell whence you derived the sensation."

"I suppose that all beauties are not discernable at once, and our sympathies are not all awakened by a single exhibition of what may be productive of delight or sorrow. Whatever of pleasure I have derived from the beauties observable from such places as this, are not primarily referable to my own powers of application, but rather from the lessons of another—lessons derived from a few words, and from constant example."

"And, pray, what *example* could open to you new beauties in a landscape, or develop attractions in a scene which you had been in the habit of seeing for many years?"

"I do not know that any one has taught me by word and example to see from any point of observation, aught that I had not discerned before, but it is certain that what was unnoticeable became an object of contemplation, and points of the scenery have been made to harmonize by association, when viewed separately, they had little that was attractive."

"A few years since, a young lady, I think of European birth, was brought to live in the house which stands near yonder clump of trees; her situation seemed that of an humble companion to the lady—but her services and her influence made her more than loved. I never saw more affection exhibited than all of the household manifested toward her. I cannot tell you what means she used to acquire such a mastery over the love of all around her, but, though less within the influence of her attractive manners than some others, I yet shared in the general feeling of regard. She was a frequent visitor to a small eminence in this immediate neighborhood, and I often followed her thither, though I was careful not to reach the place until her departure; and then I have gone around as she did,

looking at the various points of the scenery, to try to have the enjoyment which was imparted to her from the visits. Once I came when she was here, and met a condescension entirely hidden in kindness; she called my attention to what she designated the numerous beauties of the place, and subsequently I went frequently to the spot to look at what she had pointed out, and I think I occasionally derived some new pleasure from the scene. I am not able now to say whether that pleasure was the result of new capacities to behold beauties, or whether it was consequent upon my respect for her who had imparted the lesson. Perhaps both.

"There was a young man, a relative of Mrs. —, with whom this lady resided, that came frequently to the house. I never saw a person apparently more winning in his manner, or more delicate in his attentions; and, as all expected, he proposed for marriage to the young woman. It was thought that there would be objections on the part of *his* relations—and there were; but they came from the gentleman of the house, who plainly declared that the young man was not worthy of the woman he sought. Her heart, it was evident, was concerned; it was whispered, I know not how truly, that the youth had associations in the city unworthy his relations at home. But when do the young and confiding ever regard admonitions of this kind. She, whose good sense had restored order to a family that needed direction, and had sustained her against all adverse circumstances among strangers, could not influence her against the pleadings of her own heart. The young man, more than a year since, received a commission, and joined the army at Mexico. He left with her a sealed paper, and his favorite dog. The animal was already most affectionately attached to her, and now became her constant companion. Never did I see an animal so completely devoted to a human being; never was kindness more reciprocated than was that of the companion of her walks; he patiently awaited at the door of the church for the conclusion of the services, and at night held vigils beneath her window. I think the dog, too, must have understood something of the beauty of this scenery; for I have seen him for an hour together standing wistfully beside his mistress, and gazing up into her face, and then not meeting with an encouraging look, stretching his sight far away in the direction of her eyes, as if determined to share with her whatever contributed to her pleasure or her pain.

"Less than four months ago news reached the family of the death of the young man—I do not remember the exact time, or the place of the engagement in which he fell—but his death produced deep sensation in the family generally, but it went to the heart of the young lady. I saw her once or twice on her favorite place in the field, but I dared not approach her—she had no companion but the faithful dog. In two weeks she was confined to her bed—and shortly afterward the family was plunged in new afflictions by her death. I was inquiring of one of the family relative to the particular disease of which she died, and heard it suggested that it might have been a rapid consumption."



"I think not," said a very little girl, who had shared in the affectionate instruction of the deceased.

"And why?"

"Can the heart of a person break to pieces?" asked the child.

"The heart may be broken," I said.

"Then that is it—for I heard mamma tell sister that Miss Mary's heart was broken."

"I have noticed that the death of an affianced one is more severely felt by a woman, as a severe disturbance of affection, than is the death of a husband. And I suppose this comes from the delicacy of a maiden that shrinks from the utterance of a grief which finds vent and sympathy with a widow. I never hear of such a bereavement without deeper sorrow for the survivor's sufferings, than I have for the mourning wife. God help her who's crushed by a grief that she may not openly indulge; who must hide in her bosom the fire that is consuming her life."

The sealed paper was reopened; it contained a rich bequest to the young woman, and with it was a small piece of paper, containing *her* request to be buried beyond us, whence she had so often contemplated the scene around us. The field was her own property, by the will of the young man. She relinquished all else of his gift. We buried her *there*. I say *we*—for though my position was far below hers, yet none felt more deeply her loss than those who looked up to admire her. The little paling that surrounds the eminence was erected to keep away the foot of the thoughtless. Shall we go to see the grave?"

I followed the man into the enclosure. The sods which covered the grave of Mary had not yet united; and one or two seemed to be worn, as if they had been treated with some rudeness. I drew the attention of my guide to the abrasion.

"Ah, yes! that is poor Lara's doings," said he. "Poor dog! I looked around for him at the funeral, expecting to see him at the grave, but was disappointed. Every evening since the funeral, just before the sun goes down, and often in the morning—the hours in which Miss Mary was wont to come hither to enjoy the scenery—poor Lara has been seen stretched out upon the grave, uttering his grief

in a low wail. I scarcely believe that he will recover from the loss he has sustained; and others might be equally unconsolable, if they did not feel that it is better with Mary now than when she lived."

When I had looked downward to the grave for a time, and almost into it, that I might the better contemplate the character and end of her who rested there, my companion drew my attention to the beauty of what was around us.

"Miss Mary loved to stand here," said he, "and enjoy the rich sunset. Mark, now, how richly its beams are thrown from the windows of yonder Gothic house beyond the turnpike, and on the new dwelling a little this side. A mellowness is in that light, to soothe where it falls; and the whispering of the southern wind that we now hear, is like the cries of spirits communing with their good sister below us."

"You seem now to enjoy the scenery, my friend," said I, "as much as almost any other person."

"Sir, I have felt, of late, a growing fondness for this place and this scene; and last Sunday, when returning from the afternoon service, I stood here almost wrapt in the pleasure which the place afforded to the departed one, and I have since come to believe that there is something more than book-knowledge necessary to the relish of natural scenery."

"May I ask what that *something* is, which you think assists us to appreciate the beauty of a landscape?"

"Why, sir—perhaps I am wrong, you certainly know better than I—but, it appears to me, my growing sense of enjoyment in this scene is due to the memory of the virtues of her whom I constantly connect with this place, and that enjoyment is fixed and augmented by the frame of mind in which I go to, or come from the place of worship."

"If I understand you correctly, you have come to the conclusion that to enjoy nature, our hearts must be touched, and our affections mellowed by earthly sympathies, and our views expanded and elevated by a sense of religious duties."

"Something like that, sir."

"And is not that what is understood by 'LOVE TO GOD, AND LOVE TO MAN'?"

## POETRY.—A SONG.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

To me the world's an open book  
Of sweet and pleasant poetry;  
I read it in the running brook  
That sings its way toward the sea:  
It whispers in the leaves of trees,  
The swelling grain, the waving grass,  
And in the cool fresh evening breeze  
That craps the wavelets as they pass.

The flowers below—the stars above—  
In all their bloom and brightness given,  
Are, like the attributes of love,  
The poetry of earth and heaven.  
Thus Nature's volume, read aright,  
Attunes the soul to minstrelsy,  
Tinging life's clouds with rosy light,  
And all the world with poetry.

## THE MOURNER.

BY THE LATE DR. JOHN D. GODMAN.

WHY is thy visage o'ershadowed by gloom,  
Are Nature's enchantments not scattered around,  
Has the rose lost her fragrance, the tulip her bloom,  
Has the streamlet no longer its mild, soothing sound?  
Say what are thy pleasures—or whence is thy bliss,  
In thy breast can no movements of sympathy rise?  
Canst thou glance o'er a region so lovely as this,  
And no bright ray of pleasure enliven thine eyes?  
Where are there fields more delightfully drest,  
In a verdure still fresh'ning with every shower?  
Here are oak-covered mountains, with valleys of rest,  
Richly clothed in the blossoming sweet scented flower.  
Why lingerest thou ever to gaze on that star,  
Sinking low in the west e'er the twilight is o'er?  
While the shadows of evening extending afar  
Bid the warbler's blithe carol be poured forth no more,  
Oh why when the Sabbath bell's pleasantest tone  
Wakes the soul of devotion in song to rejoice,  
Are thy features with sorrow o'erclouded alone,  
While no sounds but of sadness are heard from thy voice?

Listen, while I tell thee, stranger!  
In a brief and hurried measure:  
Though my soul drink not of pleasure,  
Though mine eyes be sunk in gloom;  
Tis not from fear of coming danger,  
Nor yet from dread of doom.  
The youngest leaves must fall,  
When summer beams have ceased to play;

And may not sorrow spread her pall,  
When joy, and hope, and love decay?  
Earth's loveliest scenes;  
The boons of heaven most cherished;  
Fields dressed in gladdening greens,  
Are drear, when hope has perished:  
Spring's beauteousness,  
Followed by summer's glory,  
May fade without the power to bless,  
As doth a dreamed story.

It gives me peace to gaze at even,  
Watching the latest, faintest gleam  
Of yon bright traveler of heaven,  
Reflected in the silver stream;  
For she I love has gently leaned—  
While my fond heart with bliss was swelling—  
Upon my arm, to see descend  
That brilliant star in light excelling.

The chiming bells give joy no more,  
Long since the tones have lost their sweetness;  
They now but wake me to deplore  
The bliss that fled with air-like fleetness.  
Blame not my sorrow: chilling pride  
Nor clouds my brow nor kills the smile;  
For loss of wealth I never sighed,  
But all for her I mourn the while.  
She was my all, my fairest, dearest, best;  
I loved—I lost her—tears may speak the rest

## ELSIE.

BY KATE DASHWOOD.

A YOUNG white rose-bud—with its leaves  
Just blown apart, and wet with dew—  
A fair child in a garland weaves  
Mid glowing flowers of every hue.  
She sitteth by the rushing river,  
While the soft and balmy air  
Scarce stirs the starry flowers that quiver  
Amid her sunny hair—  
Thou of the laughing eyes! 'mid all  
The roses of thy coronal—  
Thou 'rt fairest of the fair.

Ah, bright young dreamer! may thy heart  
In its early freshness ever be  
Pure as the leaves—just blown apart—  
Of the rose thou 'rt wreathing in childish glee  
Ah, well I know those flowers thou 'rt twining  
For thy fair pale mother dear—  
For the love-light in those blue eyes shining  
Is shadowed by a tear;  
And thy thoughts are now in that dim, hushed room—  
With the sad, sweet smile, and the fading bloom—  
Thou 'rt all too young to fear.

## SONNET TO —.

THE crimson clouds had gathered round the sun,  
Sinking full slowly to his nightly rest,  
And gilding with a glory all his own  
The bannered splendor of the glowing west,  
Entranced I gazed upon the gorgeous scene  
That thus so fair before my vision lay;  
The calm, serene, blue heavens looked out between,

And softly smiled upon retiring day.  
All was so beautiful, I could but feel  
A shade of sadness that thou wert not nigh,  
The radiant glory to behold with me;  
And still the thought would o'er my spirit steal,  
That all the clouds and mists in my dark sky  
Would gather rays of glory, my life's sun, from thee! c. o

## GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. VIII.

### AMERICAN STARLING OR MEADOW-LARK.

THIS well-known inhabitant of our meadows like the Partridge, is sociable, somewhat gregarious, and partially migratory. The change of country, however, appears to be occasioned only by scarcity of food, and many of them pass the whole winter with us. They may be bought in our markets when snow is on the ground; and in the month of February, Wilson found them picking up a scanty subsistence in the company of the snow-birds, on a road over the heights of the Alleghanies. Its flight, like that of the Partridge, is laborious and steady. Though they collect their food from the ground, they are frequently shot on trees, their perch being either the main branches, or the topmost twigs. At the time of pairing, they exhibit a little of the jealous

disposition of the tribe, but his character vindicated by his bravery, and the victory achieved, he retires from his fraternity to assist his mate in the formation of her nest. The flesh of the Meadow-Lark is white, and for size and delicacy, it is considered little inferior to the Partridge. In length, he measures ten and a half inches, in alar extent, nearly seventeen. Above, his plumage, as described by Nuttall, is variegated with black, bright bay, and ochreous. Tail, wedged, the feathers pointed, the four outer nearly all white; sides, thighs, and vent, pale ochreous, spotted with black; upper mandible brown, the lower bluish-white; iris, hazel; legs and feet, large, pale flesh-colour. In the young bird the color is much fainter than in the adult.



RICE BUNTING. (*Emberiza Oryzivora*. WILSON.)

This is the Rice and Reed-Bird of Pennsylvania and the Southern States, and the Boblink of New York and New England. He is of little size, but of great consequence, hailed with pleasure by the sportsman and the epicure, and dreaded as worse than a locust by the careful planter. Wilson has treated of him fully, and from his eloquent account we shall endeavor to select a few points in his history worthy of notice. According to his best biographer, then, three good qualities recommend him, particularly as these three are rarely found in the same individual—his plumage is beautiful, his song highly musical, and his flesh excellent. To

these he added the immense range of his migrations, and the havoc he commits. The winter residence of this species is from Mexico to the Amazon, from whence they issue in great hosts every spring. In the whole United States, north of Pennsylvania, they remain during the summer, raising their progeny; and as soon as the young are able to fly they collect together in great multitudes, and pour down on the oat-fields of New England. During the breeding season, they are dispersed over the country; but as soon as the young are able to fly, they collect together in great multitudes, like a torrent, depriving the proprietors of a good tithe of

their harvest, but in return often supply his table with a very delicious dish. From all parts of the north and western regions they direct their course toward the south, and about the middle of August, visit Pennsylvania, on their route to winter quarters. For several days they seem to confine themselves to the fields and uplands; but as soon as the seeds of the reed are ripe, they resort to the shores of the Delaware and Schuylkill in multitudes; and these places, during the remainder of their stay, appear to be their grand rendezvous. The reeds, or wild oats, furnish them with such abundance of nutritious food, that in a short time they become extremely fat, and are supposed by some of our epicures to be equal to the famous Ortolans of Europe. Their note at this season is a single chuck, and is heard overhead, with little intermission from morning till night. These are halcyon days for our runners of all descriptions, and many a lame and rusty gun-barrel is put in requisition for the sport. The report of musketry along the reedy shores of the Delaware and Schuylkill is almost incessant, resembling a running fire. The markets of Philadelphia, at this season, exhibit proofs of the prodigious havoc made among these birds, for almost

every stall is ornamented with some hundreds of Reed Birds.

The Rice Bunting is seven inches and a half long, and eleven and a half in extent. His spring dress is as follows: upper part of the head, wings, tail, and sides of the neck, and whole lower parts, black; the feathers frequently skirted with brownish-yellow, as he passes into the color of the female; back of the head, a cream color; back, black, seamed with brownish-yellow; scapulars, pure white; rump and tail coverts the same; lower part of the back, bluish-white; tail, formed like those of the Woodpecker genus, and often used in the same manner, being thrown in to support it while ascending the stalks of the reed; this habit of throwing in the tail it retains even in the cage; legs, a brownish flesh color; hind heel, very long; bill, a bluish-horn color; eye, hazel. In the month of June this plumage gradually changes to a brownish-yellow, like that of the female, which has the back streaked with brownish-black; whole lower parts, dull-yellow; bill, reddish-flesh color; legs and eyes as in the male. The young birds retain the dress of the female until early in the succeeding spring. The plumage of the female undergoes no material change of color.



CEDAR BIRD. (*Ampelis Americana*.)

The Cedar-Bird, (*Ampelis Americana*.) is very frequently shot at the same time with the Robin. The plumage of this bird is of an exquisitely fine and silky texture, lying extremely smooth and glossy. The name Chatterers has been given to them, but they make only a feeble, lisping sound, chiefly as they rise or alight. On the Blue Mountains, and other ridges of the Alleghanies, they spend the months of August and September, feeding on the abundant whortleberries; then they descend

to the lower cultivated parts of the country to feed on the berries of the sour gum and red cedar. In the fall and beginning of summer, when fat, they are in high esteem for the table, and great numbers find purchasers in the market of Philadelphia. They have derived their name from one kind of their favorite food; from other sorts they have also been called Cherry Birds, and to some they are known by the name of Crown Birds.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Poetical Works of Fitz-Greene Halleck. Now first collected. Illustrated with Steel Engravings, from drawings by American Artists. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.*

This volume is a perfect luxury to the eye, in its typography and embellishments. The fact of an author's appearance in so rich a dress, is itself an evidence of his popularity. We have here, for the first time, a complete edition of the author's poems, tender and humorous, serious and satirical, in a beautiful form. It contains Alnwick Castle, Burns, Marco Bozzaris, Red Jacket, A Poet's Daughter, Connecticut, Wyoming, and other pieces which have passed into the memory of the nation, together with the delicious poem of Fanny, and the celebrated Croaker Epistles. The illustrations are all by American artists, and really embellish the volume. The portrait of Halleck is exceedingly characteristic of the man, expressing that union of intellect and fancy, sound sense, and poetic power, which his productions are so calculated to suggest. His great popularity—a popularity which has always made the supply of his poems inferior to the demand—will doubtless send the present magnificent volume through many editions.

The poems of Halleck are not only good in themselves, but they give an impression of greater powers than they embody. They seem to indicate a large, broad, vigorous mind, of which poetry has been the recreation rather than the vocation. A brilliant mischievousness, in which the serious and the ludicrous, the tender and the comic, the practical and the ideal, are brought rapidly together, is the leading characteristic of his muse. In almost every poem in his volume, serious, or semi-serious, the object appears to be the production of striking effects by violent contrasts. The poet himself rarely seems thoroughly in earnest, though at the same time he never lacks heartiness. There are two splendid exceptions to this remark—Burns, and Marco Bozzaris—poems in which the delicacy and energy of the author's mind find free expression. They show that if the poet commonly plays with his subject, it is not from an incapacity to feel and conceive it vividly, but from a beautiful willfulness of nature, which is impatient of the control of one idea or emotion. Halleck's perceptions of the ideal and practical appears equally clear and vivid. His fancy cannot suggest a poetical view of life, without his wit at the same time suggesting its prosaic counterpart in society. A mind thus exquisitely sensitive both to the beautiful and laughable sides of a subject—looking at life at once with the eye of the poet and the man of the world—naturally finds delight in a fine mockery of its own idealisms, and loves to sport with its own high-raised feelings. His poetry is not, therefore, so much an exhibition of the real nature and capacity of the man, as of the play and interpenetration of his various mental powers, in periods of pleasant relaxation from the business of life. In a few instances, we think, his humorous insight has been deceived from the unconscious influence upon his mind of the sentiment of Byron and Moore. Thus he occasionally falls into the exaggerations of misanthropy and sentimentality. In his poem entitled *Woman*, we are informed that man has no constancy of affection,—

His vows are broke,  
Even while his parting kiss is warm;  
But woman's love all change will mock,  
And, like the ivy round the oak,  
Cling closest in the storm.

Here, for the purpose of a vivid contrast, there is of poetic truth. The same piece closes with as the smiles and tears of woman,

Alone keep bright, through Time's long h  
That frailer thing than leaf or flower,  
A poet's immortality.

Here the thought, redeemed as it is by beautiful diction, is worthy only of a sentimental poetess Della Cruscan school; and we can easily imagine a mocking twinkle would light the eye of its author. One should tell him that Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton were "kept bright" by the smiles as woman. These, and one or two other passages are unworthy of his manly and cant-hating misanthropy. It is wonderful how they could have escaped his good sense.

Fanny, and the Croaker Epistles are the most things of their kind in American literature, for their fancy, and feeling, and in all their rapid transition, characterized by an ethereal lightness of movement, and felicity of expression, which betray a poet's pleasure equally in the sentiment and the merriment. No poems have been more eagerly sought after, and more willingly concealed, than these. Three editions have been published, but the difficulty of obtaining has always been great. Many who were smitten with love for it have been compelled to transcribe a copy of a more fortunate collector. The Croaker Epistles have been even more cunningly suppressed. They have both in a form which will endure with the plates. They evince the most brilliant characteristics of Halleck's genius, and continually suggest the thought that if the mind of the author be so powerful and versatile, his almost extempore sport and play, it must have a greater capacity in itself.

Fanny, and the Croaker Epistles swarm with personal allusions which a New-Yorker alone can appreciate. Van Buren, Webster, Clinton, the great men and authors generally of the period when the poet wrote, are all touched with a light and graceful touch. Fanny is conceived and executed after the manner of Byron's Beppo and Don Juan. It is full of rogueries, produced by bringing sentiment and wit together with a shock. For instance,

Dear to the exile is his native land,  
In memory's twilight beauty seen afar:  
Dear to the broker is a note of hand  
Collaterally secured—the polar star  
Is dear at midnight to the sailor's eyes,  
And dear are Bristed's volumes at half price.

The sun is loveliest as he sinks to rest;  
The leaves of Autumn smile when fading  
The swan's last song is sweetest—and the tone  
Of Meigs's speeches, doubtless, was his best.

In a mocking attempt to prove that New-York is the Greece in the Fine Arts, we have the following conclusions:

In sculpture we've a grace the Grecian master  
Blushing, had owned his purest model lacks  
We've Mr. Bogart in the best of plaster,  
The Witch of Endor in the best of wax,  
Beside the head of Franklin on the roof  
Of Mr. Lang, both jest and weather-proof.

In painting we have Trumbull's proud chef d'œuvre  
Blending in one the funny and the fine;

His independence will endure forever—  
And so will Mr. Allen's lottery sign;  
And all that grace the Academy of Arts,  
From Dr. Hosack's face to Bonaparte's.

In physic, we have Francis and McNeven,  
Famed for long heads, short lectures, and long bills;  
And Quackenboss, and others, who from heaven  
Were rained upon us in a shower of pills.

It would be impossible to give a notion of the genial satire of the Croakers by extracts. The following, from the epistle to the Recorder, is unmatched for felicity and exquisite contrast:

The Cæsar passed the Rubicon  
With helm, and shield, and breast-plate on,  
Dashing his war-horse through the waters;  
The R\*d\*r would have built a barge,  
Or steamboat, at the city's charge,  
And passed it with his wife and daughters.

In the same piece occurs the following fine tribute to Bryant:

Bryant, whose songs are thoughts that bless  
The heart, its teachers, and its joy,  
As mothers blend with their caress  
Lessons of truth and gentleness,  
And virtue for the listening boy.  
Spring's lovelier flowers for many a day  
Have blossomed on his wandering way,  
Beings of beauty and decay,  
They slumber in their autumn tomb;  
But those that graced his own Green River,  
And wreathed the lattice of his home,  
Charmed by his song from mortal doom,  
Bloom on, and will bloom on forever.

Pope has become famous for his divine compliments, but certainly no poet ever celebrated the genius of another with more felicity and sweetness than in the above beautiful passage.

It would be impossible to notice all the striking poems in this volume—and they are too favorably known to need it. There is one piece, however, which deserves especial commendation, and its merits do not appear to have called forth the eulogy which has been bountifully lavished on many others. We allude to his exquisite translation from Goethe, on the eighty-third page—the invocation to the ideal world, which precedes Faust. It is one of the gems of the volume.

*The Poetical Works of Lord Byron. Complete in one Volume. Collected and Arranged, with Illustrative Notes. Illustrated by Elegant Steel Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.*

This edition of Byron might bear the palm from all other American editions, in respect to its combination of cheapness with elegance, if it were not the most valuable in point of completeness and illustrative notes. It is a reprint of Murray's Library edition, and while executed in a similar style of typography, excels it, if we are not mistaken, in the number of its embellishments. It contains an admirable portrait of Byron, a view of Newstead Abbey, and also six fine steel engravings, executed with great beauty and finish. It is uniform with the same publisher's library edition of Southey and Moore, contains eight hundred pages of closely printed matter, and includes every thing that Byron wrote in verse. It does honor to the enterprise and taste of the publishers, and will doubtless have a circulation commensurate with its merits. As long as our American booksellers evince a disposition to publish classical works in so beautiful a form, it is a pleasant duty of the press to commend their editions. We cordially wish success to all speculations which imply a confidence in the public taste.

It would be needless here to express any opinion of the intellectual or moral character of Byron's poems. Every-

body's mind is made up on those points. The present edition is admirably adapted to convey to the reader Byron's idea of himself, the opinions formed of him by his contemporaries, and the effect of his several works on the public mind as they appeared. It contains an immense number of notes by Moore, Scott, Jeffrey, Campbell, Wilson, Rogers, Heber, Milman, Gifford, Ellis, Bridges, and others, which will be found extremely useful and entertaining. Extracts are taken from Byron's own diary, and from the records of his conversations, giving an accurate impression of each poem, as regards its time and manner of composition, the feelings from which it sprung, and the opinion he entertained of its reception by the public. Profuse quotations are made from the first draught of each poem, showing how some of the most striking ideas were originally written, and the improvements introduced in their expression by the author's "sober second thoughts." The opinions expressed of the various poems by the leading reviews of the time, including the criticisms of Scott, Jeffrey, Gifford, Heber, and others, are largely quoted. Added to these are numerous notes, explaining allusions, or illustrating images which the common reader might be supposed not to understand. Taken altogether, the edition will enable almost any person to obtain a clear understanding of Byron and his works, without any trouble or inconvenience. There is no other edition which can compare with it in this respect.

Many of the notes are exceedingly curious, and if not absolutely new, have been gathered from such a wide variety of sources, as to be novel to a majority of readers. We have been struck with the impression which Byron's energy made upon Dr. Parr, the veteran linguist. After reading the *Island*, he exclaims—"Byron! the sorcerer! He can do with me according to his will. If it is to throw me headlong upon a desert island; if it is to place me on the summit of a dizzy cliff—his power is the same. I wish he had a friend, or a servant, appointed to the office of the slave, who was to knock every morning at the chamber-door of Philip of Macedon, and remind him he was mortal." From Parr's life we learn that Sardapalus affected him even more strongly. "In the course of the evening the doctor cried out, 'Have you read Sardapalus?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Right; and you could n't sleep a wink after it?' 'No.' 'Right, right—now don't say a word more about it to-night.' The memory of that fine poem seemed to act like a spell of horrible fascination upon him." Perhaps from a few anecdotes like this, we gain a much more vivid impression of the sensation which Byron's poems excited on their first appearance, and their strong hold upon the imagination and passions of the public, than we could obtain from the most elaborate description of their effects. If such was their power upon an old scholar like Parr, what must have been their influence upon younger and more inflammable minds?

The editor's preface to *Don Juan* is no less valuable than entertaining. It contains not merely the opinions expressed of the poem by the reviews and magazines, but those of the newspapers, and enables us to gather the judgment of the English people upon that strange combination of sublimity and ribaldry, sentiment and wit, tenderness and mockery, at the time it first blazed forth from the press. The suppressed dedication of the poem to Southey is also given in full, with all its brutal blackguardism and drunken brilliancy. In truth, the volume conveys an accurate impression of all the sides of Byron's versatile nature, and from its very completeness is the less likely to be injurious. There is no edition of his poems which we could more safely commend to the reader, as it exhibits Byron the poet, Byron the scoffer, Byron the routé, in his true colors and real dimensions; and if, after reading it, a person should

adopt the old cant about his brilliant rascalities, and the old drivell about his sentimental misanthropy, the fault is in the reader rather than the volume. For our own part we are acquainted with no edition of any celebrated author, equaling this in the remorselessness with which the man is stripped of all the factitious coverings of the poet, and stands out more clearly in his true nature and character.

*The Life of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre.*  
By G. P. R. James. New York: Harper & Brothers.  
2 vols. 12mo.

Few kings have been so fortunate as Henry the Fourth in the reputation and good will they have obtained from the people. By democrats as well as monarchists his name is held in a kind of loving veneration. Much of this popularity is doubtless owing to his superiority, in disposition as well as mind, to the ferocious bigotry of his age, and to his great edict of toleration which healed for a time the horrible religious dissensions of France. Apart from his ability, however, his virtues as a king sprung rather from good-nature and benevolence, than from moral or religious principle. His toleration was the result of his indifference as much as his good sense; and he was not a persecutor, because to him neither Catholicism nor Protestantism was of sufficient importance to justify persecution. He was a fanatic only in sensuality; and if he committed crime, it would be rather for a mistress than a doctrine. The last act of his reign, growing out of his impatience in having his designs on the Princess of Condé baffled, showed that lust could urge him into an unjust and unprincipled war, where religious superstition would have been totally ineffective.

Mr. James's Life of Henry is a careful compilation from the most reliable sources of information, and embodies a large amount of important knowledge. Though far from realizing the higher conditions of historical art, it is more accurate and spirited than the general run of historical works. Mr. James's conscience in the matter of the present book, seems to have been much greater than we might have expected from the king of book-makers. When his history was ready for the press, the French Government commenced publishing the "Lettres Missives" of Henry IV., and Mr. James delayed his book four years, in order that its facts might be verified or increased by comparison with that important publication. His work, therefore, is probably the fullest and most accurate one we possess on the age of which it treats. It is well worthy of an attentive perusal. It abounds in incidents and characters which would make the fortune of a novel, and is an illustration of that kind of truth which is stranger than fiction. The Harpers have issued the work in a tasteful form.

*Artist Life.* By H. T. Tuckerman. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Tuckerman is an author whose productions we have repeatedly had occasion to notice and to praise. They have always a finished air, which favorably distinguishes them from many American publications, the products of mingled talent and haste. Mr. Tuckerman does not appear to rush into print, with unformed ideas hastily clad in a loose undress of language—as if the palm of excellence were due to the swiftest runner in the race of expression. His style is clear, polished, graceful, and harmonious, combining a flowing movement with condensation, and free from the tricks and charlatanries of diction. He is not so popular as he would be if he made more noise about his words and thoughts, and called the attention of the public to every felicity of his style or reflection by a pugnacious manner, and a strained expression. Though possessing a

singularly rich and suggestive fancy, and a wide variety of information, his use of ornament and allusion is characterized by a taste, an appropriateness, a reserve, which men of smaller stores rarely practice. As a critic, he is calm, clear, judicious, sympathetic, and making the application of a principle all the more stringent, from his vivid perception of the object of his criticism. The present volume is worthy of its subject, and is more calculated to convey accurate information of the lives, character, and works of American artists, than any other we have seen. It is also exceedingly interesting, being full of anecdotes and biographical memoranda of artists who are commonly known only as painters, not as men. In this respect the volume contains much original information, which will be valuable to the future historian of American art. In his criticism, Mr. Tuckerman evinces knowledge as well as taste; and by avoiding technical terms, he contrives to render agreeable and clear what is generally unintelligible to the uninitiated reader of critiques on paintings. The volume contains, among other sketches and biographies, very interesting notices of the lives and works of West, Copley, Stuart, Allston, Morse, Durand, W. E. West, Sully, Inman, Cole, Weir, Leutze, and Brown.

*Appleton's Library Manual: Containing a Catalogue Raisonné of upwards of Twelve Thousand of the most Important Works in Every Department of Knowledge, in all Modern Languages.* New York; D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

This is one of the most available and valuable bibliographical works extant. Its object is indicated by its title. Such a book should be in the possession of every student, scholar, book-collector, and librarian. There is hardly a subject which can attract the attention of an inquisitive mind, which is not included in this collection, and the titles of the best books, in different languages, which relate to it given in full, with the various editions, and their price. It would be needless to dilate upon the value of such a work. The compilers deserve the highest credit for the labor, intelligence, and expense they have devoted to it. The cost is but one dollar.

*Sybil Lennard, a Record of Woman's Life.*

Mrs. Grey is one of the most popular novel writers of the present day, and Sybil Lennard is unquestionably the best of her works. It is published by Mr. T. B. Peterson, by whom the advance sheets were procured from England.

*Chambers' Miscellany.*

Part No. 5, of Chamber's interesting Miscellany has been published, and the articles it contains are of the highest order of excellence. Messrs. Zieber & Co. are the Philadelphia publishers.

POSTHUMOUS WRITINGS OF JOSEPH C. NEAL, Esq.—We have several admirable Charcoal Sketches by Mr. Neal—a rich legacy bequeathed expressly to us by our gifted and lamented friend. Now that the fountain, whose outpourings have so often enriched our pages, is forever closed, these gems of genius will have a new and peculiar value. We commence their publication in our present number.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.—This journal is edited with surpassing ability; and its continued and advancing popularity is creditable to the taste of the community in which it is published. Spirited, independent, and liberal, it not merely, as its name indicates, reflects the light of the age, but shines with a lustre of its own. It is well worthy its good fortune.







The priest is reading the Mass. The woman  
 is kneeling in prayer. The priest is reading the  
 Mass. The woman is kneeling in prayer. The priest is reading the  
 Mass. The woman is kneeling in prayer.

THE ART-UNION



OF PHILADELPHIA.

For the Promotion of the Arts of Design in the United States.

INCORPORATED 1844.

Office, No. 169 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

**OFFICERS FOR 1847-8.**

*President*—JAMES MMURTRIE.

*Vice-President*—JOSEPH SILL.

*Treasurer*—WM. TODHUNTER.

*Corresponding Secretary*—JAMES S. WALLACE.

*Recording Secretary*—THOMAS F. ADAMS.

**MANAGERS.**

REV. HENRY J. MORTON, D. D.  
REV. WM. H. FURNESS, D. D.  
CHARLES TOPPAN,  
JOHN TOWNE,

HON. WM. D. KELLEY,  
JOHN SARTAIN,  
H. R. WALLACE,  
CHAS. MACALESTER,  
HENRY C. BAIRD.

JOHN NOTMAN,  
GEO. E. GRAHAM,  
GEO. M. KELM,  
J. SCHOLEFIELD,

The Art-Union is established for the purpose of extending a love for the FINE ARTS throughout the United States, and to give encouragement to Artists beyond that afforded by the patronage of individuals. Its promoters believe that these Arts can never attain their due rank in this country (already so far advanced in many of the other elements of civilization) until adequate encouragement be given to the highest efforts of the Painter and Sculptor.

For the accomplishment of this object, the Society has adopted the following

**PLAN :**

1. Each subscriber of Five Dollars becomes a member of the Art-Union for one year.
2. The money thus obtained is applied, first, to the procuring of a large and costly Engraving, from an original American Picture, of which every member receives a copy; and next, to the purchase of Pictures, Drawings, or other works of Art, with the funds distributed by lot among the members for that purpose.

Thus, for the sum of Five Dollars, every member is sure of receiving a fine Engraving (worth alone the amount of his subscription) and the chance of obtaining a fine original Painting, to be SELECTED BY HIMSELF from any public Exhibition in the United States.

The first Monday in May, annually, being the time fixed by the By-Laws for the distribution of prizes, it is desirable that all subscriptions should be received before the last Monday in April. The details of the Plan may be learned from the following extract from the By-Laws:

**ARTICLE IV.**

**PLAN FOR DISTRIBUTION.**

**SECTION 1.** The Board of Managers shall, as soon as practicable after their election, adopt measures for procuring an engraving from some picture of merit, by an American artist, and furnish to the members one impression thereof for every subscription of Five Dollars paid.

**SEC. 2.** Should it be deemed necessary or desirable to purchase the picture to be engraved, the Managers are empowered to do so; and it shall be represented at the Annual Meeting for Distribution by one of the certificates reported by the Managers.

**SEC. 3.** After defraying the cost of the engraving, and other incidental expenses, the Managers shall, within one week previous to the Annual Distribution

bution, divide the funds in hand (exclusive of the "Reserved Fund" hereinafter described) into a number of sums of various amount, adapted to the purchase of pictures, or other works of Art by living American artists, on exhibition for sale in any accredited public gallery throughout the United States; and such sums shall be represented by certificates, which the Managers shall cause to be prepared and reported to the Annual Meeting for distribution by lot among the members.

SEC. 4. Within five days after the distribution, the Managers shall furnish certificates to those members to whom they have been awarded, which shall entitle the recipient to select for himself a picture, drawing, or other work of art, in accordance with the terms of the preceding section, which certificate, endorsed by the artist from whom the work has been purchased, and accompanied by a full description of the work, and the gallery from whence it was chosen, shall be the Treasurer's voucher for the payment of the sum called for.

SEC. 5. For every additional share or subscription of Five Dollars paid, the member shall be entitled to an additional chance in the distribution of certificates, and an additional impression of any engraving that may be on hand; but no member shall have more than one vote in the election of Managers, nor shall any one be entitled to vote who has not paid his subscription for the ensuing year.

SEC. 6. Any member to whom a certificate has been awarded, shall have the privilege of selecting the work of art he prefers; but, in addition to the provisions of section 3d of this article, it must be an original work, and the property of its author at the time of purchase, who shall have given in its price at the time of depositing his work for exhibition.

SEC. 7. A certificate shall in no case be applicable to the purchase of more than one work of art. If the picture selected by the certificate-holder be of less value than the sum named on the face of the certificate, the amount thus unexpended shall revert to the Art-Union, and be added to the "Reserved

Fund;" but a certificate may be used in part payment of a larger sum for a work of greater value than the sum named on the face of the certificate.

SEC. 8. A certificate must be employed, and the selection be made within the period of seven months from the Annual Meeting at which it was awarded, otherwise the amount shall be forfeit, and added to the "Reserved Fund."

SEC. 9. Should the Managers deem it expedient at any time to collect the prize pictures for public exhibition, it shall be the duty of members to loan the works so obtained, in their possession, for that purpose, or for the purpose of engraving, if deemed expedient; but the said requisition shall cause no expense to the owner, nor shall it be obligatory on him to loan it more than once. Any profit accruing from such exhibition shall be added to the "Reserved Fund."

SEC. 10. If it be discovered that any collusion has been attempted between a prize-holder and an artist, for the purpose of evading any of these foregoing regulations, the amount of the certificate shall be forfeited to the society, and be added to the "Reserved Fund," and the holder of the certificate have his subscription returned to him.

#### ARTICLE V.

##### THE RESERVED FUND.

SECTION 1. In addition to the means heretofore provided for the foundation and increase of the "Reserved Fund" the Treasurer shall, from time to time, under the direction of the Executive Committee, be required to place unemployed funds at interest, and the interest therefrom shall be added to the "Reserved Fund." Whenever this Fund shall exceed Two Thousand Dollars, the Managers are authorized to offer a premium of such amount as they shall determine, for the best picture, to be painted by an American artist; which picture, when selected, shall, if suitable, be engraved for distribution, and the painting itself be represented by one of the certificates to be awarded at the Annual Distribution.

Subscribers for the year ending May 1st, 1848, will receive for each subscription of Five Dollars paid, an impression of an elaborate Engraving, executed expressly for the Association, of the

#### INTERVIEW OF JOHN KNOX WITH MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

from the celebrated picture by Leutze, in the possession of John Towne, Esq., Philadelphia; engraved by John Sartain in a mixed style of line, stipple and mezzotinto—size, 21 inches by 15½. This PRINT will be ready for distribution early in 1848.

Subscriptions will be received at the Office of the Art-Union, and by any of the Officers or Managers.

When remittances are sent by mail, a receipted Certificate of Membership will be immediately forwarded, and, in case of the non-arrival of this, it is requested that notice be sent to the Corresponding Secretary.

Gentlemen desirous of acting as Honorary Secretaries or Agents, to the Art-Union, where none have been already appointed, are invited to communicate with the Corresponding Secretary, to whom it is requested that all letters may be addressed, at the Office in Philadelphia.

The project is not a mere experiment, but one which has been many years in successful operation in Europe, and found to be productive of the most admirable results. To convey some idea of the rapid increase of public patronage, as the system became better known, we append a few of the annual receipts of the Art-Union of London:

Receipts ending March, 1837, about	\$2,400 00	Receipts ending March, 1844, about	\$70,000 00
"    "    1841,    "	27,000 00	"    "    1847    "	100,000 00





Designed by J. G. Thompson

Engraved by J. G. Thompson

THE YOUNG WOMAN

Boulevard St. Martin 61  
 Messieurs de la Cour de Commerce et de la Cour de Cassation  
 Messieurs de la Cour de Commerce et de la Cour de Cassation  
 Messieurs de la Cour de Commerce et de la Cour de Cassation





LE FOLLET

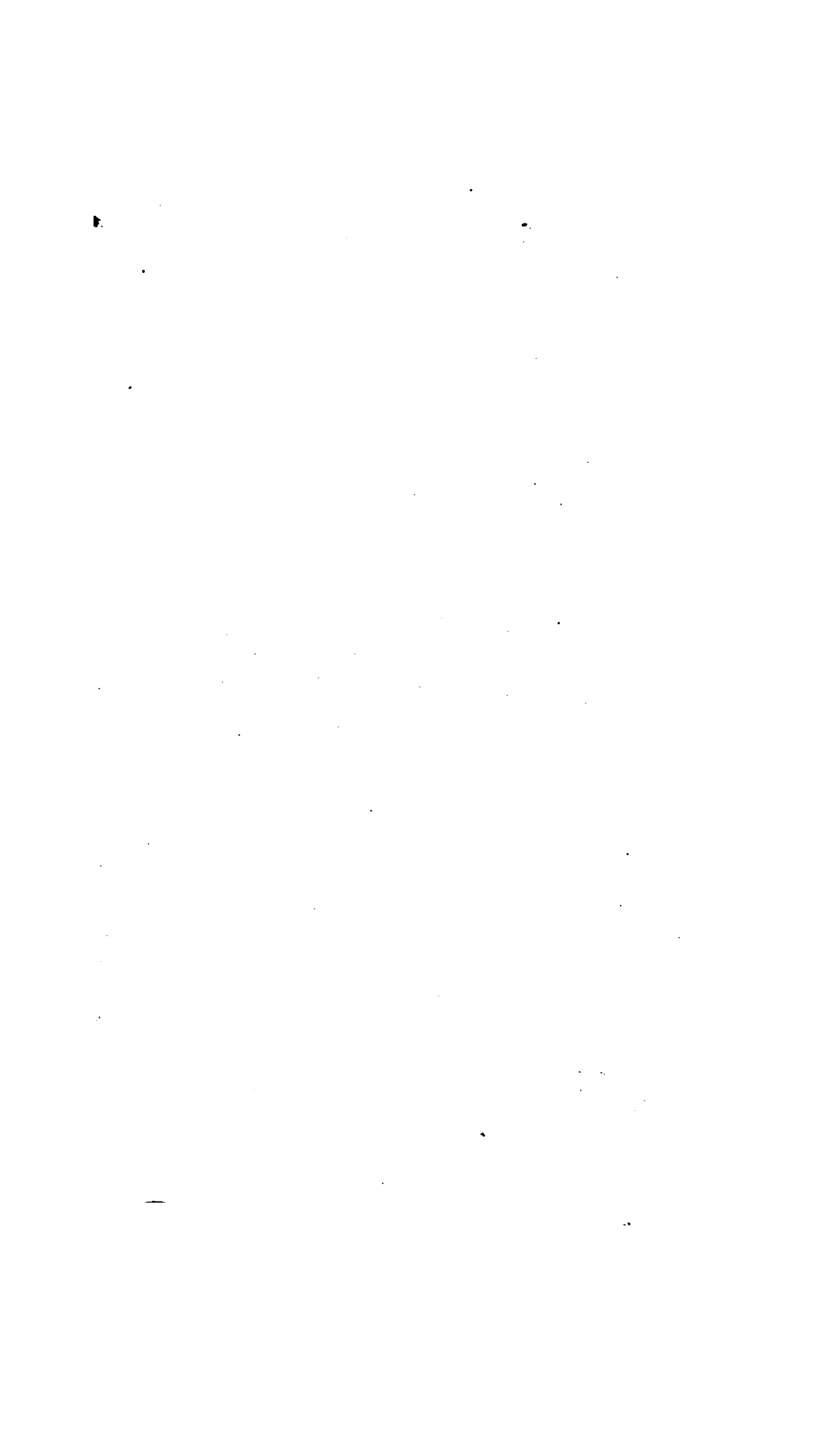
Boulevard St. Martin 61.

Boulevard St. Martin et  
 rue de Ste. Hameline pour du Louvre et cours de Bayard.  
 Benet, Bayard, et l'ancien et de la ligne St. Etienne Grand Colbert et l'ancien et  
 l'ancien et de la ligne St. Etienne Grand Colbert et l'ancien et

Benet, Bayard, et l'Union des Libres. — 1870.

Colbert & Perkins









# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1848.

No. 2.

## STOKE CHURCH AND PARK.

THE SCENE OF GRAY'S ELEGY, AND RESIDENCE OF THE PENNS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY R. BALMANNO.



THE Manor of Stoke, with its magnificent mansion and picturesque park, is situate near the village of Stoke Pogey's, in the county of Buckingham, four miles north-west of Windsor.

About two miles distant from Stoke lies the village of Slough, rendered famous by the residence of the celebrated astronomer, Sir William Herschel, and a short way further, on a gentle slope continued the whole way from Stoke, stand the venerable towers of time-honored Eton, on the bank of the Thames, directly opposite, and looking up to the proud castle of the kings of England, unmatched in its lofty, commanding situation and rich scenery by that of any royal residence in Europe.

*Stoke, anciently written Stoches, belonged, in the*

time of William the Conqueror, A. D. 1066, to William, son of Ansculf, of whom it was held by Walter de Stoke. Previous thereto, it was in part held by Siret, a vassal of Harold, and at the same time, a certain Stokeman, the vassal of Tubi, held another portion. Finally, in the year 1300, during the reign of King Edward the First, it received its present appellation by the intermarriage of Amicia de Stoke, the heiress, with Robert de Pogey's. Under the sovereignty of Edward the Third, 1316, John de Molines, originally of French extraction, and from the town of that name in Bourbonnais, married Margaret de Pogey's; and, in consequence of his eminent services, obtained license of the king to make a castle of his manor-house of Stoke Pogey's, fortify with stone

walls embattled, and imparke the woods; also that it should be exempt from the authority of the marshal of the king's household, or any of his officers; and in further testimony of the king's favor, he had summons to Parliament among the barons of the realm.

During the wars of the rival Roses, the place was owned by Sir Robert Hungerford, commonly called Lord Moleyns, by reason of his marriage with Alianore, daughter of William, Lord Moleyns.

This Lord Robert, siding with the Lancasterians, or the Red Roses, upon the loss of the battle of Towton, fled to York, where King Henry the Sixth then was, and afterward with him into Scotland. He was attainted by the Parliament of Edward the Fourth; but the king took compassion on Alianore, his wife, and her children, committing her and them to the care of John, Lord Wenlock, to whom he had granted all her husband's manors and lands, granting them a fitting support as long as her said husband, Lord Robert, should live. But the Lancasterians making head in the north, he "flew out" again, being the chief of those who were in the castle of the Percys, at Alnwick, with five or six hundred Frenchmen, and being taken prisoner at the battle of Hexham, he was beheaded at Newcastle on Tyne, but buried in the north aisle of the cathedral of Salisbury.

Lady Alianore, his widow, lies buried in the church of Stoke Poges; and her monument may still be seen, with an epitaph commencing thus:

*Hic, hoc sub lapide sepelitur Corpus venerabilis  
Domine Alianore Molins, Baronissæ, quam  
prius desponsavit Dominus Robertus Hun-  
gerford, miles et Baro. &c. &c.*

Notwithstanding the grant to Lord Wenlock, Thomas, the son and heir of Lord Robert Hungerford, succeeded to the estate. For a time he sided with the famous Earl of Warwick, the king-maker, who took part with Edward the Fourth, but afterward "falling off," and endeavoring for the restoration of King Henry the Sixth, was seized on, and tried for his life at Salisbury, before that diabolical tyrant, crook-back Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard the Third, where he had judgment of the death of a traitor, and suffered accordingly the next day.

But during the reign of Henry the Seventh, in 1485, when the Red Roses became triumphant at the decisive battle of Bosworth, and these unnatural and bloody wars which had devastated England for nearly thirty years, being brought to a close, by the union of Henry with Elizabeth of York, representative of the White Roses, the attainder of Thomas, as well as that of his father, Lord Robert, being reversed in Parliament, his only child and heir, called Mary, succeeded to the estate,

Lady Mary married Edward, Lord Hastings, from whom the present Earl of Huntingdon is descended. She used the title of Lady Hungerford, Botreux, Molines, and Peverell. To this marriage Shakespeare alludes in the tragedy of King Henry the VI., Part 3, A. 4, Sc. 1, when he makes the Duke of Clarence say ironically,

For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves  
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

Lord George Hungerford succeeding his father, was advanced to the title of Earl of Huntingdon by King Henry the Eighth, in 1529. He died the 24th of March, 1543, and lies buried in the chancel of Stoke Poges. Edward, his second son, was a warrior with King Henry the Eighth, and during the reign of Henry's daughter, Queen Mary, 1555, declared his testament, appointing his body to be buried at Stoke Poges, and directing his executors to build a chapel of stone, with an altar therein, adjoining the church or chancel, where the late Earl Huntingdon and his wife (his father and mother) lay buried; and that a tomb should be made, with their images carved in stone, appointing that a plate of copper, double gilt, should be made to represent his own image, of the size of life, *in harness*, (armor,) and a memorial in writing, with his arms, to be placed upright on the wall of the chapel, without any other tomb for him. He died without issue. Earl Henry was the last of the illustrious family of Huntingdon who possessed the manor and manor-house of Stoke; and the embarrassed state of his affairs compelled him to mortgage the estate to one Branthwait, a sergeant at law, in 1580, during which period it was occupied by Lord Chancellor Sir Christopher Hatton, the fine dancer, one of the celebrated favorites of Elizabeth, the lascivious daughter of King Henry the Eighth—a woman as fickle as profligate, as cruel and hard-hearted, so far as regarded her numerous paramours, as her brutal father was in respect to his wives.

This historical detail, gathered from Domesday Book, Dugdale, and other authorities, is narrated in consequence of its bearing upon some celebrated poems hereafter to be noticed, and is continued up to the present period for a like reason.

Sir Christopher Hatton died in 1501, and settled his estate on Sir William Newport, whose daughter became the second wife of Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, who purchased the estate of Stoke. After the dissolution of the Parliament by King Charles the First, in March, 1628-9, Sir Edward Coke being then greatly advanced in years, retired to his house at Stoke, where he spent the remainder of his days in a quiet retirement, universally respected and esteemed; and there, says his epitaph, crowned his pious life with a pious and Christian departure, on Wednesday the 3d day of September, A. D., 1634, and of his age 83; his last words, "THY KINGDOM COME. THY WILL BE DONE!"

Upon the death of Sir Edward Coke, the manor and estate of Stoke devolved to his son-in-law, Viscount Purbeck, elder brother of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who perished by the hand of the assassin, Felton.

Lord Purbeck, upon the death of his wife, daughter of Sir Edward Coke, married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Slingsby, by whom he had a son, Robert, which Robert, marrying the daughter and heir of Sir John Danvers, one of the judges who sat on the trial of King Charles the First, obtained a patent from Cromwell, Protector of the Commonwealth, to change his name to Danvers, alledging as the reasons for his so doing "the many disservices done to the commonwealth by the name of the family of Villiers."

In 1657, Viscount Purbeck granted a lease of the manor and house of Stoke, to Sir Robert Gayer during his own life; and in the same year, his son, Robert Villiers, or Danvers, sold his reversionary interest in the estate to Sir R. Gayer for the sum of eight thousand five hundred and sixty-four pounds. The family of Gayers continued in possession until 1724, when the estate was sold for twelve thousand pounds to Edmund Halsey, Esq., M. P., who died in 1729, his daughter Anne married Sir Richard Temple, created Viscount Cobham, who survived him; and she resided at Stoke until her death in the year 1760.

The house and manor of Stoke were sold in the same year, by the representatives of Edmund Halsey, to the Honorable Thomas Penn, Lord Proprietary of the Province of Pennsylvania, the eldest surviving son of the Honorable William Penn, the celebrated founder and original proprietor of the province.

Upon the death of Thomas Penn, in 1775, the manor of Stoke, together with all his other estates, devolved upon his eldest surviving son, John, by the Right Honorable Lady Juliana, his wife, fourth daughter of the Earl of Pomfret.

In 1789, the ancient mansion of Stoke, appearing to Mr. Penn, after some years absence in America, to demand very extensive repairs, (chiefly from the destructive consequences of damp in the principal rooms,) it was judged advisable to take it down.

The style of its architecture was not of a kind the most likely to dissuade him from this undertaking. Most of the great buildings of Queen Elizabeth's reign have a style peculiar to themselves, both in form and finishing, where, though much of the old Gothic is retained, and a great part of the new style is adopted, yet neither predominates, while both, thus indiscriminately blended, compose a fantastic species, hardly reducible to any class or name. One of its characteristics is the affectation of *large and lofty* windows, where, says Lord Bacon, "you shall have sometimes faire houses so full of glass, that one cannot tell where to become to be out of the sun." A perfect specimen of this fantastic style, in complete repair, may be seen in Hardwick Hall, county of Derby, one of the many residences of that princely and amiable nobleman, the Duke of Devonshire, and a perfect contrast to it, at his other noble residence not many miles distant, in the same county, Chatsworth, "the Palace of the Peak."

It is true that high antiquity alone gives, in the eye of taste, a continually increasing value to specimens of all such kinds of architecture; but beside that, the superiority of the new site chosen by Mr. Penn was manifest, the principal rooms of the old mansion at Stoke, where the windows admitted light from *both* the opposite sides, were instances, peculiarly exemplifying the remark of Lord Bacon, and countenancing the design to lessen the number of bad, and increase that of the good examples of architecture. But a wing of the ancient plan was preserved, and is still kept in repair, as a relic, harmonizing with the surrounding scenery, and forms with the rustic offices, and fruit-gardens annexed, the *villa rustica* and *fructuaria* of the place.

The new buildings, or, more properly speaking, Palace of Stoke, was begun by Mr. Penn immediately after his return from a long absence in Pennsylvania, and was covered-in in December, 1790. It is scarcely possible to conceive a finer site than that chosen by him for his new mansion, being on a commanding eminence, the windows of the principal front looking over a rich, variegated landscape toward the lofty towers of Windsor Castle, at a distance of four miles, which terminates the view in that direction; whilst about and around the site are abundance of magnificent aged oaks, elms, and beeches.

The poems of Thomas Gray, who was educated at Eton, and resided at Stoke, are perhaps better known, more read, more easily remembered, and more frequently quoted, than those of any other English poet. Where is the person who does not remember with feelings approaching to enthusiasm, the impressions made on his youthful fancy by the enchanting language of the "Elegy written in a Country Church-yard?" Who can ever forget the impressions with which he first read the narrative of the "hoary-headed swain," and the deep emotion felt on perusing the pathetic epitaph, "graved on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn," beginning—

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth.  
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:  
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,  
And melancholy marked him for her own.

That exquisite poem contains passages "grav'd" on the hearts of all who ever read it in youth, until they themselves become hoary-headed—and then, perhaps, remembered most.

But it is not the Elegy alone which makes an indelible impression on the youthful reader; equally imperishable are the lines on a distant prospect of Eton College.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the wat'ry glade,  
Where grateful science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade.\*

And who can ever forget the Bard—

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!  
Confusion on thy banners wait!  
Though fann'd by conquests crimson wing,  
They mock the air with idle state.

Or the lovely Ode on the Spring.

Lo! where the rosy bosom'd Hours  
Fair Venus' train appear,  
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,  
And wake the purple year!

Or those sublime Odes—On The Progress of Poesy. Awake, Æolian lyre, awake: and the Descent of Odin:

Uprose the king of men with speed,  
And saddled strait his coal-black steed:  
Down the yawning steep he rode,  
That leads to Hecla's drear abode.

Who can ever forget the pleasure experienced on the first perusal, and on every subsequent reading

\* Eton was founded and endowed by King Henry the Sixth. A marble bust of the poet Gray was presented by Lord Murpeth, in 1840, and placed, amongst many others, in the upper school.

of these fascinating productions? They are such as all, imbued with even a moderate degree of taste and feeling, must respond to. But there is another poem of Gray's, less read, perhaps, than these, but which, from its humor and arch playful style, is apt to make a strong and lasting impression on an enthusiastic juvenile mind. It opens so abruptly and oddly, that attention is bespoke from the first line. It is entitled "A Long Story."

In Britain's isle—no matter where—  
An ancient pile of building stands:  
The Huntingdons and Huttons there  
Employed the power of fairy hands  
To raise the ceilings fretted height,  
Each panel in achievements clothing,  
Rich windows, that exclude the light,  
And passages, that lead to nothing.

This poem, teeming with quaint humor, contains one hundred and forty-four lines, beside, *as it says*, "two thousand which are lost!"

Extreme admiration of the poems of Gray had been excited in the writer's mind even when a schoolboy. In after years, whilst occupying chambers in the Temple, he first became aware that the scenery so exquisitely described in the Elegy, and the "ancient pile" of building, so graphically delineated in the Long Story, were both within a few hours' ride of London, and adjoining each other.

Until about the year 1815 he had constantly supposed that the Country Church-yard was altogether an imaginary conception, and that the ancient mansion of the Huntingdons was far away, somewhere in the midland counties; but when fully aware of the true localities, he was almost mad with impatience, until, on a Saturday afternoon, *he* could get relieved from the turmoil of business, to fly to scenes hallowed by recollections of the halcyon days of youthful aspirations of hope, and love, and innocence—and sweetly and fresh do such reminiscences still float in his memory.

About the period in question, there was a club in London, formed of about twenty or thirty of the most aristocratic of the young nobility, possessed of more wealth than wisdom. They gave themselves the name of the Whip Club, because each member drove his own team of four horses. The chief tutor of these titled Jehu's in the art and mystery of driving, was no less a personage than the celebrated Tom Moody, driver of the Windsor Coach, and by that crack coach it was intended to proceed as far as Slough, on the intended excursion to Stoke, and then turn off to the left; but as the Whip Club, at the period in question, attracted a large share of public attention in the metropolis, perhaps a short notice of it may be here permitted, as it has been long since defunct, and is never again likely to be revived, now that steam and iron horses have taken the road.

The vehicles, horses, trappings, and gearing, were the most elegant and expensive that money could command; and it was a rare thing to see upward of twenty such equipages, which, as well as the housings of the horses, were emblazoned with heraldic devices, and glittering all over with splendid silver and gold ornaments.

*The open carriages were all filled with the loveliest*

of England's lovely women, who generally congregated together at an early breakfast, or what with them was considered an early breakfast, between ten and eleven o'clock! The meet took place at the house of Lord Hawke, in Portman Square. His lordship was high admiral, or president, Sir Bellingham Graham, whipper-in—and courteously and cleverly did Sir Bellingham (or Bellinjim, as it is pronounced) perform his delicate duty. When each driver mounted his box, after handing in the ladies, it was wonderful to observe with what dexterity, ease, and order, all wheeled into line, when the leader, with a flourish of his long whip—being the signal for which all were watching—led off the splendid array.

It was a gay sight to witness the start, as they swept round the square—for the horses were one and all of pure blood, and unparalleled for beauty, symmetry, and speed.

To one unaccustomed to such a sight, it might appear somewhat dangerous. The fiery impatience of the horses—their pawing and champing, the tossing of their beautiful heads, and the swan-like curving of their glittering, sleek necks, until they were fairly formed into order—at which time they knew just as well as their owners that *the play* was going to begin. But it was perfectly delightful to observe the graceful manner in which each pair laid their small heads and ears together when fairly under way, beating time with their highly polished hoofs—pat, pat, pat, as true as the most disciplined regiment marching to a soul-stirring quick step, or a troupe of well-trained ballet girls, bounding across the stage of the Italian Opera.

When fairly off and skimming along the road, it was, perhaps, as animating a show as London ever witnessed since its palmiest days of tilt and tournament. I say nothing of the ladies, their commingled charms, or gorgeous attire; I only noticed that during the gayety in the square, previous to starting, their recognition of each other, and the beaux of their acquaintance, there were plenty of

"Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimples sleek."

This celebrated club congregated every fortnight, during the gay season of May and June, and spent the day at the residence of one of their number, within twenty or thirty miles of London, returning in the evening, exactly in the order they had set out.

Master Moody, the driver and proprietor of the fast Windsor Coach, had, as said, been the tutor of these aristocratic charioteers, who placed themselves under his guardianship, and had been taught to handle "the ribbons" until declared perfect in the noble science. He had consequently imbibed much and many of the *airs* and *graces*, and manners of his pupils.

Being anxious to have a ride beside this great man, I was at Piccadilly long before he started, and by a pretty handsome douceur to his cad, had the supreme felicity of obtaining a seat on the box, and certainly was well repaid for the extra expense of sitting by Corinthian Tom.

He was a tall fellow, and had a severely serious

face; was dressed in the extreme of driving fashion; wore delicate white kid gloves, and the tops of his highly-polished boots were white as the lily. In short, his whole "togger" was faultless—a perfect out-and-outer. He was truly a great man, or appeared to fancy himself such—for he rarely condescended to exchange a word, except with an acquaintance, and even then, it was with a condescending, patronizing air; and he smiled as seldom as a Connecticut lawyer. Although sitting close by his side for twenty miles, not one word passed between us during the whole journey.

The nags driven by this proud fellow were as splendid as himself; finer cattle never flew over Epsom Downs, the Heath of Ascot, or Doncaster Course—pure bloods, every one of them, and such as might have served Guido as models for his famous fresco of the chariot of Apollo; but Guido's steeds, although they are represented tearing away furiously, are lubberly *drays*, compared with the slim, graceful, fleet stags of Tom Moody.

When the cad gave the word—"all right," Tom started them with his short, shrill "t'chit, t'chit," and a crack of his two-fathom whip right over the ears of the leaders, as loud as the report of a pistol. They sprang forward with a maddening energy, almost terrifying; but the coach was hung and balanced with such precision, and the Windsor road kept in the finest order for royalty, there was no jumping or jolting, it glided along as smoothly as if it had been running on rails. A proud man was Master Moody; not so much of himself, perhaps, or of his glossy, broad-brimmed beaver, and broadcloth "upper Benjamin," or the dashing silk tie around his neck, but of his beautiful nags—and he had reason, for there was not an equipage on the road, from the ducal chariot to the dandy tandem, to which he did not give the go-by like lightning.

The rapidity of the movement, and the beauty of the animals, produced an excitement sufficient to enable one to appreciate the rapture of the Arab, as he flies over the desert on his beloved barb, enjoying, feeling, exulting in liberty, sweet, intoxicating, unbounded liberty, with the whole wilderness for a home.

Some such feelings took possession of me, as the well-poised machine shot along. Quick as thought we threaded Kensington High street, skirted the wall of Lord Holland's park, just catching, like the twinkle of a sunbeam, a glimpse of the antique turrets of that classic fane peeping through the trees, as we passed the centre avenue.

We speedily reached Hammersmith and Turnham Green, and then passed Sion House and park, the princely residence of the Duke of Northumberland, then dashed through the straggling old town of Brentford. The intervening fields and openings into the landscape affording enchanting prospects before entering on Hounslow Heath, when the horses having got warm, the driver gave them full head, and the vehicle attained a speed truly exhilarating.

The increased momentum, and the extensive prairie-like expanse of Hounslow Heath, would have

realized in any enthusiastic mind, the feelings of the children of the desert.

This first excursion to Stoke was made during the month of May, when all nature is fresh and fair; the guelder-roses and lilacs being in full flower, and the hawthorn hedges were one sheet of milky fragrance, the air was almost intoxicating, owing to the concentrated perfumes arising from fruit orchards in full blossom, and the interminable succession of flower gardens opposite every house skirting that lovely road, the beauty of which few can conceive who have not been in England; but the fresh, pure air on the Heath, infused a new feeling, a realization of unalloyed happiness; we were rapidly hastening toward scenes for which the soul was yearning, and hope, bright, young hope, lent wings and a charm to every object, animate and inanimate.

The usual relay of fresh horses were in waiting at Cranburn Bridge, and the reeking bloods were instantly changed for others, not a whit less spirited than their released compeers. Away went Moody, and away went Moody's fiery steeds. In a very short time we passed, at a few miles on the hither side of Slough, the "ivy-mantled tower" of Upton Church, which, but for one or two small, square openings in it, may be mistaken for a gigantic bush, or unshapely tree of evergreen ivy.

Arriving at Slough, I bade adieu to Master Moody; the forty feet telescope of Herschel, with its complicated frame-work and machinery, attracting only a few minutes attention. The road leading up to Stoke Green is one of those beautiful lanes so exquisitely described by Gilbert White, in his History of Selborne, or still more graphically portrayed by Miss Mitford, in her Tales of our Village. Stoke Green lies to the right of this lane, and at the distance of one or two fields further on, there is a stile in the corner of one of them, on the left, where a foot-path crosses diagonally. In going through a gap in the hedge, you catch the first peep of the spire of Stoke Church. After passing the field, you come to a narrow lane, overhung with hawthorns; it leads from Salt-Hill to the village of West-End Stoke. Keeping along the lane a short way, and passing through a small gate on the top of the bank, you at once enter the domain of Stoke Park, and are admitted to a full view of the church, which stands at a short distance, but almost immediately within the gate, are particularly struck by the appearance of a grand sarcophagus, erected by Mr. Penn to the memory of Gray, in the year 1779. It is a lofty structure, in the purest style of architecture; and a tolerable idea of it, and the surrounding scenery, may be obtained from the cut at the head of this article, which has been executed from a drawing made on the spot. The inscription and quotations following are on the several sides of the pedestal. It is needless to say they are from the Elegy, and Ode to Eton College—the latter poem being unquestionably written from this very spot; and Mr. Penn has exhibited the finest taste in their selection.

On the end facing Mr. Penn's house—



THIS MONUMENT,  
IN HONOR OF THOMAS GRAY,  
WAS ERECTED, A. D. MDCCXCIX., AMONG  
THE SCENES CELEBRATED BY THAT  
GREAT LYRIC AND ELEGIAC POET.  
HE DIED XXX JULY, MDCCLXXI, AND  
LIES UNNOTICED IN THE CHURCH-YARD  
ADJOINING, UNDER THE TOMB-STONE ON  
WHICH HE PIOUSLY AND PATHETICALLY  
RECORDED THE INTERMENT OF HIS  
AUNT AND LAMENTED MOTHER—  
On the side looking toward Windsor—

Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;  
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the 'ustom'd hill,  
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;  
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

On the end facing Stoke Pa'lace—

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the wat'ry glade,  
Ah! happy hills! Ah, pleasing shade!  
Ah! fields below'd in vain!  
Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
A stranger yet to pain!  
I feel the gales that from ye blow,  
A momentary bliss bestow.

On the west side, looking toward the church-yard—

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike th' inevitable hour—  
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

This noble monument is erected on a beautiful green mound, and is surrounded with flowers. It is protected by a deep trench, in the bottom of which is a palisade; but the inclosure may be entered by application at one of Mr. Penn's pretty entrance lodges, which is close by. The prospects from this part of the park are surpassingly beautiful, particularly looking toward the "distant spires and antique towers" of Eton and Windsor.

It may be worth while here to remark, that the church and church-yard of Stoke is surrounded by Mr. Penn's property, or more properly speaking his park.

Coming upon the beautiful monument quite unexpectedly, was not likely to diminish the enthusiasm previously entertained; and before proceeding to the church-yard, it was impossible to resist the impulse of making a rapid memorandum sketch of it. In after years, it was carefully and correctly drawn in all its aspects. Proceeding along "the churchway path" into the church-yard, where in reality "rests his head upon the lap of earth," the tomb-stone of the admired and beloved poet was soon found. It is at the east end of the church, nearly under a window.

Persons of a cold temperament, and not imbued with the love of poetry, may perhaps smile when it is admitted, that the approach to that tomb was made with steps as slow and reverential as those of any

devout Catholic approaching the shrine of his patron saint.

Long was it gazed upon, and frequently was the inscription read, and the following cut exhibits the coat of arms and inscriptions on the blue marble tabular stone, as they were carefully drawn and copied, that very evening:



IN THE VAULT BENEATH ARE DEPOSITED  
IN HOPE OF A JOYFUL RESURRECTION,  
THE REMAINS OF  
MARY ANTROBUS,  
SHE DIED UNMARRIED, NOVEMBER 5TH, 1749,  
AGED 66.

IN THE SAME PIOUS CONFIDENCE,  
BESIDE HER FRIEND AND SISTER,  
HERE SLEEP THE REMAINS OF  
DOROTHY GRAY,  
WIDOW, THE CAREFUL TENDER MOTHER  
OF MANY CHILDREN, ONE OF WHOM ALONE  
HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO SURVIVE HER.  
SHE DIED MARCH 11TH, 1753,  
AGED 67.

It was a soft, balmy evening; "every leaf was at rest;" the deer in the park had betaken themselves to their favorite haunts, under the wide-spreading boughs of ancient oaks and elms, and were reposing in happy security.

The long continued twilight of England was gathering in, and I still lingered in the consecrated inclosure, fascinated with the unmistakable antiquity of the church, which, although small as compared with many others, is eminently romantic, and I cannot better describe the scene, and the feelings impressed at the moment, than in the words of one equally near as dear—

"A holy spell pervades thy gloom,  
A silent charm breathes all around;  
And the dread stillness of the tomb  
Reigns o'er thy hallowed haunted ground."

It may be proper to mention that the poem from which this is extracted, is descriptive of Haddon Hall, one of the most ancient and perfect specimens of the pure Gothic in England. The poem appeared in one of the English Annuals.

At peace with all the world, and filled with emotions of true and sincere gratitude to the Giver of all

good, for the pure happiness then enjoyed, I sank down by the tomb-stone, overpowered with veneration, and breathed fervent thanks to HIM who refuses not the offering of a humble and contrite heart.

This narrative is meant to be a faithful and honest representation of *facts* and *circumstances* that actually occurred, and it is firmly believed that none can stray into an ancient secluded country church-yard, during the decline of day, without deeply meditating on those who for ages have slept below, and where ALL must soon sleep, without feeling true devotion, and forming resolves for future amended conduct.

Slowly quitting the church-yard, and approaching the elevated monument, now become almost sublime as the shades of evening rendered dim its classic outline, it was impossible to avoid lingering some time longer beside it, recalling various passages of the Elegy appropriate to the occasion; the landscape was indeed "glimmering on the sight," and there was a "solemn stillness in the air," well befitting the occasion; more particularly appropriate was that fine stanza, which, although written by Gray, is omitted in all editions of the Elegy except the one hereafter noticed, in where it was re-incorporated by the editor, [the present writer,] in consequence of a suggestion kindly offered in a letter from Granville Penn, Esq., then residing with his brother at Stoke Park.

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around  
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;  
In still small accents whispering from the ground,  
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

The Elegy is undoubtedly the most popular poem in the English language; it was translated into that of every country in Europe, besides Latin and Greek. It has been more frequently, elaborately and expensively illustrated with pictorial embellishments. The autograph copy of it, in the poet's small, neat hand, written on two small half sheets of paper, was sold last year for no less than *one hundred pounds sterling*; and the spirited purchaser was most appropriately the proprietor of Stoke Park, Granville John Penn, Esq., who at the same sale gave *forty-five pounds* for the autograph copy of *The Long Story*, and *one hundred and five pounds* for the Odes; whilst another gentleman gave forty pounds for two short poems and a letter from the illustrious poet on the death of his father.

The truthfulness of the pictures presented to the imagination in the Elegy could not be denied, for there, on the very spot where, beyond all question, it was composed, and after a lapse of nearly one hundred years, the images which impressed the mind of the inspired poet came fresh at every turn. It is true the curfew did not toll, but the "lowing herd" were as distinctly audible as the beetle wheeling his droning flight. The yew tree's shade—that identical tree, to which, to a moral certainty, the poet had reference—is represented in the cut, in the corner of the inclosure, as distinctly as the smallness of the scale admitted, underneath its shade the "turf lies in many a mouldering heap," and the "rugged elms" are outside the inclosure, but their outstretched arms over-spread many a "narrow cell and frail memorial,"

where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," and where also "their name and years are spelt by th' unlettered muse." A singular error in spelling *the name* of one of those humble persons, was however committed by the poet himself in his "Long Story," very pardonable in him, however, as the party was then alive; but that the error should have been perpetuated in ALL EDITIONS save one, down to that entitled "The Eton," being printed there, and edited by a reverend clergyman resident in the college, is somewhat singular; moreover the *second* edition of the Eton Gray appeared this very year, and the error remains, although the name is correctly given on the grave-stone. The excepted edition, in which alone it is correctly given, was published in 1821, and edited by the present writer for his friend Mr. John Sharpe. The circumstance will be noticed presently.

The Elegy of Gray was evidently written under the influence of strong feeling, and vivid impressions of the beautiful in the scenery around him, and when his sensitive mind was overspread with melancholy, in consequence of the death of his young, amiable and accomplished friend West, to whom, in June, 1742, he addressed his lovely Ode to Spring, which was written at Stoke; but before it reached his friend he was numbered with the dead! So true was the friendship subsisting between them, that the poet of Stoke was overpowered with a melancholy which, although subdued, lasted during a great part of his life.

The scenes amid which the Elegy was composed were well adapted to soothe and cherish that contemplative sadness which, when the wounds of grief are healing, it is a luxury to indulge, and that the poet did indulge them is self-evident in many a line.

In returning to Stoke Green to spend the night, some of the rustic peasantry were wending their way down the lane to the same place, but none of these simple people, although questioned, could tell aught of him whose fame and works had induced the pilgrimage to Stoke; neither did better success attend any succeeding inquiry at the village. So universally true is that scriptural saying, like ALL the sayings of HIM who uttered it, that a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country and in his own house.

Retiring to rest early, with a full determination to do that which had often been resolved but never accomplished, that is, to rise with the dawn; the resolution had nearly defeated the purpose, inasmuch as the mind being surcharged with the past and the expected, there was little inclination to sleep until after midnight. But a full and fixed determination of the will overcomes greater difficulties, and the first streak of light at break of day found me up and dressed, and of a truth

Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

The dawn was most lovely, and the perfume from the hawthorns delicious; every thing indicated a beautiful day. The sarcophagus stands on the most elevated spot, and there, where probably in days long

past the poet had watched the rising of the sun, did I, a humble pilgrim at his shrine, await the same sublime spectacle.

As if to gratify a long cherished desire, the sun did rise with a splendor impossible to be exceeded, and the following lines, by an anonymous author, immediately recurred to memory:

O who can paint the rapture of the soul,  
As o'er the scene the sun first steals to sight,  
And all the world of vapors as they roll,  
And heaven's vast arch unveils in living light.

To witness the break of day in the country is indeed a luxury to which the inhabitants of cities are strangers. As the sun rose from the horizon, his increasing light brought into view myriads of dew-drops on every bud and blossom, which glittered and shone like diamonds. The sky-larks began to rise from their grassy beds among the daisies, ascending in circles to the clouds, and caroling a music which is almost heavenly to hear. The deer also were getting up from their shadowy lair under the trees, and the young fawns sprung away and took to flight as I passed a herd, under a clump of beeches, in order to obtain a view of the ancient mansion. In approaching it, a sound, familiar indeed but far from musical, struck the ear, and added another proof and a fresh charm to the fidelity of the picture drawn by the poet. The swallows were merrily "twittering" about the gable-ends, and it did the heart good to stand watching the probable successors of those active little visitors, whose predecessors had possibly attracted the notice of the bard. It is well known that these birds, like the orchard oriole, return year after year to the same house, and haunt where they had previously reared their young.\*

A strong and perhaps natural desire to inspect the interior of all that remained of the ancient mansion of the Huntingdons and Hattons was defeated, inasmuch as it was found barricaded. Imagination had been busy for many a year, in respect to its great hall and gallery, its rich windows "and passages that lead to nothing;" but as access to the interior was denied, the sketch-book was put in requisition, and an accurate view soon secured.

Observing at some distance, through a vista among the trees, a lofty pillar with a statue on its summit, and proceeding thither, it was found to be another of those splendid ornaments with which the taste and liberality of the proprietor had adorned his park, being erected to the memory of Sir Edward Coke, whose statue it was which surmounted the capital. Whilst engaged in sketching this truly classic object, a gentleman approached, who introduced himself as Mr. Osborne, the superintendent of the demesne. He expressed pleasure at seeing the sketches, and politely offered every facility for making such, but hinted that Mr. Penn had scruples, and very proper ones, about strangers approaching too near the house on the Sabbath day, to make sketches of objects in its vicinity.

\* A pair of Baltimore birds (the orchard oriole) returned summer after summer, and built their hanging nest, not only in the same apple-tree, but on the same bough, which overhung a terrace, in a garden belonging to the writer at Geneva, New York, until one season a terrific storm, not of hail but ice, tore the nest from the tree, and killed the young, and the parent birds never afterward returned.

Mr. Osborne's offer was courteously made, and the consequence was that many visits to Stoke afterward took place, and the whole of the interesting scenery carefully sketched. He kindly pointed out all that was most worthy of attention about the estate and neighborhood, and made tender of his company to visit West-End, and show the house which Gray, and his mother and aunt had for many years occupied. The proprietor he said was Captain Salter, in whose family it had remained for a great many generations. Latterly the house has been purchased, enlarged, and put into complete repair by Mr. Granville John Penn, the present proprietor, nephew of John Penn, Esq., who died in June, 1834. After "a hasty" breakfast at Stoke Green, the church-yard was again visited, and there was not a grave-stone in it which was not examined and read. The error formerly alluded to was immediately detected. The passages in the *Long Story*, describing the mock trial at the "Great House," before Lady Cobham, may be worth transcribing.

Fame, in the shape of Mr. Puri,\*  
(By this time all the parish know it,)  
Had told that thereabouts there lurked  
A wicked imp they call a poet:  
Who prowled the country far and near,  
Bewitched the children of the peasants,  
Dried up the cows and lamed the deer,  
And sucked the eggs and killed the pheasants.

The court was sat, the culprit there,  
Forth from their gloomy mansions creeping,  
The Lady Janes and Joans repair,  
And from the gallery stand peeping:  
Such in the silence of the night  
Come (sweep) along some winding entry,  
(Styack has often seen the sight,)  
Or at the chapel-door stand eunty:  
In peaked hoods and mantles tarnished  
Sour visages enough to scare ye,  
High dames of honor once who garnished  
The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The bard with many an artful fib  
Had in imagination fenced him,  
Disproved the arguments of Squib  
And all that Groom could urge against him.

Finding on the stone alluded to, that it was to the memory of Mrs. Ann Tyacke, who died in 1753, it occurred that this was the Styack of the poem, where a foot-note in a copy then and there consulted, stated her to have been the housekeeper; and on inquiring of Mr. Osborne, he confirmed the conjecture. Two other foot-notes state Squib to have been *groom* of the chamber, and that Groom was steward; but finding another head-stone (both are represented in the large wood-cut, although not exactly in the situations they occupy in the church-yard) close to that of Mrs. Tyacke, to the memory of *William Groom*, who died 1751, it appears to offer evidence that Gray mistook the *name* of the one for the *office* of the other. The Eton edition has not a single foot-note from beginning to end of the volume. It is dedicated to Mr. Granville John Penn, and his "kind assistance during the progress of the work" acknowledged, both in its illustrations, and in the biographical sketch, notwithstanding.

\* In all editions but that published by Mr. John Sharpe the initial *only* of this name has been given—"Mr. P."—even the Eton edition of this year has it so. It seems folly to continue what may have been very proper nearly a hundred years ago, when the individual was alive; but the Rev. Robert Puri died in April, 1752!

standing which "assistance," the error of the house-keeper's name is continued; and amongst the wood-cut illustrations, there is one entitled (both *in the list and on the cut*) "Stoke Church, east end, with tablet to Gray," when, in fact, it represents the *tomb-stone* at the end of the church, under which Gray and his mother are interred. The *tablet* to Gray is quite another thing, *that* was lately inserted in the wall of the church; but by some extraordinary blunder it records his death as having taken place on the 1st of August, while on the sarcophagus it is stated to have occurred on the 30th of July. Neither the one nor the other is correct. The Gentleman's Magazine for 1771, and the Annual Register for the same year, as well as Mathias' Life, 2 vols. 4to., 1814, all concur in giving it as having taken place on the 31st. The Etonian edition has it the 30th. After a considerable time spent in the church-yard, the hour of public worship drew near, the aged sexton appeared, opened the doors, and began to toll the bell—that same ancient bell which, century after century, had "rung in" generation after generation, and tolled at their funerals. It is difficult to realize the feelings excited on entering a sacred edifice of very ancient date, particularly if it is in the country, secluded amongst aged trees, looking as old as itself; and in walking over the stone floor, which, although so seldom trodden, is worn away into something like channels; in sitting in the same antique, and curiously carved, black oaken pews, which had been sat on by races of men who had occupied the same seats hundreds of years long past; but the effect is greatly increased on viewing the effigies of the mighty dead, lying on their marble beds, in long and low niches in the walls, some with the palms of their hands pressed together and pointing upward, as if in the act of supplication; and others grasping their swords, and having their legs crossed, indicating that they had fought for the cross in the Holy Land. Such a church, and such objects around, fill the mind with true devotion. The sublime words of Milton work out the picture to perfection.

There let the pealing organ blow  
To the full-voiced quire below,  
In service high, and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness through mine ear  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

It was gratifying and affecting to witness the piety, humility, and devotion of the congregation as they entered and took their seats in silence, long before the venerable clergyman entered the church; there was something exceedingly touching in the profound silence that reigned throughout the congregation, and induced one to think highly of that rule amongst those excellent people, who with great propriety are termed Friends. Public worship was attended both in the morning and afternoon, and I returned to London, feeling myself a much better man than when I left it, with a full determination to revisit a place where so much pleasure had been received. It was nearly

three months before the resolve was carried into effect; but a second excursion was made in August, and Mr. Osborne was kind enough to show the house at West-End, together with the celebrated Burnham beeches, amongst which were several "which wreathed their old fantastic roots so high," evidently the originals alluded to in the Elegy. They are scarcely a mile from West-End, and are approached through another of those sweet green lanes with which the neighborhood abounds. They are part of the original forest. The spot was one of Gray's favorite haunts; and it would be difficult to find one better fitted for a lover of nature, and a contemplative mind. Late in the autumn an invitation was received from Mr. Osborne to spend a day or two with him; but it was not until the beginning of November that advantage could be taken of it. Arriving at his house late in the afternoon, his servant informed me he had been suddenly called away to the Isle of Portland, in Dorsetshire, where Mr. Penn was erecting a castle. She also apologized for Mrs. Osborne's inability to receive company, in consequence of "a particular circumstance," which circumstance she blushing acknowledged was the birth of a fine boy the night before. There was no resource, therefore, but to walk down either to Stoke Green, or to Salt-Hill, where there are two well-known taverns. Before proceeding, however, the church-yard, almost of necessity, must be visited; and although in a direct line, it was not far from Mr. Osborne's house, a considerable circuit had to be made to get into the inclosure. The evening was particularly still—you could have heard a leaf fall; the twilight was just setting in, and a haze, or fog, coming on, but the spot was soon reached; and whilst kneeling, engaged, like Old Mortality, in plucking some weeds and long grass, which had sprung up about the tomb since the last visit, a slight sound—a very gentle rustle—struck the ear. I supposed it to be the ivy on the church-wall, but the next instant it was followed by a movement—something very near was certainly approaching. On looking up, it is impossible to describe with what mixed feelings of astonishment, apprehension, and awe, I beheld coming from a corner of the church-yard, (where there was no ingress through the brick wall,) and directly toward the spot where I knelt, the figure of a tall, majestic lady, dressed in a black velvet pelisse, black velvet hat, surmounted by a plume of black ostrich feathers. She was stepping slowly toward me, over the graves. It would be useless to deny that fear fixed me to the spot on beholding the expression of her very serious face, and her eyes firmly fixed on mine.

Appalled by her sudden appearance, it seemed as if she had just risen from the grave, dressed in a funeral pall; for I was facing toward that corner of the enclosure from which she was coming, and feeling certain no human being was there one minute before, I was breathless with apprehension, and glad to rest one arm on the tomb-stone until she came close up to me.



With a graceful inclination of the head, she addressed me.

"Mr. B——, I believe?"

"Yes, madam, that is my name."

"And you came down to visit Mr. Osborne, who has been called away to Portland."

I breathed more freely as I admitted it.

"It happens," she continued, "to be inconvenient for Mrs. Osborne to receive you, and as you came by invitation from her husband, if you will accept a night's lodging from me, I am enabled to offer it. I am Mr. Pean's housekeeper, and none of the family are at home."

Most joyfully was the invitation accepted; my mind was relieved from a very unpleasant load of

apprehension—but the end was not yet! She began to lead the way over the graves, exactly toward the spot from whence she had so suddenly and mysteriously appeared; after proceeding a few steps, I ventured to say—

"Pray, madam, may I be allowed to inquire where you are leading to? I can see no egress in that direction, unless it be into an open grave or under a tomb-stone."

"Oh, you will find that out presently," replied the lady, transfixing me with a glance of her bright blue eyes, and I thought I could detect a rather equivocal expression about the corners of her beautiful mouth. This was not very encouraging, and not much liked, but she was a woman, and a lovely one, too much

so by half to be a Ban-hee.—I was on my guard, however, and ready, but the fog became so thick it was impossible to see three steps before us; in fact, it rolled over the church-yard wall in clouds. The lady linked her arm in mine, to prevent herself from stumbling, holding up her dress with the other hand, as the long dank grass was wetting it. At last we arrived in the very corner of the church-yard, she still keeping a firm hold of my arm.

"In Heaven's name, madam, what do you mean by leading me into this corner?"

"Oh, you are afraid, I see; but wait a moment."

On saying which, I observed her to take something bright from her girdle, which apprehension converted into a stiletto or dirk, and such is the force of self-preservation, that I was on the point of tripping her up and throwing her on her back. But thrusting the supposed dirk against the wall—*presto*—open sesame—the wall gave way, and she drew me through a doorway. This was done so quickly it absolutely seemed magic. For an instant I thought of dropping her arm—indeed I should have done so, and retreated back through the door, but she held my arm tight, and I almost quaked, for I thought she had dragged me into a secret vault, the manœuvre was performed so adroitly. The drifting cold fog, however, soon made it plain we were in no vault, but the open park. In short, it was a door in the wall, flush with the bricks, and painted so exactly like them, it was impossible for a stranger to discover it. It was Mr. Penn's private entrance, and saved the family a walk of some distance. A narrow green walk, not previously remarked, led from the door to the west end of the church.

The housekeeper of a nobleman or gentleman of wealth, in England, generally enjoys an enviable situation. Intrusted with much that is valuable, she is generally a person of the highest consideration and respect, and seldom fails to acquire the elevated manners and refined address of her superiors. The lady in question was exactly one of this description, well educated, and well read; a magnificent library was at her command, and having much time, and what is better, fine taste, she had profited by it. Never was an evening passed in greater comfort, or with a more agreeable companion. After partaking of that most exhilarating of all beverages, the pure hyson, we began to chat with almost the same freedom as though we had been long acquainted. During a pause in the conversation, after looking in my face a moment, she said—

"Will you answer me one question?"

"Most certainly, any thing, you choose to ask."

"But will you answer it honestly and truly?"

"Do not doubt it."

"Well, then, tell me, were you not most horribly afraid when you saw me coming toward you in the church-yard?"

"I do frankly confess, madam, I *was* horribly afraid, and further, I firmly believe I should have taken to my heels, had you not been a very beautiful woman!"

Before the sentence was well finished her laughter was irrepressible.

"I *knew* it, I *saw* it, I *intended* it," said she, laughing so heartily that the tears sprung out of her beautiful eyes, and she was obliged to use her handkerchief to wipe them away.

"And do you feel no compunction for scaring a poor fellow half out of his wits?"

"None whatever," replied she gayly. "What could you expect when prowling amongst the graves in a church-yard so lone and solitary, like a goule, on a damp November night? I saw you from Mr. Osborne's going toward it, and determined to startle you—and I think I succeeded pretty effectually."

"You did, and had very nearly met with your reward, for when in the corner of that church-yard you pulled the key from your girdle, fully believing you to be the Evil One, I was on the point of strangling you."

Much laughter at my expense ensued, for the lady lacked neither wit nor humor, and the evening flew faster than desired. On retiring, a man servant conducted me to an apartment on the upper floor of the mansion, and sleep soon came and soon went, for an innumerable number of rats and mice were careering all over the bed! and I felt them sniffing about my nose and mouth; I sprang bolt upright, striking right and left like a madman. This sent them pattering all about the room, and dreading that I might find myself minus a nose or an ear before morning, I groped all around the room for a bell, but could find none; proceeding into the corridor and standing on tip-toe, bell-wires were soon found, and soon set a ringing; watching at the top of the very long staircase, a light was at last seen ascending, borne in the hand of a very fat man, who proved to be the butler; he had nothing on but his shirt, and a huge pair of red plush, which enveloped his nether bulk. Puffing with the exertion of ascending so many stairs, he at last saw me, still more lightly clothed than himself, and inquired what I wanted?

"Have you got a cat about the house?"

"No, sir, we have no cats, they destroy the young pheasants."

"A dog, then?"

"No dog, sir, on account of the deer."

"Then tell the housekeeper there are ten thousand rats and twenty thousand mice in the room I occupy!"

As he descended the stair he was heard mumbling, "cats!"—"dogs!"—"rats!"—"mice!" and chuckling ready to burst his fat sides.

After long waiting, the reflection of light on his red plush smalls (*grecs* would better describe them) flashed up like a streak of lightning, and puffing harder than before, told me if I would follow him down stairs, he had orders to show me to another room.

Gathering up the articles of my dress over my arm, we descended, and I was shown into a room of almost regal splendor. The lofty bedstead had a canopy, terminating in a gilded coronet, and the ample hangings were of rich Venetian crimson velvet, trimmed and festooned "about, around and underneath." The

ascent to this unusually lofty bed was by a flight of superb steps, covered with rich embossed velvet. Out of the royal palaces I had never seen such a bed.

In consequence of having stood so long undressed on the marble floor at the top of the stairs, shivering with cold, the magnificent bed, on getting into it, was found comfortable beyond expression. It felt as if it would never cease yielding under the pressure; it sunk down, down, down—there appeared no stop to its declension; and then its delicious warmth—what a luxury to a shivering man! Hugging myself under the idea of a glorious night's rest, and composing myself in the easiest possible position, it was more desirable to lay awake in such full enjoyment, than to sleep—sleep had lost all its charms. I was in the bed of beds—the celestial!

After thus laying about twenty minutes, enjoying perfect bliss, a sensation of some uneasiness began slowly to manifest itself, which induced a change of position; but the change did not relieve the uncomfortable feeling. It would be difficult to describe it, but it increased every moment, until at last it seemed as if the points of a hundred thousand fine needles were puncturing every pore. This was borne with great resignation and equanimity for some time, expecting it would go off; but the stinging sensation increased, and finally became intolerable; the celestial bed became one of infernal torture. I tossed, and dashed, and threw about my limbs in all directions, and almost bellowed like a mad bull.

What to do to relieve the torment I knew not. To ask for another bed was out of the question, and to attempt to sleep on thorns—thorns! they would have been thought a luxury to this of lying enduring the pains of the doomed. After long endurance of the pain, and in racking my brains considering what was best to be done, the intolerable sensations began by degrees to subside and grow less and less; but the heat, although nearly insupportable, was more easily endured. That horrible night was a long one—and long will it be before it is forgotten.

Coming down in the morning, expecting to find the lady all smiles and graces, I was surprised and hurt to find she received me rather coldly, and with averted head; but when she could no longer avoid turning round, never, in the whole course of my life, was I more astonished at the change she had undergone. It was a total, a radical change—she was hardly to be recognized—and it was scarcely possible to believe she was the lovely woman of the last night. Not that her splendid figure was altered—in fact, an elegant morning-dress rather tended to improve and set-off her full and almost voluptuous contour, and her soft, sweet voice was equally musical; but her face—the charms of her lovely face were vanished and gone!

Every one will admit that the nose is a most important, nay, a very prominent feature in female beauty. It is indispensable that a belle should have a beautiful nose; in fact, it is a question whether a woman without an eye would not be preferable to one with—but I anticipate.

"I see your surprise, sir," said she, with evident chagrin, "but it is all owing to you."

"To me, madam! I presume you allude to the altered appearance of your face, but I cannot conceive what I can have had to do with the change."

In brief, her beautiful nose was all over as red as scarlet, particularly the point of it, which exactly resembled a large red cherry, or ripe Siberian crab-apple. Now just think of it—a very fair woman with a blood-red nose! Faugh! it is enough to sicken the most devoted admirer of the sex. Suppose any gentleman going to be married, and full of love and admiration, should, on going to the house of his beloved bride on the appointed morning, to take her to church, humming to himself that sweet song, "She Wove a Wreath of Roses," find her beautiful nose become a big rosy nosegay—would he not be apt to suppose she had over night been making pretty free sacrifices, not to the little god of love, but to jolly Bacchus? I did not do my belle such an injustice—and yet what could I think?

"How do you make out that I had any thing to do with such an important alteration, madam?"

"O, as easy as it is true. Did not your wo-begone terrors in the church-yard throw me into immoderate fits of laughter, as you well know? And did not your adventures, after you retired, when reported to me, throw me all but into convulsions—the more I thought, the more I laughed, until it brought on a nervous headache so intense, it felt as if my head would have split? To relieve so distressing a pain, I took a bottle of eau de cologne to bed with me, and pulling out the stopper, propped it up by the pillow, right under my nose. I quite forgot it, and fell asleep with the bottle in that position."

"Ah!" said I, "I suspected the bottle had something to do with it."

"Quite true, quite true—but not the bottle you wickedly insinuate. How long I slept I know not, it must have been a long time; when I awoke, I was surprised to find my shoulder cold and wet—and then I recollected the bottle of cologne; but what was my horror, on getting up, to behold my face in this frightful condition, you may easily imagine."

Poor, dear lady, if she laughed heartily at the scare she gave me in the church-yard, I now had my revenge, full and ample—for I could not refrain from laughing outright every time I looked in her face; and laughter, when it is hearty and hilarious, is catching, almost as much as yawning; and I fancy few will dispute how potent, how Mesmeric, or magnetic the effect of an outstretched arm and wide gaping oscitation is. I declare, I caught myself gaping the other night on seeing my wife's white cat stretch herself on the rug, and yawn.

"I really should feel obliged if you would be polite enough to keep your eye off my face," said the lady.

Now it need hardly be remarked, that when any thing is the matter with a person's face, be it a wall-eye, a squint, a cancer, very bad teeth, or any such disfigurement or malady, it is impossible to look at any other spot—it is sure to fix your gaze, you can look at no other part; you cannot keep your eye

off it, unless you are more generous, or better bred than most men.

"I really should feel obliged if you would be polite enough to keep your eye off my nose; it puts me out of countenance," said the fair one. She said this half earnest, half jest; and I obliged her, by directing my looks to her taper fingers and white hands—and the conversation proceeded with the breakfast.

"May I inquire how you rested, after your escape from the ten thousand rats, and twenty thousand mice, which attacked you before you changed your room?"

"Do you ask the question seriously?"

"Certainly I do."

"Why, then, to use a homely but a very expressive phrase, it was out of the frying-pan into the fire."

"Mercy on us! how can that be; you had what is considered the best bed in the house."

"O, I dare say—no doubt, the softest I ever lay in; but instead of ten thousand rats, and twenty thousand mice, I had not been in it fifteen minutes ere a hundred and twenty thousand hornets, wasps, scorpions, and centipeds, two or three thousand hedge-hogs, and as many porcupines, seemed to be full drive at me; and had I not soon been relieved by perspiration, I should assuredly have gone mad, and been in bedlam. Nervous headache! Why, madam, it would have been considered paradise, compared with the purgatory you inflicted on me."

Her eyes sparkled with glee—and she began to laugh joyously; but soon checking herself, and assuming a sort of mock sympathy, said,

"I am very sorry—very sorry, indeed, that you should have found your bed so like the love of some men, rather hot to hold."

On inquiring whether the grand coroneted bed, which had been as a hot gridiron to me, was intended for any particular person, she informed me it was for a Russian nobleman, Baron Nicholas, a much respected friend of Mr. Penn's, who sometimes visited Stoke, and who, being used to a bed of down in the cold climate of his own country, Mr. Penn, with his characteristic kindness and attention, had it prepared for the baron's especial comfort. She added that the reason why Mr. Penn had all his life remained a bachelor, was in consequence of an early attachment which he had formed for the baron's sister; that they were to have been married, but in driving the lady in a *drouschky*, or sledge, on the ice of the Neva, at St. Petersburg, by some fatality the ice gave way, and notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions of her lover, and the servant who stood behind the sled, the lady, by the force of the current, was swept away under the ice, and never afterward seen. That this shocking accident had such effect on Mr. Penn's mind, as well it might, he never could think of any other woman, but remained true and constant to his first love, mourning her tragic end all his life." ♀

This was exactly the case with that most amiable and gifted man, the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, who being engaged and about to be married to a daughter of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons, the young lady was suddenly snatched from him by a rapid consumption; and Sir Thomas remained faithful to her beloved

memory, wearing mourning during his life, and ever after used black wax in sealing his letters, as the writer can prove by many, many received from him during a series of years until his lamented death.

On asking my intelligent companion if she knew any particulars respecting Gray, she replied she did know a great deal regarding him; that Mr. Penn idolized his memory, and had made collections respecting him and the personages mentioned in the Long Story. At my pressing solicitation she was good enough to say she would write out all the particulars—a promise which she faithfully kept; and they may hereafter appear in some shape.

The morning proving foggy and damp, the time (instead of going to church) was passed in the library—a magnificent room, nearly two hundred feet long, extending the whole length of the building, and filled with books from floor to ceiling.

In one of the principal rooms, mounted upon a pedestal, there is a large piece of the identical tree under the shade of which Mr. Penn's celebrated ancestor, William, signed his treaty with the Indians, constituting him Lord Proprietary of what was afterward, and what will ever be, Pennsylvania. The piece of wood is part of a large limb, about five feet long. The tree was blown down in 1812, and the portion in question was transmitted by Dr. Rush to Mr. Penn, who had it varnished in its original state, and a brass plate affixed to it, with an inscription.

The sun broke through the fog about twelve o'clock, and had as cheering an effect on the landscape, as it almost invariably has on the mind. In the afternoon, after a most delightful day spent with the fair house-keeper, it became time to think of returning to London, and as the distance would be much lessened by proceeding through Mr. Penn's grounds, and going down to Salt-Hill instead of Slough, the lady offered to accompany me to the extent of the shrubberies, and point out the way. These enchanting shrubberies are adorned with busts of the Roman and English poets, placed on antique terms, along the well-kept, smooth gravel-walks, which wind about in many a serpentine direction through the grounds. There are appropriate quotations from the works of the different bards, placed on the front of each terminus. The bust of Gray, is placed under an ancient wide-spreading oak, with this inscription:

Where 'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
A broader, browner shade;  
Where 'er the rude moss-grown beech  
O'er canopies the glade,  
With me the muse shall sit and think,  
At ease reclined in rustic state.

There is an elegant small building, inscribed "The Temple of Fancy," in which a bust of the immortal Shakspeare is the only ornament. It is on a small knoll, commanding an extensive prospect through the trees, which are opened like a fan. Windsor Castle terminates this lovely view. Within the temple there is a long inscription from the Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 5, sc. 5, beginning thus,



Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out;  
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;  
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,  
In state as wholesome, as in state 't is fit,  
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The grounds, laid out with so much fine taste, terminate in a lovely little dell, sheltered on every side. In the centre there is a circle bordered with box, and growing within it, a collection of all the known varieties of heath. The plants were then in full flower, and innumerable honey-bees were feeding and buzzing. To one who, in early life, had been accustomed to tread the heath-covered hills of Scotland, the unexpected sight of these blooming plants of the mountain was a treat; and the effect was heightened on seeing the bust of Scotia's most admired bard, Thomson, adorning it. The inscription was from that sublime, almost divine hymn, with which the Seasons conclude, and eminently well applied to the heath, as some one or other of the varieties blossom nearly all the year through.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these,  
Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Is full of thee.

In that secluded dell I bade a sorrowful and unwilling adieu to the lady who had shown such extraordinary politeness. It may be worth the while to mention that she was soon after married, much against the wish of Mr. Penn, who had a great aversion to any changes in his establishment; for a kinder, a better, a more pious, or more accomplished gentleman than the late John Penn, of Stoke Park, England could not boast.

In consequence of the extraordinary prices lately paid for the autograph copies of Gray's poems, more particularly that of the Elegy, it has been thought it would be acceptable to the readers of the Magazine to be presented with a *fac simile*. The following have therefore been traced, and engraved with great care and accuracy, from the first and last stanzas of the Elegy, and the signature from a letter. These will give an exact idea of the peculiarly neat and elegant handwriting of the Poet of Stoke.

*The Curfew tolls the Knell of parting Day,  
The lowing Herd wind slowly o'er the Lea,  
The Plowman homeward plods his weary Way,  
And leaves the World to Darkness & to me.*

*No farther seek his Merits to disclose,  
Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode,  
(There they alike in trembling Hope repose)  
The Bosom of his Father, & his God.*

*Your humble Serv<sup>t</sup> F. Gray*

## THE SAW-MILL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KORNER.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

In yonder mill I rested,  
And sat me down to look  
Upon the wheel's quick glimmer,  
And on the flowing brook.

As in a dream, before me,  
The saw, with restless play,  
Was cleaving through a fir-tree  
Its long and steady way.

The tree through all its fibres  
With living motion stirred,  
And, in a dirge-like murmur,  
These solemn words I heard—

Oh, thou, who wanderest hither,  
A timely guest thou art!  
For thee this cruel engine  
Is passing through my heart.

When soon, in earth's still bosom,  
Thy hours of rest begin,  
This wood shall form the chamber  
Whose walls shall close thee in.

Four planks—I saw and shuddered—  
Dropped in that busy mill;  
Then, as I tried to answer,  
At once the wheel was still.

EFFIE MORRIS.  
OR LOVE AND PRIDE.

BY EMMA DUVAL.

So changes mortal Life with fleeting years;  
A mournful change, should Reason fail to bring  
The timely insight that can temper fears,  
And from vicissitude remove its sting;  
While Faith aspires to seats in that domain  
Where joys are perfect—neither wax nor wane. WORDSWORTH.

It was a warm, cloudy, sultry summer morning—scarcely a breath of air stirred the clematis and woodbine blossoms that peeped in and clustered around the breakfast-room window, greeting us with fresh fragrance; but on this morning no pleasant air breathed sighingly over them, and they looked drooping and faded. I was visiting my friend Effie Morris, who resided in a pleasant country village, some twenty or thirty miles from my city home. We were both young, and had been school-girl friends from early childhood. The preceding winter had been our closing session at school, and we were about entering our little world as women. Effie was an only daughter of a widowed mother. Possessing comfortable means, they lived most pleasantly in their quiet romantic little village. Effie had stayed with me during the winters of her school-days, while I had always returned the compliment by spending the summer months at her pleasant home. Her mother was lovely both in mind and disposition, and though she had suffered much from affliction, she still retained youthful and sympathizing feelings. Effie was gentle and beautiful, and the most innocent, unsophisticated little enthusiast that ever breathed. She had arrived at the age of seventeen, and to my certain knowledge had never felt the first heart-throb; never had been in love. In vain had we attended the dancing-school balls, and little parties. A host of boy-lovers surrounded the little set to which we belonged, and yet Effie remained entirely heart-whole. She never flirted, never sentimentalized with gentlemen, and she was called cold and matter-of-fact, by those who judged her alone by her manner; but one glance in her soft, dove-like eyes, it seems to me, should have set them doubting. I have seen those expressive eyes well up with tears when together we would read some old story or poem—

"Two shall be named preeminently dear—  
The gentle Lady married to the Moor,  
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb"—

Or leaning from our bed-room window, at midnight, we would gaze on the silvery moon in the heavens, listening to the rippling notes of the water-spirits that to our fancy inhabited the sparkling stream that ran near the house. How beautifully would she improvise at times—for improvisations in truth were they, while she was quite unconscious of her gift. She never wrote a line of poetry, but when in such

moods, every word she uttered was true, pure poetry. She had a most remarkable memory, and seemed never to forget a line she read. To me she would repeat page after page of our favorite authors, when we would be wandering through the woods, our arms entwined around each other.

Effie Morris was an enthusiastic dreamer, and entertained certain little romantic exaggerated opinions, out of which it was impossible to argue her—sometimes her actions ran contrary to these opinions, and we would fancy that surely now she would admit the fallacy of her arguments in favor of them; but when taxed with it, she would in the most earnest, sincere manner defend her original position, proving to us that no matter how her actions appeared to others, they were in her own mind entirely in keeping with these first expressed opinions, which to us seemed entirely at variance. But she was so gentle in argument, and proved so plainly that though her reasoning might be false, her thoughts were so beautiful and pure, as to make us feel perfectly willing to pardon her obstinacy.

On the morning I speak of, we lounged languidly over the breakfast-table, not caring to taste of the tempting crisp rolls, or drink of the fragrant Mocha juice, the delicious fumes of which rose up from the delicate China cups all unheeded by us. At first we talked listlessly of various things, wandering from subject to subject, and at last, to our surprise, we found ourselves engaged in a sprightly, animated argument; each forgetting the close atmosphere that seemed at first to weigh down all vivacity. The subject of this argument was the possibility of pride overcoming love in a woman's heart. Mrs. Morris and I contended that love weakened or quite died out if the object proved unworthy or indifferent. Our romantic Effie of course took the opposite side. True love to her mind was unalterable. Falsehood, deceit, change—no matter what sorrow, she said, might afflict the pure loving heart—its love would still remain. "I cannot," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "imagine for an instant that true, genuine love should—could have any affinity with pride. When I see a woman giving evidence of what is called high spirit in love matters, I straightway lose all sympathy for her heart-troubles. I say to myself—she has never truly loved."

We argued, but in vain; at length her mother laughingly cried out—"Nonsense, Effie, no one

would sooner resent neglect from a lover than yourself. True love, as you call it, would never make such a spiritless, meek creature out of the material of which you are composed."

"Yes, in truth," I added, as I saw our pretty enthusiast, half vexed, shake her head obstinately at her mother's prophecy—"I can see those soft eyes of yours, Effie, darling, flash most eloquent fire, should your true love meet with unworthiness."

During our conversation the clouds had broken, the wind changed, and a delicious breeze came sweeping in at the windows as if to cool our cheeks, flushed with the playful argument.

"Will you ride or walk this morning, girls?" asked Mrs. Morris, as we arose from the breakfast-table.

"Oh, let us take our books, guitar and work up the mill-stream to the old oak, dear mamma," exclaimed Effie, "and spend an hour or two there."

"But it will be mid-day when we return," replied her mother.

"That's true," said Effie, laughing, "but Leven can drive up to the old broken bridge for us at mid-day."

"To be sure he can," said Mrs. Morris, and accordingly we sallied forth, laden with books and netting, while a servant trudged on ahead, with camp-stools and guitar. Nothing eventful occurred on that particular morning, and yet though years have passed since then, I never recall the undulating scenery of the narrow, dark, winding mill-stream of Stamford, but it presents itself to my mind's eye as it looked on that morning. In my waking or sleeping dreams, I see the old oak at the morning hours, and whenever the happy moments I have spent at Effie Morris' country home come to my memory, this morning is always the brightest, most vivid picture presented before me by my fancy. As Hans Christian Andersen says with such poetic eloquence in his *Improvisatore*—"It was one of those moments which occur but once in a person's life, which, without signalizing itself by any great life-adventure, yet stamps itself in its whole coloring upon the Psyche wings."

We walked slowly along the narrow bank—tall trees towered around us, whose waving branches, together with the floating clouds, were mirrored with exquisite distinctness on the bosom of the dark, deep, narrow stream—near at shore lay the dreaming, luxurious water-lilies, and a thousand beautiful blossoms bent over the bank, and kissed playfully the passing waters, or coquetted with the inconstant breeze. Our favorite resting-place was about a mile's walk up the beautiful stream, and to reach it we had to cross to the opposite shore, over a rude, half-ruined bridge, which added to the picturesque beauty of the scenery. The oak was a century old tree, and stood upon rising ground a short distance from the shore. How calmly and happily passed that morning. Effie sang wild ballads for us, and her rich full notes were echoed from the distance by the spirit voices of the hills. We wove garlands of water-lilies and wild flowers, and when I said we

were making Ophelias of ourselves, Effie, with shy earnestness most bewitching, unloosened her beautiful hair, twining the long locks, and banding her temples with the water-lily garlands and long grass—then wrapping an India muslin mantle around her shoulders, she gathered up the ends on her arms, filling them with sprigs of wild blossoms, and acted poor Ophelia's mad scene most touchingly. Tears gathered in our eyes as she concluded the wild, wailing melody

"And will he not come again,  
And will he not come again,  
No, no, he is dead,  
Go to thy death-bed,  
He never will come again."

"His beard was as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll—  
He is gone, he is gone,  
And we cast away moan—  
God a mercy on his soul."

There was a deep, touching pathos in her voice as she uttered the minor notes of this song, and her soft eyes beamed half vacantly, half reverently, as looking up to heaven she uttered in low breathing tones—

"And of all Christian souls! I pray God!"

Then suddenly arousing herself, she looked toward us and murmured, as she turned away with a sad, tearful smile, "God be wi' you." The illusion was perfect, and we both sobbed outright.

Effie Morris was one of the few true geniuses I have known in my life time; and when I have said this to those who only met with her in society, they have laughed and wondered what genius there could be in my cold, quiet friend.

The following winter Effie entered society. Her mother had many gay and fashionable friends in the principal northern cities, and during the winter season her letters to me were dated at one time from Washington, then again from some other gay city; and in this free from care pleasant manner did her days pass. Household duties kept me, though a young girl, close at home. Possibly if Effie had been thrown into the active domestic sphere which was my mission, her history might have been different. She certainly would have been less of a dreamer. Exquisite waking dreams, woven of the shining fairy threads of fancy, meet with but poor encouragement in every-day life, and take flight sometimes never to return, when one is rudely awakened from them in order to attend to "the baked and the broiled." I remember, when a girl, feeling at times a little restive under the duties unavoidably imposed upon me, and often would indulge in a morbid sentimental humor, dreaming over some "rare old poet" or blessed romance, to the exceeding great detriment of my household affairs, making my poor father sigh over a tough, badly cooked stake, and cheerless, dusty house; but these moods, to my credit be it told, were of rare occurrence; and I say now the best school for a dreaming, enthusiastic girl, who sighs for the realization of her fancy visions, is to place her in charge of some active duty—to make her feel it is exacted from her—that she must see it performed. I mean not that a

delicate intellectual spirit should be borne to the earth disheartened with care and hard labor—but a share of domestic cares, domestic duties, is both wholesome and necessary for a woman. Cultivate if possible in a girl a taste for reading and study first, then she will soon find time for intellectual pursuits, which, from being in a measure denied to her, will become dearer. In her attempts to secure moments for the indulgence of her mental desires she will unconsciously learn order, management and economy of time and labor, thus will her mind be strengthened. But I am digressing, dear reader. I am sadly talkative on this subject, and sometimes fancy I could educate a girl most famously; and when “thinking aloud” of the perfect woman my theory would certainly complete, I am often pitched rudely from my self-satisfied position, by some married friend saying, in a half vexed, impatient tone—“Ah, yes, this is all very fine in theory—no doubt you would be successful—we all know the homely adage—‘old bachelors’ wives and old maids’ children,’ &c.”

Effie was not what is called a belle in society. She was too cold and spiritual. Her beauty was too delicate to make an impression in the gay ball-room; and she cared little for what both men and women in the world pine after—popularity. She danced and talked only with those who pleased her, and sometimes not at all if it did not suit her fancy. There was a great contrast between her mother and herself. Mrs. Morris, though “forty rising,” was still a fine-looking, *distingué* woman; and on her re-entrance into society with her daughter, she produced a greater impression than did Effie. She had a merry, joyous disposition, and without possessing half the mental superiority her daughter was gifted with, she had a light, easy conversational ability, playful repartee, an elegant style and manner, and a sufficient knowledge of accomplishments to produce an effect in the gay world, and make her the centre of attraction of every circle she entered; and the world wondered so brilliant a mother should have so indifferent a daughter. She doted on Effie; and, I am sure, loved her all the more for her calm, quiet way. She often said to me, “Effie is very superior to the women one meets with—she has a pure, elevated spirit. So delicate a nature as hers is not properly appreciated in this world.”

One summer there came a wooing of Effie a most excellent gentleman. He had met with her the preceding winter in some gay circle, and had discernment enough to discover the merits of our jewel. How anxiously Mrs. Morris and I watched the wooing—for we were both anxious for Mr. Grayson’s success. He was in every way worthy of her—high-minded, honorable, and well to do in the world—some years her senior, but handsome and elegant in appearance. He must have had doubts of his success, for he let the live-long summer pass ere he ventured on his love speech. We were a pleasant party—Mrs. Morris, Effie, myself, Mr. Grayson, and Lucien Decker, a cousin of Mrs. Morris—a college youth, who only recently had become one of the family. Lucien Decker’s family lived in a distant state, and only until he came to a northern college to

finish his studies had he known his pleasant relatives. He was a bright, interesting, graceful youth, and wondrous clever, we thought. We would spend morning after morning wandering up the mill-stream, resting under the old oak, where Mr. Grayson would discourse most pleasantly, or read aloud to us; and sometimes, after Effie and I had chanted simple melodies, we would prevail on Lucien to recite some of his own poetry, at which he was, indeed, most clever—he recited well, and wrote very delicately and beautifully. At last Mr. Grayson ventured on a proposal; but, to our sorrow, he met with a calm, gentle refusal; and to relieve his disappointment, he sailed in the fall for Europe.

Not long after his departure, to our surprise, Effie and Lucien announced themselves as lovers. No objection, surely, could be made; but such a thing had never entered our minds. Though of the same age with Effie and myself, he had always seemed as a boy in comparison to us, and I had always treated him with the playful familiarity of a youth. He was more intelligent and interesting than young men of his age generally are; indeed he gave promise of talent—and he was likewise good-looking; but, in truth, when we compared him with the elegant and finished Mr. Grayson, we felt a wee bit out of patience; and if we did not give utterance aloud to our thoughts, I shrewdly suspect if those thoughts had formed themselves into words, those words would have sounded very much like, “Nonsensical sentimentality!” “strange infatuation!” but nothing could be said with propriety, and the engagement was fully entered into. Some time had necessarily to elapse before its fulfillment, however, for the lover was but twenty; but it was well understood, that when he had finished his studies, and was settled in his profession, he was to wed our darling Effie. After the acceptance of his suit, Lucien seemed perfectly happy, and, I must confess, made himself particularly interesting. He walked and read with us, and wrote such beautiful poetry in honor of Effie’s charms, that we were at last quite propitiated. He was, indeed, an ardent lover; and his enthusiastic, earnest wooing, was very different from Mr. Grayson’s calm, dignified manner. He caused our quiet Effie a deal of entertainment, however; for when he was an acknowledged lover, like all such ardent dispositions, he showed himself to be an exacting one. Her calm, cold manner would set him frantic at times; and he would vow she could not love him; but these lovers’ quarrels instead of wearying Effie, seemed to produce a contrary effect.

They had been engaged a year or so, when one summer a belle of the first water made her appearance in the village-circle of Stamford. Kate Barclay was her name. She was a Southerner, and a reputed heiress. She had come rusticated, she said; and shrugging her pretty shoulders, she would declare in a bewitching, languid tone, “truly a face and figure needed rest after a brilliant winter campaign.” Old Mrs. Barclay, a dear, nice old lady in the village, was her aunt; and as we were the only young ladies of a companionable age, Kate was, of course, a great

deal with us. She was, indeed, a delicious looking creature. She had large, melting dark eyes, and rich curling masses of hair, that fell in clusters over her neck and shoulders, giving her a most romantic appearance. She understood fully all the little arts and wiles of a belle; and she succeeded in securing admiration. Superficial she was, but showy; and could put on at will all moods, from the proud and dignified, to the bewitching and childlike. We had no gentlemen visitors with us when she first came, not even Lucien; for some engagement had taken him from Effie for a week or two, and our pretty southern damsel almost expired with *ennui*. When we first met with her, she talked so beautifully of the delights of a quiet country life, seemed so enchanted with every thing and every body, and so eloquent in praise of rambles in the forest, sunsets, moonlights, rushing streamlets, &c., &c., that we decided she was an angel forthwith. But one or two rambles quite finished her—for she complained terribly of dust, sun, and fatigue; moreover, we quite neglected to notice or admire her picturesque rambling dress, which inadvertency provoked her into telling us that the gentlemen at Ballston, or some other fashionable watering-place, had declared she looked in it quite like Robin Hood's maid Marian. The gorgeous summer sunsets and clear moonlight nights, soon wearied her—for we were too much occupied with the beauties of nature to notice her fine attitudes, or beautiful eyes cast up imploringly to heaven, while she recited, in a half theatrical manner, passages of poetry descriptive of her imaginary feelings. I suspected she was meditating a flitting, when one day Lucien, and two of his student friends, made their appearance amongst us. How quickly her mood changed; the listless, yawning, dissatisfied manner disappeared, and we heard her the first night of their arrival delighting them, as she had us, with her fascinating ecstasies over rural enjoyments. She sentimentalized, flirted, romped, laughed, dressed in a picturesque manner, and "was every thing by turns, but nothing long," evidently bent upon bringing to her feet the three gentlemen. Lucien's friends soon struck their flags, and were her humble cavaliers—but a right tyrannical mistress she proved to them, making them scowl, and say sharp things to each other in a most ferocious manner, very amusing to us; but Lucien was impregnable. She played off all her arts in vain, he seemed unconscious, and devoted himself entirely to Effie. At first she was so occupied with securing the two other prizes she overlooked his delinquency, but when certain of them, she was piqued into accomplishing a conquest of him likewise. I did not think she would be successful, and amused myself by quietly watching her manœuvres.

One bright moonlight evening the gentlemen rowed us up the mill-stream, and as we returned we landed at our favorite oak. The waters, swelled by recent rains, came dashing and tumbling along in mimic billows; the moon beamed down a heavenly radiance, and as the little wavelets broke against the shore, they glittered like molten silver, covering

the wild blossoms with dazzling fairy gems. Kate's two lovers were talking and walking with Mrs. Morris and Effie along the shore. Lucien, Kate, and I, remained on a little bank that rose abruptly from the water. She did, indeed, look most bewitchingly beautiful; her soft, white dress, bound at the waist by a flowing ribbon, floated in graceful folds around her; her lovely neck, shoulders and arms, were quite uncovered, and her rich, dark hair fell in loose, long curls, making picturesque shadows in the moonlight. She could act the inspired enthusiast to perfection; and what our Effie really was, she could affect most admirably. She seemed unconscious of our presence; indeed, I do not think she thought I was near her, and, as if involuntarily, she burst out into one of her affected rhapsodies, her eyes beamed brightly, and she expressed her feelings most rapturously, concluding with repeating, in low, earnest, half trembling tones, some lines of Lucien's she had taken from my Scrap Book, descriptive of the very scene before her, written the preceding summer for Effie, after a moonlight ramble together. The poetry was quite impassioned; and I heard Kate murmur with a sigh, as she turned away after concluding her quotation, as if sick at heart, "Ah! I would give years of brilliant success for one hour of devotion from such a lover."

No one heard her but Lucien and myself—and I was one listener more than she would have desired; for Lucien's ear alone was the ejaculation intended, the good for nothing little flirt. It produced the intended effect, for I saw Lucien watching her with admiring interest. She noted the impression, and cunningly kept it up. There was such a contrast between Effie and Kate, rather to Effie's disadvantage, I had to confess, and Kate's affected expressions of intense feeling, rather served to heighten Effie's natural coldness of manner. Why waste words—the conclusion is already divined. The coquette succeeded—and ere a week had passed, Lucien was her infatuated, devoted admirer; Effie was quite forgotten. Lucien's two friends, wretched, and completely maddened by the cool, contemptuous rejections they received from Kate, left Stamford, vowing eternal hatred for womankind, and uttering deep, dire denunciations against all coquettes, leaving the field open to Lucien, who seemed to have perfectly lost all sense of propriety in his infatuation. Effie looked on as calmly and quietly as though she were not particularly interested. I fancied, for the credit of romance and sentiment, that her cheek was paler; and I thought I could detect at times a trembling of her delicate lips—but she said not a word. Mrs. Morris and I displayed much more feeling; but what could we do—and half amused, half vexed, we watched the conduct of the naughty little flirt. Suddenly Kate received a summons home—and right glad I was to hear of it. She announced it to us one evening, saying she expected her father the next day. The following afternoon she came over to our cottage, accompanied with two middle-aged gentlemen. The elder of the two was Mr. Barclay, her father, who had known Mrs. Morris in early life; the other

she introduced as Col. Paulding, a friend. Col. Paulding's manner struck us with surprise. He called her "Kate;" and though dignified, was affectionate. She seemed painfully embarrassed, and anxious to terminate the visit. She answered our questions hurriedly, and appeared ill at ease. Lucien was not present, fortunately for her; and I fancied she watched the door, as if anxiously fearing his entrance; certain it was she started nervously at every distant sound.

"Will you revisit Stamford next summer, Miss Barclay?" I asked.

Kate replied that she was uncertain at present.

"I suppose Kate has not told you," said her father, laughingly, "that long before another summer she will cease to be mistress of her own movements. She expects to be in Germany next summer, I believe, with her husband," and he looked significantly at Col. Paulding, who was standing out on the lawn with Mrs. Morris, admiring the beautiful view, quite out of hearing distance. Effie was just stepping from the French window of the drawing-room into the conservatory to gather some of her pretty flowers for her visitors, as she heard Mr. Barclay say this. She turned with a stern, cold look, and regarded Kate Barclay quietly. Kate colored crimson, then grew deadly white, and trembled from head to foot; but her father did not notice it, as he had followed Col. Paulding and Mrs. Morris out on the lawn. There we three stood, Effie, cold and pale as a statue, and Kate looking quite like a criminal. She looked up, attempting to make some laughing remark, but the words died in her throat as she met Effie's stern, cold glance; she gasped, trembled, then rallied, and at last, with a proud look of defiance, she swept out on the lawn, and taking Col. Paulding's arm, proposed departure. She bade us good-bye most gracefully; but I saw that she avoided offering her hand to Effie. As the gate closed, she looked over her shoulder indifferently, and said, in a saucy, laughing tone,

"Oh, pray make my adieux to Mr. Decker. I regret that I shall not see him to bid him good-bye. I depend upon the charity of you ladies to keep me fresh in his remembrance;" and, as far as we could see her down the road, we heard her forced laugh and unnaturally loud voice.

Lucien came in a few minutes after they left, and Mrs. Morris delivered Kate's message. He looked agitated, and after swallowing his cup of tea hastily and quietly, he took up his hat and went out. He went to see Kate, but she, anticipating his visit, had retired with a violent headache immediately after her walk; but Lucien staid long enough to discover, as we had, Col. Paulding's relation to the fascinating coquette. This we learned long afterward. The next day Lucien left Stamford without saying more than cold words of good-bye. He did not go with Kate's party, we felt certain; and many weeks passed without hearing from him. Effie never made a remark; and our days passed quietly as they had before the appearance of Kate Barclay in our quiet little village. It was not long, however, before we

saw in the newspapers, and read without comment, the marriage of Kate Barclay with Col. Paulding.

"See this," said Mrs. Morris to me one morning as I entered the drawing-room, and she handed me a letter. We were alone, Effie was attending to her plants in the conservatory. I took the letter and read it. It was a wild, impassioned one from Lucien. Two months had elapsed since his silent departure, and this first letter was written to Mrs. Morris. It was filled with self-reproaches, and earnest entreaties for her intercession and mine with Effie. He cursed his infatuation, and the cause of it, and closed with the declaration that he would be reckless of life if Effie remained unforgiving. As I finished reading the letter I heard Effie's voice warbling in wild and plaintive notes in the conservatory,

"How should I your true love know,  
From another one,  
By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon?"

And the scene at the opening of this story rose before my remembrance—the playful argument—the declaration made by her that true, pure love could not have any affinity with pride—and I was lost in reverie.

"What would you do, Enna?" inquired Mrs. Morris.

"Give the letter to Effie without remark," I replied. "We cannot intercede for him—he does not deserve to be forgiven."

The letter was given to Effie, who read it quietly; and if she evinced emotion, it was not before us. She said she was sorry for Lucien, for she had discovered a change in her own feelings. She did not love him as she fancied she had, and she could not in justice to herself fulfill their engagement—it was impossible. She wrote this to him, and all his wild letters were laid calmly and quietly aside. Can this be pride? I said to myself. But she seemed as though she suspected my thoughts, for the night before I returned to my city home, as we were leaning against the window-frame of our bed-room, listening the last time for that season to the tumbling, dashing water-music, she said,

"Enna, dear, it was not spirit and pride that made me act so unkindly to Lucien—indeed, it was not. But I mistook my feelings for him from the first. I fancied I loved him dearly, when I only loved him as a sister. Believe me, if that love had existed once for him, his foolish infatuation for Kate Barclay would not have been regarded by me one moment."

Two or three years passed, and Effie still remained unwedded, when, to our delight, Mr. Grayson, who had returned from Europe, again addressed her. She accepted him; and I was, indeed, happy when I officiated as bridesmaid for her. One year after that joyous wedding we stood over her bier, weeping bitter, bitter tears. We laid her in the grave—and the heart-broken mother soon rested beside her. Among her papers was a letter directed to me; it was written in expectation of death,

although we did not any of us anticipate such a calamity.

"I am not long for this world, dear Enna," she wrote, "I feel I am dying daily; and yet, young as I am, it grieves me not, except when I think of the sorrow my death will occasion to others. When you read this I shall be enveloped in the heavy grave-clothes; but then I shall be at rest. Oh! how my aching, weary spirit pines for rest. Do not fancy that sorrow or disappointment has brought me to this. I fancied I loved Lucien Decker fondly, devotedly; and how happy was I when under the influence of that fancy. That fatal summer, at the time of his infatuation for that heartless girl, insensibly a chilling hardness crept over my feelings.

I struggled against my awakening; and if Lucien had displayed any emotion before his departure, I might still have kept up the happy delusion. But in vain, it disappeared, and with it all the beauty of life, which increased in weariness from that moment. I sought for some object of interest—I married; but, though my husband has been devoted and kind, I weary of existence. Life has no interest for me. I hail the approach of death. Farewell."

I read these sad lines with eyes blinded with tears; and I could not help thinking how *Effie* had deceived herself; unconsciously she had become a victim of the very pride she had condemned.

## EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

BY ELIZABETH J. KAMES.

### I.—CHAUCER.

YEA! lovely are the hues still floating o'er  
Thy rural visions, bard of olden time,  
The form of purest Poesy flits before  
My mental gaze, while bending o'er thy rhyme.  
No lofty flight, bold, brilliant and sublime—  
But tender beauty, and endearing grace,  
And touching pathos in these lines I trace,  
Oh! gentle poet of the northern clime.  
And oft when dazzled by the gorgeous glow  
And gilded luxury of modern rhymes,  
Grateful I turn to the clear, quiet flow  
Of thy sweet thoughts, which fall like pleasant chimes  
From the "pure wells of English undefiled."  
Thou wert inspired, thou, Poetry's true child.

### II.—SPENCER.

What forms of grace and glory glided through  
The royal palace of thy lofty mind!  
Rare shapes of beauty thy sweet fancy drew,  
In the brave knights, and peerless dames enshrined  
Within thy magic book. The Faerie Queene,  
Bright Gloriana robed in dazzling sheen—  
Hapless Irene—angelic Una—and

The noble Arthur all before me pass,  
As summoned by the enchanter rod and glass.  
And glorious still thy pure creations stand,  
Leaving their golden footprints on the sand  
Of Time indelible! All thanks to thee,  
Oh! beauty-breathing bard of Poesy,  
That thou hast charmed a weary hour for me.

### III.—SHAKESPEARE.

Oh! minstrel monarch! the most glorious throne  
Of Intellect thy Genius doth inherit.  
Compeer, or perfect rival thou hast none—  
O Soul of Song!—O mind of royal merit.  
Is not this high, imperishable fame  
The tribute of a grateful world to thee?  
A recognizing glory in thy name  
From a great nation to thy memory.  
Lord of Dramatic Art—the splendid scenes  
Of thy rich fancy are around us still;  
All shapes of Thought to make the bosom thrill  
Are thine supremae! Many long years have sped,  
And dimmed in dust the crowned and laureled head,  
But thou—thou speakest still, though numbered with the  
dead.

## THE PORTRAIT.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

BY ROBT. T. CONRAD.

And he hath spoken! Knew I not he would?  
Though flitting fears, like clouds o'er lakes, would cast  
Shadows o'er true love's trust. The tear-drop stood  
In his dark eye; he trembled. But 't is past,  
And I am his, he mine. Why trembled he?  
This fond heart knew he not; and that his eye  
Governed its tides, as doth the moon the sea;  
And that with him, for him, 't were bliss to die?

Yet said I naught. Shame on me, that my cheek  
And eye my hoarded secret should betray!  
Why wept I? And why was I sudden weak,  
So weak his manly arm was stretched to stay?  
How like a suppliant God he looked! His sweet,  
Low voice, heart-shaken, spoke—and all was known;  
Yet, from the first, I felt our souls must meet,  
Like stars that rush together and shine on.

## THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

AY, now I am in Arden; the more fool  
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but  
Travelers must be content. AS YOU LIKE IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," ETC.

Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(Continued from page 48.)

### PART XV.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage  
As through the world he wends;  
On every stage, from youth to age,  
Still discontent attends;  
With heaviness he casts his eye  
Upon the road before,  
And still remembers with a sigh  
The days that are no more. SOUTHEY.

It has now become necessary to advance the time three entire days, and to change the scene to Key West. As this latter place may not be known to the world at large, it may be well to explain that it is a small seaport, situate on one of the largest of the many low islands that dot the Florida Reef, that has risen into notice, or indeed into existence as a town, since the acquisition of the Floridas by the American Republic. For many years it was the resort of few besides wreckers, and those who live by the business dependent on the rescuing and repairing of stranded vessels, not forgetting the salvages. When it is remembered that the greater portion of the vessels that enter the Gulf of Mexico stand close along this reef, before the trades, for a distance varying from one to two hundred miles, and that nearly every thing which quits it, is obliged to beat down its rocky coast in the Gulf Stream for the same distance, one is not to be surprised that the wrecks, which so constantly occur, can supply the wants of a considerable population. To live at Key West is the next thing to being at sea. The place has sea air, no other water than such as is preserved in cisterns, and no soil, or so little as to render even a head of lettuce a rarity. Turtle is abundant, and the business of "turtling" forms an occupation additional to that of wrecking. As might be expected in such circumstances, a potato is a far more precious thing than a turtle's egg, and a sack of the tubers would probably be deemed a sufficient remuneration for enough of the materials of callipash and callipee to feed all the aldermen extant.

Of late years, the government of the United States has turned its attention to the capabilities of the Florida Reef, as an advanced naval station; a sort of Downs, or St. Helen's Roads, for the West Indian seas. As yet little has been done beyond making the preliminary surveys, but the day is not probably very

distant when fleets will lie at anchor among the islets described in our earlier chapters, or garnish the fine waters of Key West. For a long time it was thought that even frigates would have a difficulty in entering and quitting the port of the latter, but it is said that recent explorations have discovered channels capable of admitting anything that floats. Still Key West is a town yet in its chrysalis state, possessing the promise rather than the fruition of the prosperous days which are in reserve. It may be well to add, that it lies a very little north of the 24th degree of latitude, and in a longitude quite five degrees west from Washington. Until the recent conquests in Mexico it was the most southern possession of the American government, on the eastern side of the continent; Cape St. Lucas, at the extremity of Lower California, however, being two degrees farther south.

It will give the foreign reader a more accurate notion of the character of Key West, if we mention a fact of quite recent occurrence. A very few weeks after the closing scenes of this tale, the town in question was, in a great measure, washed away! A hurricane brought in the sea upon all these islands and reefs, water running in swift currents over places that within the memory of man were never before submerged. The lower part of Key West was converted into a raging sea, and every thing in that quarter of the place disappeared. The foundation being of rock, however, when the ocean retired the island came into view again, and industry and enterprise set to work to repair the injuries.

The government has established a small hospital for seamen at Key West. Into one of the rooms of the building thus appropriated our narrative must now conduct the reader. It contained but a single patient, and that was Spike. He was on his narrow bed, which was to be but the precursor of a still narrower tenement, the grave. In the room with the dying man were two females, in one of whom our readers will at once recognize the person of Rose Budd, dressed in deep mourning for her aunt. At first sight, it is probable that a casual spectator would mistake the second female for one of the ordinary nurses of the place. Her attire was well enough, though worn awkwardly, and as if its owner were



not exactly at ease in it. She had the air of one in her best attire, who was unaccustomed to be dressed above the most common mode. What added to the singularity of her appearance, was the fact, that while she wore no cap, her hair had been cut into short, gray bristles, instead of being long, and turned up, as is usual with females. To give a sort of climax to this uncouth appearance, this strange-looking creature chewed tobacco.

The woman in question, equivocal as might be her exterior, was employed in one of the commonest avocations of her sex—that of sewing. She held in her hand a coarse garment, one of Spike's, in fact, which she seemed to be intently busy in mending; although the work was of a quality that invited the use of the palm and sail-needle, rather than that of the thimble and the smaller implement known to seamstresses, the woman appeared awkward in her business, as if her coarse-looking and dark hands refused to lend themselves to an occupation so feminine. Nevertheless, there were touches of a purely womanly character about this extraordinary person, and touches that particularly attracted the attention, and awakened the sympathy of the gentle Rose, her companion. Tears occasionally struggled out from beneath her eyelids, crossed her dark, sun-burnt cheek, and fell on the coarse canvas garment that lay in her lap. It was after one of these sudden and strong exhibitions of feeling that Rose approached her, laid her own little, fair hand, in a friendly way, though unheeded, on the other's shoulder, and spoke to her in her kindest and softest tones.

"I do really think he is reviving, Jack," said Rose, "and that you may yet hope to have an intelligent conversation with him."

"They all agree he *must* die," answered Jack Tier—for it was *he*, appearing in the garb of his proper sex, after a disguise that had now lasted fully twenty years—"and he will never know who I am, and that I forgive him. He must think of me in another world, though he is n't able to do it in this; but it would be a great relief to his soul to know that I forgive him."

"To be sure, a man must like to take a kind leave of his own wife before he closes his eyes forever; and I dare say it would be a great relief to you to tell him that you have forgotten his desertion of you, and all the hardships it has brought upon you in searching for him, and in earning your own livelihood as a common sailor."

"I shall not tell him I've *forgotten* it, Miss Rose; that would be untrue—and there shall be no more deception between us; but I shall tell him that I *forgive* him, as I hope God will one day forgive me all *my* sins."

"It is, certainly, not a light offence to desert a wife in a foreign land, and then to seek to deceive another woman," quietly observed Rose.

"He's a willian!" muttered the wife—"but—but—"

"You forgive him, Jack—yes, I'm sure you do. You are too good a Christian to refuse to forgive him."

"I'm a woman a'ter all, Miss Rose; and that, I *believe, is the truth of it*. I suppose I ought to do as

you say, for the reason you mention; but I'm his wife—and once he loved me, though that has long been over. When I first knew Stephen, I'd the sort of feelin's you speak of, and was a very different creatur' from what you see me to-day. Change comes over us all with years and sufferin'."

Rose did not answer, but she stood looking intently at the speaker more than a minute. Change had, indeed, come over her, if she had ever possessed the power to please the fancy of any living man. Her features had always seemed diminutive and mean for her assumed sex, as her voice was small and cracked; but, making every allowance for the probabilities, Rose found it difficult to imagine that Jack Tier had ever possessed, even under the high advantages of youth and innocence, the attractions so common to her sex. Her skin had acquired the tanning of the sea; the expression of her face had become hard and worldly; and her habits contributed to render those natural consequences of exposure and toil even more than usually marked and decided. By saying "habits," however, we do not mean that Jack had ever drank to excess, as happens with so many seamen, for this would have been doing her injustice, but she smoked and chewed—practices that intoxicate in another form, and lead nearly as many to the grave as excess in drinking. Thus all the accessories about this singular being, partook of the character of her recent life and duties. Her walk was between a waddle and a seaman's roll; her hands were discolored with tar, and had got to be full of knuckles, and even her feet had degenerated into that flat, broad-toed form that, perhaps, sooner distinguishes *caste*, in connection with outward appearances, than any one other physical peculiarity. Yet this being *had* once been young—had once been even *fair*; and had once possessed that feminine air and lightness of form, that as often belongs to the youthful American of her sex, perhaps, as to the girl of any other nation on earth. Rose continued to gaze at her companion for some time, when she walked musingly to a window that looked out upon the port.

"I am not certain whether it would do him good or not to see this sight," she said, addressing the wife kindly, doubtful of the effect of her words even on the latter. "But here are the sloop-of-war, and several other vessels."

"Ay, she is *there*; but never will his foot be put on board the Swash ag'in. When he bought that brig I was still young, and agreeable to him; and he gave her my maiden name, which was *Mary*, or *Molly Swash*. But that is all changed; I wonder he did not change the name with his change of feelin's."

"Then you did really sail in the brig in former times, and knew the seaman whose name you assumed?"

"Many years. Tier, with whose name I made free, on account of his size, and some resemblance to me in form, died under my care; and his protection fell into my hands, which first put the notion into my head of hailing as his representative. Yes, I knew Tier in the brig, and we were left ashore

at the same time—I, intentionally, I make no question; he, because Stephen Spike was in a hurry, and did not choose to wait for a man. The poor fellow caught the yellow fever the very next day, and did not live eight-and-forty hours. So the world goes; them that wish to live, die; and them that wants to die, live!"

"You have had a hard time for one of your sex, poor Jack—quite twenty years a sailor, did you not tell me?"

"Every day of it, Miss Rose—and bitter years have they been; for the whole of that time have I been in chase of my husband, keeping my own secret, and slaving like a horse for a livelihood."

"You could not have been old when he left—that is—when you parted."

"Call it by its true name, and say at once, when he deserted me. I was under thirty by two or three years, and was still like my own sex to look at. All that is changed since; but I *was* comely then."

"Why did Capt. Spike abandon you, Jack; you have never told me that."

"Because he fancied another. And ever since that time he has been fancying others, instead of remembering me. Had he got *you*, Miss Rose, I think he would have been content for the rest of his days."

"Be certain, Jack, I should never have consented to marry Capt. Spike."

"You're well out of his hands," answered Jack, sighing heavily, which was much the most feminine thing she had done during the whole conversation, "well out of his hands—and God be praised it is so. He should have died, before I would let him carry you off the island—husband or no husband."

"It might have exceeded your power to prevent it under other circumstances, Jack."

Rose now continued looking out of the window in silence. Her thoughts reverted to her aunt and Biddy, and tears rolled down her cheeks as she remembered the love of one, and the fidelity of the other. Their horrible fate had given her a shock that, at first, menaced her with a severe fit of illness; but her strong, good sense, and excellent constitution, both sustained by her piety and Harry's manly tenderness, had brought her through the danger, and left her, as the reader now sees her, struggling with her own griefs, in order to be of use to the still more unhappy woman who had so singularly become her friend and companion.

The reader will readily have anticipated that Jack Tier had early made the females on board the Swash her confidants. Rose had known the outlines of her history from the first few days they were at sea together, which is the explanation of the visible intimacy that had caused Mulford so much surprise. Jack's motive in making his revelations might possibly have been tinged with jealousy, but a desire to save one as young and innocent as Rose was at its bottom. Few persons but a wife would have supposed our heroine could have been in any danger from a lover like Spike; but Jack saw him with the eyes of her own youth, and of past recollections, rather than with those of truth. A movement of the wounded man first drew Rose from the window.

Drying her eyes hastily, she turned toward him, fancying that she might prove the better nurse of the two, notwithstanding Jack's greater interest in the patient.

"What place is this—and why am I here?" demanded Spike, with more strength of voice than could have been expected, after all that had passed. "This is not a cabin—not the Swash—it looks like a hospital."

"It is a hospital, Capt. Spike," said Rose, gently drawing near the bed; "you have been hurt, and have been brought to Key West, and placed in the hospital. I hope you feel better, and that you suffer no pain."

"My head is n't right—I do n't know—every thing seems turned round with me—perhaps it will all come out as it should. I begin to remember—where is my brig?"

"She is lost on the rocks. The seas have broken her into fragments."

"That's melancholy news, at any rate. Ah! Miss Rose! God bless you—I've had terrible dreams. Well, it's pleasant to be among friends—what creature is that—where does *she* come from?"

"That is Jack Tier," answered Rose, steadily. "She turns out to be a woman, and has put on her proper dress, in order to attend on you during your illness. Jack has never left your bedside since we have been here."

A long silence succeeded this revelation. Jack's eyes twinkled, and she hitched her body half aside, as if to conceal her features, where emotions that were unusual were at work with the muscles. Rose thought it might be well to leave the man and wife alone—and she managed to get out of the room unobserved.

Spike continued to gaze at the strange-looking female, who was now his sole companion. Gradually his recollection returned, and with it the full consciousness of his situation. He might not have been fully aware of the absolute certainty of his approaching death, but he must have known that his wound was of a very grave character, and that the result might early prove fatal. Still that strange and unknown figure haunted him; a figure that was so different from any he had ever seen before, and which, in spite of its present dress, seemed to belong quite as much to one sex as to the other. As for Jack—we call Molly, or Mary Swash by her masculine appellation, not only because it is more familiar, but because the other name seems really out of place, as applied to such a person—as for Jack, then, she sat with her face half averted, thumbing the canvas, and endeavoring to ply the needle, but perfectly mute. She was conscious that Spike's eyes were on her; and a lingering feeling of her sex told her how much time, exposure, and circumstances, had changed her person—and she would gladly have hidden the defects in her appearance.

Mary Swash was the daughter as well as the wife of a ship-master. In her youth, as has been said before, she had even been pretty, and down to the day when her husband deserted her, she would have been thought a female of a comely appearance.

rather than the reverse. Her hair in particular, though slightly coarse, perhaps, had been rich and abundant; and the change from the long, dark, shining, flowing locks which she still possessed in her thirtieth year, to the short, gray bristles that now stood exposed without a cap, or covering of any sort, was one very likely to destroy all identity of appearance. Then Jack had passed from what might be called youth to the verge of old age, in the interval that she had been separated from her husband. Her shape had changed entirely; her complexion was utterly gone; and her features, always unmeaning, though feminine, and suitable to her sex, had become hard and slightly coarse. Still there was something of her former self about Jack that bewildered Spike; and his eyes continued fastened on her for quite a quarter of an hour in profound silence.

"Give me some water," said the wounded man, "I wish some water to drink."

Jack arose, filled a tumbler and brought it to the side of the bed. Spike took the glass and drank, but the whole time his eyes were riveted on his strange nurse. When his thirst was appeased, he asked—

"Who are you? How came you here?"

"I am your nurse. It is common to place nurses at the bedsides of the sick."

"Are you man or woman?"

"That is a question I hardly know how to answer. Sometimes I think myself each; sometimes neither."

"Did I ever see you before?"

"Often, and quite lately. I sailed with you in your last voyage."

"You! That cannot be. If so, what is your name?"

"Jack Tier."

A long pause succeeded this announcement, which induced Spike to muse as intently as his condition would allow, though the truth did not yet flash on his understanding. At length the bewildered man again spoke.

"Are *you* Jack Tier?" he said slowly, like one who doubted. "Yes—I now see the resemblance, and it was *that* which puzzled me. Are they so rigid in this hospital that you have been obliged to put on woman's clothes in order to lend me a helping hand?"

"I am dressed as you see, and for good reasons."

"But Jack Tier run, like that rascal Mulford—ay, I remember now; you were in the boat when I overhauled you all on the reef."

"Very true; I was in the boat. But I never run, Stephen Spike. It was *you* who abandoned *me*, on the islet in the gulf, and that makes the second time in your life that you have left me ashore, when it was your duty to carry me to sea."

"The first time I was in a hurry, and could not wait for you; this last time you took sides with the women. But for your interference, I should have got Rose, and married her, and all would now have been well with me."

This was an awkward announcement for a man to make to his legal wife. But after all Jack had endured, and all Jack had seen during the late voyage, *she was not to be overcome by this avowal.*

Her self-command extended so far as to prevent any open manifestation of emotion, however much her feelings were excited.

"I took sides with the women, because I am a woman myself," she answered, speaking at length with decision, as if determined to bring matters to a head at once. "It is natural for us all to take sides with our kind."

"You a woman, Jack! That is very remarkable. Since when have you hailed for a woman? You have shipped with me twice, and each time as a man—though I've never thought you able to do seaman's duty."

"Nevertheless, I am what you see; a woman born and educated; one that never had on man's dress until I knew you. *You* suppose me to be a man, when I came off to you in the skiff to the eastward of Riker's Island, but I was then what you now see."

"I begin to understand matters," rejoined the invalid, musingly. "Ay, ay, it opens on me; and I now see how it was you made such fair weather with Madam Budd and pretty, pretty Rose. *Rose is pretty, Jack; you must admit that, though you be a woman.*"

"*Rose is pretty—I do admit it; and what is better, Rose is good.*" It required a heavy draft on Jack's justice and magnanimity, however, to make this concession.

"And you told Rose and Madam Budd about your sex; and that was the reason they took to you so on the voyage?"

"I told them who I was, and why I went abroad as a man. They know my whole story."

"Did Rose approve of your sailing under false colors, Jack?"

"You must ask that of Rose herself. My story made her my friend; but she never said any thing for or against my disguise."

"It was no great disguise a'ter all, Jack. Now you're fitted out in your own clothes, you've a sort of half-rigged look; one would be as likely to set you down for a man under jury-canvas, as for a woman."

Jack made no answer to this, but she sighed very heavily. As for Spike himself, he was silent for some little time, not only from exhaustion, but because he suffered pain from his wound. The needle was diligently but awkwardly plied in this pause.

Spike's ideas were still a little confused; but a silence and rest of a quarter of an hour cleared them materially. At the end of that time he again asked for water. When he had drank, and Jack was once more seated, with his side-face toward him, at work with the needle, the captain gazed long and intently at this strange woman. It happened that the profile of Jack preserved more of the resemblance to her former self, than the full face; and it was this resemblance that now attracted Spike's attention, though not the smallest suspicion of the truth yet gleamed upon him. He saw something that was familiar, though he could not even tell what that something was, much less to what or whom it bore any resemblance. At length he spoke.

"I was told that Jack Tier was dead," he said;

"that he took the fever, and was in his grave within eight-and-forty hours after we sailed. That was what they told me of *him*."

"And what did they tell you of your own wife, Stephen Spike. She that you left ashore at the time Jack was left?"

"They said she did not die for three years later. I heard of her death at New Orleans, three years later."

"And how could you leave her ashore—she, your true and lawful wife?"

"It was a bad thing," answered Spike, who, like all other mortals, regarded his own past career, now that he stood on the edge of the grave, very differently from what he had regarded it in the hour of his health and strength. "Yes, it *was* a very bad thing; and I wish it was undone. But it is too late now. She died of the fever, too—that's some comfort; had she died of a broken-heart, I could not have forgiven myself. Molly was not without her faults—great faults, I considered them; but, on the whole, Molly was a good creatur'."

"You liked her, then, Stephen Spike?"

"I can truly say that when I married Molly, and old Capt. Swash put his daughter's hand into mine, that the woman was n't living who was better in my judgment, or handsomer in my eyes."

"Ay, ay—when you married her; but how was it afterwards. When you was tired of her, and saw another that was fairer in your eyes?"

"I deserted her; and God has punished me for the sin! Do you know, Jack, that luck has never been with me since that day. Often and often have I bethought me of it; and sertain as you sit there, no great luck has ever been with me, or my craft, since I went off, leaving my wife ashore. What was made in one v'y'ge, was lost in the next. Up and down, up and down the whole time, for so many, many long years, that gray hairs set in, and old age was beginning to get close aboard—and I as poor as ever. It has been rub and go with me ever since; and I have had as much as I could do to keep the brig in motion, as the only means that was left to make the two ends meet."

"And did not all this make you think of your poor wife—she whom you had so wronged?"

"I thought of little else, until I heard of her death at New Orleans—and then I gave it up as useless. Could I have fallen in with Molly at any time after the first six months of my desertion, she and I would have come together again, and every thing would have been forgotten. I knowed her very nature, which was all forgiveness to me at the bottom, though seemingly so spiteful and hard."

"Yet you wanted to have this Rose Budd, who is only too young, and handsome, and good for you."

"I was tired of being a widower, Jack; and Rose is wonderful pretty. She has money, too, and might make the evening of my days comfortable. The brig was old, as you must know, and has long been off of all the Insurance Offices' books; and she could n't hold together much longer. But for this sloop-of-war, I should have put her off on the

Mexicans; and they would have lost her to our people in a month."

"And was it an honest thing to sell an old and worn-out craft to any one, Stephen Spike?"

Spike had a conscience that had become hard as iron by means of trade. He who traffics much, most especially if his dealings be on so small a scale as to render constant investigations of the minor qualities of things necessary, must be a very fortunate man, if he preserve his conscience in any better condition. When Jack made this allusion, therefore, the dying man—for death was much nearer to Spike than even he supposed, though he no longer hoped for his own recovery—when Jack made this allusion, then, the dying man was a good deal at a loss to comprehend it. He saw no particular harm in making the best bargain he could; nor was it easy for him to understand why he might not dispose of any thing he possessed for the highest price that was to be had. Still he answered in an apologetic sort of way.

"The brig was old, I acknowledge," he said, "but she was strong, and *might* have run a long time. I only spoke of her capture as a thing likely to take place soon, if the Mexicans got her; so that her qualities were of no great account, unless it might be her speed—and that you know was excellent, Jack."

"And you regret that brig, Stephen Spike, lying as you do on your death-bed, more than any thing else."

"Not as much as I do pretty Rose Budd, Jack; Rosey is so delightful to look at!"

The muscles of Jack's face twitched a little, and she looked deeply mortified; for, to own the truth, she hoped that the conversation had so far turned her delinquent husband's thoughts to the past, as to have revived in him some of his former interest in herself. It is true, he still believed her dead; but this was a circumstance Jack overlooked—so hard is it to hear the praises of a rival, and be just. She felt the necessity of being more explicit, and determined at once to come to the point.

"Stephen Spike," she said, steadily, drawing near to the bed-side, "you should be told the truth, when you are heard thus extolling the good looks of Rose Budd, with less than eight-and-forty hours of life remaining. Mary Swash did not die, as you have supposed, three years after you deserted her, but is living at this moment. Had you read the letter I gave you in the boat, just before you made me jump into the sea, that would have told you where she is to be found."

Spike stared at the speaker intently; and when her cracked voice ceased, his look was that of a man who was terrified as well as bewildered. This did not arise still from any gleamings of the real state of the case, but from the soreness with which his conscience pricked him, when he heard that his much-wronged wife was alive. He fancied, with a vivid and rapid glance at the probabilities, all that a woman abandoned would be likely to endure in the course of so many long and suffering years.

"Are you sure of what you say, Jack? You wouldn't take advantage of my situation to tell me an untruth?"

"As certain of it as of my own existence. I have

seen her quite lately—talked with her of *you*—in short, she is now at Key West, knows your state, and has a wife's feelin's to come to your bed-side."

Notwithstanding all this, and the many gleamings he had had of the facts during their late intercourse on board the brig, Spike did not guess at the truth. He appeared astounded, and his terror seemed to increase.

"I have another thing to tell you," continued Jack, pausing but a moment to collect her own thoughts.

"Jack Tier—the real Jack Tier—he who sailed with you of old, and whom you left ashore at the same time you desarted your wife, *did* die of the fever, as you was told, in eight-and-forty hours a'ter the brig went to sea."

"Then who, in the name of Heaven, are you? How came you to hail by another's name as well as by another sex?"

"What could a woman do, whose husband had desarted her in a strange land?"

"That is remarkable! So *you*'ve been married? I should not have thought *that* possible; and your husband desarted you, too. Well, such things *do* happen."

Jack now felt a severe pang. She could not but see that her ungainly—we had almost said her unearthly appearance—prevented the captain from even yet suspecting the truth; and the meaning of his language was not easily to be mistaken. That any one should have married *her*, seemed to her husband as improbable as it was probable he would run away from her as soon as it was in his power after the ceremony.

"Stephen Spike," resumed Jack, solemnly, "*I am Mary Swash—I am your wife!*"

Spike started in his bed; then he buried his face in the coverlet—and he actually groaned. In bitterness of spirit the woman turned away and wept. Her feelings had been blunted by misfortune and the collisions of a selfish world; but enough of former self remained to make this the hardest of all the blows she had ever received. Her husband, dying as he was, as he must and did know himself to be, shrunk from one of her appearance, unsexed as she had become by habits, and changed by years and suffering.

[*To be continued.*]

## A N H O U R .

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

I 've left the keen, cold winds to blow  
Around the summits bare;  
My sunny pathway to the sea  
Winds downward, green and fair,  
And bright-leaved branches toss and glow  
Upon the buoyant air!

The fern its fragrant plumage droops  
O'er mosses, crisp and gray,  
Where on the shaded crags I sit,  
Beside the cataract's spray,  
And watch the far-off, shining sails  
Go down the sunny bay!

I 've left the wintry winds of life  
On barren hearts to blow—  
The anguish and the gnawing care,  
The silent, shuddering woe!  
Across the balmy sea of dreams  
My spirit-barque shall go.

Learned not the breeze its fairy lore  
Where sweetest measures throng?  
A maiden sings, beside the stream,  
Some chorus, wild and long,  
Mingling and blending with its roar,  
Like rainbows turned to song!

I hear it, like a strain that sweeps  
The confines of a dream;  
Now fading into silent space,  
Now with a flashing gleam  
Of triumph, ringing through the deeps  
Of forest, dell and stream!

Away! away! I hear the horn  
Among the hills of Spain:  
The old, chivalric glory fires  
Her warrior-hearts again!  
Ho! how their banners light the morn,  
Along Grenada's plain!

I hear the hymns of holy faith  
The red Crusaders sang,  
And the silver horn of Ronçeval,  
That o'er the teebir rang  
When prince and kaiser through the fray  
To the paladin's rescue sprang!

A beam of burning light I hold!—  
My good Damascus brand,  
And the jet-black charger that I ride  
Was foaled in the Arab land,  
And a hundred horsemen, mailed in steel,  
Follow my bold command!

Through royal cities speeds our march—  
The minster-bells are rung;  
The loud, rejoicing trumpets peal,  
The battle-flags are swung,  
And sweet, sweet lips of ladies praise  
The chieftain, brave and young.

And now, in bright Provençal bowers,  
A minstrel-knight am I:  
A gentle bosom on my own  
Throbs back its ecstasy;  
A cheek, as fair as the almond flowers,  
Thrills to my lips' reply!

I tread the fanes of wondrous Rome,  
Crowned with immortal bay,  
And myriads throng the Capitol  
To hear my lofty lay,  
While, sounding o'er the Tiber's foam,  
Their shoutings peal away!

Oh, triumph such as this were worth  
The poet's doom of pain,  
Whose hours are brazen on the earth,  
But golden in the brain:  
I close the starry gate of dreams,  
And walk the dust again!

## POWER OF BEAUTY, AND A PLAIN MAN'S LOVE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THAT the truths arrived at by the unaccredited sort of "magnetism" had better be stripped of their technical phraseology, and set down as the actual discoveries of science and experience, is a policy upon which acts many a sagacious believer in "clairvoyance." Doubtless, too, there is, here and there, a wise man, who is glad enough to pierce the eyes of an incredible agent, the secrets out of him, and let the world give him credit, by whatever name they please, for the superior knowledge of which he silently takes advantage. I should be behind the time, if I had not sounded to the utmost of my ability and opportunity the depth of this new medium. I have tried it on grave things and lies. If the unveiling which I am about to record were of more use to myself than to others, perhaps I should adopt the policy of which I have just spoken, and give the result, simply as my own reward lesson learned in reading the female heart. If the truths I unfold will instruct the few who read and can appreciate them, while the whole object is not of general importance enough to bring down cavaliers upon the credibility of their source, I have got rid of a very detestable though sometimes necessary evil, ("*qui nescit dissimulare nascitur vere*," says the Latin sage,) that of shining by any light that is not absolutely my own.

I am a very plain man in my personal appearance—so plain that a common observer, if informed that there was a woman who had a fancy for my peculiar type, would wonder that I was not thankfully put to rest for life as a seeker after love—a good miracle of the kind being a very slender probability. It is not in beauty that the taste for beauty alone resides, however. In early youth my soul, like the mirror of Cydippe, retained, with unimpaired fidelity, the image of female loveliness as it appeared in the clear truth of its appreciation, and the passion for it had become, insensibly, the thirst of my life, before I thought of it as more than an intoxicating study. To be loved—myself beloved—a creature made in one of the diviner moulds of our man, was, however, a dream that shaped itself to waking distinctness at last, and from that hour took up the clogging weight of personal disadvantages, to which I had hitherto unconsciously been chained, and bore it heavily in the race which the self-favored ran as eagerly as I.

I am not to recount, here, the varied experiences of my search, the world over, after beauty and its title. It is a search on which all travelers are more than half bent, let them name as they please

their professed errand in far countries. The coldest scholar in art will better remember a living face of a new cast of expression, met in the gallery of Florence, than the best work of Michael Angelo, whose genius he has crossed an ocean to study; and a fair shoulder crowded against the musical pilgrim, in the Capella Sistiera, will be taken surer into his soul's inner memory than the best outdoing of "the sky-lark taken up into heaven," by the ravishing reach of the *Miserere*. Is it not true?

There can hardly be now, I think, a style of female beauty of which I have not appreciated the meaning and comparative enchantment, nor a degree of that sometimes more effective thing than beauty itself—its expression breathing through features otherwise unlovely—that I have not approached near enough to weigh and store truthfully in remembrance. The taste forever refines in the study of woman. We return to what, with immature eye, we at first rejected; we intensify, immeasurably, our worship of the few who wear on their foreheads the star of supreme loveliness, confessed pure and perfect by all beholders alike; we detect it under surfaces which become transparent only with tenderness or enthusiasm; we separate the work of Nature's material chisel from the resistless and warm expansion of the soul swelling its proportions to fill out the shape it is to tenant hereafter. Led by the purest study of true beauty, the eager mind passes on from the shrine where it lingered to the next of whose greater brightness it becomes aware; and this is the secret of one kind of "inconstancy in love," which should be named apart from the variability of those seekers of novelty, who, from unconscious self-contempt, value nothing they have had the power to win.

An unsuspected student of beauty, I passed years of loiterings in the living galleries of Europe and Asia, and, like self-punishing misers in all kinds of amassings, stored up boundlessly more than, with the best trained senses, I could have found the life to enjoy. Of course I had a first advantage, of dangerous facility, in my unhappy plainness of person—the alarm-guard that surrounds every beautiful woman in every country of the world—letting sleep at my approach the cautionary reserve which presents bayonet so promptly to the good-looking. Even with my worship avowed, and the manifestation of grateful regard which a woman of fine quality always returns for elevated and unexacting admiration I was still left with such privilege of access as is granted to the family-gossip, or to an

innocuous uncle, and it is of such a passion, rashly nurtured under this protection of an improbability, that I propose to tell the *inner* story.

## PART II.

I was at the Baths of Lucca during a season made gay by the presence of a large proportion of the agreeable and accessible court of Tuscany. The material for my untiring study was in abundance, yet it was all of the worldly character which the attractions of the place would naturally draw together, and my homage had but a choice between differences of display, in the one pursuit of admiration. In my walks through the romantic mountain-paths of the neighborhood, and along the banks of the deep-down river that threads the ravine above the village, I had often met, meantime, a lady accompanied by a well-bred and scholar-like looking man; and though she invariably dropped her veil at my approach, her admirable movement, as she walked, or stooped to pick a flower, betrayed that conscious possession of beauty and habitual confidence in her own grace and elegance, which assured me of attractions worth taking trouble to know. By one of those "unavoidable accidents" which any respectable guardian angel will contrive, to oblige one, I was a visiter to the gentleman and lady—father and daughter—soon after my curiosity had framed the desire; and in her I found a marvel of beauty, from which I looked in vain for my usual escape—that of placing the ladder of my heart against a loftier and fairer.

Mr. Wangrave was one of those English gentlemen who would not exchange the name of an ancient and immemorably wealthy family for any title that their country could give them, and he used this shield of modest honor simply to protect himself in the enjoyment of habits, *scæd*, as far as refinement and culture could do it, from the burthens and intrusions of life above and below him. He was ceaselessly educating himself—like a man whose whole life was only too brief an apprenticeship to a higher existence—and, with an invalid but intellectual and lovely wife, and a daughter who seemed unconscious that she could love, and who kept gay pace with her youthful-hearted father in his lighter branches of knowledge, his family sufficed to itself, and had determined so to continue while abroad. The society of no Continental watering-place has a very good name, and they were there for climate and seclusion. With two ladies, who seemed to occupy the places and estimation of friends, (but who were probably the paid nurse and companion to the invalid,) and a kind-hearted old secretary to Mr. Wangrave, whose duties consisted in being as happy as he could possibly be, their circle was large enough, and it contained elements enough—except only, perhaps, the *rêveille* that was wanting for the apparently slumbering heart of Stephania.

A month after my first call upon the Wangraves, I joined them on their journey to Vallambrosa, where they proposed to take refuge from the sultry coming

of the Italian autumn. My happiness would not have been arranged after the manner of this world's happiness, if I had been the only addition to their party up the mountain. They had received with open arms, a few days before leaving Lucca, a young man from the neighborhood of their own home, and who, I saw with half a glance, was the very *Eidolon* and type of what Mr. Wangrave would desire as a fitting match for his daughter. From the allusions to him that had preceded his coming, I had learned that he was the heir to a brilliant fortune, and was coming to his old friends to be congratulated on his appointment to a captaincy in the Queen's Guards—as pretty a case of an "irresistible" as could well have been compounded for expectation. And when he came—the absolute model of a youth of noble beauty—all frankness, good manners, joyousness, and confidence, I summoned courage to look alternately at Stephania and him, and the hope, the daring hope that I had never yet named to myself, but which was already master of my heart, and its every pulse and capability, dropped prostrate and lifeless in my bosom. If he did but offer her the life-minute of love, of which I would give her, it seemed to me, for the same price, an eternity of countless existences—if he should but give her a careless word, where I could wring a passionate utterance out of the aching blood of my very heart—she must needs be his. She would be a star else that would resign an orbit in the fair sky, to illumine a dim cave; a flower that would rather bloom on a bleak moor, than in the garden of a king—for, with such crushing comparisons, did I irresistibly see myself as I remembered my own shape and features, and my far humbler fortunes than his, standing in her presence beside him.

Oh! how every thing contributed to enhance the beauty of that young man. How the mellow and harmonizing tenderness of the light of the Italian sky gave sentiment to his oval cheek, depth to his gray-blue eye, meaning to their overfolding and thick-fringed lashes. Whatever he said with his finely-cut lips, was *looked* into twenty times its meaning by the beauty of their motion in that languid atmosphere—an atmosphere that seemed only breathed for his embellishment and Stephania's. Every posture he took seemed a happy and rare accident, which a painter should have been there to see. The sunsets, the moonlight, the chance background and fore-ground, of vines and rocks—every thing seemed in conspiracy to heighten his effect, and make of him a faultless picture of a lover.

"Every thing," did I say? Yes, *even myself*—for my uncomely face and form were such a foil to his beauty as a skillful artist would have introduced to heighten it when all other art was exhausted, and every one saw it except Stephania: and little they knew how, with perceptions far quicker than theirs, I *felt* their recognition of this, in the degree of softer kindness in which they unconsciously spoke to me. They pitied me, and without recognizing their own thought—for it was a striking instance of

no difference in the gifts of nature—one man looking scarce possible to love, and beside him, another, of the same age, to whose mere first-seen beauty, without a word from his lips, any heart would seem unnatural not to leap in passionate surrender.

We were the best of sudden friends, Palgray and I. He, like the best, walked only the outer vestibule of the sympathies, viewlessly deepening and extending, hour by hour, in that frank and joyous circle. The interlinkings of soul, which need no language, and which go on, whether we will or no, while we talk with friends, are so strangely unthought of by the careless and happy. He saw in me no counter-worker to his influence. I was to him but a well-bred and extremely plain man, who tranquilly submitted to forego all the first prizes of life, content if I could contribute to society in its unexcited voids, and receive in return only the freedom of its outer intercourse, and its friendly esteem. But, oh! it was not in the same world that he and I knew Stephanian. He approached her from the world in whose most valued excellences, beauty and wealth, he was pre-eminently gifted—I, from the viewless world, in which I had at least more skill and knowledge. In the month that I had known her before he came, I had sedulously addressed myself to a character within her, of which Palgray had not even a conjecture; and there was but one danger of his encroachment on the ground I had gained—her imagination might supply in him the nobler temple of soul-worship, which was still unruled, and which would never be builded except by ranges such as he was little likely to feel in the unleepening channel of happiness. He did not notice that I never spoke to her in the same key of voice to which the conversation of others was attuned. He saw not that, while she turned to him with a smile as a preparation to listen, she heard my voice as if her attention had been arrested by distant music—with no change in her features except a look more earnest. She would have called him to look with her at a glowing sunset, or to point out a new corner in the road from the village; but if the moon had gone suddenly into a cloud and saddened the face of the landscape, or if the wind had sounded mournfully through the trees, as she looked out upon the night, she would have spoken of that first to me.

### PART III.

I am flying over the track, of what was to me a torrent—outlining its course by alighting upon, here and there, a point where it turned or lingered.

The reader has been to Vallambrosa—if not once as a pilgrim, at least often with writers of travels in Italy. The usages of the convent are familiar to all memories—their lodging of the gentlemen of a party in cells of their own monastic privilege, and giving to the ladies less sacred hospitalities, in a secular building of meaner and unconsecrated architecture. (So, oh, mortifying brotherhood, you shut off your only chance of entertaining angels unaware!)

Not permitted to eat with the ladies while on the

holy mountain, Mr. Wangrave and his secretary, and Palgray and I, fed at the table with the aristocratic monks—for they are the aristocrats of European holiness, these monks of Vallambrosa.) It was somewhat a relief to me, to be separated with my rival from the party in the feminine refectory, even for the short space of a meal-time; for the all-day suffering of presence with an unconscious trampler on my heart-strings, and in circumstances where all the triumphs were his own, were more than my intangible hold upon hope could well enable me to bear. I was happiest, therefore, when I was out of the presence of her to be near whom was all for which my life was worth having; and when we sat down at the long and bare table, with the thoughtful and ashen-cowled company, sad as I was, it was an opiate sadness—a suspension from self-mastery, under torture which others took to be pleasure.

The temperature of the mountain-air was just such as to invite us to never enter doors except to eat and sleep; and breakfasting at convent-hours, we passed the long day in rambling up the ravines and through the sombre forests, drawing, botanizing, and conversing in group around some spot of exquisite natural beauty; and all of the party, myself excepted, supposing it to be the un-dissenting, common desire to contrive opportunity for the love-making of Palgray and Stephanian. And, bitter though it was, in each particular instance, to accept a hint from one and another, and stroll off, leaving the confessed lovers alone by some musical water-fall, or in the secluded and twilight dimness of some curve in an overhanging ravine—places where only to breathe is to love—I still felt an instinctive prompting to rather anticipate than wait for these reminders, she alone knowing what it cost me to be without her in that delicious wilderness; and Palgray, as well as I could judge, having a mind out of harmony with both the wilderness and her.

He loved her—loved her as well as most women need to be, or know that they can be loved. But he was too happy, too prosperous, too universally beloved, to love well. He was a man, with all his beauty, more likely to be fascinating to his own sex than to hers, for the women who love best, do not love in the character they live in; and his out-of-doors heart, whose joyfulness was so contagious, and whose bold impulses were so manly and open, contented itself with gay homage, and left unplummeted the sweetest as well as deepest wells of the thoughtful tenderness of woman.

To most observers, Stephanian Wangrave would have seemed only born to be gay—the mere habit of being happy having made its life-long imprint upon her expression of countenance, and all of her nature, that would be legible to a superficial reader, being brought out by the warm translucence of her smiles. But while I had seen this, in the first hour of my study of her, I was too advanced in my knowledge (of such works of nature as encroach on the models of Heaven) not to know this to be a light veil over a picture of melancholy meaning. Sadness was the tone of her mind's inner coloring. Tears were the



subterranean river upon which her soul's bark floated with the most loved freight of her thought's accumulation—the sunny waters of joy, where alone she was thought to voyage, being the tide on which her heart embarked no venture, and which seemed to her triflingly garish and even profaning to the hallowed delicacy of the inner nature.

It was so strange to me that Palgray did not see this through every lineament of her marvelous beauty. There was a glow under her skin, but no color—an effect of paleness—fair as the lotus-leaf, but warmer and brighter, and which came through the alabaster fineness of the grain, like something the eye cannot define, but which we know by some spirit-perception to be the effluence of purer existence, the breathing through, as it were, of the luminous tenantry of an angel. To this glowing paleness, with golden hair, I never had seen united any but a disposition of predominant melancholy; and it seemed to me dull indeed otherwise to read it. But there were other betrayals of the same inner nature of Stephanía. Her lips, cut with the fine tracery of the penciling upon a tulip-cup, were of a slender and delicate fullness, expressive of a mind which took—(of the senses)—only so much life as would hold down the spirit during its probation; and when this spiritual mouth was at rest, no painter has ever drawn lips on which lay more of the unutterable pensiveness of beauty which we dream to have been Mary's, in the childhood of Jesus. A tear in the heart was the instinctive answer to Stephanía's every look when she did not smile; and her large, soft, slowly-lifting eyes, were to any elevated perception, it seemed to me, most eloquent of tenderness as tearful as it was unfathomable and angelic.

I shall have failed, however, in portraying truly the being of whom I am thus privileged to hold the likeness in my memory, if the reader fancies her to have nurtured her pensive disposition at the expense of a just value for real life, or a full development of womanly feelings. It was a peculiarity of her beauty, to my eye, that, with all her earnest leaning toward a thoughtful existence, there did not seem to be one vein beneath her pearly skin, not one wavy line in her faultless person, that did not lend its proportionate consciousness to her breathing sense of life. Her bust was of the slightest fullness which the sculptor would choose for the embodying of his ideal of the best blending of modesty with complete beauty; and her throat and arms—oh, with what an inexpressible pathos of loveliness, so to speak, was moulded, under an infantine dewiness of surface, their delicate undulations. No one could be in her presence without acknowledging the perfection of her form as a woman, and rendering the passionate yet subdued homage which the purest beauty fulfills its human errand by inspiring; but, while Palgray made the halo which surrounded her outward beauty the whole orbit of his appreciation, and made of it, too, the measure of the circle of topics he chose to talk upon, there was still another and far wider ring of light about her, which he lived

in too dazzling a gayety of his own to see—a halo of a mind more beautiful than the body which ~~shut~~ it in; and in this intellectual orbit of guidance to interchange of mind, with manifold deeper and higher reach than Palgray's, upon whatever topic chanced to occur, revolved I, around her who was the loveliest and most gifted of all the human beings I had been privileged to meet.

#### PART IV.

The month was expiring at Vallambrosa, but I had not mingled, for that length of time, with a fraternity of thoughtful men, without recognition of some of that working of spontaneous and elective magnetism to which I have alluded in a previous part of this story. Opposite me, at the table of the convent refectory, had sat a taciturn monk, whose influence I felt from the first day—a stronger consciousness of his presence, that is to say, than of any one of the other monks—though he did not seem particularly to observe me, and till recently had scarce spoken to me at all. He was a man of perhaps fifty years of age, with the countenance of one who had suffered and gained a victory of contemplation—a look as if no suffering could be new to him, and before whom no riddle of human vicissitudes could stay unread; but over all this penetration and sagacity was diffused a cast of genial philanthropy and good-fellowship which told of his forgiveness of the world for what he had suffered in it. With a curiosity more at leisure, I should have sought him out, and joined him in his walks to know more of him; but spiritually acquainted though I felt we had become, I was far too busy with head and heart for any intercourse, except it had a bearing on the struggle for love that I was, to all appearance, so hopelessly making.

Preparations were beginning for departure, and with the morrow, or the day after, I was to take my way to Venice—my friends bound to Switzerland and England, and propriety not permitting me to seek another move in their company. The evening on which this was made clear to me, was one of those continuations of day into night made by the brightness of a full Italian moon; and Palgray, whose face, troubled, for the first time, betrayed to me that he was at a crisis of his fate with Stephanía, evidently looked forward to this glowing night as the favorable atmosphere in which he might urge his suit, with nature pleading in his behalf. The reluctance and evident irresolution of his daughter puzzled Mr. Wangrave—for he had no doubt that she loved Palgray, and his education of her head and heart gave him no clue to any principle of coquettishness, or willingness to give pain for the pleasure of an exercise of power. Her mother, and all the members of the party, were aware of the mystery that hung over the suit of the young guardsman, but they were all alike discreet, while distressed, and confined their interference to the removal of obstacles in the way of the lovers being together, and the avoidance of any topics gay enough to change the

key of her spirits from the natural softness of the evening.

Vespers were over, and the sad-colored figures of the monks were gliding indolently here and there, and Stephania, with Palgray beside her, stood a little apart from the group at the door of the secular refectory, looking off at the fading purple of the sunset. I could not join her without crossing rudely the obvious wishes of every person present; yet for the last two days, I had scarce found the opportunity to exchange a word with her, and my emotion now was scarce controllable. The happier lover beside her, with his features heightened in expression (as I thought they never could be) by his embarrassment in wooing, was evidently and irresistibly the object of her momentary admiration. He offered her his arm, and made a movement toward the path off into the forest. There was an imploring deference infinitely becoming in his manner, and see it she must, with pride and pleasure. She hesitated—gave a look to where I stood, which explained to me better than a world of language, that she had wished at least to speak to me on this last evening—and, before the dimness over my eyes had passed away, they were gone. Oh! pitying Heaven! give me never again, while wrapt in mortal weakness, so harsh a pang to suffer.

#### PART V.

The convent-bell struck midnight, and there was a foot-fall in the cloister. I was startled by it out of an entire forgetfulness of all around me, for I was lying on my bed in the monastery cell, with my hands clasped over my eyes, as I had thrown myself down on coming in; and, with a strange contrariety, my mind, broken rudely from its hope, had flown to my far away home, oblivious of the benumbed links that lay between. A knock at my door completed the return to my despair, for with a look at the walls of my little chamber, in the bright beam of moonlight that streamed in at the narrow window, I was, by recognition, again at Vallambrosa, and Stephania, with an accepted lover's voice in her ear, was again near me, her moistened eyes steeped with Palgray's in the same beam of the all-visiting and unbetraying moon.

Father Ludovic entered. The gentle tone of his *benedicite*, told me that he had come on an errand of sympathy. There was little need of preliminary between two who read the inner countenance as habitually as did both of us; and as briefly as the knowledge and present feeling of each could be re-expressed in words, we confirmed the spirit-mingling that had brought him there, and were presently as one. He had read truly the drama of love, enacting in the party of visitors to his convent, but his judgment of the possible termination of it was different from mine.

Palgray's dormitory was at the extremity of the cloister, and we presently heard him pass.

"She is alone, now," said Father Ludovic, "I will send you to her."

My mind had strained to Stephania's presence with the first footsteps that told me of their separation; and it needed but a wave of his hand to unlink the spirit-wings from my weary frame. I was present with her.

I struggled for a moment, but in vain, to see her face. Its expression was as visible as my hand in the sun, but no feature. The mind I had read was close to me, in a presence of consciousness; and, in points, here and there, brighter, bolder, and further-reaching than I had altogether believed. She was unutterably pure—a spirit without a spot—and I remained near her with a feeling as if my forehead were pressed down to the palms of my hands, in homage mixed with sorrow, for I should have more recognized this in my waking study of her nature.

A moment more—a trembling effort, as if to read what were written to record my companionship for eternity—and a vague image of myself came out in shadow—clearer now, and still clearer, enlarging to to the fullness of her mind. She thought wholly and only of that image I then saw, yet with a faint coloring playing to and from it, as influences came in from the outer world. Her eyes were turned in upon it in lost contemplation. But suddenly a new thought broke upon me. I saw my image, but it was not I, as I looked to myself. The type of my countenance was there; but, oh, transformed to an ideal, such as I now, for the first time, saw possible—ennobled in every defective line—purified of its taint from worldliness—inspired with high aspirations—cleared of what it had become cankered with, in its transmission through countless generations since first sent into the world, and restored to a likeness of the angel of whose illuminated lineaments it was first a copy. So thought Stephania of me. Thus did she believe I truly was. Oh! blessed, and yet humiliating, trust of woman! Oh! comparison of true and ideal, at which spirits must look out of heaven, and of which they must long, with aching pity, to make us thus rebukingly aware!

I felt myself withdrawing from Stephania's presence. There were tears between us, which I could not see. I strove to remain, but a stronger power than my will was at work within me. I felt my heart swell with a gasp, as if death were bearing out of it the principle of life; and my head dropped on the pillow of my bed.

"Good night, my son," said the low voice of Father Ludovic, "I have willed that you should remember what you have seen. Be worthy of her love, for there are few like her."

He closed the door, and as the glide of his sandals died away in the echoing cloisters, I leaned forth to spread my expanding heart in the upward and boundless light of the moon—for I seemed to wish never again to lose in the wasteful forgetfulness of sleep, the consciousness that I was loved by Stephania.

I was journeying the next day, alone, toward Venice. I had left written adieux for the party at Vallambrosa, pleading to my friends an unwillingness to bear the pain of a formal separation. Betwixt

midnight and morning, however, I had written a parting letter for Stephania, which I had committed to the kind envying of Father Ludovic, and thus it ran:—

"When you read this, Stephania, I shall be alone with the thought of you, traveling a reluctant road, but still with a burthen in my heart which will bring me to you again, and which even now envelopes my pang of separation in a veil of happiness. I have been blessed by Heaven's mercy with the power to know that you love me. Were you not what you are, I could not venture to startle you thus with a truth which, perhaps, you have hardly confessed in waking reality to yourself; but you are one of those who are coy of no truth that could be found to have lain without alarm in your own bosom, and, with those beloved hands pressed together with the earnestness of the clasp of prayer, you will say, 'yes! I love him!'

"I leave you, now, not to put our love to trial, and still less in the ordinary meaning of the phrase, to prepare to wed you. The first is little needed, angels in heaven well know. The second is a thought which will be in time, when I have done the work on which I am newly bent by the inspiration of love—the making myself what you think me to be. Oh, Stephania! to feel encouraged, as God has given me strength to feel, that I may yet be this—that I may yet bring you a soul brought up to the standard you have raised, and achieve it by effort in self-denial, and by the works of honor and goodness that are as possible to a man in obscurity and poverty as to his brother in wealth and distinction—this is to me new life, boundless enlargement of sphere, food for a love of which, alas! I was not before worthy.

"I have told you unreservedly what my station in life is—what my hopes are, and what career I had marked out for struggle. I shall go on with the career, though the prizes I then mentally saw have since faded in value almost as much as my purpose

is strengthened. Fame and wealth, my pure, Stephania, are to you as they now can only be to me, larger trusts of service and duty; and if I hope they will come while other aims are sought, it is because they will confer happiness on parents and friends who mistakenly suppose them necessary to the winner of your heart. I hope to bring them to you. I know that I shall come as welcome without them.

"While I write—while my courage and hope throb loud in the pulses of my bosom—I can think even happily of separation. To leave you, the better to return, is bearable—even pleasurable—to the heart's noonday mood. But I have been steeped for a summer, now, in a presence of visible and breathing loveliness, (that you cannot forbid me to speak of, since language is too poor to out-color truth,) and there will come moments of depression—twilights of deepening and undivided loneliness—hours of illness, perhaps—and times of discouragement and adverse cloudings over of Providence—when I shall need to be remembered with sympathy, and to know that I am so remembered. I do not ask you to write to me. It would entail difficulties upon you, and put between us an interchange of uncertainties and possible misunderstandings. But I can communicate with you by a surer medium, if you will grant a request. The habits of your family are such that you can, for the first hour after midnight, be always alone. Waking or sleeping, there will then be a thought of me occupying your heart, and—call it a fancy if you will—I can come and read it on the viewless wings of the soul.

"I commend your inexpressible earthly beauty, dear Stephania, and your still brighter loveliness of soul, to God's angel, who has never left you. Farewell! You will see me when I am worthy of you—if it be necessary that it should be first in heaven, made so by forgiveness there.

*Cell of St. Eusebius, Vallambrosa—day-breaking."*

## A BUTTERFLY IN THE CITY.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

DEAR transient spirit of the fields,  
Thou com'st, without distrust,  
To fan the sunshine of our streets  
Among the noise and dust.

Thou ledest in thy wavering flight  
My footsteps unaware,  
Until I seem to walk the vales  
And breathe thy native air.

And thou hast fed upon the flowers,  
And drained their honied springs,  
Till every tender hue they wore  
Is blooming on thy wings.

I bless the fresh and flowery light  
Thou bringest to the town,

But tremble lest the hot turmoil  
Have power to weigh thee down;

For thou art like the poet's song,  
Arrayed in holiest dyes,  
Though it hath drained the honied wells  
Of flowers of Paradise;

Though it hath brought celestial hues  
To light the ways of life,  
The dust shall weigh its pinions down  
Amid the noisy strife.

And yet, perchance, some kindred soul  
Shall see its glory shine,  
And feel its wings within his heart  
As bright as I do thine.

## THE RIVAL SISTERS.

AN ENGLISH TRAGEDY OF REAL LIFE.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "THE ROMAN TRAITOR," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," ETC.

(Concluded from page 22.)

### PART II.

A lovely summer's evening in the year 168—, was drawing toward its close, when many a gay and brilliant cavalcade of both sexes, many of the huge bed-coaches of that day, and many a train of liveried servants, winding through the green lane, as they moved, some in this direction from Eton, some in that, across Datchet-mead, from Windsor, and its royal castle, came thronging toward Ditton-in-the-Dale.

Lights were beginning to twinkle, as the shadows thick among the arcades of the trim gardens, and the wilder forest-walks which extended their circuitous course for many a mile along the stately hall of the Fitz-Henries; loud bursts of festive or of martial music came pealing down the wind, mixed with the hum of a gay and happy concourse, causing the thronging to hold their peace, not in despair of losing the melody, but that the mirth jarred unpleasantly on the souls of the melancholy birds.

The gates of Ditton-in-the-Dale were flung wide open, for it was gala night, and never had the old hall put on a gay or more sumptuous show than it had done that evening.

From far and near the gentry and the nobles of Buckingham and Berkshire had gathered to the birth-day ball—for such was the occasion of the festive evening.

Yes! it was Blanche Fitz-Henry's birth-day; and this gay and glad anniversary was the fair heiress that noble house to be introduced to the great world as the future owner of those beautiful domains.

From the roof to the foundation the old manor-house was a stately red brick mansion of the latter period of Elizabethan architecture, with mullioned windows, and stacks of curiously wreathed chimneys as one blaze of light; and as group after group of gay and high-born riders came caracoling up to the spitable porch, and coach after coach, with its waiting footmen, or mounted outriders lumbered slowly in their train, the saloons and corridors began to fill up rapidly, with a joyous and splendid company. The entrance-hall, a vast square apartment, wainscoted with old English oak, brighter and richer in dark hues than mahogany, received the entering guests; and what with the profusion of wax-lights, abundant in gorgeous chandeliers from the carved roof, or fixed in silver sconces to the walls, the gay tones of green wreaths and fresh summer flowers,

mixed quaintly with old armor, blazoned shields, and rustling banners, some of which had waved over the thirsty plains of Syria, and been fanned by the shouts of triumph that pealed so high at Cressy and Poitiers, it presented a not unapt picture of that midway period—that halting-place, as it were, between the old world and the new—when chivalry and feudalism had ceased already to exist among the nations, but before the rudeness of reform had banished the last remnants of courtesy, and the reverence for all things that were high and noble—for all things that were fair and graceful—for all things, in one word, except the golden calf, the mob-worshipped mammon.

Within this stately hall was drawn up in glittering array, the splendid band of the Life Guards, for royalty himself was present, and all the officers of that superb regiment, quartered at Windsor, had followed in his train; and as an ordinary courtesy to their well-proved and loyal host, the services of those chosen musicians had been tendered and accepted.

Through many a dazzling corridor, glittering with lights, and redolent of choicest perfumes, through many a fair saloon the guests were marshaled to the great drawing-room, where, beneath a canopy of state, the ill-advised and imbecile monarch, soon to be deserted by the very princes and princesses who now clustered round his throne, sat, with his host and his lovely daughters at his right hand, accepting the homage of the fickle crowd, who were within a little year to bow obsequiously to the cold-blooded Hollander.

That was a day of singular, and what would now be termed hideous costumes—a day of hair-powder and patches, of hoops and trains, of stiff brocades and tight-laced stomachers, and high-heeled shoes among the ladies—of flowing periwigs, and coats with huge cuffs and no collars, and voluminous skirts, of diamond-hilted rapiers, and diamond buckles, ruffles of Valenciennes and Mecklin lace, among the ruder sex. And though the individual might be metamorphosed strangely from the fair form which nature gave him, it cannot be denied that the concourse of highly-bred and graceful persons, when viewed as a whole, was infinitely more picturesque, infinitely more like what the fancy paints a meeting of the great and noble, than any assemblage now-a-days, however courtly or refined, in which the stiff dress coats and white neckcloths of the men are not to be redeemed by the Parisian finery—how much more

natural, let critics tell, than the hoop and train—of the fair portion of the company.

The rich materials, the gay colors, the glittering jewelry, and waving plumes, all contributed their part to the splendor of the show; and in those days a gentleman possessed at least this advantage, lost to him in these practical utilitarian times, that he could not by any possibility be mistaken for his own *valet de chambre*—a misfortune which has befallen many a one, the most aristocratic not excepted, of modern nobility.

A truly graceful person will be graceful, and look well in every garb, however strange or *outré*; and there is, moreover, undoubtedly something, apart from any paltry love of finery, or mere vanity of person, which elevates the thoughts, and stamps a statelier demeanor on the man who is clad highly for some high occasion. The custom, too, of wearing arms, peculiar to the gentleman of that day, had its effect, and that not a slight one, as well on the character as on the bearing of the individual so distinguished.

As for the ladies, loveliness will still be loveliness, disguise it as you may; and if the beauties of King James's court lost much by the travesty of their natural ringlets, they gained, perhaps, yet more from the increased lustre of their complexions and brilliancy of their eyes.

So that it is far from being the case, as is commonly supposed, that it was owing to fashion alone, and the influence of all powerful custom, that the costume of that day was not tolerated only, but admired by its wearers.

At this time, however, the use of hair-powder, though general, was by no means universal; and many beauties, who fancied that it did not suit their complexions, dispensed with it altogether, or wore it in some modified shape, and tinged with some coloring matter, which assimilated it more closely to the natural tints of the hair.

At all events, it must have been a dull eye, and a cold heart, that could have looked undelighted on the assemblage that night gathered in the ball-room of Ditton-in-the-Dale.

But now the reception was finished; the royal party moved into the ball-room, from which they shortly afterward retired, leaving the company at liberty from the restraint which their presence had imposed upon them. The concourse broke up into little groups; the stately minuet was performed, and livelier dances followed it; and gentlemen sighed tender sighs, and looked unutterable things; and ladies listened to soft nonsense, and smiled gentle approbation; and melting glances were exchanged, and warm hands were pressed warmly; and fans were flitted angrily, and flippant jokes were interchanged—for human nature, whether in the seventeenth or the nineteenth century, whether arrayed in brocade, or simply dressed in broadcloth, is human nature still; and, perhaps, not one feeling, or one passion, that actuated man's or woman's heart five hundred years ago, but dwells within it now, and shall dwell unchanged forever.

It needs not to say that, on such an occasion, in their own father's mansion, and at the celebration of one sister's birth-day, Blanche and Agnes, had their attractions been much smaller, their pretensions much more lowly than they really were, would have received boundless attention. But being as they were infinitely the finest girls in the room, and being, moreover, new *debutantes* on the stage of fashion, there was no limit to the admiration, to the *furor* which they excited among the wits and lady-killers of the day.

Many an antiquated Miss, proud of past conquests, and unable yet to believe that her career of triumph was, indeed, ended, would turn up an evious nose, and utter a sharp sneer at the forwardness and hoyden mirth of that pert Mistress Agnes, or at the coldness and inanimate smile of the fair heiress; but the sneer, even were it the sneer of a duke's or a minister's daughter, fell harmless, or yet worse, drew forth a prompt defence of the unjustly assailed beauty.

No greater proof could be adduced, indeed, of the amazing success of the sister beauties, than the unanimous decision of every lady in the room numbering less than forty years, that they were by no means uncommon; were pretty country hoppers, who, as soon as the novelty of their first appearance should have worn out, would cease to be admired, and sink back into their proper sphere of insignificance.

So thought not the gentle cavaliers; and there were many present there, well qualified to judge of ladies' minds as of ladies' persons; and not a few were heard to swear aloud, that the Fitz-Henries were as far above the rest of their sex in wit, and graceful accomplishment, as in beauty of form and face, and elegance of motion.

See! they are dancing now some gay, newly invented, Spanish dance, each whirling through the voluptuous mazes of the courtly measure with her own characteristic air and manner, each evidently pleased with her partner, each evidently charming him in turn; and the two together enchaining all eyes, and interesting all spectators, so that a gentle hum of approbation is heard running through the crowd, as they pause, blushing and panting from the exertion and excitement of the dance.

"Fore Gad! she is exquisite, George! I have seen nothing like her in my time," lisped a superb coxcomb, attired in a splendid civilian's suit of Pompadour and silver, to a young cornet of the Life Guard who stood beside him.

"Which *she*, my lord?" inquired the standard-bearer, in reply. "Methinks they both deserve your encomiums; but I would fain know which of the two your lordship means, for fame speaks you a dangerous rival against whom to enter the lists."

"What, George!" cried the other, gayly, "are you about to have a throw for the heiress? Pshaw! it won't do, man—never think of it! Why, though you are an earl's second son, and date your creation from the days of Hump-backed Dickon, old Allan would vote you a *novus homo*, as we used to say at Christ Church. Pshaw! George, go hang yourself! No one has a chance of winning that fair loveliness,

much less of wearing her, unless he can quarter Siraphet's bearings on his coat armorial."

"It is the heiress, then, my lord," answered George Delawarr, merrily. "I thought as much from the first. Well, I'll relieve your lordship, as you have relieved me, from all fear of rivalry. I am devoted to the dark beauty. Egad! there's life, there's fire for you! Why, I should have thought the flash of that eye-glance would have reduced Jack Trevill to cinders in a moment, yet there he stands, so calm and impassive a puppy as ever dangled a turned hat, or played with a sword-knot. Your fair beauty's cold, my lord. Give me that Italian complexion, and that coal-black hair! Gad zooks! I honor the girl's spirit for not disguising it with starch and pomatum. There's more passion in her little anger, than in the whole soul of the other."

"You're out there, George Delawarr," returned a peer. "Trust me, it is not always the quickest name that burns the strongest; nor the liveliest girl that feels the most deeply. There's an old saying, and a true one, that still water eye runs deep. And, trust me, if I know any thing of the dear, delicious, devilish sex, as methinks I am not altogether a novice at the trade, if ever Blanche Fitz-Henry love all, she will love with her whole soul and heart and spirit. That gay, laughing brunette will love you with her tongue, her eyes, her head, and perhaps her fancy—the other, if, as I say, she ever love all, will love with her whole being."

"The broad acres! my lord! all the broad acres!" replied the cornet, laughing more merrily than before. "Fore Gad! I think it the very thing for you. For the first Lord St. George was, I believe, in the ark with Noah, so that you will pass current with the first gentleman of England. I prithee, my lord, ask your suit, and help me on a little with my dark alcinous."

"Faith! George, I've no objection; and see, this once is over. Let us go up and ask their fair hands. You'll have no trouble in ousting that shallow-pated puppy Jack, and I think I can put the pass on Mr. Ivy-counsellor there, although he is simpering so ostentatiously. But, hold a moment, have you been duly advised in form presented to your black-eyed beauty?"

"Upon my soul! I hope so, my lord. It were very wrong else; for I have danced with her three times to-night already."

"The devil! Well, come along, quick. I see that they are going to announce supper, so soon as the next dance shall be ended; and if we can engage them now, we shall have their fair company for an hour at least."

"I am with you, my lord!"

And away they sauntered through the crowd, and a long way were coupled for a little space each to the glory of his choice.

The dance was soon over, and then, as Lord St. George had surmised, supper was announced, and the cavaliers led their ladies to the sumptuous board, and there attended them with all that courtly and respectful service, which, like many another good thing, has passed away and been forgotten with the

diamond-hilted sword, and the full bottomed periwig.

George Delawarr was full as ever of gay quips and merry repartees; his wit was as sparkling as the champagne which in some degree inspired it, and as innocent. There was no touch of bitterness or satire in his polished and gentle humor; no envy or dislike pointed his quick, epigrammatic speech; but all was clear, light, and transparent, as the sunny air at noon-day. Nor was his conversation altogether light and mirthful. There were at times bursts of high enthusiasm, at which he would himself laugh heartily a moment afterward—there were touches of passing romance and poetry blending in an under-current with his fluent mirth; and, above all, there was an evident strain of right feeling, of appreciation of all that was great and generous and good, predominant above romance and wit, perceptible in every word he uttered.

And Agnes listened, and laughed, and flung back skillfully and cleverly the ball of conversation, as he tossed it to her. She was pleased, it was evident, and amused. But she was pleased only as with a clever actor, a brilliant performer on some new instrument now heard for the first time. The gay, wild humor of the young man hit her fancy; his mad wit struck a kindred chord in her mind; but the latent poetry and romance passed unheeded, and the noblest point of all, the good and gracious feelings, made no impression on the polished but hard surface of the bright maiden's heart.

Meantime, how fared the peer with the calmer and gentler sister? Less brilliant than George Delawarr, he had traveled much, had seen more of men and things, had a more cultivated mind, was more of a scholar, and no less of a gentleman, scarce less perhaps of a soldier; for he had served a campaign or two in his early youth in the Low Countries.

He was a noble and honorable man, clever, and eloquent, and well esteemed—a little, perhaps, spoiled by that good esteem, a little too confident of himself, too conscious of his own good mien and good parts, and a little hardened, if very much polished, by continual contact with the world.

He was, however, an easy and agreeable talker, accustomed to the society of ladies, in which he was held to shine, and fond of shining. He exerted himself also that night, partly because he was really struck with Blanche's grace and beauty, partly because Delawarr's liveliness and wit excited him to a sort of playful rivalry.

Still, he was not successful; for though Blanche listened graciously, and smiled in the right places, and spoke in answer pleasantly and well, when she did speak, and evidently wished to appear and to be amused; her mind was at times absent and distracted, and it could not long escape the observation of so thorough a man of the world as Lord St. George, that he had not made that impression on the young country damsel which he was wont to make, with one half the effort, on what might be supposed more difficult ladies.

But though he saw this plainly, he was too much

of a gentleman to be either piqued or annoyed; and if any thing he exerted himself the more to please, when he believed exertion useless; and by degrees his gentle partner laid aside her abstraction, and entered into the spirit of the hour with something of her sister's mirth, though with a quieter and more chastened tone.

It was a pleasant party, and a merry evening; but like all other things, merry or sad, it had its end, and passed away, and by many was forgotten; but there were two persons present there who never while they lived forgot that evening—for there were other two, to whom it was indeed the commencement of the end.

But the hour for parting had arrived, and with the ceremonious greetings of those days, deep bows and stately courtesies, and kissing of fair hands, and humble requests to be permitted to pay their duty on the following day, the cavaliers and ladies parted.

When the two gallants stood together in the great hall, George Delawarr turned suddenly to the peer—

"Where the deuce are you going to sleep to-night, St. George? You came down hither all the way from London, did you not? You surely do not mean to return to-night."

"I surely do not *wish* it, you mean, George. No, truly. But I do mean it. For my fellows tell me that there is not a bed to be had for love, which does not at all surprise me, or for money, which I confess does somewhat, in Eton, Slough, or Windsor. And if I must go back to Brentford or to Hounslow, as well at once to London."

"Come with me! Come with me, St. George. I can give you quarters in the barracks, and a good breakfast, and a game of tennis if you will; and afterward, if you like, we'll ride over and see how these bright-eyed beauties look by daylight, after all this night-work."

"A good offer, George, and I'll take it as it is offered."

"How are you here? In a great lumbering coach I suppose. Well, look you, I have got two horses here; you shall take mine, and I'll ride on my fellow's, who shall go with your people and pilot them on the road, else they'll be getting that great gilded Noah's ark into Datchet-ditch. Have you got any tools? Ay! ay! I see you travel well equipped, if you do ride in your coach. Now your riding-cloak, the nights are damp here, by the river-side, even in summer; oh! never mind your pistols, you'll find a brace in my holsters, genuine Kuchenreuters. I can hit a crown piece with them, for a hundred guineas, at fifty paces."

"Heaven send that you never shoot at me with them, if that's the case, George."

"Heaven send that I never shoot at any one, my lord, unless it be an enemy of my king and country, and in open warfare; for so certainly as I do shoot I shall kill."

"I do not doubt you, George. But let's be off.

The lights are burning low in the sockets, and these good fellows are evidently tired out with their share

of our festivity. Fore Gad! I believe we are the last of the guests."

And with the word, the young men mounted joyously, and galloped away at the top of their horses' speed to the quarters of the life-guard in Windsor.

Half an hour after their departure, the two sisters sat above stairs in a pleasant chamber, disrobing themselves, with the assistance of their maidens, of the cumbrous and stiff costumes of the ball-room, and jesting merrily over the events of the evening.

"Well, Blanche," said Agnes archly, "confess, siss, who is the lord paramount, the beau *par excellence*, of the ball? I know, you demure puss! After all, it is ever the quiet cat that licks the cream. But to think that on your very first night you should have made such a conquest. So difficult, too, to please, they say, and all the great court ladies dying for him."

"Hush! madcap. I don't know who you mean. At all events, I have not danced four dances in one evening with one cavalier. Ah! have I caught you, pretty mistress?"

"Oh! that was only poor George Delawarr. A paltry cornet in the guards. He will do well enough to have dangled after one, to play with, while he amuses one—but fancy, being proud of conquering poor George! His namesake with the Saint before it were worth a score of such."

"Pie, sister!" said Blanche, gravely. "I do not love to hear you talk so. I am sure he's a very pretty gentleman, and has twice as much head as my lord, if I'm not mistaken; and three times as much heart."

"Heart, indeed, siss! Much you know about hearts, I fancy. But, now that you speak of it, I *will* try if he has got a heart. If he has, he will do well to pique some more eligible—"

"Oh! Agnes, Agnes! I cannot hear you—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted the younger sister, very bitterly, "this affectation of sentiment and disinterestedness sits very prettily on the heiress of Ditton-in-the-Dale, Long Netherby, and Waltham Ferrers, three manors, and ten thousand pounds a year to buy a bridegroom! Poor I, with my face for my fortune, must needs make my wit eke out my want of dowry. And I'm not one, I promise you, siss, to choose love in a cottage. No, no! Give me your Lord St. George, and I'll make over all my right and title to poor George Delawarr this minute. Heigho! I believe the fellow is smitten with me after all. Well, well! I'll have some fun with him before I have done yet."

"Agnes," said Blanche, gravely, but reproachfully, "I have long seen that you are light, and careless whom you wound with your wild words, but I never thought before that you were bad-hearted."

"Bad-hearted, sister!"

"Yes! bad-hearted! To speak to me of manors, or of money, as if for fifty wills, or five hundred fathers, I would ever profit by a parent's whim to rob my sister of her portion. As if I would not rather lie in the cold grave, than that my sister should have a wish ungratified, which I had power to gratify,

much less that she should narrow down the standard of her choice—the holiest and most sacred thing on earth—to the miserable scale of wealth and title. Out upon it! out upon it! Never, while you live, speak so to me again!”

“Sister, I never will. I did not mean it, sister, dear,” cried Agnes, now much affected, as she saw how vehemently Blanche was moved. “You should not heed me. You know my wild, rash way, and how I speak whatever words come first.”

“Those were very meaning words, Agnes—and very bitter, too. They cut me to the heart,” cried the fair girl, bursting into a flood of passionate tears.

“Oh! do not—do not, Blanche. Forgive me, dearest! Indeed, indeed, I meant nothing!”

“Forgive you, Agnes! I have nothing to forgive. I was not even angry, but pained, but sorry for you, sister; for sure I am, that if you give way to this bitter, jealous spirit, you will work much anguish to yourself, and to all those who love you.”

“Jealous, Blanche!”

“Yes, Agnes, jealous! But let us say no more. Let this pass, and be forgotten; but never, dear girl, if you love me, as I think you do, never so speak to me again.”

“I never, never will.” And she fell upon her neck, and kissed her fondly, as her heart relented, and she felt something of sincere repentance for the harsh words which she had spoken, and the hard, bitter feelings which suggested them.

Another hour, and, clasped in each others arms, they were sleeping as sweetly as though no breath of this world’s bitterness had ever blown upon their hearts, or stirred them into momentary strife.

Peace to their slumbers, and sweet dreams!

It was, perhaps, an hour or two after noon, and the early dinner of the time was already over, when the two sisters strolled out into the gardens, unaccompanied, except by a tall old greyhound, Blanche’s peculiar friend and guardian, and some two or three beautiful silky-haired King Charles spaniels.

After loitering for a little while among the trim parterres, and box-edged terraces, and gathering a few sweet summer flowers, they turned to avoid the heat, which was excessive, into the dark elm avenue, and wandered along between the tall black yew hedges, linked arm-in-arm, indeed, but both silent and abstracted, and neither of them conscious of the rich melancholy music of the nightingales, which was ringing all around them in that pleasant solitude.

Both, indeed, were buried in deep thought; and each, perhaps, for the first time in her life, felt that her thought was such that she could not, dared not, communicate it to her sister.

For Blanche Fitz-Henry had, on the previous night, began, for the first time in her life, to suspect that she was the owner, for the time being, of a commodity called a heart, although it may be that the very suspicion proved in some degree that the possession was about to pass, if it were not already passing, from her.

In sober seriousness, it must be confessed that the young cornet of the Life Guards, although he had

made so little impression on her to whom he had devoted his attentions, had produced an effect different from any thing which she had ever felt before on the mind of the elder sister. It was not his good mien, nor his noble air that had struck her; for though he was a well-made, fine-looking man, of graceful manners, and high-born carriage, there were twenty men in the room with whom he could not for five minutes have sustained a comparison in point of personal appearance.

His friend, the Viscount St. George, to whom she had lent but a cold ear, was a far handsomer man. Nor was it his wit and gay humor, and easy flow of conversation, that had captivated her fancy; although she certainly did think him the most agreeable man she had ever listened to. No, it was the under-current of delicate and poetical thought, the glimpses of a high and noble spirit, which flashed out at times through the light veil of reckless merriment, which, partly in compliance with the spirit of the day, and partly because his was a gay and mirthful nature, he had superinduced over the deeper and grander points of his character. No; it was a certain originality of mind, which assured her that, though he might talk lightly, he was one to feel fervently and deeply—it was the impress of truth, and candor, and high independence, which was stamped on his every word and action, that first riveted her attention, and, in spite of her resistance, half fascinated her imagination.

This it was that had held her abstracted and apparently indifferent, while Lord St. George was exerting all his powers of entertainment in her behalf; this it was that had roused her indignation at hearing her sister speak so slightly, and, as it seemed to her, so ungenerously of one whom she felt intuitively to be good and noble.

This it was which now held her mute and thoughtful, and almost sad; for she felt conscious that she was on the verge of loving—loving one who, for aught that he had shown as yet, cared naught for her, perhaps even preferred another—and that other her own sister.

Thereupon her maiden modesty rallied tumultuous to the rescue, and suggested the shame of giving love unasked, giving it, perchance, to be scorned—and almost she resolved to stifle the infant feeling in its birth, and rise superior to the weakness. But when was ever love vanquished by cold argument, or bound at the chariot-wheels of reason.

The thought would still rise up prominent, turn her mind to whatever subject she would, coupled with something of pity at the treatment which he was like to meet from Agnes, something of vague, unconfessed pleasure that it was so, and something of secret hope that his eyes would ere long be opened, and that she might prove, in the end, herself his consoler.

And what, meanwhile, were the dreams of Agnes? Bitter—bitter, and black, and hateful. Oh! it is a terrible consideration, how swiftly evil thoughts, once admitted to the heart, take root and flourish, and grow up into a rank and poisonous crop, choking the good grain utterly, and corrupting the very soil of which they have taken hold. There is but one hope



—but one! To tear them from the root forcibly, though the heart-strings crack, and the soul trembles, as with a spiritual earthquake. To nerve the mind firmly and resolutely, yet humbly withal, and contritely, and with prayer against temptation, prayer for support from on high—to resist the Evil One with the whole force of the intellect, the whole truth of the heart, and to stop the ears steadfastly against the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.

But so did not Agnes Fitz-Henry. It is true that on the preceding night her better feelings had been touched, her heart had relented, and she had banished, as she thought, the evil counsellors, ambition, envy, jealousy, and distrust, from her spirit.

But with the night the better influence passed away, and ere the morning had well come, the evil spirit had returned to his dwelling place, and brought with him other spirits, worse and more wicked than himself.

The festive scene of the previous evening had, for the first time opened her eyes fairly to her own position; she read it in the demeanor of all present; she heard it in the whispers which unintentionally reached her ears; she felt it intuitively in the shade—it was not a shade, yet she observed it—of difference perceptible in the degree of deference and courtesy paid to herself and to her sister.

She felt, for the first time, that Blanche was every thing, herself a mere cipher—that Blanche was the lady of the manor, the cynosure of all eyes, the queen of all hearts, herself but the lady's poor relation, the dependent on her bounty, and at the best a creature to be played with, and petted for her beauty and her wit, without regard to her feelings, or sympathy for her heart.

And prepared as she was at all times to resist even just authority with insolent rebellion; ready as she was always to assume the defensive, and from that the offensive against all whom she fancied offenders, how angrily did her heart now boil up, how almost fiercely did she muster her faculties to resist, to attack, to conquer, to annihilate all whom she deemed her enemies—and that, for the moment, was the world.

Conscious of her own beauty, of her own wit, of her own high and powerful intellect, perhaps overconfident in her resources, she determined on that instant that she would devote them all, all to one purpose, to which she would bend every energy, direct every thought of her mind—to her own aggrandizement, by means of some great and splendid marriage, which should set her as far above the heiress of Ditton-in-the-Pale, as the rich heiress now stood in the world's eye above the portionless and dependent sister.

Nor was this all—there was a sterner, harder, and more wicked feeling yet, springing up in her heart, and whispering the sweetness of revenge—revenge on that amiable and gentle sister, who, so far from wronging her, had loved her ever with the tenderest and most affectionate love, who would have sacrificed her dearest wishes to her welfare—but whom, in the hardness of her embittered spirit, she could now see *only as an intruder upon her own just rights, a rival*

on the stage of fashion, perhaps in the interests of the heart—whom she already envied, suspected, almost hated.

And Blanche, at that self-same moment, had resolved to keep watch on her own heart narrowly, and to observe her sister's bearing toward George Delawarr, that in case she should perceive her favoring his suit, she might at once crush down the germ of rising passion, and sacrifice her own to her dear sister's happiness.

Alas! Blanche! Alas! Agnes!

Thus they strolled onward, silently and slowly, until they reached the little green before the summer-house, which was then the gayest and most lightsome place that can be imagined, with its rare paintings glowing in their undimmed hues, its gilding bright and burnished, its furniture all sumptuous and new, and instead of the dark funereal ivy, covered with woodbine and rich clustered roses. The windows were all thrown wide open to the perfumed summer air, and the warm light poured in through the gaps in the tree-tops, and above the summits of the then carefully trimmed hedgerows, blithe and golden.

They entered and sat down, still pensive and abstracted; but ere long the pleasant and happy influences of the time and place appeared to operate in some degree on the feelings of both, but especially on the tranquil and well-ordered mind of the elder sister. She raised her head suddenly, and was about to speak, when the rapid sound of horses' feet, unheard on the soft sand until they were hard by, turned her attention to the window, and the next moment the two young cavaliers, who were even then uppermost in her mind, came into view, cantering along slowly on their well-managed chargers.

Her eye was not quicker than those of the gallant riders, who, seeing the ladies, whom they had ridden over to visit, sitting by the widows of the summer-house, checked their horses on the instant, and doffed their plumed hats.

"Good faith, fair ladies, we are in fortune's graces to-day," said the young peer, gracefully, "since having ridden thus far on our way to pay you our humble devoirs, we meet you thus short of our journey's end."

"But how are we to win our way to you," cried Delawarr, "as you sit there bright *châtelaines* of your enchanted bower—for I see neither fairy skiff, piloted by grim-visaged dwarfs, to waft us over, nor even a stray dragon, by aid of whose broad wings to fly across this mimic moat, which seems to be something of the deepest?"

"Oh! gallop on, gay knights," said Agnes, smiling on Lord St. George, but averting her face somewhat from the cornet, "gallop on to the lodges, and leaving there your coursers, take the first path on the left hand, and that will lead you to our presence; and should you peradventure get entangled in the hornbeam maze, why, one of us two will bring you the clue, like a second Ariadne. Ride on and we will meet you. Come, sister, let us walk."

Blanche had as yet scarcely found words to reply to the greeting of the gallants, for the coincidence of

their arrival with her own thoughts had embarrassed her a little, and she had blushed crimson as she caught the eye of George Delawarr fixed on her with a marked expression, beneath which her own dropped timidly. But now she arose, and bowing with an easy smile, and a few pleasant words, expressed her willingness to abide by her sister's plan.

In a few minutes the ladies met their gallants in the green labyrinth of which Agnes had spoken, and falling into pairs, for the walk was too narrow to allow them all four to walk abreast, they strolled in company toward the Hall.

What words they said, I am not about to relate—for such conversations, though infinitely pleasant to the parties, are for the most part infinitely dull to third persons—but it so fell out, not without something of forwardness and marked management, which did not escape the young soldier's rapid eye, on the part of Agnes, that the order of things which had been on the previous evening was reversed; the gay, rattling girl attaching herself perforce to the viscount, not without a sharp and half-sarcastic jest at the expense of her former partner, and the mild heiress falling to his charge.

George Delawarr had been smitten, it is true, the night before by the gaiety and rapid intellect of Agnes, as well as by the wild and peculiar style of her beauty; and it might well have been that the temporary fascination might have ripened into love. But he was hurt, and disgusted even more than hurt, by her manner, and observing her with a watchful eye as she coquetted with his friend, he speedily came to the conclusion that St. George was right in his estimate of her character at least, although he now seemed to be flattered and amused by her evident prepossession in his favor.

He had not, it is true, been deeply enough touched to feel either pique or melancholy at this discovery, but was so far heart-whole as to be rather inclined to laugh at the fickleness of the merry jilt, than either to repine or to be angry.

He was by no means the man, however, to cast away the occasion of pleasure; and walking with so beautiful and soft a creature as Blanche, he naturally abandoned himself to the tide of the hour, and in a little while found himself engaged in a conversation, which, if less sparkling and brilliant, was a thousand times more charming than that which he had yesterday held with her sister.

In a short time he had made the discovery that with regard to the elder sister, too, his friend's penetration had exceeded his own; and that beneath that calm and tranquil exterior there lay a deep and powerful mind, stored with a treasury of the richest gems of thought and feeling. He learned in that long woodland walk that she was, indeed, a creature both to adore and to be adored; and he, too, like St. George, was certain, that the happy man whom she should love, would be loved for himself alone, with the whole fervor, the whole truth, the whole concentrated passion of a heart, the flow of which once unloosed, would be but the stronger for the restraint which had hitherto confined it.

Ere long, as they reached the wider avenue, the two parties united, and then, more than ever, he perceived the immense superiority in all lovable, all feminine points, of the elder to the younger sister; for Agnes, though brilliant and seemingly thoughtless and spirit-free as ever, let fall full many a bitter word, many a covert taunt and hidden sneer, which, with his eyes now opened as they were, he readily detected, and which Blanche, as he could discover, even through her graceful quietude, felt, and felt painfully.

They reached the Hall at length, and were duly welcomed by its master; refreshments were offered and accepted—and the young men were invited to return often, and a day was fixed on which they should partake the hospitalities of Ditton, at least as temporary residents.

The night was already closing in when they mounted their horses and withdrew, both well pleased with their visit—for the young lord was in pursuit of amusement only, and seeing at a glance the coyness of the heiress, and the somewhat forward coquetry of her sister, he had accommodated himself to circumstances, and determined that a passing flirtation with so pretty a girl, and a short *sojourn* at a house so well-appointed as Ditton, would be no unpleasant substitute for London in the dog-days; and George Delawarr, like Romeo, had discarded the imaginary love the moment he found the true Juliet. If not in love, he certainly was fascinated, charmed; he certainly thought Blanche the sweetest, and most lovely girl he had ever met, and was well inclined to believe that she was the best and most admirable. He trembled on the verge of his fate.

And she—her destiny was fixed already, and forever! And when she saw her sister delighted with the attentions of the youthful nobleman, she smiled to herself, and dreamed a pleasant dream, and gave herself up to the sweet delusion. She had already asked her own heart "does he love me?" and though it fluttered sorely, and hesitated for a while, it did not answer, "No!"

But as the gentlemen rode homeward, St. George turned shortly on his companion, and said, gravely,

"You have changed your mind, Delawarr, and found out that I am right. Nevertheless, beware! do not, for God's sake, fall in love with her, or make her love you!"

The blood flushed fiery-red to the ingenuous brow of George Delawarr, and he was embarrassed for a moment. Then he tried to turn off his confusion with a jest.

"What, jealous, my lord! jealous of a poor cornet, with no other fortune than an honorable name, and a bright sword! I thought you, too, had changed your mind, when I saw you flirting so merrily with that merry brunette."

"You did see me *flirting*, George—nothing more; and I *have* changed my mind, since the beginning, if not since the end of last evening—for I thought at first that fair Blanche Fitz-Henry would make me a charming wife; and now I am sure that she would *not*—"

"Why so, my lord? For God's sake! why say you so?"

"Because she never would love *me*, George; and I would never marry any woman, unless I were sure that she both could and did. So you see that I am not the least jealous; but still I say, do n't fall in love with her—"

"Faith! St. George, but your admonition comes somewhat late—for I believe I am half in love with her already."

"Then stop where you are, and go no deeper—for if I err not, she is more than half in love with you, too."

"A strange reason, St. George, wherefore to bid me stop!"

"A most excellent good one!" replied the other, gravely, and almost sadly, "for mutual love between you two can only lead to mutual misery. Her father never would consent to her marrying you more than he would to her marrying a peasant—the man is perfectly insane on the subject of title-deeds and heraldry, and will accept no one for his son-in-law who cannot show as many quarterings as a Spanish grandee, or a German noble. But, of course, it is of no use talking about it. Love never yet listened to reason; and, moreover, I suppose what is to be is to be—come what may."

"And what will you do, St. George, about Agnes? I think you are touched there a little!"

"Not a whit I—honor bright! And for what I will do—amuse myself, George—amuse myself, and that pretty coquette, too; and if I find her less of a coquette, with more of a heart than I fancy she has—he stopped short, and laughed.

"Well, what then—what then?" cried George Delawarr.

"It will be time enough to decide *then*."

"And so say I, St. George. Meanwhile, I too will amuse myself."

"Ay! but observe this special difference—what is fun to *you* may be death to *her*, for she *has* a heart, and a fine, and true, and deep one; may be death to yourself—for you, too, are honorable, and true, and noble; and that is why I love you, George, and why I speak to you thus, at the risk of being held meddling or impertinent."

"Oh, never, never!" exclaimed Delawarr, moving his horse closer up to him, and grasping his hand warmly, "never! You meddling or impertinent! Let me hear no man call you so. But I will think of this. On my honor, I will think of this that you have said!"

And he did think of it. Thought of it often, deeply—and the more he thought, the more he loved Blanche Fitz-Henry.

Days, weeks, and months rolled on, and still those two young cavaliers were constant visitors, sometimes alone, sometimes with other gallants in their company, at Ditton-in-the-Dale. And ever still, despite his companion's warning, Delawarr lingered by the fair heiress' side, until both were as deeply enamored as it is possible for two persons to be, both single-hearted, both endowed with powerful

intellect, and powerful imagination; both of that strong and energetic temperament which renders all impressions permanent, all strong passions immortal. It was strange that there should have been two persons, and there were but two, who discovered nothing of what was passing—suspected nothing of the deep feelings which possessed the hearts of the young lovers; while all else marked the growth of liking into love, of love into that absolute and overwhelming idolatry, which but few souls can comprehend, and which to those few is the mightiest of blessings or the blackest of curses.

And those two, as is oftentimes the case, were the very two whom it most concerned to perceive, and who imagined themselves the quickest and the clearest sighted—Allan Fitz-Henry, and the envious Agnes.

But so true is it that the hope is oft parent to the thought, and the thought again to security and conviction, that, having in the first instance made up his mind that Lord St. George would be a most suitable successor to the name of the family, and secondly, that he was engaged in prosecuting his suit to the elder daughter, her father gave himself no further trouble in the matter, but suffered things to take their own course without interference.

He saw, indeed, that in public the viscount was more frequently the companion of Agnes than of Blanche; that there seemed to be a better and more rapid intelligence between them; and that Blanche appeared better pleased with George Delawarr's than with the viscount's company.

But, to a man blinded by his own wishes and prejudices, such evidences went as nothing. He set it down at once to the score of timidity on Blanche's part, and to the desire of avoiding unnecessary notoriety on St. George's; and saw nothing but what was perfectly natural and comprehensible, in the fact that the younger sister and the familiar friend should be the mutual confidants, perhaps the go-betweens, of the two acknowledged lovers.

He was in high good-humor, therefore; and as he fancied himself on the high-road to the full fruition of his schemes, nothing could exceed his courtesy and kindness to the young cornet, whom he almost overpowered with those tokens of affection and regard which he did not choose to lavish on the peer, lest he should be thought to be courting his alliance.

Agnes, in the meantime, was so busy in the prosecution of her assault on Lord St. George's heart, on which she began to believe that she had made some permanent impression, that she was perfectly contented with her own position, and was well-disposed to let other people enjoy themselves, provided they did not interfere with her proceedings. It is true that, at times, in the very spirit of coquetry, she would resume her flirtation with George Delawarr, for the double purpose of piquing the viscount, and playing with the cornet's affections, which, blinded by self-love, she still believed to be devoted to her pretty self.

But Delawarr was so happy in himself, that, without any intention of playing with Agnes, or deceiving her,

he joked and rattled with her as he would with a sister, and believing that she must understand their mutual situation, at times treated her with a sort of quiet fondness, as a man naturally does the sister of his betrothed or his bride, which effectually completed her hallucination.

The consequence of all this was, that, while they were unintentionally deceiving others, they were fatally deceiving themselves likewise; and of this, it is probable that no one was aware, with the exception of St. George, who, seeing that his warnings were neglected, did not choose to meddle further in the matter, although keeping himself ready to aid the lovers to the utmost of his ability by any means that should offer.

In the innocence of their hearts, and the purity of their young love, they fancied that what was so clear to themselves, must be apparent to the eyes of others; and they flattered themselves that the lady's father not only saw, but approved their affection, and that, when the fitting time should arrive, there would be no obstacle to the accomplishment of their happiness.

It is true that Blanche spoke not of her love to her sister, for, apart from the aversion which a refined and delicate girl must ever feel to touching on that subject, unless the secret be teased or coaxed out of her by some near and affectionate friend, there had grown up a sort of distance, not coldness, nor dislike, nor distrust, but simply distance, and lack of communication between the sisters since the night of the birth-day ball. Still Blanche doubted not that her sister saw and knew all that was passing in her mind, in the same manner as she read her heart; and it was to her evident liking for Lord St. George, and the engrossing claim of her own affections on all her thoughts, and all her time, that she attributed her carelessness of herself.

Deeply, however, did she err, and cruelly was she destined to be undeceived.

The early days of autumn had arrived, and the woods had donned their many-colored garments, when on a calm, sweet evening—one of those quiet and delicious evenings peculiar to that season—Blanche and George Delawarr had wandered away from the gay concourse which filled the gardens, and unseen, as they believed, and unsuspected, had turned into the old labyrinth where first they had begun to love, and were wrapped in soft dreams of the near approach of more perfect happiness.

But a quick, hard eye was upon them—the eye of Agnes; for, by chance, Lord St. George was absent, having been summoned to attend the king at Windsor; and being left to herself, her busy mind, too busy to rest for a moment idle, plunged into mischief and malevolence.

No sooner did she see them turn aside from the broad walk than the cloud was withdrawn, as if by magic, from her eyes; and she saw almost intuitively all that had previously escaped her.

Not a second did she lose, but stealing after the unsuspecting pair with a noiseless and treacherous step, she followed them, foot by foot, through the mazes of the clipped hornbeam labyrinth, divided from them

only by the verdant screen, listening to every half-breathed word of love, and drinking in with greedy ears every passionate sigh.

Delawarr's left arm was around Blanche's slender waist, and her right hand rested on his shoulder; the fingers of their other hands were entwined lovingly together, as they wandered onward, wrapped each in the other, unconscious of wrong on their own part, and unsuspecting of injury from any other.

Meanwhile, with rage in her eyes, with hell in her heart, Agnes followed and listened.

So deadly was her hatred, at that moment, of her sister, so fierce and overmastering her rage, that it was only by the utmost exertion of self-control that she could refrain from rushing forward and loading them with reproaches, with contumely, and with scorn.

But biting her lips till the blood sprang beneath her pearly teeth, and clenching her hands so hard that the nails wounded their tender palms, she did refrain, did subdue the swelling fury of her rebellious heart, and awaited the hour of more deadly vengeance.

Vengeance for what? She had not loved George Delawarr—nay, she had scorned him! Blanche had not robbed her of her lover—nay, in her own thoughts, she had carried off the admirer, perhaps the future lover, from the heiress.

She was the wronger, not the wronged! Then wherefore vengeance?

Even, *therefore*, reader, because she had wronged her, and knew it; because her own conscience smote her, and she would fain avenge on the innocent cause, the pangs which at times rent her own bosom.

Envious and bitter, she could not endure that Blanche should be loved, as she felt she was not loved herself, purely, devotedly, forever, and for herself alone.

Ambitious, and insatiate of admiration, she could not endure that George Delawarr, once her captive, whom she still thought her slave, should shake off his allegiance to herself, much less that he should dare to love her sister.

Even while she listened, she suddenly heard Blanche reply to some words of her lover, which had escaped her watchful ears.

"Never fear, dearest George; I am sure that he has seen and knows all—he is the kindest and the best of fathers. I will tell him all to-morrow, and will have good news for you when you come to see me in the evening."

"Never!" exclaimed the fury, stamping upon the ground violently—"by all my hopes of heaven, never!"

And with the words she darted away in the direction of the hall as fast as her feet could carry her over the level greensward; rage seeming literally to lend her wings, so rapidly did her fiery passions spur her on the road to impetent revenge.

Ten minutes afterward, with his face inflamed with fury, his periwig awry, his dress disordered by the haste with which he had come up, Allan Fitz-Henry broke upon the unsuspecting lovers.

Snatching his daughter rudely from the young

man's half embrace, he broke out into a torrent of terrible and furious invective, far more disgraceful to him who used it, than to those on whom it was vented.

There was no check to his violence, no moderation on his tongue. Traitor, and knave, and low-born beggar, were the mildest epithets which he applied to the high-bred and gallant soldier; while on his sweet and shrinking child he heaped terms the most opprobrious, the most unworthy of himself, whether as a father or as a man.

The blood rushed crimson to the brow of George Delawarr, and his hand fell, as if by instinct, upon the hilt of his rapier; but the next moment he withdrew it, and was cool by a mighty effort.

"From you, sir, any thing! You will be sorry for this to-morrow!"

"Never, sir! never! Get you gone! base domestic traitor! Get you gone, lest I call my servants, and bid them spurn you from my premises!"

"I go, sir—" he began calmly; but at this moment St. George came upon the scene, having just returned from Windsor, eager, but, alas! too late, to anticipate the shameful scene—and to him did George Delawarr turn with unutterable anguish in his eyes. "Bid my men bring my horses after me, St. George," said he, firmly, but mournfully; "for me, this is no place any longer. Farewell, sir! you will repent of this. Adieu, Blanche, we shall meet again, sweet one."

"Never! dog, never! or with my own hands—"

"Hush! hush! for shame. Peace, Mister Fitz-Henry, these words are not such as may pass between gentlemen. Go, George, for God's sake! Go, and prevent worse scandal," cried the viscount.

And miserable beyond all comprehension, his dream of bliss thus cruelly cut short, the young man went his way, leaving his mistress hanging in a deep swoon, happy to be for a while unconscious of her misery, upon her father's arm.

Three days had passed—three dark, dismal, hopeless days. Delawarr did his duty with his regiment, nay, did it well—but he was utterly unconscious, his mind was afar off, as of a man walking in a dream. Late on the third night a small note was put into his hands, blistered and soiled with tears. A wan smile crossed his face, he ordered his horses at daybreak, drained a deep draught of wine, sauntered away to his own chamber, stopping at every two or three paces in deep meditation; threw himself on his bed, for the first time in his life without praying, and slept, or seemed to sleep, till daybreak.

Three days had passed—three dark, dismal, hopeless days! Blanche was half dead—for she now despaired. All methods had been tried with the fierce and prejudiced old man, secretly prompted by that demon-gid—and all tried in vain. Poor Blanche had implored him to suffer her to resign her birthright in favor of her sister, who would wed to suit his wishes, but in vain. The generous St. George had offered to purchase for his friend, as speedily as possible, every step to the very highest in the service; nay, he had obtained from the easy monarch a promise to raise him to the peerage, but in vain.

And Blanche despaired; and St. George left the Hall in sorrow and disgust that he could effect nothing.

That evening Blanche's maid, a true and honest girl, delivered to her mistress a small note, brought by a peasant lad; and within an hour the boy went thence, the bearer of a billet, blistered and wet with tears.

And Blanche crept away unheeded to her chamber, and threw herself upon her knees, and prayed fervently and long; and casting herself upon her painful bed, at last wept herself to sleep.

The morning dawned, merry and clear, and light-some; and all the face of nature smiled gladly in the merry sunbeams.

At the first peep of dawn Blanche started from her restless slumbers, dressed herself hastily, and creeping down the stairs with a cautious step, unbarred a postern door, darted out into the free air, without casting a glance behind her, and fled, with all the speed of mingled love and terror, down the green avenue toward the gay pavilion—scene of so many happy hours.

But again she was watched by an envious eye, and followed by a jealous foot.

For scarce ten minutes had elapsed from the time when she issued from the postern, before Agnes appeared on the threshold, with her dark face livid and convulsed with passion; and after pausing a moment, as if in hesitation, followed rapidly in the footsteps of her sister.

When Blanche reached the summer-house, it was closed and untenanted; but scarcely had she entered and cast open the blinds of one window toward the road, before a hard horse-tramp was heard coming up at full gallop, and in an instant George Delawarr pulled up his panting charger in the lane, leaped to the ground, swung himself up into the branches of the great oak-tree, and climbing rapidly along its gnarled limbs, sprang down on the other side, rushed into the building, and cast himself at his mistress' feet.

Agnes was entering the far end of the elm-tree walk as he sprang down into the little coplanade, but he was too dreadfully preoccupied with hope and anguish, and almost despair, to observe any thing around him.

But she saw him, and fearful that she should be too late to arrest what she supposed to be the lovers' flight, she ran like the wind.

She neared the doorway—loud voices reached her ears, but whether in anger, or in supplication, or in sorrow, she could not distinguish.

Then came a sound that rooted her to the ground on which her flying foot was planted, in mute terror.

The round ringing report of a pistol-shot! and ere its echo had begun to die away, another!

No shriek, no wail, no word succeeded—all was as silent as the grave.

Then terror gave her courage, and she rushed madly forward a few steps, then stood on the threshold horror-stricken.

Both those young souls, but a few days before so happy, so beloved, and so loving, had taken their flight—whither?

there dead, as they had fallen, but uncondemned graceful even in death. Neither had struggled, but as they had fallen, so they lay feet asunder—her heart and his brain the deadly bullets, sped with the accuracy of a r-erring aim.

he stood gazing, in the very stupor of unconsciousness yet of what had fallen out, a smote her ear.

base girl, this is all your doing!" Then, rising from a trance, she uttered a long, shriek, darted into the pavilion between the trees, and flung herself headlong out of the tower into the pool beneath.

was not fated so to die. A strong hand reached out—the hand of St. George, who, learning his friend had ridden forth toward Ditton, had ridden, and arrived too late by scarce a

From that day forth Agnes Fitz-Henry was a dull, melancholy maniac. Never one gleam of momentary light dispersed the shadows of her insane horror—never one smile crossed her lip, one pleasant thought relieved her life-long sorrow. Thus lived she; and when death at length came to restore her spirit's light, she died, and made no sign.

Allan Fitz-Henry *lived*—a moody misanthropic man, shunning all men, and shunned of all. In truth, the saddest and most wretched of the sons of men.

How that catastrophe fell out none ever knew, and it were useless to conjecture.

They were beautiful, they were young, they were happy. The evil days arrived—and they were wretched, and lacked strength to bear their wretchedness. They are gone where ONE alone must judge them—may HE have pity on their weakness. RE-QUIESCANT!

## THE LOST PLEIAD.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Sisters! tell me, do you ever  
of the loved and lost one, she who fell  
in love's turbid, crimson river—

The sacred secret tell?  
o purple heavens reposed around her,  
singing harmonies, she danced along;  
in his silken meshes bound her,  
Her being passed in song.

day she lay in dreamy slumber;  
her slept her golden-tongued lyre;  
not visions—fancies without number—  
Filled breast and brain with fire.

She dreamed; and, in her dreams, saw, bending o'er her,  
A form her fervid fancy deified;  
And, waking, viewed the noble one before her,  
Who wooed her as his bride.

What words—what passionate words he breathed, beseeching,  
Have long been lost in the descending years:

Nevertheless she listened to his teaching,  
Smiling between her tears.

And ever since that hour the happy maiden  
Wanders unknown of any one but Jove;  
Regretting not the lost Olympian Aidem  
In the Elysium—Love!

## SUNSET AFTER RAIN.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

with humming and continuous sound,  
the landscape, has the slant rain fall'n;  
the mist is vanishing; in the west  
gray sheet, that shrouded from the sight  
is rent in fragments, and rich streaks  
of blue are smiling through the clefts.  
sunshine strikes upon the hills,  
as the great clouds whiten, and roll off,  
a dazy haze of golden light  
is dripping scene. Within the east,  
the rainbow suddenly breaks out;

Soft air-breaths flutter round; each tree shakes down  
A shower of glittering drops; the woodlands burst  
Into a chorus of glad harmony;  
And the rich landscape, full of loveliness,  
Fades slowly, calmly, sweetly, into night.

Thus, sometimes, is the end of Human life.  
In youth and manhood, sorrows may frown round;  
But when the sun of Being lowly stoops,  
The darkness breaks away—the tears are dried;  
The Christian's hope—a rainbow—brightly glows,  
And life glides sweet and tranquil to the tomb.

## MONTEZUMA MOGGS.

THAT WAS TO BE.

BY THE LATE JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"Now, Moggs—you Moggs—good Moggs—dear Moggs," said his wife, running through the chromatic scale of matrimonial address, and modulating her words and her tones from irritation into tenderness—"yes, Moggs—that's a good soul—I do wish for once you would try to be a little useful to your family. Stay at home to-day, Moggs, can't you, while I do the washing? It would be so pleasant, Moggs—so like old times, to hear you whistling at your work, while I am busy at mine."

And a smile of affection stole across the countenance of Mrs. Moggs, like a stray sunbeam on a cloudy day, breaking up the sharp and fixed lines of care into which her features had settled as a habitual expression, and causing her also to look as she did in the "old times," to which she now so kindly referred.

"Wont you, Moggs?" added she, laying her hand upon his shoulder, "it would be so pleasant, dear—would n't it? I should not mind hard work, Moggs, if you were at work near me."

There was a tear, perhaps, twinkling in the eye of the wife, giving gentleness to the hard, stony look which she in general wore, caused by those unceasing troubles of her existence that leave no time for weeping. Perpetual struggle hardens the heart and dries up the source of tears.

"Wont you, Moggs?"

The idea of combined effort was a pleasant family picture to Mrs. Moggs, though it did involve not a little of toil. Still, to her loneliness it was a pleasant picture, accustomed as she had been to strive alone, and continually, to support existence. But it seems that perceptions of the pleasant and of the picturesque in such matters, differ essentially; and Moggs, glancing through the sentimental, and beyond it, felt determined, as he always did, to avoid the trouble which it threatened.

"Can't be," responded Moggs, slightly shrugging his shoulder, as a hint to his wife that the weight of her hand was oppressive. "Can't be," continued he, as he set himself industriously—for in this Moggs was industrious—to the consumption of the best part of the breakfast that was before him—a breakfast that had been, as usual, provided by his wife, and prepared by her, while Montezuma Moggs was fast asleep—an amusement to which, next to eating, Montezuma Moggs was greatly addicted when at home, as demanding the least possible effort and exertion on his part. Montezuma Moggs, you see, was in some respects not a little of an economist; and, as a rule, never made his appearance in the morning until firmly

assured that breakfast was quite ready—"most ready," was too indefinite and vague for Montezuma Moggs—he had been too often tricked from comfort in that way before—people will so impose on one in this respect—envious people, who covet your slumbers—such as those who drag the covering off, or sprinkle water on the unguarded physiognomy. But Moggs took care, in the excess of his caution, that no time should be lost by him in a tedious interval of hungry expectation.

"Say ready—quite ready—and I'll come," muttered he, in that sleepy debate between bed and breakfast which often consumes so much of time; and his eyes remained shut and his mouth open until perfectly assured that all the preliminary arrangements had been completed. "Because," as Moggs wisely observed, "that half hour before breakfast, reflecting on sausages and speculating on coffee, if there is sausages and coffee, frets a man dreadful, and does him more harm than all the rest of the day put together."—Sagacious Moggs!

Besides, Moggs has a great respect for himself—much more, probably, than he has for other people, being the respecter of a person, rather than of persons, and that person being himself. Moggs, therefore, disdains the kindling of fires, splitting wood, and all that, especially of frosty mornings—and eschews the putting on of kettles—well knowing that if an individual is in the way when the aid of an individual is required, there is likely to be a requisition on the individual's services. Montezuma Moggs understood how to "skulk;" and we all comprehend the fact that to "skulk" judiciously is a fine political feature, saving much of wear and tear to the body corporate.

"Mend boots—mend shop—tend baby!—can't be," repeated Moggs, draining the last drop from his cup—"boots, shops and babies must mend, mind and tend themselves—I'm going to do something better than that;" and so Moggs rose leisurely, took his hat, and departed, to stroll the streets, to talk at the corners, and to read the bulletin-boards at the newspaper offices, which, as Moggs often remarks, not only encourages literature, but is also one of the cheapest of all amusements—vastly more agreeable than if you paid for it.

It was a little shop, in one of the poorer sections of the city, where Montezuma Moggs resided with his family—Mrs. Moggs and five juveniles of that name and race—a shop of the miscellaneous order, in which was offered for sale a little, but a very little, of any thing, and every thing—one of those distressed

ooking shops which bring a sensation of dreariness over the mind, and which cause a sinking of the heart before you have time to ask why you are saddened—a frail and feeble barrier it seems against penury and famine, to yield at the first approach of the gaunt enemy—a shop that has no aspect of business about it, but compels you to think of distraining or rent, of broken hearts, of sickness, suffering and death.

It was a shop, moreover—we have all seen the like—with a bell to it, which rings out an announcement as we open the door, that, few and far between, there has been an arrival in the way of a customer, though it may be, as sometimes happens, that the bell, with all its untuned sharpness, fails to triumph over the din of domestic affairs in the little back-room, which serves for parlor, and kitchen, and hall, and roves unavailing to spread the news against the turbulent clamor of noisy children and a vociferous wife.

But be patient to the last—even if the bell does prove insufficient to attract due attention to your majestic presence, whether you come to make purchases or to avail yourself of the additional proffer made by the sign appertaining to Moggs exclusively, relative to "Boots and shoes mended," collateral to which you observe a work-bench in the corner; still, be patient, and cause the energies of your heel to add "wooden discourse" with the sanded floor, as emphatically you cry—

"Shop!" and beat with pennies on the counter.

Be patient; for, look ye, Mrs. Moggs will soon appear, with a flushed countenance and a soiled garb—her youngest hope, if a young Moggs is to be called a hope, sobbing loudly on its mother's shoulder, while the unawed prattlers within, carry on the war with increasing violence.

"Shop!"

"Comin'!—what 's wanten?" is the sharp and somewhat discourteous reply, as Mrs. Moggs gives a shake of admonition to her peevish little charge, and turns half back to the riotous assemblage in the rear.

Now, we ask it of you as a special favor, that you do not suffer any shadow of offence to arise at the dash of acerbity that may manifest itself in the tones of Mrs. Montezuma Moggs. According to our notion of the world, as it goes, she, and such as she, deserve rather to be honored than to provoke wrath by the defects of an unpolished and unguarded manner. She has her troubles, poor woman—gnawing cares, to which, in all likelihood, yours are but as the gossamer upon the wind, or as the thistle-down floating upon the summer breeze; and if there be ash in your pocket, do not, after having caused such a turmoil, content yourself with simply asking where Jones resides, or Jenkins lives. It would be cruel—indeed it would. True, Mrs. Moggs expects little else from one of your dashing style and elegant appearance. Such a call rarely comes to her but with some profitless query; yet look around at the parre candies, the withering apples, and the forlorn groceries—specimens of which are affixed to the

window-panes in triangular patches of paste and paper—speak they not of poverty? Purchase, then, if it be but a trifle.

Mrs. Moggs, unluckily for herself, is possessed of a husband. Husbands, they say, are often regarded as desirable; and some of them are spoken of as if they were a blessing. But if the opinion of Mrs. Moggs were obtained on that score, it would probably be somewhat different; for be it known that the husband of Mrs. Moggs is of the kind that is neither useful nor ornamental. He belongs to that division which addicts itself mainly to laziness—a species of the biped called husband, which unfortunately is not so rare that we seek for the specimen only in museums. We know not whether Montezuma Moggs was or was not born lazy; nor shall we undertake to decide that laziness is an inherent quality; but as Mrs. Moggs was herself a thrifty, painstaking woman, as women, to their credit be it spoken, are apt to be, her lazy husband, as lazy husbands will, in all such cases, continued to grow and to increase in laziness, shifting every care from his own broad shoulders to any other shoulders, whether broad or narrow, strong or weak, that had no craven shrinkings from the load, Moggs contenting himself in an indolence which must be seen to be appreciated by those—husbands or wives—who perform their tasks in this great work-shop of human effort with becoming zeal and with conscientious assiduity, regarding laziness as a sin against the great purposes of their being. If this assumption be true, as we suspect it is, Montezuma Moggs has much to answer for; though it is a common occurrence, this falling back into imbecility, if there be any one at hand willing to ply the oar, as too often shown in the fact that the children of the industrious are willing to let their parents work, while the energetic wife has a drag upon her in the shape of a lounging husband.

Yes, Mrs. Moggs belongs to the numerous class of women who have what is well called "a trying time of it." You may recognize them in the street, by their look of premature age—anxious, hollow-eyed, and worn to shadows. There is a whole history in every line of their faces, which tells of unceasing trouble, and their hard, quick movement as they press onward regardless of all that begirts the way, indicates those who have no thought to spare from their own immediate necessities, for comment upon the gay and flaunting world. Little does ostentation know, as it flashes by in satined arrogance and jeweled pride, of the sorrow it may jostle from its path; and perhaps it is happy for us as we move along in smiles and pleasantness, not to comprehend that the glance which meets our own comes from the bleakness of a withered heart—withered by penury's unceasing presence.

Moggs is in fault—ay, Montezuma Moggs—what, he "mend boots, mind shop, tend baby," bringing down his lofty aspirations for the future to be cabined within the miserable confines of the present!

"Hard work?" sneers Moggs—"yes, if a man sets himself down to hard work, there he may set—nothing else but hard work will ever come to him—



but if he wout do hard work, then something easier will be sure to come toddlin' along sooner or later. What can ever find you but hard work if you are forever in the shop, a thumpin' and a hammerin'? Good luck never ventures near lap-stones and straps. I never saw any of it there in the whole course of my life; and I'm waitin' for good luck, so as to be ready to catch it when it comes by."

Montezuma Moggs had a turn for politics; and for many a year he exhibited great activity in that respect, believing confidently that good luck to himself might grow from town-meetings and elections; and you may have observed him on the platform when oratory addressed the "masses," or on the election ground with a placard to his button, and a whole handfull of tickets. But his luck did not seem to wear that shape; and politically, Montezuma Moggs at last took his place in the "innumerable caravan" of the disappointed. And thus, in turn, has he courted fortune in all her phases, without a smile of recognition from the blinded goddess. The world never knows its noblest sons; and Montezuma Moggs was left to sorrow and despair.

Could he have been honored with a lofty commission, Montezuma Moggs might have set forth to a revel in the halls of his namesake; but as one of the rank and file, he could not think of it. And in private conversation with his sneering friend Quiggens, to whose captiousness and criticism Moggs submitted, on the score of the cigars occasionally derivable from that source, he ventured the subjoined remarks relative to his military dispositions:

"What I want," said Moggs, "is a large amount of glory, and a bigger share of pay—a man like me ought to have plenty of both—glory, to swagger about with, while the people run into the street to stare at Moggs, all whiskers and glory—and plenty of pay, to make the glory shine, and to set it off. I would n't mind, besides, if I did have a nice little wound or two, if they've got any that do n't hurt much, so that I might have my arm in a sling, or a black patch on my countenance. But if I was only one of the rank and file, I'm very much afraid I might have considerable more of knocks that would hurt a great deal, than I should of either the pay or the glory—that's what troubles me in the military way. But make me a general, and then, I'll talk to you about the matter—make me a general ossifer, with the commission, and the feathers, and the cocked-hat—plenty of pay, and a large slice of rations—there's nothing like rations—and then I'll talk to you like a book. Then I'll pledge you my lives, and my fortunes, and my sacred honors—all of 'em—that I will furnish the genus whenever it is wanted—genus in great big gloves, monstrous long boots, and astride of a hoss that scatters the little boys like Boston, whenever I touch the critter with my long spurs, to astonish the ladies. Oh, get out!—do you think I could n't play general and look black as thunder, for such pay as generals get? I'd do it for half the money, and I'd not only do it cheaper, but considerable better than you ever see it done the best Fourth of July you ever met with. At present, I know I've not much

rations, and no money at all—money's skurse—but as for genus—look at my eye—is n't genus there?—observation my nose—is n't it a Boneyparte?—aint I sevagerous about the mouth?—I tell you, Quiggens, there's whole lots of a hero in this little gentleman. I've so much genus that I can't work. When a man's genus is a workin' in his upper story, and mine always is, then his hands has to be idle, so's not to interrupt his genus."

"Yes," responded Quiggens, who is rather of the satirical turn, as one is likely to be who has driven the "Black Maria," and has thus found out the world is all a fleeting show; "yes, you've got so much genus in your upper story that it has made a hole in the crown of your hat, so it can see what sort of weather is going on out of doors—and it's your genus, I reckon, that's peeping out of your elbows. Why don't you ask your genus to patch your knees, and to mend the holes in your boots?"

"Quiggens, go 'way, Quiggens—you're of the common natur', Quiggens—a vulgar fraction, Quiggens; and you can't understand an indiuidooal who has a mind inside of his hat, and a whole soul jacked away under his jacket. You'll never rise, a flutterin' and a ringin' like a bald-headed eagle—men like you have got no wings, and can only go about nibblin' the grass, while we fly up and peck cherries from the trees. I'm always thinkin' on what I'm going to be, and a preparin' myself for what natur' intended, though I don't know exactly what it is yet. But I don't believe that sich a man as Montezuma Moggs was brought into the world only to put patches on shoes and to heel-tap people's boots. No, Quiggens—no—it can't be, Quiggens. But you don't understand, and I'll have to talk to my genus. It's the only friend I have."

"Why don't you ask your genus to lend you a hip then, or see whether it's got any cigars to give away," replied Quiggs contemptuously, as he walked up the street, while Moggs, in offended majesty, stalked sulkily off in another direction."

"I would go somewheres, if I only knew where to go to," soliloquized Moggs, as he strolled slowly along the deserted streets; "but when there's no-where to go to, then I suppose a person must go home—specially of cold nights like this, when the thermometer is down as far as Nero, and acts cruel on the countenance. It's always colder, too, when there's nobody about but yourself—you get your own share and every body else's besides; and it's lucky if you're not friz. Why don't they have gloves for people's noses? I ought to have a carriage—yes, and horses—ay, and a colored gemman to drive 'em, to say nothing of a big house warmed all over, with curtains to the windows. And why haven't I? Is n't Montezuma Moggs as good as anybody—is n't he as big—as full of genus? It's cold now, a footin' it round. But I'll wait—perhaps there's a good time comin', boys—there must be a good time, for there isn't any sort of times in the place where they keep time, which can be worse times than these times. But here's home—here's where you must go when you don't know what to

do with yourself. Whenever a man tells you he has nowheres to go to, or says he 's goin' nowheres, that man 's a crawlin' home, because he can't help it. Well, well—there 's nothin' else to be did, and so somebody must turn out and let me in home."

It appeared, however, that Montezuma Moggs erred in part in this calculation. It is true enough that he knocked and knocked for admission at the door of his domicile; but the muscular effort thus employed seemed to serve no other purpose than that of exercise. Tired with the employment of his hands in this regard, Moggs resorted to his feet—then tried his knee, and anon his back, after the usual desperate variety of such appeal resorted to by the "great locked out," when they become a little savage or so at the delay to which they are subjected. Sometimes, also, he would rap fiercely, and then apply his eye to the key-hole, as if to watch for the effect of his rapping. "I don't see 'em," groaned he. And then again, his ear would be placed against the lock—"I don't hear 'em either." There were moments when he would frantically kick the door, and then rush as frantically to the middle of the street, to look at the windows; but no sign of animation from within peered forth to cheer him. After full an hour of toil and of hope deferred, Montezuma Moggs towed his arms aloft in despair—let them fall listlessly at his side, and then sat down upon the curbstone to weep, while the neighbors looked upon him from their respective windows; a benevolent few, not afraid of catching cold, coming down to him with their condolences. None, however, offered a resting place to the homeless, unsheltered and despairing Moggs.

In the course of his musings and mournings, as he sat chattering with cold, a loosened paving-stone arrested his attention; and, with the instinct of genius, which catches comfort and assistance from means apparently the most trivial, and unpromising in their aspect, the paving-stone seemed to impart an idea to Montezuma Moggs, in this "his last and fearfulest extremity." Grappling this new weapon in both his hands, he raised it and poised it aloft.

"I shall make a ten-strike now," exclaimed he, as he lunched the missile at the door with herculean force, and himself remained in classic attitude watching the effect of the shot, as the door groaned, and creaked, and splintered under the unwonted infliction. Still, however, it did not give way before this application of force, though the prospect was encouraging. The observers laughed—Moggs chuckled—the dogs barked louder than before; and indeed it seemed all round as if a new light had been cast upon the subject.

"Honzcore!" cried somebody.

"I will," said Moggs, preparing to demonstrate accordingly.

"Stop there," said the voice of Mrs. Montezuma Moggs, as she raised the window, "if you honzcore the door of this 'ere house again, I'll call the watch, to see what he thinks of such doings, I will. And now, once for all, you can't come in here to-night."

"Can't, indeed!—why can't I?—not come into my

own house! Do you call this a free country, on the ginerall average, if such rebellions are to be tolerated?"

"Your house, Mr. Moggs—yours?—who pays the rent, Moggs—who feeds you and the children, Moggs—who finds the fire and every thing else? Tell us that?"

This was somewhat of the nature of a home-thrust, and Moggs, rather conscience-stricken, was dumb-founded and appalled. Moggs was very cold, and therefore, for the time being, deficient in his usual pride and self-esteem, leaving himself more pervious to the assault of reproach from without and within, than he would have been in a more genial state of the atmosphere. No man is courageous when he is thoroughly chilled; and it had become painfully evident that this was not a momentary riot, but an enduring revolution, through the intermedium of a civil war.

"Ho, ho!" faintly responded Moggs, though once more preparing to carry the citadel by storm, "I'll settle this business in a twinkling."

Splash!

Any thing but cold water in quantity at a crisis like this. Who could endure a shower-bath under such ungenial circumstances? Not Priesnitz himself. It is not, then, to be wondered at that Montezuma Moggs now quailed, having nothing in him of the amphibious nature.

"Water is cheap, Mr. Moggs; and you'd better take keer. There's several buckets yet up here of uncommon cold water, all of which is at your service without charge—wont ask you nothin', Moggs, for your washin'; and if you're feverish, may be it will do you good."

Everybody laughed, as you know everybody will, at any other body's misfortune or disaster. Everybody laughed but Moggs, and he shivered.

"I'll sattinly ketch my death," moaned he; "I'll be friz, standing straight up, like a big icicle; or if I fall over when I'm friz, the boys will slide on me as they go to school, and call it fun as they go whizzing over my countenance with nails in their shoes, scratchin' my physimohogany all to pieces. They tell me that being friz is an easy death—that you go to sleep and don't know nothing about it. I wish they'd get their wives to slouse 'em all over with a bucket of water, on sich a night as this, and then try whether it is easy. Call being friz hard an easy thing! I'd rather be biled any time. What shill I do—what shill I do?"

"Perhaps they'll put you in an ice-house, and kiver you up with tan till summer comes—you'd be good for something then, which is more nor you are now," observed Mrs. Moggs from the window.

"Quit twitting a man with his misfortunes," whined Montezuma, of the now broken-heart.

"Why, my duck!"

"Y-e-e-s!—y-e-e-s! that 's it—I am a duck, indeed! but by morning I'll be only a snow-ball—the boys will take my head for a snow-ball. What shill I do—I guvs up, and I guvs in."

"Well, I'll tell you, Montezuma Moggs, what you

must do to be thawed. Promise me faithfully only to work half as hard as I do, and you may come to the fire—the ten-plate stove is almost red-hot. Promise to mend boots, mind shop, and tend baby; them 's the terms—that 's the price of admission."

Hard terms, certainly—the severest of terms—but then hard terms, and severe terms, are good terms, if no other terms are to be had. One must do the best he can in this world, if it be imperative upon him to do something, as it evidently was in Moggs' case.

"I promise," shivered Moggs.

"Promise what?"

"T-t-to tend baby. m-m-mind shop, and m-m-mend boots;" and the vanquished Moggs sank down exhausted, proving, beyond the possibility of doubt, that cold water, when skillfully applied of a cold night, is the sovereignest thing on earth for the cure of "genus" in its lazier branches.

It is but justice, however, to state, that Moggs kept his word faithfully, in which he contradicted the general expectation, which, with reason enough in the main, places but little reliance on promises; and he became, for him, quite an industrious person. His wife's buckets served as a continual remembrancer. But Mrs. Moggs never exulted over his defeat; and, though once compelled to harshness, continued to be to Montezuma a most excellent wife. The shop looks lively now—and the bell to the door is removed; for Moggs, with his rat-tat-tat, is ever at his post,

doing admired execution on the dilapidated boots and shoes. The Moggses prosper, and all through the efficacy of a bucket of cold water. We should not wonder if, in the end, the Moggs family were to be come rich, through the force of industry, and without recourse to "genus."

"Politics and me has shuck hands forever," said the repentant Moggs. "I've been looking out and expecting leaves and fishes long enough. Leaves, indeed! Why I never got even a cracker, unless it was aside of the ear, when there was a row on the election ground; and as for fishes, why, if I'd stopped any longer for them to come swimming up to my mouth, all ready fried, with pepper on 'em, I wouldn't even have been decent food for fishes myself. I never got a nibble, let alone a bite; but somebody else always catch'd the fish, and asked me to carry 'em home for them. Fact is, if people wont wote for me, I wont wote for people. And as for the military line, I give up in a gineral way, all idea of being a gineral ossifer. Bonyparte is dead, and if my military genus was so great that I could n't sleep for it, who'd hunt me up and put me at the head of affairs? No, if I'm wanted for any thing, they'll have to call me. I've dodged about winkin' and noddin' as long as the country had any right to expect, and now—rat-tat-tat—I'm going to work for myself."

It was a wise conclusion on the part of Moggs, who may, perchance, in this way, be a "gineral" yet.

## THE BRIDE'S CONFESSION.

BY ALICE G. LEE.

A sudden thrill passed through my heart,  
Wild and intense—yet not of pain—  
I strove to quell quick, bounding throbs,  
And scanned the sentence o'er again.  
It might have been full illy penned  
By one whose thoughts from love were free.  
And yet as if entranced I read  
"Thou art most beautiful to me."

Thou didst not whisper I was loved—  
There were no gleams of tenderness,  
Save those my trembling heart *would* hope  
That careless sentence might express.  
But while the blinding tears fell fast,  
Until the words I scarce could see,  
There shone, as through a wreathing mist,  
"Thou art most beautiful to me."

To thee! I cared not for all eyes  
So I was beautiful in thine!  
A timid star, my faint, sad beams  
Upon thy path alone should shine.

Oh what was praise, save from thy lips—  
And love should all unheeded be  
So I could hear thy blessed voice  
Say—"Thou art beautiful to me."

And I have heard those very words—  
Blushing beneath thine earnest gaze—  
Though thou, perchance, hadst quite forgot  
They had been said in by-gone days.  
While clasped hand, and circling arm,  
Drew me nearer still to thee—  
Thy low voice breathed upon mine ear  
"Thou, love, art beautiful to me."

And, dearest, though thine eyes alone  
May see in me a single grace—  
I care not so thou e'er canst find  
A hidden sweetness in my face.  
And if, as years and cares steal on,  
Even that lingering light must flee,  
What matter! if from thee I hear  
"Thou art still beautiful to me!"

## SONNET TO NIGHT.

Oh! look, my love, as over seas and lands  
Comes shadowy Night, with dew, and peace, and rest;  
How every flower clasps its folded hands  
And fondly leans upon her faithful breast.  
How still, how calm, is all around us now,  
From the high stars to these pale buds beneath—  
*Calm, as the quiet on an infant's brow*

Rocked to deep slumber in the lap of death.  
Oh! hush—move not—it is a holy hour  
And this soft nurse of nature, bending low,  
Lies, like the sinless pair in Eden's bower,  
For angels' pinions waying to and fro—  
Oh, sacred Night! what mysteries are thine  
Graven in stars upon thy page divine.

GRETTA.

## PAULINE DUMESNIL.

### OR A MARRIAGE DE CONVENANCE.

BY ANGELE DE V. HULL.

The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill  
A perfect woman, nobly planned. WORDSWORTH.

but somewhat scantily furnished apart—  
young girls, in such earnest and appa-  
rent conversation that, but for their youthful  
countenances, one might have fancied  
beneath the cares and sorrows of age.

old table between them rested a mag-  
ic-box, whose rich implements they had  
and skillfully using; but now the scissors  
at their feet, their needles were dropped,  
and the two sat with clasped hands,  
and companion's low tones appeared to awaken  
in of her heart.

fashioned French bedstead were thrown  
various hues and expensive stuffs, while  
robe of the most delicate material, its  
looped with orange flowers, seemed to  
entire of the fair, fragile being, whose  
one of intense suffering. Her bright  
led at sight of that colorless garb, and the  
was to wither on her brow! What to  
were the costly things before her? The  
sparkled on their snow-white satin case,  
a veil of beautiful lace that lay side by  
bridal dress?

Angela continued speaking, and she bowed  
those clasped hands, while her slight  
with its contending emotions. A few  
more and she raised her head. She was  
a large, dark eyes dilated into fearful  
with the big drops came slowly down her  
face was able to speak.

"Angela, no more! You love me, I  
know that you have done to day was no act of  
You have troubled the dark waters of  
they have become a torrent over which  
I cannot control."

"because I love you, Pauline, that I have  
my future life manifest to you. Do not seek  
merit of obedience to your proud mother's  
because you have been taught to fear her,  
I have consented to perjure yourself, and  
you cannot love."

"love of heaven, spare me!" cried the  
girl from her friend's words. "Is it to  
me that you thus seek to move me?"

Angela gazed mournfully upon her, and rising  
tenderly, gently put her arm around her.

"Pauline! my dear Pauline!" murmured  
Angela, "been cruel—forgive me."

Angela was a fervent embrace—and throw-

ing their arms round one another, they wept in  
silence.

At this moment the door opened, and a lady entered.  
She was tall and majestic, but there was an expres-  
sion of pride and extreme hauteur on her countenance.  
She wore a handsome but faded dress, and the some-  
what high-crowned cap bespoke a love of former  
fashions. She had a foreign air, and when she ad-  
dressed her daughter, it was in French.

"How is this!" cried she, angrily. "What scenes  
are these, Pauline? As often as I enter your room I  
find you in tears. Is it to your advice, Mademoiselle  
Percy, that my daughter owes her red eyes?"

Angela was about to reply, but Pauline waved  
her back.

"Is it, then, a crime to weep, mamma? If there  
were no tears, the heart would break."

"It is a crime, Pauline, to resist the will of your  
mother, when she has provided for your happiness  
in a manner suitable to your rank and birth. It is a  
crime to break the fifth commandment, which tells  
you to honor and obey your mother."

"And have I not done both," cried Pauline, indig-  
nantly. "Have you not sold my happiness? Have  
you not bartered perhaps my eternal welfare, that I  
might lay my aching head upon the downy pillows of  
the rich, that you might see me a wretched slave,  
writhing under chains not the less heavy because  
they are of gold?"

"Have you been reading Racine this morning?  
Or have you been studying for the stage?" said  
Madame Dumesnil, in a cold, scornful tone. "You  
are a good actress, certainly."

Pauline sank upon a chair, and her friend stood  
beside her, pressing her trembling hand. Her mother  
advanced and stood before her.

"We will have no more of this, Pauline. If I  
feel satisfied that my duty is done, you should rejoice  
in obeying me. I alone am the judge in this matter  
—children should ever be contented with allowing  
their parents to act for them; and allow me to say,  
that any interference of strangers upon an occasion  
like this, is exceedingly misplaced."

This was aimed at Angela Percy; but she only re-  
plied by a wondering and mournful gaze to the stern,  
cold woman before her. The old lady proceeded.

"Bathe your eyes, Pauline, and arrange your hair.  
Monsieur de Vaissiere is below. Perhaps," added  
she, with a sneer, "perhaps that Miss Percy will  
assist you in entertaining your lover."

Pauline started and shuddered, but by this time she had again yielded to her mother's influence. Going to the glass, she smoothed her dark hair, and endeavored to abate the swelling of her eyes. Bidding farewell to her friend, she descended to the parlor, where her affianced husband awaited her.

He was tall, and his appearance *distingué*; but he, too, looked stern and cold as he rose to meet that young creature, whose nineteen summers were more than doubled by his years. He was handsome also; but where was the youthful ardor that should have been roused at the idea of winning that fair girl's love? Where were the sunny hopes to meet hers, the dreams of the future that *he* wanted? His willingness to accept the sacrifice was no proof of his gentleness; and the cheek of his betrothed grew pale, and her hand was cold, as he led her to a seat.

Pauline had been bred to the hard forcing-school of the *ancien régime*. Her mother had left France on the terrible death of her beloved queen, Marie Antoinette, and had passed from the high post of *dame d'honneur*, to poverty and exile in America. The sale of her magnificent jewels and massive silver, had enabled her to lease an old roomy mansion, deserted by its owners, and to live in peace and retirement. Here, with the recollection of the horrors of the revolution fresh within her memory, while her heart was still bleeding with the wounds it had received; while she still had before her the mangled remains of her sovereigns—the bleeding head of her husband, torn from her in the days of their early love; in the midst of these agonizing thoughts, she gave birth to a posthumous child—the heroine of our story. Clasp ing her babe to her breast, Madame Dumesnil bitterly recalled the many plans of happiness her murdered husband had made in anticipation of its coming—his affection for *her*—his anxiety for her safety—their parting, and the subsequent news of his execution. Those lips were mute whose words of tenderness were to soothe her in her hour of suffering; that hand was cold that would have rested on her brow; that heart was still that would have bounded with a father's love at sight of the tiny, helpless creature that lay upon her arm.

Madame Dumesnil, the young, the lovely, and the gentle, became silent, reserved, and harsh. Nothing could swerve her from a determination made, and with feelings of the deepest parental affection for her daughter, she had crushed and broken her spirit in the sweet spring-time of her childhood.

From the time Pauline was old enough to form a desire, she learned to hear it opposed. "*Une petite fille attend qu'on lui donne ce qui lui faut*," was the invariable reply to all her childish longings. According to the old French system, every slight offence was followed by her mother's "*Allez vous coucher, mademoiselle*;" so that half her life was spent in bed, while she lay awake with the bright, broad daylight around her, the hour when other children are strengthening their little limbs in the active enjoyment of God's free, fresh air.

As she grew older, she was taught that "*une demoiselle bien élevée n'a pas d'opinions*," that her

parents judged and decided for her; and while she sat erect upon a high stool, accomplishing her daily tasks in silence, her heart nearly burst with the pent-up feelings of her young imagination. Wherever she went her mother's old waiting-woman was behind her. "Miss Pauline, hold yourself straight; Miss Pauline, turn out your feet—your head, mademoiselle—your arms!" Poor girl! she was well-nigh distracted with these incessant admonitions.

In her walks she met Angela Percy and her father. They had lately settled in the neighborhood, and having no acquaintances, gladly made advances to the timid Pauline. Nothing daunted by her shyness and reserve, Angela, some years her senior, persevered, and overcame it. She was an enthusiastic, high-minded girl, and soon pointed out to her companion new views and new ideas of the world from which she had been excluded. The intimacy was formed ere Madame Dumesnil could prevent it, and at the instances of old Jeannette, who begged that Mademoiselle Pauline might have a friend of her own age—some one to talk to, besides two old women, she consented to allow the friendship to continue, provided Jeannette were present at every interview. This was easily promised, but the nurse's stiff limbs were no match for the agile supple ones of her young charges. Day by day she loitered behind, while Pauline and Angela, with their arms entwined, continued in eager and undisturbed enjoyment of one another's society. Jeannette remarked a glow upon her young lady's cheek, and a light in her eyes—new charms in her hitherto pale, resigned countenance; and, wiser than her mistress, concluded that the acquisition of a youthful friend was fast pouring happiness into her lonely heart.

Three years passed in this pleasant intercourse, when the monotony of their lives was broken by the arrival of an old friend of Madame Dumesnil—a Monsieur de Vaissiere. When they had last met, she was in the morning of her beauty and bliss, he a handsome youth, for whom many a fair one had sighed, and in vain—as he was still unmarried. What a change! He could not recognize the lovely young countess, whose marriage had been attended with so much éclat—so many rejoicings; nor could she see one vestige of the blooming countenance, the delicate profile, and the jet-black wavy locks that once shaded his fair, open brow. But these works of time were soon forgotten, and the desire of the proud, harsh mother was accomplished when, after a few weeks, M. de Vaissiere proposed for the hapless Pauline. Unconsciously, but with the thoughtlessness of selfishness, Madame Dumesnil sacrificed her child to her prejudices. M. de Vaissiere's opinions and *hers* were the same; their admiration of *le vieux système*—their fond recollection of the unfortunate monarch, whose weakness they had never reproached him with, even in their secret souls—their abhorrence of Bonaparte—their contempt for *la noblesse Napoléon*—their upturned noses at their adopted countrymen, *les Américains*—their want of faith in hearts and love—the sincere-ism of young people—their presumption—their misfortune being that they were

young and not born old—and finally, the coincidence of opinions wherein both looked upon the white-headed suitor as a most eligible husband for the young, blooming, the beautiful Pauline.

M. de Vaissiere settled a *dot* upon his *fiancée*, and ordered a *trousseau* and a *corbeille*, not forgetting the *cachemire*. The preliminaries were arranged, the day hinted at, and Pauline was informed with a flourish of trumpets that her destiny was fixed.

She listened to her mother's rhapsodies over the admirable *parti* Providence had enabled her to provide for her child in the wilderness of America; she heard her enlarge upon her own excellence as a parent, of the favor she had conferred upon her in bringing her into the world; of her consequent obligations, and the gratitude she owed her mother when she recollected that not content with giving her life, she had clothed, fed, and supported her until now. All this Pauline received in a silence that resembled stupor; but when M. de Vaissiere was again mentioned, she fell, with a scream of terror, at her mother's feet.

In vain she wept and entreated; in vain she protested against the disparity of age, the utter want of congeniality, the absence of all affection, Madame Dumesnil was too much incensed to reply. With a nature that Pauline well understood, (for it was used to express maledictions of every description,) she left the room, and locking the door, kept her daughter prisoner for the rest of the day.

She treated this resistance to her will as one of the unhappy consequences of living in a republican country. She suspected Angela of communicating republican ideas of independence to her daughter, and would have added to her wretchedness by forbidding further intercourse between the two friends, if Jeannette again interfered; she knew that Pauline's doom was sealed, and that it would be more than cruel to deprive her of the companion she loved. She herself carried the note that conveyed the intelligence of Pauline's coming fate to the indignant Angela, and extended her walks, that her poor young lady might derive what consolation she could from her friend's willing sympathy. Many were the tears she shed, many the sighs that burst from her oppressed heart, as the poor old creature followed behind them. Once she had summoned courage sufficient to expostulate with her mistress upon the cruelty of her conduct to her daughter; but she was angrily dismissed.

Every effort had been made, and at length Angela appealed to Pauline. She entreated her to be more firm, and to declare her resolution never to marry where she could not love.

"Rouse yourself, Pauline—the misery of a lifetime is before you, and it is not yet too late."

"I have done every thing, Angela," said Pauline, despairingly. "My doom is sealed, and I must bend to my bitter fate. I would fly, but that I could not survive my mother's curse."

"The curse of the unrighteous availeth naught," replied her friend, solemnly. "Were you wrong-

fully opposing your mother's will, mine would be the last voice to uphold you; but now your very soul is at stake."

Pauline cast up her eyes in mute appeal to heaven. Her companion became excited as she proceeded, depicting the horrors of an unequal marriage. Pale and exhausted, her listener at length entreated her to forbear. She had been too long the slave of her mother's wishes to oppose them now; she had been drilled into fear until it was a weakness. This her bold-hearted, energetic friend could not understand; and it was on her reproaching Pauline with moral cowardice that she, for the first time, resented what had in fact been patiently borne.

We have seen how kindly Angela forgave the accusation, and how she wept over the effect of her words. The sudden entrance of Madame Dumesnil put an end to the conversation, and the friends separated.

The next morning Angela was at Pauline's side again. Silently she assisted in decorating the victim for the sacrifice. The bright jewels clasped her arm and neck; the long veil hung around her slender form, the orange wreath rested on the dark, dark tresses—and the dress was beautiful. But the bride! she was pale and ghastly, and her lips blue and quivering. Her eyes were void of all expression—those liquid, lustrous eyes; and ever and anon the large drops rolled over her face, oozing from the depths of her heart.

Poor Jeannette turned away, sobbing convulsively as the finishing touches were given to this sad bridal toilette. Angela remained firm and collected, but she, too, was pale; her cherished companion was gone from her forever—gone in such misery, too, that she almost prayed to see her the corpse she at that moment resembled.

Madame Dumesnil had remained below with the bridegroom and Mr. Percy, the sole witness to this ill-omened marriage. At length the hour came. Pauline was nearly carried down by Angela and Jeannette, and in a few moments bound forever to a man she loathed. The ceremony was ended, and the bride, with a convulsive sigh, fell back into the arms of her mother. Restoratives were procured, and at last she opened her eyes. They rested on the face of her friend, who hung over her in mute agony. Forcing a smile, which was taken by M. de Vaissiere for himself, Pauline arose, and hurried through her farewell. Her husband handed her into his carriage—and thus Pauline Dumesnil left her friends and her home.

Years had passed, and Pauline sat alone in her magnificent boudoir, the presiding deity of one of the finest hotels in Paris. Fortune had favored M. de Vaissiere. He had lived to rejoice over the downfall of the mighty Napoleon, and his mournful exile. He had returned to his beloved France, recovered his vast estates, and presented his young wife at court. His vanity was flattered at her gracious reception, and the admiration that followed her; his pride was roused, and, much against her will, Pauline found herself the centre of a gay circle that

crowded her vast saloons as often as they were thrown open for the reception of her now numerous acquaintances.

It was on one of these evenings that Pauline sought the silence of her private apartment ere she gave herself up to her *femme de chambre*. Her loose *peignoir* of white satin was gathered round her, with a crimson cord tied negligently at the waist, and hanging, with its rich tassels of silver mixed, to the ground. Her hair had fallen over her shoulders, giving her a look of sadness that increased her beauty. Her eyes wandered around the room, and her lips parted into a melancholy smile, as she contemplated its delicate silk hangings, its heavy, costly furniture, her magnificent toilette, crowded with perfumes of every description, beautiful flacons, silver combs, and jewels that sparkled in and out of their cases. Her thoughts went back to her mother, whose pride had made her a childless, lonely widow; to Angela, whom she had so loved; to the misery of the day upon which they parted, perhaps forever—and her eyes were filled with tears that, rolling at length over her cheek, startled her as they fell upon her hand.

"And it was for this that I was sacrificed," murmured she, bending her head. "My poor mother! could you see me here, *you* would feel that my happiness is secure; but, alas! how little you know of the human heart. This splendor lends weight to my chains, and makes me feel more desolate than ever! Night after night mingling in gay crowds, listening to honied words that fall unheeded on my ear; wearing smiles that come not from the heart, but help to break it; exposed to temptation, that makes me fear to mix with those of my own age; bound forever to a man whose only sentiment for me is one of pride—what part of happiness is mine?"

A sudden steparoused her, and her husband entered unannounced. He looked but little older. Time had dealt lightly with him, and with the aid of cosmetics and a perfect toilette, M. de Vaissiere stood a remarkable looking man—for his age.

"How is this, madame—not dressed yet! Have you no anxiety to see Mademoiselle Mars to night?"

"I have, indeed," said Pauline, starting up and forcing a smile. "Is it so late, that I see you ready?"

"You must hasten Marie, or we shall be too late. How provoking! What can you do with that dishevelled hair? You have a bad habit of thinking—that is actually sinful. Why do you not take my example; I never reflect—it makes one grow old!"

She might have told him how her young life was embittered by the memory of days that were gone never to return; how she had grown old with thinking, and wore the semblance of youth over a withered heart. But she had schooled herself to serenity with an effort almost superhuman—and seizing a silver bell at her side, she rang for her waiting woman.

"You must hasten, Marie—Monsieur de Vaissiere is already dressed. Bind up this hair beneath some net-work, my good girl; I have no time for embellishing this evening."

"Madame is more beautiful without her usual

coiffure," said the girl, as she gathered up the dark tresses of her mistress. "I shall place her diamond *aigrette* in her hair, and she will turn all heads."

"I have no such ambition, my good Marie," said Pauline, laughing. "Give me my fan and gloves, and fasten this bracelet for me."

"Tenez, madame," said Marie, handing them, and Pauline ran down stairs, where her husband awaited her. He had just been frotted sufficiently to find fault with her dress.

"You never wear jewels enough. Do you think I bought them to ornament your boudoir?"

"I did not like to keep you waiting, *mon ami*. Shall I return and tell Marie to give me my necklace?"

"Yes, and your bracelet to match. Your white arm, madame, was made to ornament," added M. de Vaissiere, assuming an air of gallantry.

Pauline smiled, and ran back to her boudoir. In a few moments she returned blazing with jewels, inwardly lamenting the display, but ever ready to grant her husband's wish. He, too, smiled as she came forward, and taking her hand, led her to her carriage.

Shortly after they were seated, the door opened, and the young Vicomte de H— entered the box. He placed himself behind Pauline, and remained there for the rest of the evening, in eager, animated conversation. He was not only one of the most agreeable men of the day, but added to wit and versatility of genius, a handsome face, graceful bearing, and a noble heart; and while Pauline yielded to the charms of so delightful a companion, full of the dreams and hopes of youth, uttering sentiments that years ago had been hers, her husband sat silent and moody beside her. A pang went through his heart as he gazed upon her bright countenance, and remembered her youth, whose sunshine was extinguished by her marriage with him. He looked at the smooth, full cheek of her companion, the purple gloss of his raven locks, the fire of his eye, and listening to his gay tones, his brilliant repartees, and enthusiastic expressions, pictured him with a shudder the husband of Pauline. What would have been her life compared to the one she led with him. How different would have been the bridal! He thought of her gentleness, her cheerful compliance with his wishes, her calm, subdued look, her lonely hours, the void that must be in her heart; and as all these things passed, for the first time, through his mind, he clasped his hands in despair.

He turned once more to look upon the wife he was but now beginning to appreciate. She, too, had fallen in a reverie. Her beautiful head was bent, her long, dark lashes sweeping her cheek; and around her lips played a smile so sweet, that though he knew her thoughts were far away in some pleasant wandering, he was sure he had no part in them.

For the first time since their wedded life, M. de Vaissiere was beginning to love his wife. He turned suddenly to look at the Vicomte de H—. He, too, was gazing upon Pauline with a look of intense

admiration, but so full of pity and respect, that it made the jealous pang that thrilled through the husband's frame less bitter—and with a deep sigh he turned to the stage. The play was one that gave him a lesson for the rest of his days. It represented a young girl like his Pauline, forced to wed one, like him, old enough to be her father. For a while all went smoothly; the giddy wife was dazzled by her jewels and her importance. But time passed, and she was roughly treated, her every wish thwarted, and her very servants taught to disobey her. Her angelic behaviour had no effect upon her brutal husband; her patience exasperated him. Wickedly he exposed her to temptation; and as he watched her mingle with those of her own age, and share their plans and pleasures, suspicion entered his mind. He removed her far from her friends, and intercepted her letters, making himself master of their contents, until by a series of persecutions he drove her to fly from him, and perish in the attempt.

Well for him was it that Monsieur de Vaissiere witnessed this play. How different might have been the effect of his newly awakened emotions, had they risen in the solitude of his apartment. The curtain fell, and Pauline looked up. Tears were standing in her eyes—for the fate of the heroine of the piece had affected her deeply, and her husband's sympathy was with her when he remarked them. He waited until he saw her give her arm to the vicomte, and walked behind them, another creature. He had determined to win his wife's love or die; to watch her, that he might warn her; to minister forever to her comforts.

The vicomte returned with them, and soon the splendid salon was crowded with guests. Pauline passed from one to the other with graceful, winning smiles; and her husband's heart filled with pride and pleasure as he watched her, the object of admiration, glittering with diamonds, radiant with beauty, and remembered that she was his. Without a pang he saw the noble youth, whose coming had been to him salvation, lead her to supper, and seat himself at her side. He knew that she was pleased; he felt that she might have loved; but he knew, too, that she was as pure as an angel. How was it that suddenly her many virtues rose in array before him, and spoke to his heart?

One evening Pauline stood at the window overlooking the garden that was behind the Hotel de Vaissiere. The moonlight was glancing over the tops of the orange trees, and the perfume of their white blossoms came floating up like an incense of thanks to the Great Author of ail, while fountains played beneath their shade, falling musically on the heart of the lonely watcher.

A shade was upon her brow—a shade of discontent; and busy were the thoughts that came creeping into her soul. She was judging her own heart—and bitterly did she reproach it as the image of another filled its space. Alas! she had feared this; and again she was roused into indignation as her mother's stern will was recurred to her—and she was carried

back to the day whereon she had reproached her with hazarding the eternal welfare of her child. Throwing herself upon her knees, she prayed for strength—and her prayer was heard. Suddenly, as if struck with some impulse, she hurried from the window, through the hall, passed the long suite of apartments, and reached her husband's. Entering, she closed the door behind her, and rushed forward to M. de Vaissiere's chair with such passionate rapidity, that one might have thought she feared to fail in her resolution.

Her sobs and tears had nearly deprived her of utterance, but falling at her husband's feet, she confessed the momentary infidelity of her hitherto loveless heart, and besought him to take her from those scenes of gayety and temptation to some distant, quiet region, that she might expiate her fault in solitude.

Trembling she raised her eyes to his face. Instead of the fury, the reproaches she had expected, what was her surprise at seeing the tears coursing down his cheeks, to feel herself raised and clasped to his breast.

"My poor child!" said he, tenderly—and it was the first time he had ever so addressed her—"my poor child! I should have foreseen this; I should have warned you ere now. It was your mother's fault to marry you to me, and mine to have placed temptation in your way. But how could I tear you from those whose years were suited to yours, to shut you up with an old greybeard! Thus, while I watched over you, my pride in your success made me forgetful of your safety. It is not yet too late, my Pauline—all will be for the best. In time you will learn to love your husband, and to know how devotedly he has loved you since his stupid eyes were opened to your virtues."

With a smothered cry of joy Pauline threw herself upon his bosom. The poor stricken dove had at last found a shelter.

The next day, while the whole world was lamenting and wondering over the determination of the beautiful, brilliant, and courted Pauline de Vaissiere, to leave the gay metropolis in the midst of its pleasure, she sat once more in her boudoir. A holy calm had settled on her brow, peace had entered her heart; and though a deep blush overspread her features as she heard her husband's step approaching, she rose to meet him with a grateful look. Putting his arm around her, he drew her closer to him, and pressed a kiss upon her forehead.

"How many days of packing will you require, Pauline?" said he, smiling. "Poor Marie! she has nearly worn her arms out."

"She will complete her task to-night; and if you like, we can be off in the morning. But have you the carriages ready, *mon ami*? Are we not beforehand with you?" asked Pauline, in the same cheerful strain.

"We must summon François," said M. de Vaissiere, "and see if my orders have been executed."

François had been as prompt as usual; and three



days after, we found Pauline gazing out at the windows, mournful and conscience-stricken—she was leaving Paris behind her as fast as four horses and cracking whips could carry her. As they drove on, losing sight of its towers and steeples, a sensation of freedom came over her, and she placed her hand in her husband's, as if to thank him for her safety. The wound upon her heart was not yet closed; but her firm principle, her love of right, and gratitude for her deliverance, and the indulgence of M. de Vaissiere were fast healing what she did not for a moment allow to rest within her mind.

Every thing delighted her; the ploughed fields, divided by green hedges; the farm-houses scattered far and near; the picturesque appearance of the peasantry and their groupings, as they gathered together to watch the travelers' suite; and when they stopped at a family estate of M. de Vaissiere, her enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Here they remained until the spring was past and summer came, embellishing still more the beautiful woods around the little domain. But they lingered yet in this pleasant place, loving it for the peace it had given them, and the happiness they had learned to feel in being together.

Leaning on her husband's arm, Pauline wandered amid the bright scenes with a light step, now stopping to admire some variety of foliage, and now pausing by the crystal stream that ran at the foot of the tall trees, murmuring like a hidden sprite, and mirroring the waving boughs, and the blue sky of *la belle France*. She had forgotten the misery of her bridal-day, or remembered it but to contrast her present quiet enjoyment of life with her then wretchedness. She had forgotten her youth of terror, her husband's years and his coldness, and now, when she looked upon the silver hair that glittered beside her braids of jet, a feeling of gratitude filled her heart, as she recalled the hour when he might have cast her off with some show of justice, and sent her forth upon the wide world to die.

She had learned to love him, not with the heart-stirring love of youth for youth, but with the deep, holy affection of a prodigal child. Not all the temptations of the gay world could ever make her swerve from her allegiance to him. Like a good and pious daughter did she cling to him, providing for his comfort, and foreseeing his every want.

One day he called her to him as she returned from her visit of charity to the surrounding peasantry. She had wept over their troubles and relieved them, and rejoiced with the happy. Her heart was overflowing, and passing the little church, she entered, and offered up a prayer of thankfulness for her own blessings, and those she was able to confer on others.

Her husband watched her graceful form as she came at his call, and smilingly placed a letter in her hand. It was from her mother, and part of it ran thus:

"I am now very old, monsieur, and very infirm. I have often thought, in my lonely hours, of the unhap-

piness of my child on her marriage with you, and have doubted the wisdom of that authority which I exercised so severely over her. The vision of that pale, agonized countenance, comes upon me like a reproach; and although she has never hinted in one of her letters of unkindness from you, I have often thought that there was a mournful spirit pervading them. Pray God she may not be unhappy through my fault! I rely upon you, monsieur; be kind to my poor Pauline.

MARIE THERESE CLEMENCE DUMESNIL.

(*Née de Villeneuve.*)

Pauline's tears fell fast over this letter; and as she finished reading it, she cast herself upon her husband's bosom.

"She does not deserve a reply, does she, Pauline?" asked he, with a smile, and pressing her closer to him. "Think you there would be no more marriages *de convenance* if we were to give the benefit of our experience to the world? Would your mother even be sensible of her error, could she know how your suffering has ended—could she see how happy you make an old man?"

"Let her think that we have been always so," cried the noble Pauline. "Why disturb her last years with a narrative of what may embitter them? Shall it not be so, my dear, kind husband?"

"It shall, my child," said he, touched by the generosity of her request. "And you, Pauline, shall write the answer—you, my patient, enduring, and admirable wife! Why is it that I alone know what you have suffered, forced thus to appreciate in silence your noble forbearance."

But there was another letter to be read—one from Angela. It contained an account of Madame Dumesnil's failing strength, and her earnest desire to embrace her child once more. Jeannette was long since numbered with the dead; and Angela, whose devotion to her father had made her refuse every offer of marriage, removed with him to the abode of her friend's mother, passing her life in dividing her cares.

But a short time elapsed and Pauline, with her husband, was sailing once more upon the broad bosom of the Atlantic. It was a long and tedious voyage; but she arrived in time to receive her mother's blessing, and close her eyes—the reward her filial piety had merited.

Mr. Percy soon followed his aged companion, and Angela returned with Pauline to France. Here she witnessed, with wonder and delight, the happiness that, through Pauline's virtue, was not incompatible with so great a disparity of age, and rejoiced when a few months after their arrival in Paris, Pauline gave birth to a son and heir. Nothing now was wanting to complete the domestic enjoyment of the circle gathered at the Hotel de Vaissiere; and while the same gay crowds graced its walls, and courted its fair mistress, Pauline never forgot to turn to her husband as the one whose smile was to her the brightest, whose praise the most valued, and whose approbation alone she loved and lived for.

## THE HERMIT OF NIAGARA.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

It was the leafy month of June,  
And joyous Nature, all in tune,  
With wreathing buds was drest.  
As toward the mighty cataract's side  
A youthful stranger prest;  
His ruddy cheek was blanched with awe,  
And scarce he seemed his breath to draw,  
While bending o'er its brim,  
He marked its strong, unfathomed tide,  
And heard its thunder-hymn.

His measured week too quickly fled,  
Another, and another sped,  
And soon the summer-rose decayed,  
The moon of autumn sank in shade,  
And winter hurled its dart,  
Years filled their circle, brief and fair,  
Yet still the enthusiast lingered there,  
While deeper round his soul was wove  
A mystic chain of fearful love,  
That would not let him part.

When darkest midnight veiled the sky,  
You'd hear his hasting step go by,  
To gain the bridge beside the deep,  
That where its wildest torrents leap  
Hangs thread-like o'er the surge,  
Just there, upon its awful verge,  
His vigil-hour to keep.

And when the moon, descending low,  
Hung on the flood that gleaming bow,  
Which it would seem some angel's hand,  
With Heaven's own pencil, tinged and spanned,  
Pure symbol of a better land,  
He, kneeling, poured in utterance free  
The eloquence of ecstasy;  
Though to his words no answer came,  
Save that One, Everlasting Name,  
Which since Creation's morning broke  
Niagara's lip alone hath spoke.

When wintry tempests shook the sky,  
And the rent pine-tree hurtled by,  
Unblenching, 'mid the storm he stood,  
And marked sublime the wrathful flood,  
While wrought the frost-king, fierce and drear,  
His palace 'mid those cliffs to rear,  
And strike the massy buttress strong,  
And pile his sleet the rocks among,  
And wasteful deck the branches bare  
With icy diamonds, rich and rare.

Nor lacked the hermit's humble shed  
Such comforts as our natures ask  
To fit them for life's daily task.  
The cheering fire, the peaceful bed,  
The simple meal in season spread,  
While by the lone lamp's trembling light,  
As blazed the hearth-stone, clear and bright,  
O'er Homer's page he hung,  
Or Maro's martial numbers scanned—

For classic lore of many a land  
Flowed smoothly o'er his tongue  
Oft with rapt eye, and skill profound,  
He woke the entrancing viol's sound,  
Or touched the sweet guitar.  
For heavenly music deigned to dwell  
An inmate in his cloistered cell,  
As beams the solemn star,  
All night, with unmeditative eyes  
Where some lone, rock-bound fountain lies.

As through the groves, with quiet tread,  
On his accustomed haunts he sped,  
The mother-thrush, unstartled, sung  
Her descant to her callow young,  
And fearless o'er his threshold prest  
The wanderer from the sparrow's nest,  
The squirrel raised a sparkling eye  
Nor from his kernel cared to fly  
As passed that gentle hermit by.  
No timid creature shrunk to meet  
His pensive glance, serenely sweet;  
From his own kind, alone, he sought  
The screen of solitary thought.  
Whether the world too harshly prest  
Its iron o'er a yielding breast,  
Or forced his morbid youth to prove  
The pang of unrequited love,  
We know not, for he never said  
Aught of the life he erst had led.

On Iris' isle, a summer-bower  
He twined with branch and vine and flower.  
And there he mused on rustic sent,  
Unconscious of the noonday heat.  
Or 'neath the crystal waters lay,  
Luxuriant, in the swimmer's play.

Yet once the whelming flood grew strong,  
And bore him like a weed along,  
Though with convulsive grasp of pain  
And heaving breast, he strove in vain,  
Then sinking 'neath the infuriate tide,  
Lone, as he lived, the hermit died.

On, by the rushing current swept,  
The lifeless corse its voyage kept,  
To where, in narrow gorge compressed,  
The whirlpool-eddies never rest,  
But boil with wild tumultuous sway,  
The Maelstrom of Niagara.  
And there, within that rocky bound,  
In swift gyrations round and round,  
Mysterious course it held,  
Now springing from the torrent hoarse,  
Now battling, as with maniac force,  
To mortal strife compelled.

Right fearful, 'neath the moonbeam bright,  
It was to see that brow so white,  
And mark the ghastly dead  
Leap upward from his torture-bed,

As if in passion-gust,  
And tossing wild with agony  
Resist the omnipotent decree  
Of dust to dust.

At length, where smother waters flow,  
Emerging from the abyss below,  
The hapless youth they gained, and bore  
Sad to his own forsaken door.  
There watched his dog, with straining eye,  
And scarce would let the train pass by.  
Save that with instinct's rushing spell,  
Through the changed cheek's empurpled hue,  
And stiff and stony form, he knew  
The master he had loved so well.  
The kitten fair, whose graceful wile  
So oft had won his musing smile,  
As round his slippered foot she played,  
Stretched on his vacant pillow laid.  
While strewn around, on board and chair,  
The last-plucked flower, the book last read,  
The ready pen, the page outspread,  
The water cruse, the unbroken bread—

Revealed how sudden was the snare  
That swept him to the dead.

And so, he rests in foreign earth,  
Who drew 'mid Albion's vales his birth :  
Yet let no cynic phrase unkind  
Condemn that youth of gentle mind—  
Of shrinking nerve, and lonely heart,  
And lettered lore, and tuneful art,  
Who here his humble worship paid  
In that most glorious temple-shrine,  
Where to the Majesty Divine  
Nature her noblest altar made.

No, blame him not, but praise the Power  
Who, in the dear domestic bower,  
Hath given you firmer strength to rear  
The plants of love—with toil and fear—  
The beam to meet, the blast to dare,  
And like a faithful soldier bear ;  
Still with sad heart his requiem pour,  
Amid the cataract's ceaseless roar,  
And bid one tear of pitying gloom  
Bedew that meek enthusiast's tomb.

## BURIAL OF A VOLUNTEER.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

'Tis eve ! one brightly-beaming star  
Shines from the eastern heavens afar,  
To light the footsteps of the brave,  
Slow marching to a comrade's grave.

The Northern wind has sunk to sleep ;  
The sweet South breathes ; as low and deep  
The martial clang is heard, the tread  
Of those who bear the silent dead.

And whose the form, all stark and cold,  
Thus ready for the loosened mould ;  
Thus stretched upon so rude a bier ?  
Thine, soldier, thine—the volunteer !

Poor volunteer ! the shot, the blow,  
Or fell disease hath laid him low—  
And few his early loss deplore—  
His battle done, his journey o'er.

Alas ! no fond wife's arms caressed,  
His cheeks no tender mother pressed,  
No pitying soul was by his side,  
As, lonely in his tent, he died.

He died—the volunteer—at noon ;  
At evening came the small platoon ;  
And soon they 'll leave him to his rest,  
With sods upon his manly breast.

Hark to their fire ! his only knell,  
More solemn than the passing bell ;  
For, ah ! it tells a spirit flown  
Without a prayer or sigh, alone !

His name and fate shall fade away,  
Forgotten since his dying day,  
And never on the roll of fame  
Shall be inscribed his humble name.

Alas ! like him how many more  
Lie cold on Rio Grande's shore ;  
How many green, unnoted graves  
Are bordered by those turbid waves !

Sleep, soldier, sleep ! from sorrow free  
And sin and strife : 't is well with thee !  
'T is well, though not a single tear  
Laments the buried volunteer.

## THE BRIDAL MORNING.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Morn of hopes that, quivering, glow  
With a light ne'er known before ;  
Morn of fears, which cannot throw  
Shadows its sweet glory o'er !

Gentle thoughts of all the past ;  
Happy thoughts of all to come ;  
Loving thoughts, like rose-leaves, cast  
Over all around her home.

Oh, the light upon that brow ;  
Oh, the love within that eye !  
Oh, the pleasant dreams that flow  
Like fairy music sweetly by !

Morn of Hope ! Oh may its light  
Melt but into brighter day !  
Lady, all that's blest and bright  
Be about thy path alway !

## HOME.

BY MRS. H. MARION WARD

"*Home, sweet home!*" How many holy and beautiful memories are crowded into those three little words. How does the absent one, when weary with the cold world's strife, return, like the dove of the deluge, to that bright spot amid the troubled waters of life. "*Home, sweet home!*" The one household plant that blooms on and on, amid the withering heart-flowers, that brightens up amidst tempests and storms, and gives its sweetest fragrance when all else is gloom and desolation. We never know how deeply its roots are entwined with our heart-strings, till bitter lessons of wasted affection have taught us to appreciate that love which remains the same through years of estrangement. What exile from the spot of his birth but remembers, perhaps with bitterness, the time when falsehood and deceit first broke up the beautiful dreams of his soul, when he learned to see the world in its true colors. How his heart ached for his father's look of kindness—his mother's voice of sympathy—a sister's or brother's hand to clasp in the warm embrace of kindred affection. Poor, home-sick wanderer! I can feel for your loneliness; for my heart often weeps tears of bitterness over the memories of a far-off home, and in sympathy with a gray-haired father, who, when he calls his little band around the hearth-stone, misses full many a link in the chain of social affection. I can feel for your loneliness, for perhaps you have a father, too, whose eyes have grown dim by long looking into the tomb of love. Perhaps you, too, have a mother, sleeping in some distant grave-yard, beneath the flowers your hands have planted; and as life's path grows still more rugged before you, you wonder, as I have done, when your time will come to lie down and sleep quietly with *her*. An incident occurred on board of one of the western steamers, some years since, which strongly impressed me with its truthfulness in proving how wildly the heart clings to home reminiscences when absent from that spot. A party of emigrants had taken passage, amongst whom was a young Swiss girl, accompanied by a small brother. Not even the *outré* admixture of Swiss, German, and English costume, which composed her dress, could conceal the fact that she was supremely beautiful; and as the emigrants were separated from what is termed the first-class passengers only by a slight railing, I had an opportunity of inspecting her appearance without giving offence by marked observation. Amongst the crowd there happened to be a set of German musicians, who, by amusing the *ennuied* passengers, reaped quite a harvest of silver for their exertions. I have always heard that the Germans

were extremely fond of music, and was surprised that none of the party, not even the beautiful Swiss girl, gave the slightest indication of pleasure, or once removed from the position they had occupied the whole way. Indeed, I was becoming quite indignant, that the soul-stirring Marseilles Hymn of France, the God Save the Queen of England, and last, not *least* in its impressive melody, the Hail Columbia of our own nation, should have pealed its music out upon the great waters, almost hushing their mighty swell with its enchantment, and yet not waken an echo in the hearts of those homeless wanderers. The musicians paused to rest for a moment, and then suddenly, as if by magic, the glorious *Rans des Vache* of Switzerland stole over the water, with its touching pathos swelling into grand sublimity, its home-music melting away in love, and then bursting forth in the free, glad strains of revelry, till every breath was hushed as by the presence of visible beauty. Having never before heard this beautiful melody, in my surprise and admiration I had quite forgotten my emigrant friends, when a low sob attracted my attention, and turning round, I saw the Swiss girl, with her head buried in the lap of an old woman, trying to stifle the tears that *would* force their way or break the heart that held them. I had but a slight knowledge of the Swiss dialect, and "my home, my beautiful home!" was the only words intelligible to me. She wept long and bitterly after the cadence of the song was lost amongst the waves, while the old woman, blessings on her for the act, sought by every endearment within her power to soothe and encourage the home-sick girl. There was little onow of refinement in her rough sympathy, but it was a heart-tribute—and I could almost love her for the unselfishness with which she drew the shrinking form closer to her bosom. I would have given the world to have learned that girl's previous history. I am sure *accident* must have thrown her amongst her present associates, as I have seen a lily broken from its stem by a sudden gust of wind, and flung to wither and die amid rude and hardy weeds. In a few hours the party left the boat, and I never saw either her or them again; but, till this day, whenever any incident of a domestic nature wakens old-time dreams, pleasant memories of that beautiful exile, weeping over the music of her lost Eden, and of the kind old woman caressing her, and kissing off the falling tears, creep together, and form a lovely picture of *home and heaven-born love*.

## M A R G I N A L I A .

BY EDGAR A. POE.

THAT punctuation is important all agree; but how few comprehend the extent of its importance! The writer who neglects punctuation, or mis-punctuates, is liable to be misunderstood—this, according to the popular idea, is the sum of the evils arising from heedlessness or ignorance. It does not seem to be known that, even where the sense is perfectly clear, a sentence may be deprived of half its force—its spirit—its point—by improper punctuation. For the want of merely a comma, it often occurs that an axiom appears a paradox, or that a sarcasm is converted into a sermonoid.

There is *no* treatise on the topic—and there is no topic on which a treatise is more needed. There seems to exist a vulgar notion that the subject is one of pure conventionality, and cannot be brought within the limits of intelligible and consistent *rule*. And yet, if fairly looked in the face, the whole matter is so plain that its *rationale* may be read as we run. If not anticipated, I shall, hereafter, make an attempt at a magazine paper on “The Philosophy of Point.”

In the meantime let me say a word or two of *the dash*. Every writer for the press, who has any sense of the accurate, must have been frequently mortified and vexed at the distortion of his sentences by the printer's now general substitution of a semicolon, or comma, for the dash of the MS. The total or nearly total disuse of the latter point, has been brought about by the revulsion consequent upon its excessive employment about twenty years ago. The Byronic poets were *all* dash. John Neal, in his earlier novels, exaggerated its use into the grossest abuse—although his very error arose from the philosophical and self-dependent spirit which has always distinguished him, and which will even yet lead him, if I am not greatly mistaken in the man, to do something for the literature of the country which the country “will not willingly,” and cannot possibly, “let die.”

Without entering now into the *why*, let me observe that the printer may always ascertain when the dash of the MS. is properly and when improperly employed, by bearing in mind that this point represents a *second thought*—an *emendation*. In using it just above I have exemplified its use. The words “an emendation” are, speaking with reference to grammatical construction, put in *apposition* with the words “a second thought.” Having written these latter words, I reflected whether it would not be possible to render their meaning more distinct by certain other words. Now, instead of erasing the phrase “a second thought,” which is of *some* use—which *partially* conveys the idea intended—which advances me a *step toward* my full purpose—I suffer

it to remain, and merely put a dash between it and the phrase “an emendation.” The dash gives the reader a choice between two, or among three or more expressions, one of which may be more forcible than another, but all of which help out the idea. It stands, in general, for these words—“*or, to make meaning more distinct.*” This force it *has*—and this force no other point can have; since all other points have well-understood uses quite different from this. Therefore, the dash *cannot* be dispensed with.

It has its phases—its variation of the force described; but the one principle—that of second thought or emendation—will be found at the bottom of all.

In a reply to a letter signed “Outis,” and defending Mr. Longfellow from certain charges supposed to have been made against him by myself, I took occasion to assert that “of the class of willful plagiarists nine out of ten are authors of established reputation who plunder recondite, neglected, or forgotten books.” I came to this conclusion *a priori*: but experience has confirmed me in it. Here is a plagiarism from Channing; and as it is perpetrated by an anonymous writer in a Monthly Magazine, the theft seems at war with my assertion—until it is seen that the Magazine in question is Campbell's New Monthly for August, 1825. Channing, at that time, was comparatively unknown; and, besides, the plagiarism appeared in a foreign country, where there was little probability of detection.

Channing, in his essay on Bonaparte, says:

“We would observe that military talent, even of the highest order, is far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius, for it is not conversant with the highest and richest objects of thought. . . . Still the chief work of a general is to apply physical force—to remove physical obstructions—to avail himself of physical aids and advantages—to act on matter—to overcome rivers, ramparts, mountains, and human muscles; and these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest order:—and accordingly nothing is more common than to find men, eminent in this department, who are almost wholly wanting in the noblest energies of the soul—in imagination and taste—in the capacity of enjoying works of genius—in large views of human nature—in the moral sciences—in the application of analysis and generalization to the human mind and to society, and in original conceptions on the great subjects which have absorbed the most glorious understandings.”

The thief in “The New Monthly,” says:

“Military talent, even of the highest *grade*, is *very* far from holding the first place among intellectual endowments. It is one of the lower forms of genius, for it is *never made* conversant with the *more delicate and abstruse* of mental operations.”

It is used to apply physical force; to remove physical force; to remove physical obstructions; to avail itself of physical aids and advantages; and all these are not the highest objects of mind, nor do they demand intelligence of the highest *and rarest* order. Nothing is more common than to find men, eminent in the science and practice of war, *wholly* wanting in the nobler energies of the soul; in imagination, in taste, in *enlarged* views of human nature, in the moral sciences, in the application of analysis and generalization to the human mind and to society; or in original conceptions on the great subjects which have *occupied and* absorbed the most glorious of human understandings."

The article in "The New Monthly" is on "The State of Parties." The italics are mine.

Apparent plagiarisms frequently arise from an author's self-repetition. He finds that something he has already published has fallen dead—been overlooked—or that it is peculiarly *à propos* to another subject now under discussion. He therefore introduces the passage; often without allusion to his having printed it before; and sometimes he introduces it into an anonymous article. An anonymous writer is thus, now and then, unjustly accused of plagiarism—when the sin is merely that of self-repetition.

In the present case, however, there has been a deliberate plagiarism of the silliest as well as meanest species. Trusting to the obscurity of his original, the plagiarist has fallen upon the idea of killing two birds with one stone—of dispensing with all disguise but that of *decoration*.

Channing says "order"—the writer in the New Monthly says "grade." The former says that this order is "far from holding," etc.—the latter says it is "very far from holding." The one says that military talent is "not conversant," and so on—the other says "it is *never made* conversant." The one speaks of "the highest and richest objects"—the other of "the more delicate and abstruse." Channing speaks

of "thought"—the thief of "mental operations." Channing mentions "intelligence of the *highest* order"—the thief will have it of "the highest *and rarest*." Channing observes that military talent is often "*almost* wholly wanting," etc.—the thief maintains it to be "*wholly* wanting." Channing alludes to "*large* views of human nature"—the thief can be content with nothing less than "enlarged" ones. Finally, the American having been satisfied with a reference to "subjects which have absorbed the most glorious understandings," the Cockney puts him to shame at once by discoursing about "subjects which have *occupied and* absorbed the most glorious of human understandings"—as if one could be absorbed, without being occupied, by a subject—as if "*of*" were here any thing more than two superfluous letters—and as if there were any chance of the reader's supposing that the understandings in question were the understandings of frogs, or jackasses, or Johnny Bulls.

By the way, in a case of this kind, whenever there is a question as to who is the original and who the plagiarist, the point may be determined, almost invariably, by observing which passage is amplified, or exaggerated, in tone. To disguise his stolen horse, the uneducated thief cuts off the tail; but the educated thief prefers tying on a new tail at the end of the old one, and painting them both sky blue.

After reading all that has been written, and after thinking all that can be thought, on the topics of God and the soul, the man who has a right to say that he thinks at all, will find himself face to face with the conclusion that, on these topics, the most profound thought is that which can be the least easily distinguished from the most superficial sentiment.

## LOVE.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

On Love! thou art a fallen child of light,  
A ruined seraph in a world of care—  
Tortured and wrung by sorrow and despair,  
And longings for the beautiful and bright:  
Thy brow is deeply scurled, and bleeds beneath  
A spiked coronet, a thorny wreath;  
Thy rainbow wings are rent and torn with chains,

Sullied and drooping in extremest woe;  
Thy dower, to those who love thee best below,  
Is tears and torture, agony and pains,  
Coldness and scorn and doubt which often parts;—  
"The course of true love never *does* run smooth,"  
Old histories show it, and a thousand hearts,  
Breaking from day to day, attest the solemn truth.

## BEAUTY'S BATH.

[ILLUSTRATING AN ENGRAVING.]

THE fair one stands beside the plashing brim,  
Her pet, her Beauty, gathered to her breast;  
A doubt hath crossed her: "can he surely swim?"  
And in her *sweet* face is that fear express.

Alas! how often, for thyself, in years  
Fast coming, wilt thou pause and doubt and shrink  
O'er some fair project! Then, be all thy fears  
False as this first one by the water's brink!

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Poems of Early and After Years.* By N. P. Willis. Illustrated by E. Leutze. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 8vo.

This is a complete edition of one of America's most popular poets, with the old poems carefully revised, and many new pieces added. It is got up in a similar style with the editions of Longfellow and Bryant, by the same publishers, and is one of the most splendid volumes of the season. The portrait of the author, engraved by Cheney, is the most accurate we have seen. The illustrations, from designs by Leutze, and engraved by Humphrys, Tucker, and Pease, are sixteen in number, and in their character and execution are honorable to American art. They are truly embellishments. Fertile as has been the house of Carey & Hart in beautiful books, they have published nothing more elegant and tasteful than the present edition of Willis.

We have written, in various critiques, at such length on the merits and characteristics of Willis, that it would be but repetition to dilate upon his genius now. In looking over the present volume, we cannot see that the sparkle and fire of his poetry becomes dim, even as read by eyes which have often performed that pleasant task before. The old witchery still abides in them, and the old sweetness, raciness, melody and power. That versatile mind, gliding with such graceful ease over the whole ground of "occasional" pieces, serious and mirthful, impassioned and tender, sacred and satirical, looks out upon us with the same freshness from his present "pictured" page, as when we hunted it, in the old time, through newspapers, magazines, and incomplete collections. We cordially wish the author the same success in his present rich dress, which he has always met in whatever style of typography he has invaded the public heart. When the stereotype plates of the present edition are worn out, it does not require the gift of prophecy to predict that the poet's reputation will be as unworn and as bright as ever.

*A Plea for Amusements.* By Frederic W. Sawyer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This little volume, viewed in respect to the prejudices it so clearly exposes and opposes, is quite an important publication, and we trust it will find readers among those who need it most. That clumsy habit of the public mind, by which the perversions are confounded with the use of a thing, finds in Mr. Sawyer an acute analyst as well as sensible opponent. He has done his work with much learning, ability and taste, and has contrived to make his exposure of popular bigotries as interesting as it is useful.

*Campaign Sketches of the War with Mexico.* By Capt. W. S. Henry, U. S. Army. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

Here is a work by a brave and intelligent soldier, relating to the battles of General Taylor in Mexico, of which he was an eye-witness. It has the freshness which might be expected from a writer who mingled in the scenes he describes; and the plates of the different battle-grounds enable the reader intelligently to follow the descriptions of the author. Spite of the numerous books relating to the subject already before the public, Captain Henry's volume

will be found to contain much not generally known, and to describe what is generally known better than most of his precursors in the task.

*The Consuelo.* By George Sand. In Three Volumes. New York: W. H. Graham, Tribune Buildings.

*The Countess of Rudolstadt.* By George Sand. [*Secrets of Consuelo.*] 2 vols. Same Publisher.

*The Journeyman Joiner, or the Companion of the Tour of France.* By George Sand. Same Publisher.

*The Devil's Pool.* By George Sand. Same Publisher.

The above editions of the somewhat too celebrated George Sand are got up, by our enterprising friend the publisher, in a style superior to that generally used on this species of literature. The translation by F. G. Shaw, Esq., has been generally, and we think justly, commended. The works themselves, and their tendencies and results, have been made the subject of various opinions both here and abroad. We are not among those who are prepared to enter the lists as their champion. The translator himself remarks in relation to *Consuelo*: "That it has not found fit translation before, was doubtless owing to prevailing impressions of something erratic and bizarre in the author's way of living, and to a certain undeniable tone of wild, defying freedom in her earlier writings." The censure of the moral portion of the community is thus softly and mercifully expressed: We will not at present add to it.

*The Last Incarnation. Gospel Legends of the Nineteenth Century.* By A. Constant. Translated by F. G. Shaw, Esq. New York: Wm. H. Graham.  
A well printed and cheap volume.

*The Scouting Expeditions of McCulloch's Texas Rangers.* By Samuel C. Ried, jr. Zieher & Co. Philadelphia.

This work contains a spirited and vivid sketch of the Mexican war as prosecuted under Taylor. It is full of incident and interest, is written with spirit, and illustrated by a number of engravings.

### DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHION PLATE.

**TOILETTE DE VILLE.**—Dress of gray satin, with a plain skirt; corsage plain, with a rounded point; sleeves above of violet-colored velvet, closed on the top, and trimmed with very rich lace; small pelerine to the waists, and terminated at the seam of the shoulder, trimmed with lace. Hat of yellow satin, long at the cheeks, and rounded, ornamented with a bouquet of white flowers resting on the side, and a puff of tulle on the inside.

**RICHE TOILETTE D'INTERIEUR.**—Dress of blue cashmere, ornamented with a row of silver buttons down the front of the skirts; corsage plain, with buttons, and terminating in two small points; sleeves rather short, and under ones of three rows of lace: neck-dress of lace. Cap also of lace, resting flat upon the front of the head, and forming folds behind, trimmed with bows of ribbon, of rose-colored taffeta, below the lace to the depth of the strings.

**ERRATUM.**—In the article on Stoke Church and Churchyard, page 77, 12th line from bottom of 2d column, "1779" should read 1799.







Figure

Figure



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



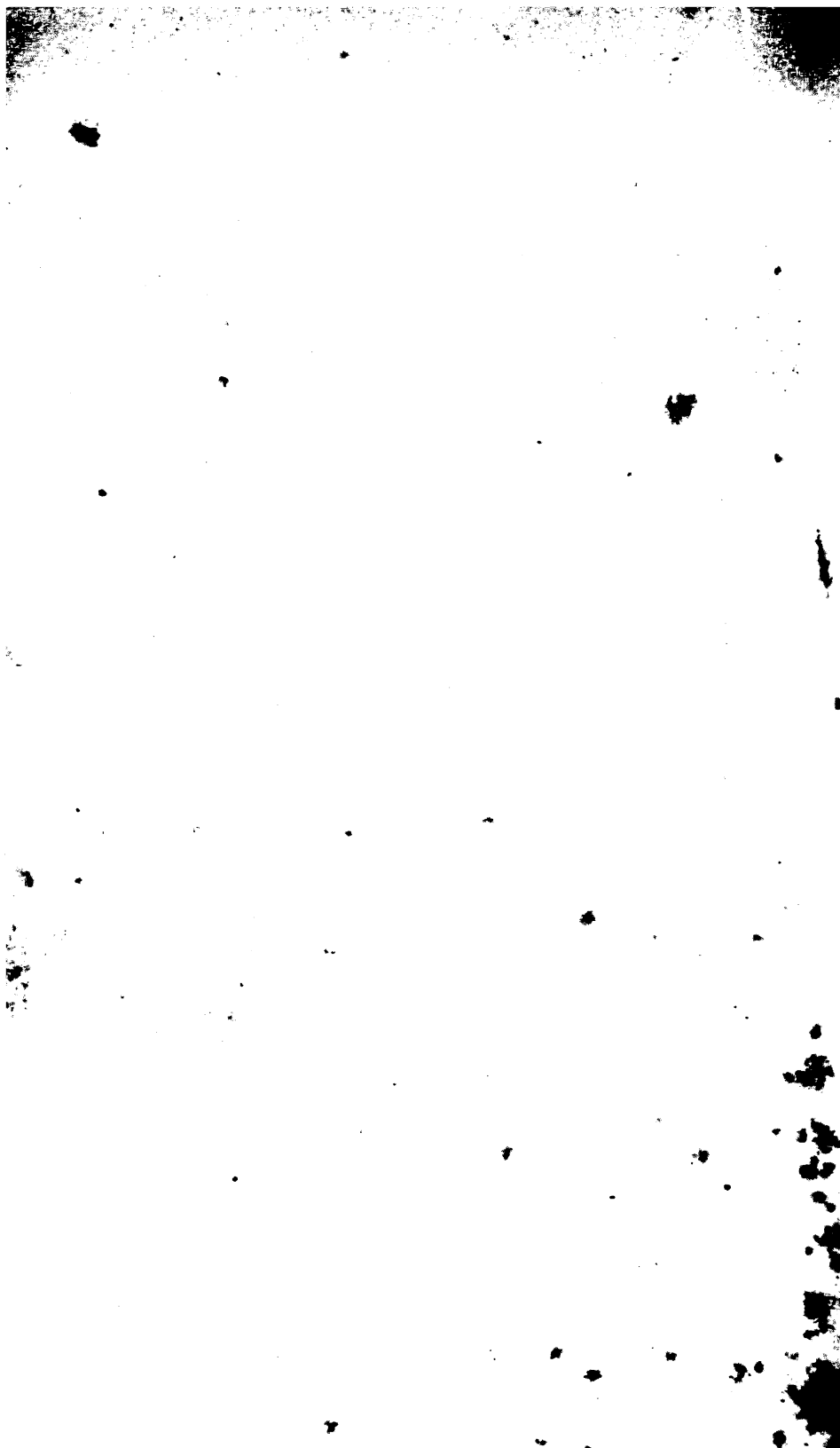
1



畫家：提香

Titian, Diana and Actaeon, 1559-60, oil on canvas.

U2  
302







## LE POLLET

Boulevard St. Martin, 61.

Robes de Mme Mercier & M<sup>re</sup> des P<sup>tes</sup> Champs, 32.

Bonnets de M<sup>lle</sup> Fleury, gal. de la Madeleine, 7 - Manchons du Cardinal, 61, Paris.

Chapeaux de Mme Lefèvre & P. Honore, 335 bis, D'entilles de Diolard & Chas.

Chausures de Mme Lefèvre & P. Honore, 335 bis, D'entilles de Diolard & Chas.

# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1848.

No. 3.

## THE CRUISE OF THE GENTILE.

BY FRANK BYRNE.

### CHAPTER I.

*In which the reader is introduced to several of the dramatis personæ.*

On the evening of the 25th of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine, the ship *Gentile*, of Boston, lay at anchor in the harbor of Valetta.

It is quite proper, gentle reader, that, as it is with this ship and her crew that you will chiefly have to do in the following yarn, they should be severally and particularly introduced to your notice.

To begin, then. Imagine yourself standing on the parapet of *St. Elmo*, about thirty minutes past five o'clock on the evening above mentioned; the *Gentile* lies but little more than a cable's length from the shore, so that you can almost look down upon her decks. You perceive that she is a handsome craft of some six or seven hundred tons burthen, standing high out of water, in ballast trim, with a black hull, bright waist, and wales painted white. Her bows flare very much, and are sharp and symmetrical; the cut-water stretches, with a graceful curve, far out beyond them toward the long sweeping martingal, and is surmounted by a gilt scroll, or, as the sailors call it, a fiddle-head. The black stern is ornamented by a group of white figures in bas relief, which give a lively air to the otherwise sombre and vacant expression, and beneath the cabin-windows is painted the name of the ship, and her port of register. The lower masts of this vessel are short and stout, the top-masts are of great height, the extreme points of the fore and mizzen-mast poles, are adorned with gilt balls, and over all, at the truck of the main sky-sail pole, floats a handsome red burgee, upon which a large G is visible. There are no yards across but the lower and top-sail-yards, which are very long and heavy, precisely squared, and to which the sails are furled in an exceeding neat and seaman-like manner. The rigging is universally taut and trim; and it is easy to perceive that the officers of the *Gentile* understand their business. The swinging-boom is rigged out, and fastened thereto, by their painters, a pair of boats, a yawl and gig, float lovingly side by side; and instead of the usual ladder at the side, a handy

flight of accommodation steps lead from the water-line to the gangway.

Now, dear reader, leaving the battlements of *St. Elmo*, you alight upon the deck of our ship, which you find to be white and clean, and, as seamen say, sheer—that is to say, without break, poop, or hurricane-house—forming on each side of the line of masts a smooth, unencumbered plane the entire length of the deck, inclining with a gentle curve from the bow and stern toward the waist. The bulwarks are high, and are surmounted by a paneled monkey-rail; the belaying-pins in the plank-shear are of lignum-vitæ and mahogany, and upon them the rigging is laid up in accurate and graceful coils. The balustrade around the cabin companion-way and sky-light is made of poli-hed brass, the wheel is inlaid with brass, and the capstan-head, the gangway-stanchions, and bucket-hoops are of the same glittering metal. Forward of the main hatchway the long-boat stands in its chocks, covered over with a roof, and a good-natured looking cow, whose stable is thus contrived, protrudes her head from a window, chews her cud with as much composure as if standing under the lee of a Yankee barn-yard wall, and watches, apparently, a group of sailors, who, seated in the forward waist around their kids and pans, are enjoying their coarse but plentiful and wholesome evening meal. A huge Newfoundland dog sits upon his haunches near this circle, his eyes eagerly watching for a morsel to be thrown him, the which, when happening, his jaws close with a sudden snap, and are instantly agape for more. A green and gold parrot also wanders about this knot of men, sometimes nibbling the crumbs offered it, and anon breaking forth into expressions which, from their tone, evince no great respect for some of the commandments in the Decalogue. Between the long-boat and the fore-hatch is the galley, where the "Doctor" (as the cook is universally called in them merchant service) is busily employed in dishing up a steaming supper, prepared for the cabin mess; the steward, a genteel-looking mulatto, dressed in a white apron, stands waiting at the galley-door, ready to receive the aforementioned supper, whensoever it may be ready, and to convey it to the cabin.



Turning aft, you perceive a young man pacing the quarter-deck, and whistling, as he walks, a lively air from La Bayadere. He is dressed neatly in a blue pilot-cloth pea-jacket, well-shaped trowsers, neat-fitting boots, and a Mahon cap, with gilt buttons. This gentleman is Mr. Langley. His father is a messenger in the Atlas Bank, of Boston, and Mr. Langley, jr. invariably directs his communications to his parent with the name of that corporation somewhere very legibly inscribed on the back of the letter. He is an apprentice to the ship, but being a smart, handy fellow, and a tolerable seaman, he was deemed worthy of promotion, and as his owner could find no second mate's berth vacant in any of his vessels, the Gentile has rejoiced for the last twelve months in the possession of a third mate in the person of Mr. Langley. He is about twenty years of age, and would be a sensible fellow, were it not for a great taste for mischief, romance, theatres, cheap jewelry, and tight boots. He quotes poetry on the weather yard-arm, to the great dissatisfaction of Mr. Brewster, (to whom you will shortly be introduced,) who often confidentially assures the skipper that the third mate would have turned out a natural fool if his parents had not providentially sent him to sea.

But while you have been making the acquaintance of Mr. Langley, the steward has brought aft the dishes containing the cabin supper. A savory smell issues from the open sky-light, through which also ascends a ruddy gleam of light, the sound of cheerful voices, and the clatter of dishes. After the lapse of a few minutes the turns of Mr. Langley in pacing the deck grow shorter, and at last, ceasing to whistle and beginning to mutter, he walks up to the sky-light and looks down into the cabin below. Gentle reader, place yourself by his side, and now attend as closely as the favored student did to Asmodeus.

The fine-looking seaman reclining upon the cushioned transom, picking his teeth while he scans the columns of a late number of the Liverpool Mercury, is Captain Smith, the skipper, a regular-built, true-blue, Yankee ship-master. Though his short black curls are thickly sprinkled with gray, he has not yet seen forty years; but the winds and suns of every zone have left their indelible traces upon him. He is an intelligent, well-informed man, though self-taught, well versed in the science of trade, and is a very energetic and efficient officer.

The tall gentleman, just folding his doily, is the mate of the ship, Mr. Stewart. You would hardly suppose him to be a sailor at the first glance; and yet he is a perfect specimen of what an officer in the merchant service should be, notwithstanding his fashionably-cut broadcloth coat, white vest, black gaiter-pants, and jeweled fingers. He is dressed for the theatre. Mr. Stewart is a graduate of Harvard, and at first went to sea to recover the health which had been somewhat impaired by hard study; but becoming charmed with the profession, he has followed it ever since, and says that it is the most manly vocation in the world. He is a great favorite with the owner of the ship; and when he is at Boston,

always resides with him. He will command a ship himself after this voyage. His age is twenty-eight. Mr. Stewart is a handsome man, a polite gentleman, an accomplished scholar, a thorough seaman, a strict but kind officer, a most companionable shipmate, and, in one word—a fine fellow.

Next comes Mr. Brewster, the second mate. That is he devouring those huge slices of cold beef with so much gusto, while Langley mutters, "Will he never have done!" He with the blue jacket, bedizened so plentifully with small pearl buttons, the calico shirt, and fancifully-knotted black silk cravat around his brawny neck.

Mr. Micah Brewster hails from Truro, Cape Cod, and, like all Capmen, is a Yankee sailor, every inch of him. He commenced going to sea when only twelve years old, by shipping for a four months' trip in a banker; and in the space of fourteen years, which have since elapsed, he has not been on shore as many months. He is complete in every particular of seamanship, and is, besides, a tolerably scientific navigator. He knows the color and taste of the water all along shore from Cape Farewell to the Horn, and can tell the latitude and longitude of any place on the chart without consulting it. Bowditch's Epitome, and Blunt's Coast Pilot, seem to him the only books in the world worth consulting, though I should, perhaps, except Marryatt's novels and Tom Cringle's Log. But of matters connected with the shore Mr. Brewster is as ignorant as a child unborn. He holds all landmen but ship-builders, owners, and riggers, in supreme contempt, and can hardly conceive of the existence of happiness, in places so far inland that the sea breeze does not blow. A severe and exacting officer is he, but yet a favorite with the men—for he is always first in any emergency or danger, his lion-like voice sounding loud above the roar of the elements, cheering the crew to their duty, and setting the example with his own hands. He is rather inclined to be irritable toward those who have gained the quarter-deck by the way of the cabin-windows, but, on the whole, I shall set him down in the list of good fellows.

That swarthy, curl-pated youngster, in full gala dress for the theatre, drawing on his gloves, and hurrying Mr. Stewart, is, dear reader, your most humble, devoted, and obedient servant, Frank Byrne, *alias*, myself, *alias*, the ship's cousin, *alias*, the son of the ship's owner. Supposing, of course, that you believe in Mesmerism and clairvoyance, I shall not stop to explain how I have been able to point out the Gentile to you, while you were standing on the bastion of St. Elmo, and I all the while in the cabin of the good ship, dressing for the theatre, and eating my supper, but shall immediately proceed to inform you how I came there, to welcome you on board, and to wish you a pleasant cruise with us.

About two years ago, (I am speaking of the 25th of March, A. D. 1832, in the present tense,) I succeeded in persuading my father to gratify my predilection for the sea, by putting me on board of the Gentile, under the particular care of Captain Smith, to try one voyage—so I became the ship's cousin. Contrary to

the predictions of my friends, I returned determined to go again, and to become a sailor. Now a ship's cousin's berth is not always an enviable one, notwithstanding the consanguinity of its occupant to the planks beneath him, for he, usually feeling the importance of the relationship, is hated by officers and men, who annoy him in every possible way. But my case was an exception to the general rule. Although at the first I was intimately acquainted with each of the officers, I never presumed upon it, but always did my duty cheerfully and respectfully, and tried hard to learn to be a good seaman. As my father allowed me plenty of spending money, I could well afford to be open-handed and generous to my shipmates, fore and aft; and this good quality, in a seaman's estimation, will cover a multitude of faults, and endears its possessor to his heart. In fine, I became an immense favorite with all hands; and even Mr. Brewster, who at first looked upon my advent on board with an unfavorable eye, was forced to acknowledge that I no more resembled a ship's cousin than a Methodist class-leader does a midshipman.

Mr. Stewart and myself had always been great friends before I went to sea. When I first came on board, Mr. Langley, who had been my school-mate and crony, was, though one of the cabin mess, only an apprentice, and had not yet received his brevet rank as third mate—Mr. Stewart, of course, stood his own watch, and chose Langley and myself as part of it. The mate generally kept us upon the quarter-deck with him, and many were the cozy confabs we used to hold, many the choice cigars we used to smoke upon that handy lounging-place, the booby-hatch, many the pleasant yarns we used to spin while pacing up and down the deck, or leaning against the rail of the companion. As I have said, Mr. Stewart was a delightful watch-mate—and Bill Langley and I used to love him dearly, and none the worse that he made us toe the line of our duty. He always, however, appeared to prefer me to Langley, and to admit me to more of his confidence. Since Bill's promotion we had not seen so much of the mate, but still, during our late tedious voyage from Calcutta, he had often come upon deck in our watch, and hundreds of long miles of the Indian Ocean had been shortened in the old way.

Gentle reader, you are as much acquainted with the Gentile, and the quint who compose her cabin mess, as you could hope to be at one interview.

## CHAPTER II.

### *News from Home.*

Mr. Langley had just commenced his supper with a ravenous appetite, stimulated by the tantalizing view of our previous gastronomic performances, which he had had through the sky-light, the mate and myself were on the point of going on deck to go ashore, the captain had just lighted a second cigar, when Mr. Brewster, who had relieved poor Langley in the charge of the deck, made his appearance at the cabin door, bearing in his hands a large packet.

"She's in, sir!" he shouted, "she came to anchor

in front of the Lazaretto while we were at supper, and Bill here didn't see her. The quarantine fellows brought this along. Bill, you must be a bloody fool, to let a ship come right under our stern, and sail across the bay, and not know nothing about it."

Langley, whose regards for the supper-table had drawn his attention from the arrival of a ship which had been expected by us for more than a week, and by whom we had anticipated the receipt of the packet the skipper now held in his hands, Langley, I say, blushed, but said nothing, and turned toward the captain, who, with trembling hands, was cutting the twine which bound the precious bundle together.

Now our last letters from Boston had been written more than a year before, had been read at Calcutta, since then we had sailed fifteen thousand miles from Calcutta to Trieste, and from Trieste to Valetta, and here we had been pulling at our anchor for three weeks, waiting orders from my father by the ship which had just arrived; it is not wonderful, therefore, that the group which surrounded Capt. Smith were very pale, eager, anxious-looking men. How much we were to learn in ten minutes time; what bitter tidings might be in store for us in that little packet.

At last it is open, and newspapers and letters in rich profusion meet our gaze; with a quick sleight the captain distributes them, sends a half dozen to their owners in the fore-castle by the steward, and then ensues a silence broken only by the snapping of seals, and the rattling of paper. Suddenly Mr. Stewart uttered an exclamation of surprise, and looking up from my letter, I noticed the quick exchange of significant glances between the captain and mate.

"You've found it out, then," said the skipper.

The mate nodded in reply, and gathering up his letters, retired precipitately to his state-room.

At this juncture, Mr. Brewster, who had just finished the perusal of a very square, stiff-looking epistle, gave vent to a prolonged whistle.

"Beats thunder, I swear!" said he, "if the old woman haint got spliced again—and she's every month of fifty-six years old."

"That's nothing," cried Langley, "only think, father has left the Atlas Bank, and is now Mr. Byrnes' book-keeper; and they talk of shutting up the Tremont theatre, and Bob hero says that Fanny Ellsler is—"

"Avast there!" interrupted the skipper, "clap a stopper over all that, and stand by to hear where we are bound to-morrow, or next day. Have any of you found out yet?"

"No, sir," cried Langley and I in a breath. "Home, I hope."

"Not so soon," replied Captain Smith, "as maybe we sail for Matanzas de Cuba, to take aboard a sugar freight for the Baltic—either Stockholm or Cronstadt; so that when we make Boston-light it will be November, certain. How does that suit ye, gentlemen?"

I was forced to muster all my stoicism to refrain from whimpering; Mr. Langley gave utterance to a

wish, which, if ever fulfilled, will consign the cities of Cronstadt, Stockholm, and Matanzas to the same fate which has rendered Sodom, Gomorrah, and Euphonia so celebrated. Mr. Brewster alone seemed indifferent. That worthy gentleman snapped his fingers, and averred that he didn't care a d—n where he went to.

"Besides," said he, "a trip up the Baltic is a beautiful summer's work, and we shall get home in time for thanksgiving, if the governor don't have it earlier than common."

"Matanzas!" inquired Langley; "isn't there where Mr. Stowe moved to, captain?"

"Yes," replied the skipper, "he is Mr. Byrnes' correspondent there—"

"Egad, then, Frank, we shall see the girls, eh, old fellow!" and Mr. Langley began to recover his serenity of mind.

"Beside all this," added the skipper, "Frank has a cousin in Matanzas—a nun in the Ursuline Convent."

"So I have just found out," said I; "father bids me to be sure and see her, if possible, and says that I must ask you about it. It is very odd I never have heard of this before. By the bye, Bill, my boy, look at this here!" and I displayed a draft on Mr. Stowe for \$200.

At this moment Mr. Stewart's state-room door opened, and he appeared. It was evident that he had heard bad news. His face was very grave, and his manner forced.

"Frank," said he, "you must excuse my company to-night. Langley will be glad to go with you; and as we sail so soon, I have a good deal to do—"

"But," said I, hesitating, "may I inquire whether you have received bad news from home?"

"On the contrary, very good—but don't ask any questions. Frank; be off, it is very late to go now."

"Langley," said I, as we were supping at a *café*, after the closing of the theatre, "isn't it odd about that new cousin of mine?"

"Ay," replied my companion, "and it is odd about Stewart's actions to-night; and it will be odd if I don't kiss Mary Stowe; and it will be odd if you don't kiss Ellen; and it will be odd if I ar n't made second mate after we get home from this thundering long voyage; and, finally, it will be most especially odd if we find all our boat's crew sober when we get down to the quay."

Nothing so odd as that was the case; but after some little difficulty we got on board, and Langly and myself retired to the state-room which we held as tenants in common.

### CHAPTER III.

*In which four thousand miles are gained.*

We laid almost a week longer wind-bound. At last the skipper waxed impatient, and one fine morning we got out our boats, and with the help of the *Pharsalia's* boats and crew, we were slowly towed to sea. Here we took a fine southwesterly breeze, and squared away before it. Toward night we had the coast of Sicily close under our lee, and as far away as the eye could reach, the snow-capped summit of

Ætna, ruddy in the light of the setting sun, rose against the clear blue of the northern sky.

We had as fine a run to Gibraltar as any seaman could wish; but after passing the pillars of Hercules there was no more good weather beyond for us until we crossed the tropic, which we did the 10th of May, in longitude about sixty degrees, having experienced a constant succession of strong southerly and westerly gales. But having passed the tropic, we took a gentle breeze from the eastward, and with the finest weather in the world, glided slowly along toward our destined port.

I shall never forget the evening and night after the 15th of May. We were then in the neighborhood of Turks' Island, heading for the Caycos Pass, and keeping a bright look-out for land. It was a most lovely night, one, as Willis says, astray from Paradise; the moon was shining down as it only does shine between the tropics, the sky clear and cloudless, the mild breeze, just enough to fill our sails, pushing us gently through the water, the sea as glassy as a mountain-lake, and motionless, save the long, slight swell, scarcely perceptible to those who for long weeks have been tossed by the tempestuous waves of the stormy Atlantic. The sails of a distant ship were seen, far away to the north, making the lovely scene less solitary; the only sounds heard were the rippling at the bows, the low sough of the zephyr through the rigging, the cheeping of blocks, as the sleepy helmsman allowed the ship to vary in her course, the occasional splash of a dolphin, and the flutter of a flying-fish in the air, as he winged his short and glittering flight. The air was warm, fragrant, and delicious, and the larboard watch of the tired crew of the *Gentile*, after a boisterous passage of forty days from Gibraltar, yielded to its somnolent influence, and lay stretched about the fore-castle and waists, enjoying the voluptuous languor which overcomes men suddenly emerging from a cold into a tropical climate.

Mr. Langley, myself, and the skipper's dog, reclined upon the booby-batch. The first having the responsibility of the deck contrived to maintain a half upright position, and to keep one eye open, but the other two, prostrate by each others' side, slumbered outright.

"What's the time, Bill?" I asked, at length, rousing myself, and shaking off the embrace of Rover, who was loth to lose his bedfellow.

"We take no note of time," spouted the third mate, drawing his watch from his pocket. "For'ard, there! strike four bells, and relieve the wheel. Keep your eye peeled, look-out; and mind, no caulking."

"Ay ay, sir," was the lazy response, and in a moment more the *ting-ting, ting-ting*, of the ship's bell rang out on the silent air, and proclaimed that the middle watch was half over, or, in landsmen's lingo, that it was two o'clock, A. M.

"Lay along, Rover," I muttered, preparing for another snooze.

"Oh! avast that Frank; come, keep awake, and let's talk."

"Talk!" said I, "about what, pray?"

"Oh! I don't know," replied Bill. "I tell you what, Frank, if it was n't for being cock of the roost myself, I should wish that Stewart headed this watch now. What fine times we used to have, eh?—but he has altered as well as the times—how odd he has acted by spells ever since we got that packet at Malta. I'm d—d if I don't believe he got news of the loss of his sweetheart."

"He never had any that I know of," I rejoined, "but he certainly did hear something, for he has changed in his manner, and the skipper and he have long talks by themselves, and I heard Stewart tell him one day that after all it would have been better to have left the ship at Gibraltar, and not gone the voyage."

"Did he, though!" cried Langley; "in that case I should have been second mate—however, I'm glad he did n't quit."

"Thank you, Bill," said a voice behind us; and turning in some confusion we beheld Mr. Stewart standing in the companion. "How is her head?" he continued, asking the usual question, to allow us to recover from our embarrassment.

"About west, sir," replied Langley.

"Well, as the wind freshens a little and is getting rather to the north, you'd better give your larboard braces a pull or two, and then put your course rather north of west to hit the Pass."

"Ay ay, sir," said the third mate. "For'ard, there, come aft here, and round in on the larboard braces. Keep her up, Jack, about west nor'west."

After the crew had complied with the orders of the officer they retired forward, and we of the quarter-deck seated ourselves on the booby-latch.

"We were talking about you when you came on deck, sir," said I, after a short silence.

"Ah! indeed," replied the mate smiling.

"Yes," said Langley, "we thought it was rather odd you had n't been on deck lately, to see whether we boys were not running away with the ship in your watch. It has been deneed lonesome these dark blowy nights along back. If you had been on deck to spin us a yarn it would have been capital."

"Boys," said the mate, taking out his cigar-case, "I've a great mind to spin you a yarn now."

"Oh! do, by all means," cried the third mate and the ship's cousin together.

We lighted our cigars; the mate took a few puffs to get fairly under way, and then began.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### *The Mate's Yarn.*

"I've told you about a great many days' works, boys, but there is one leaf in my log-book of which you as yet know nothing. It is now about six years since I was in this part of the world, for the first and only time. I was then twenty-two, and was second mate, Frank, of your father's ship, the John Cabot. Old Captain Hopkins was master, and our present skipper was mate. One fine July afternoon we let go our anchor alongside of the Castle of San Seve-

12\*

rino, in Matanzas harbor. A few days after our arrival I was in a billiard-room ashore, quietly reading a newspaper, when one of the losing players, a Spaniard of a most peculiarly unpleasant physiognomy, turned suddenly around with an oath, and declared the rustling of the paper disturbed him. As several gentlemen were reading in different parts of the room I did not appropriate the remark to myself, though I thought he had intended it for me. I paid no attention to him, however, until, just as I was turning the sheet inside out, the Spaniard, irritated by another stroke of ill luck, advanced to me, and demanded that I should either lay the newspaper aside or quit the room. I very promptly declined to do either, when he snatched the paper from my hands, and instantly drew his sword. I was unarmed, with the exception of a good sized whale-bone cane, but my anger was so great that I at once sprung at the scamp, who at the instant made a pass at me. I warded the thrust as well as I could, but did not avoid getting nicely pricked in the left shoulder; but, before my antagonist could recover himself, I gave him such a wipe with my cane on his sword-arm that his wrist snapped, and his sword dropped to the ground. Enraged at the sight of my own blood, which now covered my clothes in front. I was not satisfied with this, but applying my foot to his counter, two or three vigorous kicks sufficed to send him sprawling into the street. Captain Hopkins arrived just as the fracas was over, and instantly sent for a surgeon, and in the meantime I received the congratulations of all present on my victory. I learned that my man was a certain Don Carlos Alvarez, a broken down hidalgo, who had formerly been the master of a piratical schooner, at the time when Matanzas was the head-quarters of pirates, before Commodore Porter in the Enterprise broke up the haunt. When the surgeon arrived he pronounced my wound very slight, and a slip of sticking-plaster and my arm in a sling was thought to be all that was necessary. After Captain Hopkins and myself got on board that night, he told me a story, the repetition of which may somewhat surprise you, Frank. Do you remember of ever hearing that a sister of your father married a Cuban merchant, some thirty odd years ago?"

"I remember hearing of it when a child," I replied, "and father in his last letter says that I have a cousin now in the nunnery at Matanzas. I suppose she is a daughter of that sister."

"You are right," resumed the mate, sighing slightly. "Your grandfather had only two children. When your father was but a small boy, the whole family spent the winter in Havana, to recruit your grandmother's health, while your grandfather collected some debts which were due him. While there, a young Creole merchant, heavily concerned in the slave-trade, became deeply enamored with your aunt, and solicited her hand. The young lady herself was nothing loth, but the elders disliked and opposed the match; the consequence was an elopement and private marriage, at which your grandfather was so exceedingly incensed that he disowned his daughter."

ter, and never afterward held any communication with her. Your aunt had two children, and died some fifteen years ago. Your father shortly after received this intelligence by means of a letter from the son, and the correspondence thus begun was continued in a very friendly manner. Señor García, your uncle by marriage, became concerned, in a private way, like many other Cuban merchants, in fitting out piratical craft, and one of his confidential captains was this same Alvarez whom I so summarily ejected from the billiard-room. García died in 1830, leaving a large property to his children, and consigning the guardianship of the younger, a girl, to his friend Don Carlos Alvarez. The will provided that in case she should marry any person, but an American, without her guardian's consent, her fortune should revert to her guardian; and in the choice of an American husband her brother's wishes were not to be contravened. The reservation in favor of Americans was made at the entreaty of the brother, who urged the memory of his mother as an inducement. Now it so turned out that Don Carlos, though forty years old, and as ugly as a sculpin, became enamored with the beauty and fortune of his ward, and, hoping to win her, kept her rigidly secluded from the society of every gentleman, but especially that of the American residents. Pedro García, the brother, whom Captain Hopkins represented to be a fine, manly fellow, was, however, much opposed to such a plan, and ardently desired that his sister should marry an American, being convinced that this was the only way for her to get a husband and save her fortune. 'If,' said Captain Hopkins, in conclusion, 'some smart young Yankee could carry the girl off, it would be no bad speculation. Ben, you had better try yourself, you couldn't please Mr. Byrne better.'

"Much obliged," I replied, "but Yankee girls suit my taste tolerably well, much better than pirates' daughters, and I hope that I can please my owner well enough by doing my duty aboard ship."

"Pshaw! she is not a pirate's daughter exactly; she's Mr. Byrne's niece."

"For all that," I answered, "I should expect to find my throat cut some fine morning."

"Well, well," said the old skipper, "I only wish that I was a young man, for the girl is said to be as handsome as a mermaid, and as for money, I s'pose she's worth devilish nigh upon two hundred thousand dollars."

"The next day but one was Sunday, so after dressing myself in my go-a-shore toggery, I went with the skipper to take another stroll in the city. We dined at a *café*, and then hearing the cathedral bells tolling for vespers, I concluded to leave the skipper to smoke and snooze alone, and go and hear the performances. It was rather a warm walk up the hill, and, upon arriving at the cathedral, I stopped awhile in the cool airy porch to rest, brush the dust from my boots, arrange my hair and neckcloth, and adjust my wounded arm in its sling in the most interesting manner. Just as I had finished these nice little preliminaries, a volante drove up to the door, which contained, *why, to be sure, only a woman, but yet the*

loveliest woman I have ever seen in any part of the world. Yes, Bill, your little dancer at Valetta ought not to be thought of the same day.

"Well, boys, I fell in love incontinently at first sight, and was taken all aback, but inspired by a stiff glass of eau-de-vie which I had taken with my pineapple after dinner, I forged alongside, before the negro postillion, eased to his hips in jack-boots, could dismount, and offered my hand to assist the lady to alight from the carriage. She at first gave me a haughty stare, but finally putting one of the two fairest hands in the world into my brown paw, she reached terra firma safely.

"Thank you, señor," said she, with a low courtesy, after I had led her into the church.

"Entirely welcome, ma'am," I replied, as my mother had taught me to do upon like occasions. "and the more welcome, as I perceive you speak English so fluently, that you must be either an English woman or my own countrywoman."

"I am a Cuban, señor," said the lady, with a smile, "but my mother was an American, and I learned the language in the nursery—but, señor, again I thank you for your gallantry, and so *adios*." She dipped her finger in the holy-water vase, crossed herself, and then looking at me from under her dark fringed eyelids with a most bewildering glance, and a smile which displayed two dazzling rows of pearls between her ruby lips, she glided into the church.

"Who is your mistress?" cried I, turning to the negro postillion, but that sable worthy could not understand my question. The most expressive pantomimes were as unavailable as words, and so in despair I turned again into the porch, and stood in a reverie. I was clearly a fathom deep in love, and as my extreme height is but five feet eleven and a half, that is equivalent to saying that I was over head and ears in love with the strange lady. I began to talk to myself. "By Venus!" said I, aloud, "but she is an angel, regular built, and if I only could find out her name and—"

"A smothered laugh behind me reminded me that so public a place was hardly appropriate for soliloquizing about angels. I turned in some vexation and encountered the laughing glance of a well-dressed young man, apparently about twenty-five, who had probably been edified by my unconscious enthusiasm.

"You are mistaken, señor," said he in English, and looking quizzical; "those images in the niches are said to represent saints and not angels, though I must own they are admirably calculated to deceive strangers. As you said you wished to know their names, I will tell them to you—that is San Pablo, and that is San Pedro, and that is—"

"You are kind, sir," said I, interrupting him angrily, "but I've heard of the twelve apostles before."

"I want to know, as your countrymen say," retorted the stranger, with a good-natured mocking laugh.

"I fired up on this," "Señor," said I, "if my countrymen are not so polished in their speech as the Castilians and their descendants, they never insult

strangers needlessly. I have been insulted once before in your city within a few days, and allow me to add for your consideration, that the rascal got well kicked—

"'You are very kind to give me such fair warning,' replied the stranger, bowing, 'but allow me to ask whether the name of this person you punished is Alvarez?'

"'I have heard so, and if he is a connection of yours I am—'

"'Stay, señor, do n't get into a passion; believe me, that I thank you most heartily for the good service you performed on the occasion to which we allude. I only wish that I can be of use to you in return.'

"'Well, then, señor,' I replied, much mollified, and intent upon finding out my fair incognito, 'a lady just now passed through into the church, and if you can only tell me who she is, I will promise to flog you all the bullies in Cuba.'

"'Ah, that would be a long job, dear señor, but if you will accept my arm into the church, and point out the angel who has attracted your notice, I will tell you her name and the part of heaven in which she resides. She was very beautiful I suppose?'

"'Oh! exquisitely beautiful.'

"'Come, then, I am dying to find out which of our Matanzas belles has had the good fortune to fascinate you—this way—do you use the holy water?'

"'In we went and found the organ piping like a northeast snow squall, and the whole assembly on their knees. The stranger and myself ensconced ourselves near a large pillar, and I stood by to keep a bright look out for the lady.'

"'At last I discovered her among a group of other women, kneeling at the foot of an opposite pillar.'

"'There she is,' I whispered to my companion, who had knelt upon his pocket-handkerchief.

"'Well, in a moment,' he replied. 'I'm in the middle of a crooked Latin prayer just now, and have to tell you so in a parenthesis.'

"'A turn came to the ceremonies, and all hands arose.'

"'Sacra saeculorum,' muttered my companion, rising, 'Amen! now where's your lady?'

"'Yonder, by the pillar,' I whispered, in a fit of ecstasy, for my beautiful unknown in rising had recognized me, and given me another thrilling glance from her dark eyes.

"'But there are a score of pillars all around us,' urged the stranger, 'point her out, señor.'

"'Well, then,' said I, extending my arm, 'there she is; you can't see her face to be sure, but there can be only one such form in the world. Isn't it splendid?'

"'There are so many ladies by the pillar that I cannot tell to a certainty which one you mean,' whispered my would-be informant. Stooping and glancing along my arm with the precision of a Kentucky rifleman. I brought my finger to bear directly upon the head of the unknown, who, as the devil would have it, at this critical juncture turned her head and

encountered the deadly aim which we were taking at her.

"'That's she,' said I, dropping my arm, which had been sticking out like a pump brake, 'that's she that just now turned about and blushed so like the deuce—do you know her?'

"'Yes, but I can't tell you here,' was the laconic reply of my companion; 'come, let's go. You are sure that is the lady,' he continued, when we had gained the street.

"'Sure! most certainly; can there be any mistake about that face; besides, did n't you notice how she blushed when she recognized me?'

"'Maybe,' suggested my new friend, 'she blushed to see me.'

"'Well,' said I, 'I do n't know to be sure, but I think that the emotion was on my account; but do n't keep me in suspense any longer, tell me who she is; can I get acquainted with her?'

"'Softly, softly, my friend, one question at a time. Step aboard my volante, and as we drive down the street I'll give you the information you so much desire. Will you get in?'

"'I climbed aboard without hesitation, and was followed by my strange friend; the postillion whipped up and we were soon under weigh.'

"'Now,' resumed my companion, 'in reply to your first and oft-repeated inquiry, I have the honor to inform you that the lady is my only sister. As to your second question—I beg you won't get out—sit still, my dear sir, I will drive you to the café—your second question I cannot so well answer. It would seem that my sister herself is nothing loth—it easy, sir, the carriage is perfectly safe—but unfortunately it happens that the gentleman who has the control of her actions, her guardian, dislikes Americans extremely; and I have reason to believe that he has taken a particularly strong antipathy to you. Indeed, I have heard him swear that he'll cut your throat—pardon me, Mr. Stewart, for the expression, it is not my own.'

"'Surprise overcame my confusion. 'Señor,' cried I, interrupting him, 'it seems you know my name, and—'

"'Certainly I do—Mr. Benjamin Stewart, of the ship John Cabot.'

"'Señor,' I cried, half angrily, 'since you know my address so well, will you not be so kind as to favor me with yours?'

"'Mine! oh yes, with pleasure, though I now recollect that I have omitted to state my sister's name—hers first, if you please; it is Donna Clara Garcia.'

"'And yours is Pedro Garcia.'

"'Exactly, with a *Don* before it, which my poor father left me. You perceive, Mr. Stewart, by what means I knew you after your warning about the kicking, eh? I suspected it was yourself, when I saw an American gentleman with his arm in a sling, and so I made bold to accost you in the midst of your rhapsody about angels—'

"'Ah! Don Pedro,' I stammered in confusion, when I recalled the ludicrous scene, 'how foolish I must appear to you.'

"For what, señor—for thinking my sister handsome? You do my taste injustice. I think so myself."

"We rode on in silence a few minutes. I recalled all that Captain Hopkins had told me about my new acquaintance, his sister, and her guardian. I took heart of grace, and determined to know more of the beautiful creature whom I had now identified; but when I turned toward my companion, his stern expression, so different from the one his features had hitherto borne, almost disheartened me.

"Don Pedro," said I, with hesitation, "may I ask if you are angry at the trifling manner with which I have spoken of your sister before I knew her to be such?"

"Is it necessary for me to assure you to the contrary?" he asked, with a smile again lighting up his face.

"But if," I continued, "I should say that the admiration I have manifested is sincere, that even in the short time I have seen her to-day, I have been deeply interested, and that I ardently desire her acquaintance."

"Why, señor, in that case, I should reply, that my sister is very highly honored by your favorable notice, and that I should do my possible to make you know each other better. If," he continued, "the case you have supposed be the fact, I think I can manage this matter, her old janitor to the contrary notwithstanding."

"I do say, then," I replied, with enthusiasm, "that the sight of Donna Clara has excited emotions in my bosom I have never felt before. I shall be the happiest man in the world to have the privilege of knowing her."

"Attend, then. Don Carlos is absent at Havana, and will probably remain so for a few days, until his wrist gets well; in the meantime, his sister acts as duenna over Donna Clara. She is quite a nice old lady, however, and allows my sister far greater liberty in her brother's absence than ordinarily, as, for instance, to-day. I will get her to permit Clara to spend a few days at my villa down the bay—Alvarez himself would not dare to refuse this request, if—" my companion stopped short, and his brow clouded. "But I forget the best of the matter," he continued a moment after, in a lively tone. "Señor, you will dine with me to-morrow, and spend a day or two with me. I keep bachelor's hall, but I have an excellent cook, and some of the oldest wine in Cuba. Beside, you will see my sister. Will you honor me, Mr. Stewart?"

"I was transported, 'Señor,' I cried, 'if Capt. Hopkins—'

"Oh! a fig for Hopkins," shouted my volatile friend, "he shall dine with me too. He is an ancient of mine—he dare not refuse to let you go. But there is the fine old sinner himself in the verandah of the *café*; now we can ask him."

"We rattled up to the door, to the infinite astonishment of my worthy skipper, who was greatly surprised to see Don Pedro and his second mate on such excellent terms, and all without his intervention.

"Hillo!" he shouted, "how came you two sailing in company?"

"The worthy old seaman was briefly informed of my afternoon's adventures over a bowl of iced sangaree; and when Pedro made his proposition about the morrow's dinner, and a little extra liberty for me, the reply was very satisfactory.

"Certainly, certainly," said he, "and I hope good will come of it."

"Well, then," said Pedro, "as this matter is settled, I must take my leave. I shall expect you early, gentlemen. *Adieu*—and, with a graceful bow, my new friend entered his carriage, and was driven away.

"Now," said the skipper, after our boat's crew had cleared their craft from the crowd at the stairs, "now, Stewart, what do you think of the pirate's daughter, my boy? D'ye see, I never happened to sight her, though her brother and I have been fast friends these five years. Is she so handsome, Ben?"

"Full as good-looking as the figure-head of the *Cleopatra*," replied I.

"Egad! you don't say so!" exclaimed the skipper, who thought that the afore-said graven image on the cut-water of his old ship, far excelled the *Venus de Medici* in beauty of feature and form. "She must be almighty beautiful; and then, my son, she is as rich as the Rajah of Rangoon, who owns a diamond as big as our viol-block. Did you fall in love pretty bad, Ben?"

"Considerable," I replied, grinning at the old gentleman's simplicity.

"By the laws, then, if you don't cut out that sweet little craft from under that old pirate's guns, you're no seaman, that's a fact! Egad! I should like to do it, and wouldn't ask only one kiss for salvage, and you'd be for having the whole concern."

"The next morning I packed my portmanteau and dressed myself with unusual care. About ten the skipper and myself got aboard the gig, and pushed off for Don Pedro's villa, which lay on the eastern shore of the bay, two miles from the city, and nearly opposite the barracks and hospital.

"We landed at a little pier at the foot of the garden; the house, embowered in a grove of orange and magnolia trees, was close at hand. Don Pedro met us on the verandah.

"Welcome! welcome!" he cried; "how do you like the appearance of my bachelor's hall? But come, let's go in; my sister has arrived, and knows that I expect Captain Hopkins and Mr. Stewart, of the *Cabot*, and," he added, with a significant smile, "nothing more, though she has been very curious to find who the gentlemen is with whom I entered the church yesterday."

"We entered the drawing-room, and there, sure enough, was my angel of the cathedral-porch. Her eye fell upon me as I passed the doorway, and, by the half start and blush, I saw that I was plainly recognized, and with pleasure. We were formally presented by Don Pedro, and, after the old skipper had been flattered into an ecstasy of winged admira-

tion and self-complacency, Donna Clara turned again to me.

"I do not know that I ought to have bid you welcome, Mr. Stewart," she said, with an arch smile. "you treated my poor guardian shamefully, I am told."

"Yes," cried Pedro, "and just to let you know what a truculent person he is, know that yesterday he more than insinuated that he would serve me in the same way that he did Don Carlos."

"Land ho!" sung out the man on the look-out.

"Where away?" shouted Langley, walking forward.

"Pretty near ahead, sir; perhaps a point on our starboard bow, sir."

"Land ho!" bellowed the man at the wheel, "just abeam, sir, to loo-ard."

"What had I better do, sir?" inquired Langley, of the mate.

"I was looking at the chart just at night, and I should reckon the land ahead might be Mayaguana, and the Little Caycos under our lee."

"Head her about west, then; but we shall have the lead going soon."

We filled away before the wind, which had now veered again to the eastward, and in a few moments were dashing bravely on, sailing right up the moon's wake toward the Pass, the land lying on each side of us like blue clouds resting on the horizon. We settled ourselves again on the hatch, lighted fresh cigars, and the mate resumed his broken yarn.

"It is getting late, boys, almost six bells, and I must cut my story a little short. I will pass over the dinner, the invitation to stay longer, Captain Hopkins' consent, the undisguised pleasure and the repressed delight of Clara at this arrangement, and I will pass over the next two days, only saying that the memory of them haunts me yet; and that though at the time they seemed short enough, yet when I look back upon them, it is hard to realize they were not months instead of days, so much of heart experience did I acquire in the time. I found Clara to be every thing which the most exacting wife-hunter could wish—beautiful as a dream. Believe me, boys, I do not now speak with the enthusiasm of a lover, but such beauty is seldom seen on the earth. Added to this, she was intellectual, refined, accomplished, and highly educated. I went back four years in life, and with all the enthusiasm of a college student I raved of poetry and romance. We read German together, and we talked of love in French; and the musical tongue of Italy, it seemed to me, befitted her mouth better than her own sonorous native language, and when in conversation she would look me one of those dreamy glances which had at the first set my heart in agitation, it perfectly bewildered me. You need n't smile, Langley, (poor Bill's face was guilty of no such distortion,) but if your little *dansuse* should practice for years, she could n't attain to the delicious glance which my handsome creole girl can give you. The heavily-fringed eyelid is just raised, so that you can look as if for an interminable distance into the beautiful orb beneath, and at the

end of the vista, see the fiery soul which lies so far from the voluptuous exterior.

"But, though I was madly in love, I had not yet dared with my lips to say so to the lady, whatever my eyes might have revealed; but Pedro was my confident, and encouraged me to hope."

"The third day of my sojourn on shore was spent in a visit to Don Pedro's plantation in the vale, and it was dark when we arrived home. After the light refreshment which constitutes the evening meal of Cuba, Don Pedro pleaded business, and left the apartment—and for the first time that day I was alone with Clara."

"Now," thought I, 'now or never.'

"If upon the impulse of the moment a man proceeds to make love, he generally does it up ship-shape; but if he, with malice aforethought, lays deliberate plans, he finds it the most awkward traverse to work in the world to follow them—but I did not know this. I sat by the table, and in my embarrassment kept pushing the solitary taper farther and farther from me, until at last over it went, and was extinguished upon the floor."

"I beg ten thousand pardons!" cried I apologizing.

"No *importe*," replied Clara, 'there is a fine moon, which will give us light enough.'

"She rose and drew the curtain of the large bow-window, so common in the West Indian houses, and the rich moonlight, now unvexed by the dull glare of the taper, flowed into the apartment, bathing every object it touched with silvery radiance. Clara sat in the window, in the full glow of the light, leaning forward toward the open air, and I, with a beating heart, gazed upon her superb beauty. Shall I ever forget it? Her head leaned upon a hand and arm which Venus herself might envy; the jetty curls which shaded her face fell in graceful profusion, Madonna-like, upon shoulders faultless in shape, and white as that crest of feant on yonder sea. Her face was the Spanish oval, with a low, broad feminine forehead, eyebrows exquisitely penciled, and arching over eyes that I shall not attempt to describe. Her lovely bosom, half exposed as she leaned over, reminded me, as it heaved against the chemise, of the bows of a beautiful ship, rising and sinking with the swell of the sea, now high in sight, and anon buried in a cloud of snowy spray. One hand, buried in curls, I have said, supported her head, the other, by her side, grasped the folds of her robe, beneath which peeped out a tiny foot in a way that was rather dangerous to my sane state of mind to observe."

"We had sat a few moments in silence, when Clara suddenly spoke."

"Come hither, señor," said she, 'look out upon this beautiful landscape, and tell me whether in your boasted land there can be found one as lovely. Have you such a sky, such a moon, such waters, and graceful trees, such blue mountains—and, hark! have you such music?'

"I approached to her side and looked out. The band at the barracks had just begun their nightly serenade, and the music traveled across the bay to strike upon our ears so softly, that it sounded like strains from fairy land."



"'They are playing an ancient march of the days of Ferdinand and Isabel,' whispered Clara; 'could you not guess its stately measures were pure old Castilian? Now mark the change—that is a Moorish serenade; is it not like the fitful breathings of an Eolian harp?'"

"The music ceased, but it died in cadences so soft that I stood with lips apart, half in doubt whether the spirit-sound I yet heard were the effect of imagination or not. Reluctantly I was compelled to believe myself deceived, and then turned to look upon the landscape. I never remember of seeing a lovelier night. It was now nine o'clock, and the sounds of business were hushed on the harbor, but boats, filled with gay revelers, glided over the sparkling surface of the water, whose laugh and song added interest and life to the scene. Nearly opposite to us, upon the other side of the bay, were the extensive barracks, hospital, and the long line of the *Marino*, their white stuccoed walls glowing in the moonlight. On our left the beautiful city rose like an amphitheatre around the head of the bay; the hum of the populace, and the rumbling of wheels sounding faintly in the distance. Behind the town the blue conical peaks of the mountains melted into the sky. On our right was the roadstead and open sea, the moon's wake thereon glittering like a street in heaven, and reaching far away to other lands. All around us grew a wilderness of palm, orange, cocoa, and magnolia trees, vocal with the thousand strange noises of a tropical night. Directly below us, but a cable length from the overhanging palms which fringed the shore, lay a heavy English corvette in the deep shade of the land; but the arms of the sentry on her fore-castle glinted in the moonbeams as he paced his lonely watch, and sung out, as the bell struck twice, his accustomed long-drawn cry of 'All's well!' Just beyond her, in saucy propinquity, lay a slaver, bound for the coast of Africa—a beautiful, graceful craft. Still further out the crew of a clumsy French brig were chanting the evening hymn to the Virgin. Ships from every civilized country lay anchored, in picturesque groups, in all directions, and far down, her tall white spars standing in bold and graceful relief against the dark, gray walls of San Severino, I recognized my own beautiful craft, sitting like a swan in the water; and still farther, in the deep water of the roadstead, lay an American line-of-battle ship, her lofty sides flashing brightly in the moonlight, and her frowning batteries turned menacingly toward the old castle, telling a plain bold tale of our country's power and glory, and making my heart proud within me that I was an American sailor.

"'Say,' again asked Clara, in a low, hushed voice, 'saw you ever aught so lovely in your own land?'"

"To tell the truth, I had forgotten my sweet companion for a moment. 'I am sorry,' said I, taking her hand, 'very sorry, that you think the United States so unenviable a place of residence. I hope, dear lady, to persuade you to make it your home.'"

"The small hand I clasped trembled in mine.

"*'Señora,' said I, taking a long breath, and begin-*

ning a little speech which I had composed for the occasion, while sitting at the table pushing the candlestick, '*Señora*, I have your brother's permission to address you. I am—a—sure, indeed, convinced, that I love you—ahem—considerably. I have known you, to be sure, but a few days, but, as I said before—at least—at all events—I could be quite happy if you were my wife—you know. *Señora*, and if you could—a—'

"I had proceeded thus far swimmingly, except that a few of the words I had previously selected seemed, when I came to pronounce them, as extravagant, and so I had substituted others in their place, not so liable to be censured for that fault; beside, a lapse of memory had once or twice occasioned temporary delay and embarrassment; but I had got along thus far, I say, as I presumed, exceedingly well, when, oh, thunder! Donna Clara disengaged her hand, curtsied deeply, bade me good-night, and swept haughtily out of the room. Egad! I felt as if roused out of my berth by a cold sea filling it full in the middle of my watch below. 'Lord!' thought I, aloud, 'what can I have done? There I was, making love according to the chart, and before I knew it, I'm high and dry ashore. One thing is clear as a bell, she is a regular-built coquette, and all her fine looks to me are nothing but man-traps, decoys, and false lights. Yet how beautiful she is, how she has deceived me, and how much I might have loved her. Shall I try again? No, I'm d—d if I do! once is enough for me. Egad! I can take a hint without being kicked. To-morrow I'll go aboard again, and to work like a second mate as I am; that's decided. But—'

"Absorbed in very disagreeable reflections, I sat by the window, insensible to the charms without, which had before been so fascinating, when I was suddenly aroused by the opening of the door. I looked around, and saw Don Pedro. 'Where's Donna Clara?' he asked.

"'Gone,' I replied, in an exceedingly bad humor.

"'What! so early? I made sure to find her here as usual.'

"'Well,' said I, 'you perceive that you were mistaken, I presume—I was *very* cross.'

"'Why, señor, something has gone wrong; you appear chagrined.'

"'Oh! no, sir; never was so good-natured in my life—ha! ha! beautiful evening, Don Pedro! remarkably fine night! How pleasant the moon shines, don't it?'"

"Mr. Stewart,' said Don Pedro, gravely, 'I do not wish to press you, but you will greatly oblige me by telling me what has passed between yourself and Donna Clara this night?'"

"So, rather ashamed of my petulance, I recounted my essay at love-making.

"'Carramba!' ejaculated Don Pedro, 'how d—d foolish—in her, I mean. She is a wayward girl, sir, but yet I think she loves you. I tell you frankly that I ardently desire her to marry you; pardon me, then, when I say, that if you love her, do not be discouraged, but try again.'

" 'I think not,' said I, decidedly, 'I go on board to-morrow.'

"My usually lively and mercurial friend sighed heavily, and then drawing a chair, sat down opposite me. 'Listen to me a moment, sir,' said he. 'Cast aside your mortified pride, and answer me frankly. Do you really love my sister? Would you wish to see her subjected to the alternative, either to become the wife of Don Carlos Alvarez, or else to be confined in a convent, perhaps be constrained or influenced to take the hateful veil? You alone can save her from this dreadful dilemma.'

"My Yankee cautiousness was awakened, but I replied, 'I do love your sister, sir, and would do any thing but marry a woman who does not love me to save her from such a fate as you represent; but still, sir, I cannot perceive how that I, till lately unknown to you, can have such an influence over you and yours. Is not your own power sufficient to prevent such undesirable results?'

"I saw by the moonlight that my companion's eyes flashed with anger, but he made a strong effort to control himself.

" 'I do not wonder,' he said, a moment after, 'that you are angry, Mr. Stewart, after the conduct of my madcap sister, or indeed that you deem it strange to find yourself of so much importance suddenly,' he added, a little maliciously, 'but I will explain the last matter to you, relying upon your honor. About two years ago, I accompanied Alvarez to Havana, upon some business relative to Clara's estate. While returning late one evening to our hotel, we heard in a retired street the cries of a woman in distress. Midnight outrages were then very common in the city, and usually the inhabitants, if they were not themselves interested in the issue, paid very little attention to calls for assistance, and Alvarez, upon my suggesting to him to go with me to the aid of the lady making the outcry, advised me to consult my own safety by keeping clear of the *fracas*, but when a louder cry for help reached my ears, I could restrain myself no longer, but started for the scene of action. I soon perceived a carriage drawn up before a house which had been broken open. Two of the professional bravos were forcing a lady into this carriage, whom, by the light of the lanterns, I recognized to be an actress at the San Carlos. A gentleman in a mask stood by, apparently the commander of the expedition. I called to the ruffians to desist, but was hindered from attacking them by the gentleman, who drew his sword and kept me off, while the robbers forced the lady into the carriage and drove rapidly away. My antagonist seemed also disposed to retreat, but I was very angry and kept him engaged, until, growing angry in his turn, he seriously prepared himself to fight. He was a very expert swordsman, nevertheless in a few minutes I ran him through the body, and he instantly fell and expired. At this juncture Don Carlos stepped up, and when we removed the mask from the face of the corpse, I found to my consternation that I had killed the Count —, an aid-de-camp of the captain-general, and a son of one of the most power-

ful noblemen in the mother country. Horror-struck, we fled. The next day the whole city resounded with the fame of the so-called assassination. The government offered immense rewards for the discovery of the murderer. Since that time I hold my life, fortune and honor by the feeble tenure of Don Carlo's silence. His power over me is very great. I distrust him much. Unknown to but very few, I have a yacht lying at a little estate in a rocky nook at Point Yerikos, in complete order to sail at any moment. On board of her is a large amount of property in money and jewels, but still, alas! I should, in case of flight, be forced to leave behind the greater part of my patrimony, which is in real estate, which I dare not sell for fear of exciting Alvarez' suspicion. I live on red-hot coals. Clara alone detains me. It is true that she might fly with me, but she would leave her large fortune behind in the hands of her devil of a guardian. Now, with what knowledge you already have of my father's will, you can easily guess the rest. You are no stranger to me. I know your history, your family, your education, and, under the most felicitous circumstances, would be proud and happy to call you brother. Now, then, decide to try again. Clara shall not refuse you; she does not wish to do so; on the contrary, she loves you; but some of her oddness was in the ascendant to-night, and so it happened as it did. At any rate I can no longer trifle with my own safety, and have no authority or means to prevent Don Carlos from exercising unlimited power over my sister's actions. Good-night, señor, you can strike the gong when you wish for a servant and a light. I shall have your answer in the morning.'

"Don Pedro left the room in great agitation, and soon after I retired to bed. I lay a long time thinking over the events and revelations of the evening; love and pride alternately held the mastery of my determinations. I loved Clara well and truly, and sympathized with her and her brother in their unfortunate situation, but I had been virtually refused once, and my pride revolted from accepting the hand thus forced into mine by the misfortunes of its owner. At last, as the clock struck three, I fell asleep, still undecided. The sun had first risen in the morning when I started from an uneasy slumber. I dressed myself, passed through my window to the verandah, and down to the water, where I bathed, and returning through the garden entered an arbor and stretched myself on a settee, the better to collect my thoughts.

"I had been here but a very short time when I heard voices approaching me, and upon their drawing nearer, I perceived Don Pedro and his sister engaged in earnest conversation. It was now too late to retreat, for they were approaching me by the only way I could effect it, and I was upon the point of going forth to meet them, when they paused in front of the arbor, and I heard Clara pronounce my name so musically, that I hope you will not think I did wrong, when told that I drew back, determined to listen, and thereby to obtain a hint whereupon to act. Clara leaned upon her brother's arm, who had evidently been expostulating with her, for his voice was

earnest and reproachful, and Clara's eyes looked as if she had been crying.

"And yet you say," continued Pedro, "that you can love this gentleman."

"Can love him!" cried Clara passionately, "oh! Pedro, if you only knew how I do love him!"

"Why, then, in the name of all that is consistent, did you act so strangely last night? In your situation an offer from any American gentleman deserved consideration, to say the least; but Mr. Stewart, a friend and *protégé* of our uncle's, a refined, educated man, a man whom you say you love. Clara, I wonder at you! What could have been the reason?"

"This, Pedro," said Clara, looking at the toe of her slipper, which was drawing figures in the gravel-walk. "You must know that I did it to punish him for making love so awkwardly. Now, instead of going down on his knees, as the saints know I could have done to him, the cold-blooded fellow went on as frigidly as if he had been buying a negro, and that too with a moon shining over him which should have crazed him, and talking to a girl whose heart was full of fiery love for him. Pedro, my heart was chilled, and so, to punish him, I—"

"Diablo!" swore Pedro, dropping his sister's arm, and striding off in a great rage.

"Oh! stay, brother!" sobbed poor Clara; "indeed, I could not help it. Oh, dear!" she continued, as Pedro vanished from her sight, "now *he's* angry. What have I done?" She buried her face in her hands, entered the arbor, threw herself on the settee, and began sobbing with convulsive grief. Here was a situation for an unsophisticated youth like myself. Egad! my heart bounced about in my breast like a shot adrift in the cook's biggest copper. I approached the lady softly, and, grown wiser by experience, knelt before I took her hand. She started, screamed faintly, and endeavored to escape.

"Stay, stay, dearest Clara!" cried I, detaining her, "I should not dare to again address you after the repulse of last night, had I not just now been an inadvertent, but delighted listener to your own sweet confession that you loved me. Let me say in return that I love you as wildly, tenderly, passionately, as if I, like you, had been born under a southern sun; that I cannot be happy without you. Forgive me for last night. It was not that my heart was cold, but I was fearful that unless I constrained myself I should be wild and extravagant. Dearest Clara, will you say to me that which you just now told Pedro?"

"Her head sunk upon my shoulder. 'Señor,' she murmured, 'I do love you, and with my whole heart.'

"And will he be my wife?" I asked.

"Whenever you please."

Here the mate paused, and gave several very energetic puffs, and lighted a new cigar.

"I clasped the dear girl to my heart," he resumed, "and kissed her cheeks, her lips and eyes, a thousand times, and was just beginning on the eleventh hundred, when, lo, there stood mine host in the doorway, evidently very much amused, and, considering

that it was his sister with whom these liberties had been taken, extremely satisfied.

"I came immediately to the conclusion, in my own mind, to defer any farther labial demonstrations, and felt rather foolish; but Clara arranged her dress and looked defiance.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said Don Pedro, entering, hat in hand, and bowing low, "but really the scene was so exquisitely fine, so much to my taste, that I could not forbear looking on awhile. Clara, dear, has Mr. Stewart discovered the way to make love *à la modé*? I understood you to say he did it oddly and coldly; but, by Venus! I think he does it in the most natural manner possible, and with some warmth and vigor, or else I'm no judge of kissing—and I make some pretensions to being a connoisseur."

"And an amateur also," retorted Clara.

"I won't deny the soft impeachment—but, my friends, breakfast is waiting for you, if Mr. Stewart can bring his appetite to relish coffee after sipping nectar from my sweet sister's lips."

"We made a very happy trio that morning around the well-spread board of my friend Pedro. Just as we were rising, however, a servant brought in a note for his master. Don Pedro's brow darkened as he read it. 'It is from Carlos,' said he, folding it up, 'and informs me that he will be at home to-night, and will call for you, Clara—for it seems he has been informed of your visit here, and is determined that it shall be as short as possible. We must work quick then.'

"But what is to be done?" I inquired.

"You need do nothing at present but keep Clara company, while I go to town to see Capt. Hopkins. We will arrange some plan."

"Clara and I passed the morning as you may imagine; it seemed but a few minutes from Pedro's departure for the city, till his return in company with my skipper.

"Ben," shouted the latter, seizing my hand, "may I be d—d but you're a jewel—begging your pardon, Donna Clara, for swearing in your presence, which I did not notice before."

"When Clara retired to dress for dinner," Capt. Hopkins divulged to me the plans which had been formed by him and Pedro. "D'ye see, Ben, my child, Don Pedro and I have arranged the matter in A No. 1 style; and if we can only work the traverse, it'll be magnificent—and I don't very well see why we can't. To-day is Thursday, you know. Well, I shall hoist my last box of sugar aboard to-morrow night, and, after dark, Don Pedro is going to run a boat alongside with his plunder and valuables. Your sweetheart must go home, it appears, but before she goes you must make an arrangement with her to be at a certain window of Alvarez' house, Pedro will tell her which, at twelve o'clock Saturday night. You and her brother will be under it ready to receive her; and when you have got the lady, you will bring her aboard the ship, which shall be ready to cut and run, I tell you; up killock, sheet home, and I'll defy all the cutters in Havana to overhaul us with an

hour's start! Those chaps in Stockholm are almighty particular about your health, if your papers show that you left Havana after the first of June, and so, to pull the wool over their eyes, and save myself a long quarantine, I was intending to stop at Boston and get a new clearance, so it'll be no trouble at all to set you all ashore, for Don Pedro and his sister will not wish to go to Sweden; and my second mate, I suppose, will want to get married and leave me. Now, Ben, my boy, that's what I call a XX plan; no scratch brand about that; superfine, and no mistake, and entitled to debenture.'

"Excellent, indeed!" replied I.

"Well, after dinner, we'll give you time to tell your girl all about it, and to kiss her once or twice; but you must bear a hand about it, now I tell you, because we must be out of that bloody pirate's way when he comes, and there's a sight of work to do aboard."

"After dinner the whole matter was again talked over and approved by all, and then the skipper and myself took our leave and went aboard."

"As Captain Hopkins had arranged, we finished our freight on Friday evening, and in the night Pedro came off to us with a boat-load of baggage, pictures, heirlooms, and money. The next day we cleared at the custom-house, and in the afternoon hove short on our anchor, loosed our sails, and made every preparation for putting to sea in a hurry. A lieutenant from the castle came off with our blacks after dark, and while he was drinking a glass of wine in the cabin, Don Pedro, most unfortunately, came on board. I heard his voice and started to intercept him; but he met me in the companion, and seizing me by the hand, exclaimed, 'Well, Stewart, you are all ready to cut and run, I see; by this time to-morrow I hope we will be far beyond reach—'

"Hush! hush! for God's sake!" I whispered, pointing to the companion; 'there is an officer from the castle below.'

"We walked to the sky-light and looked down."

"Diablo!" muttered Pedro, with a start, 'do you think he heard me?'

"No, I think not; the skipper and he did not cease conversation. The steward is so glad to get back amongst his crockery, that he was kicking up a devil of a row in the pantry; that may have drowned your voice."

"If he did hear me I'm ruined. He is Don Sebastian Alvarez, a nephew of Carlos', and dependent on him; he has watched me closely for three months. What is his errand?'

"He brought off our cook and steward, who have been confined in the castle."

"Well, I dare say all is right; he is a lieutenant in the castle, and there is nothing strange in his being here on such business; but I'll keep out of sight."

"The officer soon came on deck, shook hands with Captain Hopkins, wished him a pleasant voyage, and then went down into his boat, ordering the men to pull for the castle."

"All right, I trust," cried Pedro, emerging from

the round-house, 'if he had started for the city, it would have been suspicious.'

"The skipper called the crew, who were principally Yankees, upon the quarter-deck, and in a brief speech stated the case in hand to them. 'Now, my men,' said he, 'which of you will volunteer to go with Don Pedro Garcia and Mr. Stewart?'

"Every man offered his services. We chose six lusty fellows, and supplied them with pistols and cutlasses. Don Pedro gave them a doubloon a-piece, and to each of the rest of the crew a smaller sum. At eleven o'clock we descended into the boat and pushed off for the shore. The night had set in dark and rainy, with a strong breeze, almost a gale, from the south. The men rowed in silence and with vigor, but the wind was ahead for us, and when we landed at the end of the mole, behind a row of molasses-hogsheads, it wanted but a few moments of twelve. Leaving two men for boat-keepers, Don Pedro and myself, with the other four, traversed the silent streets until we stopped in a dark lane, in the rear of a large house, which appeared to front upon a more frequented street, for even at that late hour a carriage occasionally was heard."

"Now, hist!" whispered Pedro, 'listen for foot-steps.'

"We strained our ears, but heard nothing but the clang of the deep-toned cathedral bell, striking the hour of twelve. A moment after a window above us opened, and a female form stepped out upon the balcony."

"Pedro, whispered the musical voice of Clara, 'is that you?'

"Yes, yes—hush! Mr. Stewart is here, and some of his men. Are you all ready?'

"Yes," replied Clara; 'but how am I going to descend?'

"Catch this line, which I will throw to you," said I, making a coil."

"The fair girl caught the line as handily as—as—a monkey, I suppose I must say."

"Now, haul away," I said; 'there is a ladder bent on to the other end, which you must make fast to the balustrade.'

"What!" cried Clara, quite aloud, 'a ladder!—a real, live rope-ladder! how delightfully romantic!'

"Hush! hush! you lunatic!" said Pedro, in a hoarse whisper."

"Oh, Pedro!" continued his sister, "just think how droll it is to run away with one's lover, and one's brother standing by aiding and abetting! Oh, fie! I'm ashamed of you! There, now, I've fastened this delightful ladder—what next?'

"I ascended, and taking her in my arms, prepared to assist her to the ground."

"Am I not heavy?" she asked, as she put her arms about my neck."

"My God! boys, I could have lifted twenty of her as I felt then."

"This is the second time, señor, that you have helped me to the ground within a week; now get me on the water, and I will thank you for all at once."

" 'In a few moments more all danger will be behind us, dearest.'

" Clara leaned upon my arm, enveloped in a boat-cloak, while we rapidly retraced our steps to the boat, which we reached in safety, but, behold, the men whom we had left were missing. Hardly had we made ourselves sure of this unwelcome fact when a file of men, headed by the same officer who had boarded us in the evening, sprang out from behind the molasses-hogsheads. In a moment more a fierce fight had begun. I seized Clara by the waist with one arm, and drew my cutlas just in time to save my head from the sabre of Carlos Alvarez, who aimed a blow at me, crying, 'Now, dog of a Yankee, it is my turn!'

" 'In the name of the king! in the name of the king!' shouted the officer—but it made no difference, we fought like seamen. Clara had fainted, but I still kept my hold of her, when suddenly a ton weight seemed to have fallen on my head; my eyes seemed filled with red-hot sparks of intense brilliancy and heat; the wild scene around vanished from their sight as I sunk down stunned and insensible.

" When I came to myself, I was lying in my own berth aboard the ship. I felt weak, faint, and dizzy, and strove in vain to collect my thoughts sufficiently to remember what had happened. My state-room door was open, and I perceived that the sun's rays were shining brightly through the sky-light upon the cabin-table, at which sat Capt. Hopkins, overhauling the medicine-chest, which was open before him. I knew by the sharp heel of the vessel, her uneasy pitching, and the cool breeze which fanned my fevered cheek, that the ship was close hauled on a wind, and probably far at sea. I looked at my arms; they were wasted to half their usual size, and my head was bandaged and very sore and painful. Slowly and with difficulty I recalled the events of the few hours preceding that in which I had lost my senses—then I remembered the *mêlée* on the mole. Evidently I had been severely wounded, and while senseless been brought off to the ship. Then came the inquiry, what had been the fate of Clara and her brother. Were they safe on board, or were they captured or killed in the *fracas*? I hardly dared to ask the skipper who still sat at the table, with a most dolorous face, arranging the vials and gallipots. At last the suspense became intolerable.

" 'Captain Hopkins,' said I, but in a voice so weak that it startled me. Faint as it was, however, the worthy skipper started to his feet, and was by my side in an instant.

" 'Glory to God!' he shouted, snapping his fingers. 'I know by your eyes that reason has hold of your helm again. You'll get well now! Hurrah! D—n, though I mus'n't make so much noise.'

" 'But, Captain Hopkins—'

" 'Can't tell you any thing now, you're too weak to bear it; that is—you know, Ben, good news is—ahem! dreadful apt to kill sick people; and you've been horrid sick, that's a fact. I thought four days ago that you had shipped on a voyage to kingdom come, and was outward bound; but you'll do well

enough now, if you only keep quiet, and if you don't you'll slip your wind yet. Shut up your head, take a drink of this stuff, and go to sleep.'

" Capt. Hopkins left me, and, anxious as I was, I soon fell sound asleep. When I awoke I felt much better and stronger, and teased the skipper so much, that he at last ventured to tell me that after I had been struck down by a sabre-cut over the head, Don Pedro, also badly wounded, and Donna Clara, had been captured by the soldiers. The two boat-keepers also were missing, and one of the others left, either dead or badly wounded, on the mole. Our other three men, finding themselves overpowered, succeeded barely in gaining the boat with my insensible form, and pushed off for the ship. Capt. Hopkins, upon hearing their story, had no other alternative but to cut an run, and favored by the strong southerly gale, he managed to make good his escape, though fired on by the castle before he had got out of range. In the hurry and confusion my wound was not properly attended to, and a brain fever set in, under which I had been suffering for a week; but the kind care of Capt. Hopkins and Mr. Smith, and the strength of my constitution, at last prevailed over the disease. Dismal as was this story, and the prospects it unfolded, my spirits, naturally buoyant, supported me, and I determined that when the ship should arrive in Boston I would leave her and return immediately to Cuba, to make an effort for the release of my friends. Wild as was this resolve, I grew better upon the hope of accomplishing it; and when we anchored off Long Wharf, after a tedious passage, I was nearly well.

" Notwithstanding the advice of my friends I made arrangements for an immediate return to Matanzas, but the day before my intended departure the *Paragon* arrived from that port; and I learned from her officers that Don Pedro was closely confined, awaiting his trial for the murder of Count —, the result of which would be, without doubt, against him. Clara, believing the general report of my death, had entered the Ursuline Convent to begin her novitiate; and I was told that if I was to be seen in Matanzas, the *garrote*, or chain-gang, was all that I could expect. Your father then told me that if I would consent to accompany Captain Hopkins, he would sail in my place to Matanzas, and do his utmost for his nephew and niece. I could not help but see the wisdom of this arrangement, and acceded to it. We sailed from Boston to Stockholm, from thence to Rotterdam, and from thence to Batavia. A freight offering for Canton, we went to that port, and from thence came home, after an absence of two years and a half. In the meantime Don Pedro had been tried, and sentenced to death; but by the exertions of your father, who wrought faithfully in his behalf, his sentence was commuted, first to twenty, and then to twelve years in the galleys, or, as it is in Cuba, the chain-gang. His efforts to see Clara, in order to disabuse her mind of the belief of my death, was abortive; and she, after finishing her year as a novice, took the veil—and she is now a nun in the Ursuline Convent at Matanzas, while her noble brother is a slave,

with felons, laboring with the cursed chain-gang in the same city to which we are bound. Now, boys, do you wonder that when I found myself under orders to go again to the scene of all this misery I was affected, and that a melancholy has possessed me which has increased as the voyage has progressed? I did determine at first that I would leave the ship at Gibraltar and go home, but I dreaded to part with my shipmates. I shall not go ashore while we lay at Matanzas for many reasons, though I should incur no risk, I think. Everybody who knew me in Matanzas believes me dead long since; and six years of seafaring life in every climate, changes one strangely. But the wind has veered again and freshened considerably since I began my yarn. It looks some as if we might catch a norther by way of variety. Brewster will have to shorten sail in his watch, I reckon, and maybe keep the lead going if we make much leeway. Come, Bill, it is 4 o'clock, and a little past."

"Eight bells, there, for'ard!" shouted the third mate. "Call the watch! Rouse Brewster, Frank, will you?"

The sleepy, yawning starboard watch were soon on deck, half-dressed, and snuffing the morning air very discontentedly. We of the larboard division went below to our berths.

"Langley," said I to the third mate, while we were undressing, "I've got a plan in my head to get my cousins clear from their bad fix. Will you help me work it?"

"Marry, that I will," answered Langley, throwing himself into a theatrical attitude. "Look here, Frank, this is the way I'll run that bloody Alvarez through the gizzard!"

The last sounds I heard that night were the hurried trampling of feet over my head on deck, and the shouts of the watch shortening sail. I fell asleep and dreamed that I was in the *fracas* at the end of the mole.

*[Conclusion in our next.]*

## WHITE CREEK.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

[This is a picturesque little stream in Washington county, State of New York. It flows through the broad and beautiful meadows of the Hon. John Savage, late Chief Justice of the State.]

OVER the stirless surface of the ground  
The hot air trembles. In pale glittering haze  
Wavers the sky. Along the horizon's rim,  
Breaking its mist, are peaks of coppery clouds.  
Keen darts of light are shot from every leaf,  
And the whole landscape droops in sultriness.  
With languid tread, I drag myself along  
Across the wilting fields. Around my steps  
Spring myriad grasshoppers, their cheerful notes  
Loud in my ear. The ground bird whirs away,  
Then drops again, and groups of butterflies  
Spotting the path, upflicker as I come.  
At length I catch the sparkles of the brook  
In its deep thickets, whose refreshing green  
Soothes my strained eyesight. The cool shadows fall  
Like balm upon me from the boughs o'erhead.  
My coming strikes a terror on the scene.  
All the sweet sylvan sounds are hushed; I catch  
Glimpses of vanishing wings. An azure shape  
Quick darting down the vista of the brook,  
Proclaims the scared kingfisher, and a plash  
And turbid streak upon the streamlet's face,  
Betray the water-rat's swift dive and path  
Across the bottom to his burrow deep.  
The moss is plump and soft, the tawny leaves  
Are crisp beneath my tread, and scaly twigs  
Startle my wandering eye like basking snakes.  
Where this thick brush displays its emerald tent,  
I stretch my wearied frame, for solitude  
To steal within my heart. How hushed the scene

At first, and then, to the accustomed ear,  
How full of sounds, so tuned to harmony  
They seemed but silence; the monotonous purr  
Of yon small water-break—the transient hum  
Swung past me by the bee—the low meek burst  
Of bubbles, as the trout leaps up to seize  
The skipping spider—the light lashing sound  
Of cattle, mid-leg in the shady pool,  
Whisking the flies away—the ceaseless chirp  
Of crickets, and the tree-frog's quavering note.

Now, from the shadow where I lie concealed,  
I see the birds, late banished by my form,  
Appearing once more in their usual haunts  
Along the stream; the silver-breasted snipe  
Titters and seesaws on the pebbly spots  
Bare in the channel—the brown swallow dips  
Its wings, swift darting round on every side;  
And from yon nook of clustered water-plants,  
The wood-duck, slaking its rich purple neck,  
Skims out, displaying through the liquid glass  
Its yellow feet, as if upborne in air.

Musing upon my couch, this lovely stream  
I liken to the truly good man's life,  
Amid the heat of passions, and the glare  
Of wordly objects, flowing pure and bright,  
Shunning the gaze, yet showing where it glides  
By its green blessings; cheered by happy thoughts,  
Contentment, and the peace that comes from Heaven.

# THE ALCHEMIST'S DAUGHTER.

## A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

GIACOMA, *the Alchemist,*  
BERNARDO, *his son-in-law,*

ROSALIA, *his daughter, and Bernardo's wife,*  
LORENZO, *his servant.*

### SCENE I. FERRARA.

*The interior of Giacomo's house. Giacomo and Lorenzo discovered together. Time, a little before daybreak.*

Gia. Art sure of this?

Lor. Ay, signor, very sure.

'T is but a moment since I saw the thing—  
Bernardo, who last night was sworn thy son,  
Hath made a villainous barter of thine honor.  
Thou may'st rely the duke is where I said.

Gia. If so—no matter—give me here the light.

[*Exit Giacomo.*]

Lor. (*Alone.*) Oh, what a night! It must be all a dream!

For twenty years, since that I wore a beard,  
I've served my melancholy master here,  
And never until now saw such a night!  
A wedding in this silent house, forsooth,—  
A festival! The very walls in mute  
Amazement stared through the unnatural light!  
And poor Rosalia, bless her tender heart,  
Looked like her mother's sainted ghost! Ah me,  
Her mother died long years ago, and took  
One half the blessed sunshine from our house—  
The other half was married off last night.  
My master, solemn soul, he walked the halls  
As if in search of something which was lost;  
The groom, I liked not him, nor ever did,  
Spoke such perpetual sweetness, till I thought  
He wore some sugared villany within:—  
But then he is my master's ancient friend,  
And always known the favorite of the duke,  
And, as I know, our lady's treacherous lord!  
Oh, Holy Mother, that to villain hawks  
Our dove should fall a prey! poor gentle dear!  
Now if I had their throats within my grasp—  
No matter—if my master be himself,  
Nor time nor place shall bind up his revenge.  
He's not a man to spend his wrath in noise,  
But when his mind is made, with even pace  
He walks up to the deed and does his will.  
In fancy I can see him to the end—  
The duke, perchance, already breathes his last,  
And for Bernardo—he will join him soon;  
And for Rosalia, she will take the veil,  
To which she hath been heretofore inclined;  
And for my master, he will take again  
To alchemy—a pastime well enough,  
For aught I know, and honest Christian work.  
Still it was strange how my poor mistress died,  
Found, as she was, within her husband's study.  
The rumor went she died of suffocation;  
Some cursed crucible which had been left,  
By Giacomo, aborning, filled the room,

And when the lady entered took her breath.  
He found her there, and since that day the place  
Has been a home for darkness and for dust.  
I hear him coming; by his hurried step  
There's something done, or will be very soon.

[*Enter Giacomo. He sets the light upon the table and confronts Lorenzo with a stern look.*]

Gia. Lorenzo, thou hast served me twenty years,  
And faithfully; now answer me, how was 't  
That thou wert in the street at such an hour?

Lor. When that the festival was o'er last night,  
I went to join some comrades in their wine

To pass the time in memory of the event.

Gia. And doubtless thou wert blinded soon with drink?

Lor. Indeed, good signor, though the wine flowed free,  
I could not touch it, though much urged by all—  
Too great a sadness sat upon my heart—  
I could do naught but sit and sigh and think  
Of our Rosalia in her bridal dress.

Gia. And sober too! so much the more at fault.

But, as I said, thou 'st served me long and well,

Perchance too long—too long by just a day.

Here, take this purse, and find another master.

Lor. Oh, signor, do not drive me thus away!

If I have made mistake—

Gia. No, sirrah, no!

Thou hast not made mistake, but something worse.

Lor. Oh, pray you, what is that then I have made?

Gia. A lie!

Lor. Indeed, good master, on my knees

I swear that what I said is sainted truth.

Gia. Pahaw, pahaw, no more of this. Did I not go

Upon the instant to my daughter's room

And find Bernardo sleeping at her side?

Some villain's gold hath bribed thee unto this.

Go, go.

Lor. Well, if it must be, then it must.

But I would swear that what I said is truth,

Though all the devils from the deepest pit

Should rise to contradict me!

Gia. Prating still?

Lor. No, signor—I am going—stay—see here—

[*He draws a paper from his bosom.*]

Oh, blessed Virgin, grant some proof in this!

This paper as they changed their mantles dropt

Between them to the ground, and when they passed

I picked it up and placed it safely here.

Gia. (*Examining it.*)

Who forged the lie could fabricate this too:—

But hold, it is ingeniously done.

Get to thy duties, sir, and mark me well,

Let no word pass thy lips about the matter—

[*Exit Lorenzo.*]

So's very hand indeed is here !  
 spect villainous and black ! conditions,  
 sans, the hour, the signal—every thing  
 my honor of its holiest pearl !  
 o, shallow fool—he does not guess  
 schief was all done, and that it was  
 he he saw departing—oh, brain—brain !  
 all I hold this river of my wrath !  
 not burst—no, rather it shall sweep  
 less maelstrom, whirling to its center  
 ights and plans to further my revenge  
 me of this most accursed blot !  
*(He strikes his forehead on his hand a few minutes, and ex-*  
*claims,)*

It returns to me again—the lore  
 ' had forgot comes like a ghost,  
 ints with shadowy finger to the means  
 best shall consummate my just design.  
 oratory hath been closed too long ;  
 or smiles welcome to me once again,  
 sky latch invites my hand—I come !  
*(He unlocks the door and stands upon the threshold.)*  
 u whose life was stolen from me here,  
 ot to thwart me in this great revenge ;  
 her come with large propitious eyes  
 ' encouragement with ancient looks !  
 s whose pale, melancholy orbs  
 ough the darkness of a thousand years.  
 ree the solid blackness of to-day,  
 e anew this crucible of thought  
 y soul flames up to the result !  
*(He enters and the door closes.)*

. Another apartment in the alchemist's house.

Enter Rosalia and Bernardo.

You tell me he has not been seen to-day ?  
 Save by your trusty servant here, who says  
 ' his master, from without, uncloses  
 atters of his laboratory while  
 a was yet unrisen. It is well ;  
 rning to the past pursuits of youth  
 how much the aspect of to-day  
 iven the ancient darkness from his brain.  
 w, my dear Rosalia, let thy face  
 ights and speech be drest in summer smiles,  
 ight shall make a winter in our house.  
 Ah, sir, I think that I am happy.

Happy ?

y, indeed, dear love, I trust thou art !  
 u dost sigh and contemplate the floor  
 ly, that thy happiness seems rather  
 nstant sense of duty than true joy.  
 Nay, chide me not, good sir ; the world to me  
 s is at best—my heart has had  
 r. From my childhood until now  
 ights have been on simple honest things.  
 On honest things ? Then let them dwell hence-  
 s, for nothing is more honest than [forth-  
 ve.

I hope so, sir—it must be so !  
 to wear thy happiness at heart  
 onstant watchfulness, and if to breathe  
 elfare in my orisons, be love,  
 ever shalt have cause to question mine.  
 I feel, and yet I know not why,  
 me which I never knew before ;  
 ling shadow swims upon my brain,  
 ething which has been or is to be.  
 ther coming to me in my dream,  
 her taking to that room again  
 somehow thrilled me with mysterious awe.

Ber. Nay, let not that o'ercast thy gentle mind,  
 For dreams are but as floating gossamer,  
 And should not blind or bar the steady reason.  
 And alchemy is innocent enough,  
 Save when it feeds too steadily on gold,  
 A crime the world not easily forgives.  
 But if Rosalia likes not the pursuit  
 Her sire engages in, my plan shall be  
 To lead him quietly to other things.  
 But see, the door uncloses and he comes.

*(Enter Giacomo in loose gown and dishevelled hair.)*

Gia. *(Not perceiving them.)*

Ha, precious villains, ye are caught at last !

Both. Good-morrow, father.

Gia.

Ah, my pretty doves !

Ber. Come, father, we are jealous of the art  
 Which hath deprived us all the day of thee.

Gia. Are ye indeed ? *(Aside.)* How smoothly to the air  
 Slides that word *father* from his slippery tongue.  
 Come hither, daughter, let me gaze on thee,  
 For I have dreamed that thou wert beautiful,  
 So beautiful our very duke did stop  
 To smile upon thy brightness ! What say'st thou,  
 Bernardo, didst thou ever dream such things ?

Ber. That she is beautiful I had no cause to dream.  
 Mine eyes have known the fact for many a day.  
 What villains didst thou speak of even now ?

Gia. Two precious villains—Carbon and Azote—  
 They have perplexed me heretofore ; but now  
 The thing is plain enough. This morning, ere  
 I left my chamber, all the mystery stood  
 Asudden in an awful revelation !

Ber. I 'm glad success has crowned thy task to-day,  
 But do not overtoil thy brain. These themes  
 Are dangerous things, and they who mastered most  
 Have fallen at last but victims to their slaves.

Gia. It is a glorious thing to fall and die  
 The victim of a noble cause.

Ber.

Ay, true—

The man who battles for his country's right  
 Hath compensation in the world's applause.  
 The victor when returning from the field  
 Is crowned with laurel, and his shining way  
 Is full of shouts and roses. If he fall,  
 His nation builds his monument of glory.  
 But mark the alchemist who walks the streets,  
 His look is down, his step infirm, his hair  
 And cheeks are burned to ashes by his thought ;  
 The volumes he consumes, consume in turn ;  
 They are but fuel to his fiery brain,  
 Which being fed requires the more to feed on.  
 The people gaze on him with curious looks,  
 And step aside to let him pass untouched,  
 Believing Satan hath him arm in arm.

Gia. Are there no wrongs but what a nation feels ?  
 No heroes but among the martial throng ?  
 Nay, there are patriot souls who never grasped  
 A sword, or heard the crowd applaud their names,  
 Who lived and labored, died and were forgot,  
 And after whom the world came out and reapt  
 The field, and never questioned who had sown.

Ber. I did not think of that.

Gia.

Now mark ye well,

I am not one to follow phantom themes,  
 To waste my time in seeking for the stone,  
 Or chrystalizing carbon to o'erflood  
 The world with riches which would keep it poor ;  
 Nor do I seek the elixir that would make  
 Not life alone, but misery immortal ;  
 But something far more glorious than these.



*Ber.* Pray what is that?

*Gia.* A cure, sir, for the heart-ache. Come, thou shalt see. The day is on the wane—Mark how the moon, as by some unseen arm, Is thrust upward, like a bloody shield! On such an hour the experiment must begin. Come, thou shalt be the first to witness this Most marvelous discovery. And thou, My pretty one, betake thee to thy bower, And I will dream thou'rt lovelier than ever. Come, follow me. (*To Bernardo.*)

*Ros.* Nay, father, stay; I'm sure Thou art not well—thine eyes are strangely lit, The task, I fear, has overworked thy brain.

*Gia.* Dearest Rosalia, what were eyes or brain Compared with banishment of sorrow? Come.

*Ber.* (*Aside to Rosalia.*) I will indulge awhile this curious humor; Adieu; I shall be with thee soon again.

*Gia.* (*Overharing him.*) When Satan shall regain his wings, and sit Approved in heaven, perchance, but not till then.

*Ber.* What, not till then?

*Gia.* Shall he be worthy deemed To walk, as thou hast said the people thought, Arm in arm with the high-souled philosopher:— And yet the people sometimes are quite right, The devil's at our elbow oftener than We know.

(*He gives Bernardo his arm, and they enter the laboratory.*)

*Ros.* (*Alone.*) He never looked so strange before; His cheeks, asudden, are grown pale and thin; His very hair seems whiter than it did. Oh, surely, 't is a fearful trade that crowds The work of years into a single day. It may be that the sadness which I wear Hath clothed him in its own peculiar hue. The very sunshine of this cloudless day Seemed but a world of broad, white desolation— While in my ears small melancholy bells Knolled their long, solemn and prophetic chime;— But hark! a louder and a holier toll, Shedding its benediction on the air, Proclaims the vesper hour—

*Ave Maria!*

[*Exit Rosalia.*]

SCENE III. *Giacomo and Bernardo discovered in the laboratory.*

*Gia.* What say'st thou now, Bernardo?

*Ber.* Let me live Or die in drawing this delicious breath, I ask no more.

*Gia.* (*Aside.*) Mark, how with wondering eyes He gazes on the burning crucibles, As if to drink the rising vapor with His every sense.

*Ber.* Is this the balm thou spak'st of?

*Gia.* Ay, sir, the same.

*Ber.* Oh, would that now my heart Were torn with every grief the earth has known, Then would this sense be sweeter by tenfold! Where didst thou learn the secret, and from whom?

*Gia.* From Gebber down to Paracelsus, none Have mentioned the discovery of this— The need of it was parent of the thought.

*Ber.* How long will these small crucibles hold out?

*Gia.* A little while, but there are two beside, That when thy sense is toned up to the point May then be fired; and when thou'breastest their fumes, Nephenthe deeper it shall seem than that

Which Helen gave the guests of Menelaus. But come, thou'lt weary of this thickening air, Let us depart.

*Ber.* Not for the wealth of worlds!

*Gia.* Nay, but thy bride awaits thee—

*Ber.* Go to her

And say I shall be there anon.

*Gia.* I will.

(*Aside.*) Now while he stands enchained within the spell I'll to Rosalia's room and don his cloak And cap, and sally forth to meet the duke. 'T is now the hour, and if he come—so be it.

[*Exit Giacomo.*]

*Ber.* (*Alone.*)

These delicate airs seem wafted from the fields Of some celestial world. I am alone— Then wherefore not inhale that deeper draught, That sweet nepenthe which these other two, When burning, shall dispense? 'T were quickly done. And I will do it!

(*He places the two crucibles on the furnace.*)

Now, sir alchemist,

Linger as long as it may suit thy pleasure— 'T is mine to tarry here. Oh, by San John, I'll turn philosopher myself, and do Some good at last in this benighted world! Now how like demons on the ascending smoke, Making grimaces, leaps the laughing flame, Filling the room with a mysterious haze, Which rolls and writhes along the shadowy air, Taking a thousand strange, fantastic forms; And every form is lit with burning eyes, Which pierce me through and through like fiery arrows The dim walls grow unsteady, and I seem To stand upon a reeling deck! Hold, hold! A hundred crags are toppling overhead. I faint, I sink—now, let me clutch that limb— Oh, devil! It breaks to ashes in my grasp! What ghost is that which beckons through the mist? The duke! the duke! and bleeding at the breast! Whose dagger struck the blow? (*Enter Giacomo.*)

*Gia.* Mine, villain, mine!

What! thou'st set the other two abluring? Impatient dog, thou cheat'st me to the last! I should have done the deed—and yet 't is well. Thou diest by thine own dull hardihood!

*Ber.* Ha! is it so? Then follow thou!

*Gia.* My time

Is not quite yet, this antidote shall place A bar between us for a little while.

(*He raises a vial to his lips, drinks, and flings it aside.*)

*Ber.* (*Rallying.*) Come, give it me—

*Gia.* Ha, ha! I drained it all! There is the broken vial.

*Ber.* Is there no arm

To save me from the abyss?

*Gia.* No, villain, sink!

And take this cursed record of thy plot, (*He thrusts a paper into Bernardo's hand.*)

And it shall gain thee speedy entrance at Th' infernal gate!

(*Bernardo reads, reels and falls.*)

*Gia.* (*Looking on the body.*) Poor miserable dust! This body now is honest as the best, The very best of earth, lie where it may. This mantle must conceal the thing from sight, For soon Rosalia, as I bade her, shall Be here. Oh, Heaven! vouchsafe to me the power To do this last stern act of justice. Thou Who called the child of Jairus from the dead,

Assist a stricken father now to raise  
His sinless daughter from the bier of shame.  
And may her soul, unconscious of the deed,  
Forever walk the azure fields of heaven.  
*Enter Rosalia, dressed in simple white, bearing a small golden crucifix in her hand.)*  
Ros. Dear father, in obedience, I have come—  
But where 's Bernardo?  
Gia. Gone to watch the stars;  
To see old solitary Saturn whirl  
Like poor Ixion on his burning wheel—  
He is our patron orb to-night, my child.  
Ros. I do not know what strange experiment  
Thou 'dst have me see, but in my heart I feel  
That He, in whose remembrance this was made  
*(looking at the cross)*  
Should be chief patron of our thoughts and acts.  
Since vesper time—I know not how it was—  
I could do naught but kneel and tell my prayers.  
Gia. Ye blessed angels, hymn the word to heaven.  
Come, daughter, let me hold thy hand in mine,  
And gaze upon the emblem which thou bearest.  
*He looks upon the crucifix awhile and presses it to his lips.)*  
Ros. Pray tell me, father, what is in the air?  
Gia. See'st thou the crucibles, my child? Now mark,  
I 'll drop a simple essence into each.  
Ros. My sense is flooded with perfume!  
Gia. Again.  
Ros. My soul, asudden, thrills with such delight  
It seems as it had won a birth of wings!  
Gia. Behold, now when I throw these jewels in,  
The glories of our art!  
Ros. A cloud of hues  
As beautiful as morning fills the air;  
And every breath I draw comes freighted with  
Elysian sweets! An iris-tinted mist,  
In perfumed wreaths, is rolling round the room.

The very walls are melting from my sight,  
And surely, father, there 's the sky o'erhead!  
And on that gentle breeze did we not hear  
The song of birds and silvery waterfalls?  
And walk we not on green and flowery ground?  
Ferrara, father, hath no ground like this,  
The ducal gardens are not half so fair!  
Oh, if this be the golden land of dreams,  
Let us forever make our dwelling here.  
Not lovelier in my earliest visions seemed  
The paradise of our first parents, filled  
With countless angels whose celestial light  
Thrilled the sweet foliage like a gush of song.  
Look how the long and level landscape gleams,  
And with a gradual pace goes mellowing up  
Into the blue. The very ground we tread  
Seems flooded with the tender hue of heaven;  
An azure lawn is all about our feet,  
And sprinkled with a thousand gleaming flowers,  
Like lovely lilies on a tranquil lake.  
Gia. Nay, dear Rosalia, cast thy angel ken  
Far down the shining pathway we have trod,  
And see behind us those enormous gates  
To which the world has given the name of Death;  
And note the least among yon knot of lights,  
And recognize your native orb, the earth!  
For we are spirits threading fields of space,  
Whose gleaming flowers are but the countless stars!  
But now, dear love, adieu—a flush from heaven—  
A sudden glory in the silent air—  
A rustle as of wings, proclaim the approach  
Of holier guides to take thee into keep.  
Behold them gliding down the azure hill  
Making the blue ambrosial with their light.  
Our paths are here divided. I must go  
Through other ways, by other forms attended.

LINE S TO A N IDEAL .

BY ELIZABETH LYON LINSLEY.

I WANDERED on the lonely strand,  
A setting sun shone brightly there,  
And bathed in glory sea and land,  
And streamed in beauty through the air!  
A playful breeze the waters curled,  
Touched their light waves and passed them by,  
Then fanned a bird whose wings unfurled  
Were waving on the sunset sky!  
The bird had gone. The sun had set.  
His beams still tipped the hills and trees,  
And flung a rainbow radiance yet  
On clouds reflected in the seas!  
A distant boatman plied the oar,  
All sparkling with its golden spray,  
His voice came softened to the shore,  
Then melted with the dying day!  
And when the last bright lines on high  
Departed as the twilight came,  
A large star showed its lone, sweet eye  
All margined with a cloud of flame!  
The winds were hushed. Their latest breath  
*In soft, low murmurs died afar—*

The rippling of the wave beneath  
Showed dancing there that one bright star!  
So fair a scene, so sweet an hour,  
Were felt and passed. In stilly calm  
They shed around me beauty's power,  
Yet gave no peace, and brought no balm.  
I was alone! I saw no eyes  
With mine gaze on the twilight sea—  
No heart returned my lonely sighs—  
No lips breathed sympathy with me.  
I was alone! I looked above  
That star seemed happy thus to lave  
Its fairy light and glance of love  
Deep in the bosom of the wave.  
I gazed no more! The blinding tear  
Rose from my heart, and dimmed my sight.  
Had one dear voice then whispered near,  
That scene how changed!—That heart how light!  
My soul was swelling like the sea!  
Had thine eyes gleamed there with mine own,  
That soul a mirror true to thee  
On ev'ry wave thyself had shown!

## MRS. PELBY SMITH'S SELECT PARTY.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"Mrs. GOLDSBOROUGH's party is to-night, is it not?" said Mr. Pelby Smith to his wife; "are we going my dear?"

"*Apropos* of parties," returned she, waiving the question; "I don't see how we are to get on any longer without giving one ourselves."

"Why so, my dear? We cannot afford to give a party, and that will be an apology all-sufficient to a woman of Cousin Sabina's sense."

"Cousin Sabina!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith; "as if I, or any one else, ever thought of going to the trouble of a party for a plain old maid, like cousin Sabina Inledon!"

"My dear, I wish you would not speak in that way of Cousin Sabina; she is an excellent woman, of superior mind, and manners to command respect in any society."

"That may be *your* opinion, Mr. Smith," answered the lady tartly; "mine is that a quiet old maid, from somewhere far off in the country, and with an income of two or three hundred dollars a year, would not make much of a figure in *our* society. At all events, I sha n't make a trial of it."

"I thought you alluded to her visit as making it incumbent on us to give a party," said Mr. Smith meekly; "there is no other reason, I believe."

"You will allow me to have some judgment in such matters, Mr. Smith. I think it is absolutely necessary that we should, that is, if we wish to go to parties for the future. We have been going to them all our lives without giving any, and people will grow tired of inviting us."

"Then, my dear, why not make up our minds to stay at home. I would rather."

"But I would not, Mr. Smith. I shall go to parties as long as possible. My duty to my children requires it."

Mr. Smith opened his eyes as wide as his timidity would let him.

"My duty to my children, I repeat," pursued she with energy; "they will have to be introduced to society."

"Not for seven or eight years yet, any of them," interposed Mr. Smith.

"Sooner or later," continued the lady; "and how is that to be done unless I keep the footing which I have attained—with trouble enough, as I only know, and without any thanks to you, Mr. Smith. If I give up parties, I may fall at once into the obscurity for which you have such a taste. People of fortune and distinction can voluntarily withdraw for a while, and then reappear with as much success as ever, but that is not the case with persons of our position."

"It is only the *expense* that I object to, my dear; *my business is so limited* that it is impossible for us

to live in any other than a plain, quiet way. The cost of a party would be a serious inconvenience to me."

"The advantages will be of greater consequence than the sacrifices," returned the lady, softening as she saw her husband yielding; "the loss will soon be made up to you through an increase of friends. Party-giving people are always popular."

Mr. Smith saw that his wife was determined to carry her point, which was nothing new. He had learned to submit, and to submit in silence, so, after sitting moodily for a few minutes, he took up his hat to go to his place of business.

"I knew, my dear," said Mrs. Smith smoothly, "that you would soon see the matter in a proper light; and now about Mrs. Goldsborough's party. I shall lay out your things for you. I can go with some satisfaction now that I have a prospect of soon being on equal terms with my entertainers."

Mrs. Smith walked round her two small and by no means elegant rooms, reassuring herself as to the capabilities of her lamps, girandoles and candlesticks, for she had mentally gone through all her arrangements long before; the act of consulting her husband being, generally, her last step toward the undertaking of any important project. She was joined by the object of some of her recent remarks, Miss Sabina Inledon, a cousin of Mr. Smith's, who, until within a few days, had been a stranger to her. She was a plainly dressed person of middle age, with an agreeable though not striking countenance, and unobtrusive, lady-like manners.

"I am sorry you are not going to Mrs. Goldsborough's to-night, Cousin Sabina," said Mrs. Smith; "I have no doubt she would have sent an invitation had she known I had a friend visiting me."

"Not improbable. I do not, however, feel much inclination just now to go to a party. Had it not been for that, I should have sent my card to Mrs. Goldsborough after my arrival. I met her at the springs last summer, and received much politeness from her."

"Mrs. Goldsborough is a very polite woman—very much disposed to be civil to every one," said Mrs. Smith; "by the bye," she added, "Pelby and I have it in contemplation to give a large party ourselves."

"Indeed? I thought you were not party-giving people; Cousin Pelby assured me so."

"And never would be if Pelby Smith had his own way. To be sure, we are not in circumstances to entertain much, conveniently, but for the sake of a firmer place in society, I am always willing to strain a point. As to Pelby, he has so little spirit that he would as soon be at the bottom of the social ladder as at the top. I can speak of it without impropriety

"You are his relation, not mine. He has a perpetual drag and drawback upon me, but, standing, I have accomplished a great deal. Six years ago we were merely on speaking terms with the Goldsboroughts, and the Pendletons, Longacres, and the Van Pelts and that set, I visit most of them, and receive invitations to all their general parties. I have always felt of not having entertained them in return, I am resolved to do so, as a favorable opportunity of doing it advantageously. I mean to get out of Julia Goldsborough, Mrs. Goldsborough's only daughter. It will be something to have given her a party."

"How can the family expect the compliment of you?" said Inclendon, looking at her in surprise; "I know that you were on such intimate terms." Mrs. Smith smiled in conscious superiority. "Ah, my dear," said she, "you are very unsophisticated. Don't you know that a party goes off with credit for being associated with some name of consequence. Now Julia Goldsborough, from her good vivacity, and the fashion and fortune of which she is to be the belle of the season, and a help-up for her must necessarily make a sensation among her friends, and they are at the head of the list to attend on her account, if for nothing else anybody else will be glad to go where she is."

Then the Pendletons and the Longacres and the Van Pelts, several of them, will give her so it is understood—and it will be worth an effort to make mine one of the series."

An expression of sarcastic humor passed over the countenance of Miss Inclendon, but she said nothing.

Mrs. Pelby Smith entered the brilliant rooms of Mrs. Goldsborough that night with an elated spirit, and herself the future hostess of the fashionable party here assembled. Instead of standing in a waiting position with unctuous deference or sympathy who chanced to come against her, as was her wont, proffering her fan, or her essence-bottle, she went in the quiet way ministering to their egotism, stepped freely forth upon the field of action, and smiling at the young men to whom she had been at some time introduced; whispering to some marked young lady, while on an occasion to arrange her *berthe* or her and adding herself, as if by accident, to any quartette of pre-eminent distinction. She sought with the anxiously desired opportunity to show her feelers at Mrs. Goldsborough.

"What a lovely creature Julia has become, Mrs. Goldsborough!" she exclaimed; "it seems but a few years since she was a little fairy only so high, and is so well grown and so commanding in her bearing! and her manners, they are as pronounced and dignified as if she were twenty-five; they are more remarkable for her sweet, youthful beauty than for her whole evening, and every one offering her their tribute, I have fallen into the spirit of it myself. I'm sure she will smile at me, for you well know that I am

not at all in the habit of such things, but I really must give her a party. I have known her so long, almost since she could first run about, and I always loved the little creature so much! I feel as if I have almost a right to be proud of her myself. Have you any engagements for the beginning of next week? If not, unless you positively forbid it, I shall send out invitations at once."

"You are very kind, indeed, Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Goldsborough, smiling cordially, for she was a fond mother, and also was full of courtesy and amiability; "it will be an unexpected compliment to Julia. She will be flattered that your partiality for her is as warm as ever. We have no engagements for the first of next week. The parties with which my friends will try to spoil Julia do not come on so soon."

Her scheme having been not unfavorably received, Mrs. Smith whispered it to one and another, until it was known to half the company before they dispersed that Miss Goldsborough was to be *fixed* next by Mrs. Pelby Smith.

Our heroine ought to have overheard the conversation which took place at the late breakfast of Mrs. Goldsborough the following morning.

"You could hardly guess whom you have charmed into party intentions toward you, Julia," said Mrs. Goldsborough; "I suppose you have not heard? Mrs. Pelby Smith."

"Defend me from Mrs. Pelby Smith!" laughed Julia; "but are you in earnest, mamma?"

"Certainly, my dear; she told me last night that she intended to give you a party in the beginning of next week."

"That intolerable, toadying Mrs. Pelby Smith!" exclaimed young Frank Goldsborough; "I would not allow her to cover the iniquities of her ambition with my name, Julia, if I were you. Depend upon it, she has some sinister design in this thing."

"I agree with Frank," rejoined Miss Pendleton, Mrs. Goldsborough's sister; "such as elevating herself in society on your shoulders, Julia, or rather those of your family."

"Charity, charity! you know I don't like such remarks," interposed Mrs. Goldsborough, but with little show of severity; "we have no reason to decide that Mrs. Smith does not really mean a kindness. She always seemed very fond of Julia when she was a child."

"And so she would have appeared, mamma, if any other that might have happened to be a grandchild of General Pendleton and Judge Goldsborough. I had sense enough to understand her even then. She used to call me in on my way to school, to warm my hands, when they did not need it, and inquire after the health of my mother and grandmothers and grandfathers and aunts and uncles, and admire my clothes, and wish her little Jane was old enough to run to school with me, and flatter me on the beauty of my hair and eyes and complexion, in such a way that very few children would have been so stupid as not to have seen through it. Could you not have said something to discourage the new idea, mamma?"

"Not without rudeness, Julia, though, I confess, I would rather it could have been done. Even presuming that she is sincere in her professions of regard, I do not like the thought of a person in her circumstances going to what to her must be serious trouble and expense on our account. The easiest way to reconcile myself to it would be by believing with you all, that she has some personal motive in it."

At that same hour Mrs. Smith was immersed in her preliminary arrangements.

"I shall have to ask you to write some of the invitations, Cousin Sabina," said she to Miss Inledon; "I am not much in the habit of writing, even notes; and Pelby, who has not time to attend to it, says that you write a very pretty hand. Here are pen and paper to make out the list—I will give you the names. In the first place, there are all the Goldsboroughs and Pendletons, and Longacres, and Van Pelts—"

"You forget," interrupted Miss Inledon, "that it is necessary to name them individually."

"True, I had forgotten—I have so many things to think about. Beginning with the Goldsboroughs—Mrs., Miss, and Mr.; then General and Mrs. Pendleton, Miss Pendleton, Mr. and Mrs. John, Mr. and Mrs. Henry, and Mr. and Mrs. James Pendleton;" and so Mrs. Smith kept on in continuous nomenclature for a considerable time. It was only as she came down into the lower ranks of fashion, after a regular gradation, that she hesitated for a moment—and then her pauses grew longer and longer.

"Perhaps I can assist your memory, Cousin Sarah," said Miss Inledon; "I have seen several of your acquaintances, and have heard of a good many more; there is Mrs. Wills, with whom you were taking tea the evening of my arrival."

"I have reflected upon that, and conclude that I shall not ask Mrs. Wills," replied Mrs. Smith; "she is a plain person, and seldom goes to parties, which I can make a sufficient excuse for leaving her out, though, to be sure, she would come to mine, if I invited her; and to prevent her from being offended, I shall send for her a few days after to come socially to tea, with a few others of the same set. There will, of course, be plenty of refreshments left, and it will, therefore, be no additional expense."

"Then Mrs. Salisbury and her two daughters, who called yesterday."

"I believe not; they are not decidedly and exclusively of the first circle, though, as you seemed to consider them, quite superior women—very accomplished and agreeable. They have not much fortune, however, and have no connections here. On the whole, I do not see that any thing could be gained by inviting the Salisburys."

"I have not your neighbor, Mrs. Streeter down," observed Cousin Sabina.

"No; I don't see the necessity for having Mrs. Streeter; she is a good creature—very obliging when one needs a neighbor, in cases of sickness, or the like, but would be far from ornamental. I can have an excuse for omitting her in never having received an invitation from her—she does not give parties. She will be very well satisfied, I dare say,

if I send her a basket of fragments afterward. You must understand, Cousin Sabina, that as this is my first party, I mean it to be very select."

"Then you will also, I presume, leave out Mrs. Brownell."

"By no means; I calculate a great deal on Mrs. Brownell. She has the greatest quantity of elegant china and cut-glass, which it will be necessary for me to borrow. My own supply is rather limited, and I must depend chiefly on my acquaintances. It was on that account that I set down the Greelys. They have the largest lot of silver forks and spoons of any family I know—owing, it is whispered, to their having, where they came from, kept a fashionable boarding-house. Also, you may put down Mrs. Crabbe."

"Mrs. Crabbe?—did I not hear you describe her as a very low person?"

"Peculiarly so in her manners—but what am I to do? I must have persons to assist me; and Mrs. Crabbe makes the most beautiful jellies and the most delicious Charlotte-Russe I ever tasted. She has a natural talent for all sorts of nice cookery, and with my little experience in it, she will be of the greatest service to me. It saves a great deal to make every thing except the confectionary at home; and I shall go at once and ask Mrs. Crabbe if she will prepare the materials for my fruit-cake, and mix it up."

"You have said nothing about your Aunt Tomkins, of whom Cousin Pelby has talked to me, and of the different members of her family—they are to have invitations, of course?" suggested Miss Inledon.

"No—that is—I shall attend to it myself—I mean you need not mind;" and Mrs. Smith hurried to the door, beginning to perceive something she would rather escape in the countenance and interrogatories of Cousin Sabina. "Bless me!" she exclaimed, turning back, "I almost forgot—and what a mistake it would have been! put down Miss Debby Coggins; I should never have been forgiven if I had neglected her. She has a great many oddities, but she is related to all the first families, and one must keep on her right side. Have you the name?—Miss Deborah Coggins."

We shall not follow Mrs. Smith into the turmoil of her preparations, which would have been much more wearisome and bewildering, from her inexperience in getting up a large entertainment, had it not been for the good judgment and quiet activity of Miss Inledon, and which the night of fruition at last terminated.

All was ready, even the lighting of the rooms when Mrs. Smith, before commencing her own toilette, entered the apartment of her guest. Miss Inledon, who considered herself past the time of life for other than matronly decorations of the person, was laying out a handsome pelerine, and a tasteful cap, to wear with a rich, dark silk dress.

"My dear Cousin Sabina," said Mrs. Smith, "do help me out of a difficulty; I have no one to remain on duty in the supper-room, and there certainly ought to be some one to sit there and see that nothing is disturbed—for there is a great quantity of silver

here, mostly borrowed, and with so many strange servants about, I feel uneasy to leave it a moment."

"Are you not able to get some one for that service?" asked Miss Inledon.

"No, indeed; I thought of Aunt Tomkins, but the truth is, I could not request her to do it without sending invitations to the whole family, which I concluded would not be advisable: there are so many of them, and as they would not be acquainted with the rest of the company, it seemed best not to have any of them. I thought, too, of old Mrs. Joyce, who sometimes does quilting and knitting for me, but she as a large family of grandchildren, some of whom she always drags with her when she goes to where there is any thing good to eat; and it would never do to have them poking their fingers into the refreshments. So it struck me that perhaps you might oblige me. You don't appear to care for parties, and as you would be a stranger in the room, it is not likely you would have much enjoyment. Of course, I believed you would prefer the trouble of dressing, and taking your chance among the company, I would not ask it of you."

Nothing daunted by the glow of indignation which allowed a look of astonishment on the face of Cousin Sabina, she paused for a reply. After a moment's reflection, Miss Inledon answered calmly, "I am your guest, Sarah—dispose of me as you please;" and returning her cap and white gloves to their boxes, she refastened her wrapper to enter upon the office assigned to her.

The party passed off with the crowding, crushing, talking and eating common to parties. The supper was a handsome one—for Mr. Smith wisely decided that if the thing must be done at all, it should be done well—and therefore he had hinted no restrictions to his wife as to the expense. Many "regrets" had been sent in, but still Mrs. Smith was at the post she had coveted for years—that of receiving a fashionable assemblage in her own house; and if her choicest guests courted her notice as little as they would have done any where else, she was too much elated and flattered, and overheated to think about it. One of her principal concerns was to keep her eye on her husband, who, being a shy, timid man, with very little tact, was not much calculated for playing the host on such an occasion. He had, however, been doing better than she expected, when, a little before supper, he wandered through the crowd to where she was standing, for the moment, alone, and asked, "Where is Cousin Sabina?"

"In the supper-room. It is necessary at such times to have some one behind the scenes, and I had to get her to remain in the supper-room, to watch that things went on properly; and, in particular, to see that none of the silver was carried off, nor the refreshments wasted after supper."

Mr. Smith looked disturbed, and exclaimed, rather so loudly, "Is it possible that you could ask a woman like Sabina Inledon to do such a thing! one of my most respectable relations, and a visitor in my house?"

"Don't speak so loudly. I left out all my own re-

lations, and I dare say they would, any of them, have looked as creditably as Sabina Inledon. When we have established our own standing, Mr. Smith, it will be time enough for us to bring out such people as your Cousin Sabina. To be sure, if I had had any one to trust in her place, I should not have objected at all to her coming in."

Mrs. Smith was turning away, when she saw, at her elbow, Mrs. Goldsborough and Miss Pendleton, who must have overheard the conversation. To her it was the mortification of the evening.

The next morning at the breakfast-table Mrs. Smith was too much occupied in descanting upon the events of the night, describing the dresses, and detailing the commendations on different viands of the supper, to notice that Miss Inledon spoke but little, and when she did, with more dignity and gravity than usual. On rising from the table, she unlocked the sideboard, and taking from it a basket of silver, she said, "I would thank you, Cousin Sabina, to assort these forks and spoons for me. It will be something of a task, as they have to go to half a dozen different places. When you have got through I will look over them to see that all is right;" and she was hurrying off to commence some of the multifarious duties of the day.

"Excuse me, Sarah," said Miss Inledon; "I expect that a carriage will be here in a few minutes to take me into the country."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, looking disappointed and somewhat displeased; "I thought I should have your assistance in putting away things—I had no idea of your leaving us to-day."

"You may remember my telling you, Cousin Pelby," said Miss Inledon, addressing Mr. Smith, "that I would be but a few days with you. I took advantage of traveling in this direction to renew our old family intercourse; but the principal object of my journey was to visit a very particular friend, Mrs. Morgan Silsbee."

"Mrs. Morgan Silsbee!" said Mrs. Smith—"are you not mistaken, Cousin Sabina? I presume you mean Mrs. Edward Silsbee. Mrs. Morgan Silsbee lives ten or twelve miles out; their place is said to be magnificent, and I know that she and her husband drives a coach-and-four on state occasions. Mrs. Goldsborough made a splendid dinner for them a short time ago. Mrs. Edward Silsbee I have met often; I didn't know that you were acquainted with her."

"I am *not* acquainted with Mrs. Edward Silsbee," said Miss Inledon, with dignity; "I mean her sister-in-law, Mrs. Morgan Silsbee. She is an old friend of mine, and I have been under engagement to her since I met her last summer, at the Springs, to make this visit. I had a note from her last night, written from one of the hotels, saying that she would stop for me this morning at nine or ten o'clock—your party preventing her from calling in person."

Had a halo suddenly appeared around the head of Cousin Sabina, Mrs. Smith could hardly have changed her countenance and manner more markedly. "If I had only known it," she exclaimed,

"how gratified I should have been to have had an invitation, with my card, sent to her, and to have had her at my party. But, surely, Cousin Sabina, you will soon return to us?"

"I shall certainly pass through town on my way homeward, but will stop at a boarding-house," said Miss Inledon.

The conscious Mrs. Smith reddened violently, but was relieved by the interruption of a handsome carriage, though not the coach-and-four, stopping before her house. Miss Inledon stepped to the parlor-door, to answer the footman, who inquired for her.

"Mrs. Morgan Silsbee's compliments, ma'am," said the man, "and the carriage is at your service whenever you are ready. We are to take her up at Mrs. Goldsborough's, where she got out to wait for you."

It took but a moment for Cousin Sabina to reappear bonneted and shawled, and to have her baggage put on the carriage. Then kindly bidding Mr. Smith farewell, she gave her hand to his wife, escaping the embrace in preparation for her, and was rapidly driven away.

"You see there are some persons who can appreciate Cousin Sabina," said Mr. Smith; and afraid to wait for a reply, he hastened to his place of business.

"And so Cousin Sabina is the friend of Mrs. Morgan Silsbee, the friend of Mrs. Goldsborough!" said Mrs. Smith to herself, while a series of not very satisfactory reflections ran through her mind. But her attention was claimed by other things. What with putting away and distributing the fragments of the feast, washing and sending home table-furniture, gathering up candle ends, and other onerous duties, the day wore on. At last, late in the afternoon, with aching head and wearied limbs, she sat down in her rocking-chair in the dining-room to rest. A ring at the door-bell soon disturbed her. "Say I'm engaged, unless it is some person very particular," said she to the servant.

"It is Miss Debby Coggins, ma'am," said the colored girl, returning, with a grin; "I let her in, because she's very partic'lar."

Miss Deborah Coggins, from being connected in some way or other with each of the great families of the town, and having money enough not to be dependent on any of them, was what is called a privileged character—a class of individuals hard to be endured, unless they possess the specific virtue of good-nature, to which Miss Debby had no claim. She talked without ceasing, and her motto was to speak "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." She was of a thin figure, always dressed in rusty black silk, which must sometimes have been renewed or changed, though no one could ever tell when, and a velvet bonnet, of the same hue, with a peculiar lateral flare, which, however, was really made to look something like new once every three or four years. She wore a demi-wreath of frizzly, flaxen curls close above her shaggy eyebrows, which were of the same color; and her very long, distended nose was always filled with snuff,

which assisted in giving a trombone sound to as harsh a voice as ever passed through the lips of a woman.

She had drawn up the blinds, and opened the sash of the windows when Mrs. Smith entered the front parlor. "How're you this evening, Mrs. Smith?" said she, in answer to the bland welcome she received; "I was just telling your black girl that if you ever should happen to have a party again, she should open the rooms and have the air changed better the next day; and as you are not used to such things yourself, I thought I might as well let you know it, too. I raised the windows myself. Now," she added, "the room is too cold to sit in, and I would prefer going to your dining-room, or wherever you were when I came in."

"Certainly, certainly, Miss Debby," said Mrs. Smith, marshaling the way.

"Stop!" said Miss Debby, "I want to take a look at your wall paper—I never noticed it before. I can't say I like your taste; though, no doubt, you took it for the sake of economy—ugly papers sometimes go very cheap."

"You are quite mistaken, I assure you, Miss Debby," began Mrs. Smith, eagerly.

"Well, it's of no consequence," interrupted Miss Debby, "only I heard Matilda Shipley say yesterday, that there would be no use in dressing much for Mrs. Pelby Smith's party, as her low rooms, with their dingy, dirt-colored paper, could never be lighted up to make any one look well."

Mrs. Smith cleared her throat, but said nothing, recollecting by this time that all retort or explanation was lost upon Miss Deborah Coggins. To change the subject she remarked, "How disappointed I was at your not coming last night, my dear Miss Debby—one of the friends I most wished to see."

"I have been rather sorry myself that I did not come, since I heard that the party turned out better than could have been expected. I supposed that there would have been a great many here that I did not know, and that my own set, mostly, would have stayed away, like myself, not caring much to meet them."

"What an idea, Miss Debby! there was scarcely one in the room that you did not know. My company was very select."

"So I was told to-day. Mrs. William Van Pelt said that you had invited every body that would not thank you, and, as she had been told, had left out those that had the best right to expect invitations. I should like to have had a share of the supper," continued Miss Debby. "I heard that you had worried yourself nearly to death preparing it, and that it was really good, considering that you were not used to such things. Young John Pendleton said that it made him some little amends for being forced to go to a place where he made a mistake every time he addressed his entertainers and called them Joneses."

Sorely wincing as Mrs. Smith was, she did not forget Miss Debby's notoriety for following close upon the heels of a party for a share of the good

things left. Accordingly, she opened her sideboard, and produced a choice variety of her store.

"I suppose it is too late to get some of the ice cream?" said Miss Debby, losing no time in attacking what was set before her; "you have used it, or let the ice run out, I dare say?—though, now that I think of it, I made up my mind that I would not care to have any of it, for old Mrs. Longacre told me that what she got was bitter, from being made partly of milk, she supposed, that had been burnt in boiling."

This was more than Mrs. Smith could stand. "It is totally erroneous!" she exclaimed; "I used none but the purest cream, and that without boiling; I don't know how the old lady could have made such a mistake, unless it was that she got some of the almond, which, perhaps, had too much of the bitter-almond flavor for her taste."

"Perhaps so; and she said that she did not venture to taste the Charlotte-Russe, fearing it might turn out to be nothing but sponge-cake and custard, without jelly or whipped cream. But if it was all like this, nobody could complain of it;" and, absorbed in the gratification of her palate, Miss Debby gave her auditor a few minutes respite.

"Your party, on the whole, made something of a talk, Mrs. Smith," she resumed.

Mrs. Smith bowed and smiled, taking the observation for a compliment.

"I was out making calls the day the invitations went round. You know making calls is a business with me, when I undertake it. I commence directly after breakfast, and keep on till night, eating my dinner wherever I suppose dinner chances to be ready. Well, the first I heard of your intentions was from Mrs. Harvey, who said she wondered you could think yourself under obligations to give a party to Julia Goldsborough, though, to be sure, like some other of your devices, she supposed that was only a *ruse*; and she was surprised that the Goldsboroughs were willing to be cat's paws to help you along in 'society.'"

Mrs. Smith's face grew as red as the *bon bon* paper she was nervously twisting.

"That was to Mrs. Nicolas and me," pursued Miss Debby; "and Mrs. Nicolas wondered how upon earth the Pelby Smiths could afford to give a party at all. She concluded that you would have to live on bacon and potatoes for the remainder of the season, to retrieve the cost, and would have to turn that changeable silk of yours the third time."

"Oh, I don't mind what people say," observed Mrs. Smith, with a distorted smile.

"I know you don't, or, at least, that you don't resent any thing toward persons of such standing as those two, or I would not have repeated the conversation. But, is it true, that you had some trouble to get the party out of your husband?"

"Mr. Smith and I always act in concert," said Mrs. Smith, looking dutiful.

"Do you? well, that's a happy thing. I understood quite the contrary, though, that you always carried the day, from what Mrs. Joe Culpepper said.

I was at her house when your invitation came in, and after she had opened it, she exclaimed, with her sly laugh, "Only think, Miss Debby, that manoeuvring, pushing Mrs. Pelby Smith has at last worried her poor husband into giving a party!" and from the way she pitied Mr. Smith, I inferred she must have some reason to believe that if you did not wield a pretty high hand, he would not be quite such a man of wax as he seems."

Had Miss Debby been any thing less than a relation in common to the "Goldsboroughs, the Pendletons, the Longacres, and the Van Polts," Mrs. Smith would have been tempted to request her to leave the house; but as it was, her policy taught her to endure whatever Miss Debby might choose to inflict. So she leaned back hopelessly in her chair, while the old lady snapped and cracked a plate of candied fruits with a vigor of which her teeth looked incapable.

"Had you any of your borrowed things broken?—for I heard that you had to borrow nearly every thing," resumed her torturer.

"Not any thing at all but two or three plates, which can easily be replaced," replied Mrs. Smith, not knowing what next to expect on that point. But Miss Debby tacked about.

"I believe," said she, "you had a visiter staying with you for a few days?"

"Yes—a cousin of Mr. Smith's—Miss Sabina Incedon—"

"That's the name," interrupted Miss Debby, nodding; "the person that went out home with Mrs. Morgan Silsbee, this morning, I presume?"

"The same," replied Mrs. Smith, feeling her consequence looking up; "Cousin Sabina is a very particular friend of Mrs. Morgan Silsbee, who for a long time had been soliciting the visit."

"Then, surely, she could not have been the person you set to watching the kitchen and supper-room! Susan Goldsborough and Lydia Pendleton were talking about it, and repeating to each other what they overheard of a conversation between yourself and your husband, who seemed greatly shocked that you had done it. Susan Goldsborough remarked that if she had known that you had so little sense as to undervalue such a woman in that way, or so little feeling and good-breeding as to violate the laws of common hospitality and politeness so grossly, she would assuredly have declined the party for Julia when you proposed it to her."

Mrs. Smith had grown quite pale, and could only answer tremulously, "What a misconception!—dear me—it was Cousin Sabina's wish—how strange a mistake."

"It certainly is strange if they were so mistaken, and stranger still that a woman of so much dignity, and so accustomed to society as Miss Incedon, should have preferred watching your servants to taking her proper place among your guests. I thought to myself whilst they were talking, that it seemed hardly consistent with your usual way of doing things, to put upon such duty a person who in all probability would soon be Mrs. Colonel Raynot, and



the aunt of Mrs. Morgan Silsbee. I should n't wonder if the match came off in a month."

"Cousin Sabina likely to be married in a month!—and to Colonel Raynor!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, startled out of her usual tact, and her lips growing yet bluer.

"Bless me! didn't you know the story?" said Miss Debby, in her turn looking surprised; "they met last summer at the Springs, and the colonel was so pleased with her unpretending good sense, excellent principles, and superior mental cultivation, that he proposed to her before she went away. She deferred her answer until she and his children should have become acquainted. You know he is a widower with three daughters—two of them married. She has been in correspondence ever since with Mrs. Morgan Silsbee, the colonel's niece, who has been trying to make the match, and who, that her cousins may meet her, has insisted upon the present visit. They are lovely young women, the daughters, whom she cannot fail to like, and as they know how to appreciate such a woman as Miss Incedon, there is no doubt of the marriage taking place. It will be a great thing for you, Mrs. Smith; the connection will do more for you than a dozen parties. And such a charming place as you will have to visit! The colonel lives like a prince, and at only a few hours' drive from here. You can go there in the summer with your children, and meet a constant run of company more choice than at a watering-place, and all without any expense. When your cousin comes back to town, be sure to let me know, that I may call upon her. Susan Goldsborough is fretted

enough that she was not apprised of her being here, and so are some of the Longacres; they blame you with it all."

Mrs. Smith did not attempt to reply, and Miss Debby rose to go.

"It is getting late," said she, "and I must walk. If you have no objection I will take those slices of fruit and almond cake, and a paper of candied fruit and *bon bons* with me—and perhaps you can spare some more Malaga grapes—or could you send them home for me by one of your servants? I should like to stop at Susan Goldsborough's to tell her that you knew nothing about the good fortune in prospect for your cousin, and it is probable she will wish me to stay for tea."

Mrs. Smith restrained herself until she had escorted her visitor to the door, and then returning to her rocking-chair, she indulged in a fit of weeping that looked very much like hysterics. Her most prominent thought was, "If I had only given the party to Cousin Sabina!"

This she had ample opportunity to reiterate—for time proved to her that the prime object of her grand effort had failed—those who comprised her select party never including her in any of theirs. More particularly did it recur to her, when, some months afterward, Mrs. Colonel Raynor, though she sometimes stopped to exchange a few kindly words with Mr. Smith at his place of business, evaded every invitation to his dwelling, while she went the rounds of sumptuous fêting among the Goldsboroughs, Peddletons, Longacres & Co.

## SPIRIT-VOICES.

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

"HAST thou heard ever a spirit-voice,  
As in morning's hour it stole  
Speaking to thee from the home of its choice,  
Deep in the unfathomed soul:  
Telling of things that the ear hath not heard,  
Neither the mind conceived;  
Bringing a balm in each gentle word  
Unto the heart bereaved?"

O, I have heard it in days of the spring,  
When gladness and joy were rife.  
'T was a voice of hope, that came whispering  
Its story of strength and life.  
It told me that seasons of vigor and mirth  
Follow the night of pain;  
And the heaven-born soul, like the flowers of earth,  
Withers, to live again!

"Hast thou heard ever a spirit-voice,  
At the sunny hour of noon;  
Bidding the soul in its light rejoice,  
For the darkness cometh soon:  
Telling of blossoms that early bloom  
And as early pine and fade;  
And the bright hopes that must find a tomb  
In the dark, approaching shade?"

Yes, I have heard it in summer's hour,  
When the year was in its strength:  
'T was a voice of faith, and it spoke with power  
Of joys that shall come at length.  
It told how the holy and beautiful gain  
Fruition of peace and love;  
And the blest ones, freed from this world of pain,  
Flourish and ripen above.

"Hast thou heard ever a spirit-voice,  
At the solemn noon of night,  
When the fair visions of memory rise  
Robed in their fancied light.  
When the loved forms that are cold and dead  
Pass in their train sad and slow;  
And the waking soul, from its pleasures fled,  
Turns to its present wo?"

Oft have I heard it when day was o'er;  
And the welcome tones I knew:  
Like the voices of those who have gone before,  
The Beautiful and the True.  
And it turned my thoughts to that blissful time  
When ceaseth cold winter's breath;  
When the free spirit shall seek that clime  
Where there is no more death.

## THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool  
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but  
Travelers must be content. AS YOU LIKE IT.

THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," ETC.

tered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(Concluded from page 98.)

### PART XVII.

The trusting heart's repose, the paradise  
Of home, with all its loves, doth fate allow  
The crown of glory unto woman's brow.  
MRS. HEMANS.

It has again become necessary to advance the story; and we shall take the occasion thus offered to give a few explanations touching certain events which have been passed over without notice.

The reason why Capt. Mull did not chase the wreck of the brig in the Poughkeepsie herself, was the necessity of waiting for his own boats that were endeavoring to regain the sloop-of-war. It would have been done to abandon them, inasmuch as the men were so much exhausted by the pull to windward, that when they reached the vessel all were relieved from duty for the rest of the day. As soon, however, as the other boats were hoisted in, or run down to join the cutter of Wallace, which was endeavoring to keep its position, as much as possible, making short tacks under close-reefed lugs.

Spike had been received on board the sloop-of-war, and put into her sick bay, and put under the care of the surgeon and his assistants. From the first, these gentlemen pronounced the hurt mortal. The wounded man was insensible most of the time, until the ship beat up and gone into Key West, where he was referred to the regular hospital, as has already been mentioned.

When the wreckers went out the moment the news of the calamity of the Swash reached their ears. Some went in quest of the doubloons of the schooner, and others to pick up any thing valuable that might be recovered in the neighborhood of the stranded brig. It may be mentioned here, that not much was ever observed from the brigantine, with the exception of a spar, the sails, and a little rigging; but, in the morning the schooner was raised, by means of the chain she had placed around her, the cabin was ransacked, the doubloons were recovered. As there was no one to claim the money, it was quietly divided among the conscientious citizens present at its raising "the glimpses of the moon," making gold a reality.

The doubloons in the yawl would have been lost but for the sagacity of Mulford. He too well knew the character of Spike to believe he would quit the brig without taking the doubloons with him. Acquainted with the boat, he examined the little locker in the stern-sheets, and found the two bags, one of which was probably the lawful property of Capt. Spike, while the other, in truth, belonged to the Mexican government. The last contained the most gold, but the first amounted to a sum that our young mate knew to be very considerable. Rose had made him acquainted with the sex of Jack Tier since their own marriage; and he at once saw that the claims to the gold in question, of this uncouth wife, who was so soon to be a widow, might prove to be as good in law, as they unquestionably were in morals. On representing the facts of the case to Capt. Mull and the legal functionaries at Key West, it was determined to relinquish this money to the heirs of Spike, as, indeed, they must have done under process, there being no other claimant. These doubloons, however, did not amount to the full price of the flour and powder that composed the cargo of the Swash. The cargo had been purchased with Mexican funds; and all that Spike or his heirs could claim, was the high freight for which he had undertaken the delicate office of transporting those forbidden articles, contraband of war, to the Dry Tortugas.

Mulford by this time was high in the confidence and esteem of all on board the Poughkeepsie. He had frankly explained his whole connection with Spike, not even attempting to conceal the reluctance he had felt to betray the brig after he had fully ascertained the fact of his commander's treason. The manly gentlemen with whom he was now brought in contact entered into his feelings, and admitted that it was an office no one could desire, to turn against the craft in which he sailed. It is true, they could not and would not be traitors, but Mulford had stopped far short of this; and the distinction between such a character and that of an informer was wide enough to satisfy all their scruples.

Then Rose had the greatest success with the gentlemen of the Poughkeepsie. Her youth, beauty, and modesty, told largely in her favor; and the simple,

womanly affection she unconsciously betrayed in behalf of Harry, touched the heart of every observer. When the intelligence of her aunt's fate reached her, the sorrow she manifested was so profound and natural, that every one sympathized with her grief. Nor would she be satisfied unless Mulford would consent to go in search of the bodies. The latter knew the hopelessness of such an excursion, but he could not refuse to comply. He was absent on that melancholy duty, therefore, at the moment of the scene related in our last chapter, and did not return until after that which we are now about to lay before the reader. Mrs. Budd, Biddy, and all of those who perished after the yawl got clear of the reef, were drowned in deep water, and no more was ever seen of any of them; or, if wreckers did pass them, they did not stop to bury the dead. It was different, however, with those who were first sacrificed to Spike's selfishness. They were drowned on the reef, and Harry did actually recover the bodies of the Señor Montefalderon, and of Josh, the steward. They had washed upon a rock that is bare at low water. He took them both to the Dry Tortugas, and had them interred along with the other dead at that place. Don Juan was placed side by side with his unfortunate countryman, the master of his equally unfortunate schooner.

While Harry was absent and thus employed, Rose wept much and prayed more. She would have felt herself almost alone in the world, but for the youth to whom she had so recently, less than a week before, plighted her faith in wedlock. That new tie, it is true, was of sufficient importance to counteract many of the ordinary feelings of her situation; and she now turned to it as the one which absorbed most of the future duties of her life. Still she missed the kindness, the solicitude, even the weaknesses of her aunt; and the terrible manner in which Mrs. Budd had perished, made her shudder with horror whenever she thought of it. Poor Biddy, too, came in for her share of the regrets. This faithful creature, who had been in the relict's service ever since Rose's infancy, had become endeared to her, in spite of her uncouth manners and confused ideas, by the warmth of her heart, and the singular truth of her feelings. Biddy, of all her family, had come alone to America, leaving behind her not only brothers and sisters, but parents living. Each year did she remit to the last a moiety of her earnings, and many a half-dollar that had come from Rose's pretty little hand, had been converted into gold, and forwarded on the same pious errand to the green island of her nativity. Ireland, unhappy country! at this moment what are not the dire necessities of thy poor! Here, from the midst of abundance, in a land that God has blessed in its productions far beyond the limits of human wants, a land in which famine was never known, do we at this moment hear thy groans, and listen to tales of suffering that to us seem almost incredible. In the midst of these chilling narratives, our eyes fall on an appeal to the English nation, that appears in what it is the fashion of some to term the first journal of Europe (!) in behalf of thy suffering people. *A worthy appeal to the charity of England seldom*

fails; but it seems to us that one sentiment of this might have been altered, if not spared. The English are asked to be "*forgetful of the past*," and to come forward to the relief of their suffering fellow-subjects. We should have written "*mindful of the past*," in its stead. We say this in charity, as well as in truth. We come of English blood, and if we claim to share in all the ancient renown of that warlike and enlightened people, we are equally bound to share in the reproaches that original misgovernment has inflicted on thee. In this latter sense, then, thou hast a right to our sympathies, and they are not withheld.

As has been already said, we now advance the time eight-and-forty hours, and again transfer the scene to that room in the hospital which was occupied by Spike. The approaches of death, during the interval just named, had been slow but certain. The surgeons had announced that the wounded man could not possibly survive the coming night; and he himself had been made sensible that his end was near. It is scarcely necessary to add that Stephen Spike, conscious of his vigor and strength, in command of his brig, and bent on the pursuits of worldly gains, or of personal gratification, was a very different person from him who now lay stretched on his pallet in the hospital of Key West, a dying man. By the side of his bed still sat his strange nurse, less peculiar in appearance, however, than when last seen by the reader.

Rose Budd had been ministering to the ungainly externals of Jack Tier. She now wore a cap, thus concealing the short, gray bristles of hair, and lending to her countenance a little of that softness which is a requisite of female character. Some attention had also been paid to the rest of her attire; and Jack was, altogether, less repulsive in her exterior than when, unaided, she had attempted to resume the proper garb of her sex. Use and association, too, had contributed a little to revive her woman's nature, if we may so express it, and she had begun, in particular, to feel the sort of interest in her patient which we all come in time to entertain toward any object of our especial care. We do not mean that Jack had absolutely ever ceased to love her husband; strange as it may seem, such had not literally been the case; on the contrary, her interest in him and in his welfare had never ceased, even while she saw his vices and detested his crimes; but all we wish to say here is, that she was getting, in addition to the long-enduring feelings of a wife, some of the interest of a nurse.

During the whole time which had elapsed between Jack's revealing her true character, and the moment of which we are now writing, Spike had not once spoken to his wife. Often had she caught his eyes intently riveted on her, when he would turn them away, as she feared, in distaste; and once or twice he groaned deeply, more like a man who suffered mental than bodily pain. Still the patient did not speak once in all the time mentioned. We should be representing poor Jack as possessing more philosophy, or less feeling, than the truth would warrant, were we to say she was not hurt at this conduct in

her husband. On the contrary, she felt it deeply; and more than once it had so far subdued her pride, as to cause her bitterly to weep. This shedding of tears, however, was of service to Jack in one sense, for it had the effect of renewing old impressions, and in a certain way, of reviving the nature of her sex within her—a nature which had been sadly weakened by her past life.

But the hour had at length come when this long and painful silence was to be broken. Jack and Rose were alone with the patient, when the last again spoke to his wife.

"Molly—poor Molly!" said the dying man, his voice continuing full and deep to the last, "what a sad time you must have had of it after I did you that wrong!"

"It is hard upon a woman, Stephen, to turn her out, helpless, on a cold and selfish world," answered Jack, simply, much too honest to affect reserve she did not feel.

"It was hard, indeed; may God forgive me for it, as I hope *you* do, Molly."

No answer was made to this appeal; and the invalid looked anxiously at his wife. The last sat at her work, which had now got to be less awkward to her, with her eyes bent on her needle, and her countenance rigid, and so far as the eye could discern, her feelings unmoved.

"Your husband speaks to you, Jack Tier," said Rose, pointedly.

"May *yours* never have occasion to speak to you, Rose Budd, in the same way," was the solemn answer. "I do not flatter myself that I ever was as comely as you, or that yonder poor dying wretch was a Harry Mulford in his youth; but we were young and happy, and respected once, and loved each other; yet you see what it all come to!"

Rose was silenced, though she had too much tenderness in behalf of her own youthful and manly bridegroom to dread a fate similar to that which had overtaken poor Jack. Spike now seemed disposed to say something, and she went to the side of his bed, followed by her companion, who kept a little in the back-ground, as if unwilling to let the emotion she really felt be seen, and, perhaps, conscious that her ungainly appearance did not aid her in recovering the lost affections of her husband.

"I have been a very wicked man, I fear," said Spike, earnestly.

"There are none without sin," answered Rose. "Place your reliance on the mediation of the Son of God, and sins even far deeper than yours may be pardoned."

The captain stared at the beautiful speaker, but self-indulgence, the incessant pursuit of worldly and selfish objects for forty years, and the habits of a life into which the thought of God and the dread hereafter never entered, had encased his spiritual being in a sort of brazen armor, through which no ordinary blow of conscience could penetrate. Still he had fearful glimpses of recent events, and his soul, hanging as it was over the abyss of eternity, was troubled.

14\*

"What has become of your aunt?" half whispered Spike—"my old captain's widow. She ought to be here; and Don Wan Montezuma—where is he?"

Rose turned aside to conceal her tears—but no one answered the questions of the dying man. Then a gleaming of childhood shot into the recollection of Spike, and, clasping his hands, he tried to pray. But, like others who have lived without any communication with their Creator through long lives of apathy to his existence and laws, thinking only of the present time, and daily, hourly sacrificing principles and duty to the narrow interests of the moment, he now found how hard it is to renew communications with a being who has been so long neglected. The fault lay in himself, however, for a gracious ear was open, even over the death-bed of Stephen Spike, could that rude spirit only bring itself to ask for mercy in earnestness and truth. As his companions saw his struggles, they left him for a few minutes to his own thoughts.

"Molly," Spike at length uttered, in a faint tone, the voice of one conscious of being very near his end, "I hope you will forgive me, Molly. I know you must have had a hard, hard time of it."

"It is hard for a woman to unsex herself, Stephen; to throw off her very nature, as it might be, and to turn man."

"It has changed you sadly—even your speech is altered. Once your voice was soft and womanish—more like that of Rose Budd's than it is now."

"I speak as they speak among whom I've been forced to live. The fore-castle and steward's pantry, Stephen Spike, are poor schools to send women to learn language in."

"Try and forget it all, poor Molly! Say to me, so that I can hear you, 'I forget and forgive, Stephen.' I am afraid God will not pardon my sins, which begin to seem dreadful to me, if my own wife refuse to forget and forgive, on my dying bed."

Jack was much mollified by this appeal. Her interest in her offending husband had never been entirely extinguished. She had remembered him, and often with woman's kindness, in all her wanderings and sufferings, as the preceding parts of our narrative must show; and though resentment had been mingled with the grief and mortification she felt at finding how much he still submitted to Rose's superior charms, in a breast as really generous and humane as that of Jack Tier's, such a feeling was not likely to endure in the midst of a scene like that she was now called to witness. The muscles of her countenance twitched, the hard-looking, tanned face began to lose its sternness, and every way she appeared like one profoundly disturbed.

"Turn to Him whose goodness and mercy may serve you, Stephen," she said, in a milder and more feminine tone than she had used now for years, making her more like herself than either her husband or Rose had seen her since the commencement of the late voyage; "my sayin' that I forget and forgive cannot help a man on his death-bed."

"It will settle my mind, Molly, and leave me free to turn my thoughts to God."

Jack was much affected; more by the countenance and manner of the sufferer, perhaps, than by his words. She drew nearer to the side of her husband's pallet, knelt, took his hands, and said solemnly,

"Stephen Spike, from the bottom of my heart, I do forgive you; and I shall pray to God that he will pardon your sins as freely and more mercifully than I now pardon all, and try to forget all that you have done to me."

Spike clasped his hands, and again he tried to pray; but the habits of a whole life are not to be thrown off at will; and he who endeavors to regain, in his extremity, the moments that have been lost, will find, in bitter reality, that he has been heaping mountains on his own soul, by the mere practice of sin, which were never laid there by the original fall of his race. Jack, however, had disburthened her spirit of a load that had long oppressed it, and, burying her face in the rug, she wept.

"I wish, Molly," said the dying man, several minutes later, "I wish I had never seen the brig. Until I got that craft, no thought of wronging human being ever crossed my mind."

"It was the Father of Lies that tempts all to do evil, Stephen, and not the brig which caused the sins."

"I wish I could live a year longer—*only* one year; that is not much to ask for a man who is not yet sixty."

"It is hopeless, poor Stephen. The surgeons say you cannot live one day."

Spike groaned; for the past, blended fearfully with the future, gleamed on his conscience with a brightness that appalled him. And what is that future, which is to make us happy or miserable through an endless vista of time? Is it not composed of an existence, in which conscience, released from the delusions and weaknesses of the body, sees all in its true colors, appreciates all, and punishes all? Such an existence would make every man the keeper of the record of his own transgressions, even to the most minute exactness. It would of itself mete out perfect justice, since the sin would be seen amid its accompanying facts, every aggravating or extenuating circumstance. Each man would be strictly punished according to his talents. As no one is without sin, it makes the necessity of an atonement indispensable, and, in its most rigid interpretation, it exhibits the truth of the scheme of salvation in the clearest colors. The soul, or conscience, that can admit the necessary degree of faith in that atonement, and in admitting, *feels* its efficacy, throws the burthen of its own transgressions away, and remains forever in the condition of its original existence, pure, and consequently happy.

We do not presume to lay down a creed on this mighty and mysterious matter, in which all have so deep an interest, and concerning which so very small a portion of the human race think much, or think with any clearness when it does become the subject of their passing thoughts at all. We too well know our own ignorance to venture on dogmas which *it has probably been intended that the mind of man*

should not yet grapple with and comprehend. To return to our subject.

Stephen Spike was now made to feel the incubus-load, which perseverance in sin heaps on the breast of the reckless offender. What was the most grievous of all, his power to shake off this dead weight was diminished in precisely the same proportion as the burthen was increased, the moral force of every man lessening in a very just ratio to the magnitude of his delinquencies. Bitterly did this deep offender struggle with his conscience, and little did his half-unsexed wife know how to console or aid him. Jack had been superficially instructed in the dogmas of her faith, in childhood and youth, as most persons are instructed in what are termed Christian communities—had been made to learn the Catechism, the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed—and had been left to set up for herself on this small capital, in the great concern of human existence, on her marriage and entrance on the active business of life. When the manner in which she had passed the last twenty years is remembered, no one can be surprised to learn that Jack was of little assistance to her husband in his extremity. Rose made an effort to administer hope and consolation, but the terrible nature of the struggle she witnessed, induced her to send for the chaplain of the Poughkeepsie. This divine prayed with the dying man; but even he, in the last moments of the sufferer, was little more than a passive but shocked witness of remorse, suspended over the abyss of eternity in hopeless dread. We shall not enter into the details of the revolting scene, but simply add that curses, blasphemy, tremulous cries for mercy, agonized entreaties to be advised, and sullen defiance, were all strangely and fearfully blended. In the midst of one of these revolting paroxysms Spike breathed his last. A few hours later his body was interred in the sands of the shore. It may be well to say in this place, that the hurricane of 1846, which is known to have occurred only a few months later, swept off the frail covering and that the body was washed away to leave its bones among the wrecks and relics of the Florida Reef.

Mulford did not return from his fruitless expedition in quest of the remains of Mrs. Budd, until after the death and interment of Spike. As nothing remained to be done at Key West, he and Rose accompanied by Jack Tier, took passage for Charleston in the first convenient vessel that offered. Two days before they sailed, the Poughkeepsie went out to cruise in the gulf, agreeably to her general orders. The evening previously Capt. Mull, Wallace, and the chaplain, passed with the bridegroom and bride, when the matter of the doubloons found in the boat was discussed. It was agreed that Jack Tier should have them; and into her hands the bag was now placed. On this occasion, to oblige the officers, Jack went into a narrative of all she had seen and suffered, from the moment when abandoned by her late husband down to that when she found him again. It was a strange account, and one filled with surprising adventures. In most of the vessels in

which she had served, Jack had acted in the steward's department, though she had frequently done duty as a fore-mast hand. In strength and skill she admitted that she had often failed; but in courage, never. Having been given reason to think her husband was reduced to serving in a vessel of war, she had shipped on board a frigate bound to the Mediterranean, and had actually made a whole cruise as a ward-room boy on that station. While thus employed she had met with two of the gentlemen present; Capt. Mull and Mr. Wallace. The former was then first lieutenant of the frigate, and the latter a passed-midshipman; and in these capacities both had been well known to her. As the name she then bore was the same as that under which she now "hailed," these officers were soon made to recollect her, though Jack was no longer the light, trim-built lad he had then appeared to be. Neither of the gentlemen named had made the whole cruise in the ship, but each had been promoted and transferred to another craft, after being Jack's shipmate rather more than a year. This information greatly facilitated the affair of the doubloons.

From Charleston the travelers came north by railroad. Harry made several stops by the way, in order to divert the thoughts of his beautiful young bride from dwelling too much on the fate of her aunt. He knew that home would revive all these recollections painfully, and wished to put off the hour of their return, until time had a little weakened Rose's regrets. For this reason, he passed a whole week in Washington, though it was a season of the year that the place is not in much request. Still, Washington is scarce a town, at any season. It is much the fashion to deride the American capital, and to treat it as a place of very humble performance with very sounding pretensions. Certainly, Washington has very few of the peculiarities of a great European capital, but few as these are, they are more than belong to any other place in this country. We now allude to the *distinctive* characteristics of a capital, and not to a mere concentration of houses and shops within a given space. In this last respect, Washington is much behind fifty other American towns, even while it is the only place in the whole republic which possesses specimens of architecture, on a scale approaching that of the higher classes of the edifices of the old world. It is totally deficient in churches, and theatres, and markets; or those it does possess are, in an architectural sense, not at all above the level of village or country-town pretensions, but one or two of its national edifices do approach the magnificence and grandeur of the old world. The new Treasury Buildings are unquestionably, on the score of size, embellishments and finish, the American edifice that comes nearest to first class architecture on the other side of the Atlantic. The Capitol comes next, though it can scarce be ranked, relatively, as high. As for the White House, it is every way sufficient for its purposes and the institutions; and now that its grounds are finished, and the shrubbery and trees begin to tell, one sees about it something that is not unworthy of its high uses and origin.

Those grounds, which so long lay a reproach to the national taste and liberality, are now fast becoming beautiful, are already exceedingly pretty, and give to a structure that is destined to become historical, having already associated with it the names of Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, and Quincy Adams, together with the *ci pollai* of the later Presidents, an *entourage* that is suitable to its past recollections and its present purposes. They are not quite on a level with the parks of London, it is true; or even with the Tuileries, or Luxembourg, or the Boboli, or the Villa Reale, or fifty more grounds and gardens, of a similar nature, that might be mentioned; but, seen in the spring and early summer, they adorn the building they surround, and lend to the whole neighborhood a character of high civilization, that no other place in America can show, in precisely the same form, or to the same extent.

This much have we said on the subject of the White House and its precincts, because we took occasion, in a former work, to berate the narrow-minded parsimony which left the grounds of the White House in a condition that was discreditable to the republic. How far our philippic may have hastened the improvements which have been made, is more than we shall pretend to say, but having made the former strictures, we are happy to have an occasion to say (though nearly twenty years have intervened between the expressions of the two opinions) that they are no longer merited.

And here we will add another word, and that on a subject that is not sufficiently pressed on the attention of a people, who, by position, are unavoidably provincial. We invite those whose gorges rise at any stricture on any thing American, and who fancy it is enough to belong to the great republic to be great in itself, to place themselves in front of the State Department, as it now stands, and to examine its dimensions, material and form with critical eyes; then to look along the adjacent Treasury Buildings, to fancy them completed, by a junction with new edifices of a similar construction to contain the department of state; next to fancy similar works completed for the two opposite departments; after which, to compare the past and present with the future as thus finished, and remember how recent has been the partial improvement which even now exists. If this examination and comparison do not show, directly to the sense of sight, how much there was and is to criticise, as put in contrast with other countries, we shall give up the individuals in question, as too deeply dyed in the provincial wool ever to be whitened. The present Trinity church, New York, certainly not more than a third class European church, if as much, compared with its village-like predecessor, may supply a practical homily of the same degree of usefulness. There may be those among us, however, who fancy it patriotism to maintain that the old Treasury Buildings were quite equal to the new, and of these intense Americans we cry their mercy!

Rose felt keenly on reaching her late aunt's very neat dwelling in Fourteenth Street, New York. But

the manly tenderness of Mulford was a great support to her, and a little time brought her to think of that weak-minded, but well-meaning and affectionate relative, with gentle regret, rather than with grief. Among the connections of her young husband, she found several females of a class in life certainly equal to her own, and somewhat superior to the latter in education and habits. As for Harry, he very gladly passed the season with his beautiful bride, though a fine ship was laid down for him, by means of Rose's fortune, now much increased by her aunt's death, and he was absent in Europe when his son was born; an event that occurred only two months since.

The Swash, and the shipment of gunpowder, were thought of no more in the good town of Manhattan. This great emporium—we beg pardon, this great *commercial* emporium—has a trick of forgetting; condensing all interests into those of the present moment. It is much addicted to believing that which never had an existence, and of overlooking that which is occurring directly *under its nose*. So marked is this tendency to forgetfulness, we should not be surprised to hear some of the Manhattanese pretend that our legend is nothing but a fiction, and deny the existence of the Molly, Capt. Spike, and even of Biddy Noon. But we know them too well to mind what

they say, and shall go on and finish our narrative in our own way, just as if there were no such raven-throated commentators at all.

Jack Tier, still known by that name, lives in the family of Capt. Mulford. She is fast losing the tan on her face and hands, and every day is improving in appearance. She now habitually wears her proper attire, and is dropping gradually into the feelings and habits of her sex. She never can become what she once was, any more than the blackamoor can become white, or the leopard change his spots; but she is no longer revolting. She has left off chewing and smoking, having found a refuge in snuff. Her hair is permitted to grow, and is already turned up with a comb, though constantly concealed beneath a cap. The heart of Jack, alone, seems unaltered. The strange, tiger-like affection that she bore for Spike, during twenty years of abandonment, has disappeared in regrets for his end. It is succeeded by a most sincere attachment for Rose, in which the little boy, since his appearance on the scene, is becoming a large participator. This child Jack is beginning to love intensely; and the doubloons, well invested, placing her above the feeling of dependence, she is likely to end her life, once so errant and disturbed, in tranquillity and a home-like happiness.

## THE BELLE.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

SHE stands before the mirror—she is fair,  
And soft the light within her beaming eyes,  
But unshed tears are slowly gathering there,  
Like passing clouds that float o'er summer skies;  
Her cheek is wan, as blanched by thoughts of pain,  
And on her snowy brow a shadow sleeps:  
Are such surpassing gifts bestowed in vain?—  
The pale, sad beauty turns aside and weeps!

Long, long in anguish flows the burning tide—  
Dark storms of feeling sweep across her breast—  
In loneliness there needs no mask of pride—  
To nerve the soul, and veil the heart's unrest,  
Amid the crowd her glances brightly beam,  
Her smiles with undimmed lustre sweetly shine:  
The haunting visions of life's fevered dream  
The cold and careless seek not to divine.

Night after night unheeded glides away  
'Mid mirth and music, flattery's whispered tone,  
Her dreary penance—ever to be gay,  
Yet longing, oh! how oft—to be alone;  
But when all other hearts seek needful rest,  
And heavy sleep the saddest eyelids close,  
Her dreams are those the wretched only know,  
As memory o'er her soul its shadow's throw.

Friends that had shared her girlhood's happier day,  
And forms now mingling with the dust arise,  
The early loved recalled with pensive tears,  
*Though once in pride half scorned and lightly prized;*

Fair pictured scenes long vanished from her sight,  
Soft tones of songs and voices loved of yore.  
And words of tenderness and looks of light,  
And fresh young hopes that bloom for her no more.

But this one hour has crowned in deep despair  
The many sorrows of life's galling chain,  
Yet amid those sighs that rend her aching soul  
The heart's wild struggle is not felt in vain,  
For she has turned to Him whose smile can cheer  
The darkened mind and hopes lost light reveal,  
And learns to feel 'mid trembling doubt and fear—  
That His whose power can wound is strong to heal.

While loftier thoughts to nobler purpose given  
Than those long wasted amid fashion's glare,  
And deep resolves the future shall be fraught  
With holy deeds, her earnest musings share—  
Though in the dance her step no more may glide,  
The glittering circle miss its chosen queen,  
Around the vacant place a closing tide  
Will leave no record where her form was seen.

But where the widow's tear-drop may be dried,  
And where the orphan wanders sad and lone,  
Where poverty its grieving head may hide,  
Will breathe the music of her voice's tone;  
And if her face was blest with beauty rare  
'Mid gilded sighs and worldly vanity,  
When heavenly peace has left its impress there  
Its loveliness from earthly stain is free.

## LE PETIT SOULIER.

### A STORY: IN TWO PARTS.

BY IR. MARVEL.

#### PART I.

I HAVE said that the Abbé G—— had a room in the dark corner of a hotel in the Rue de Seine, or rue de la Harpe—which of the two it was I really forget. At any rate, the hotel was very old, and the street out of which I used to step into its ill-paved, angular court, was very narrow, and very dirty.

At the end of the court, farthest from the heavy streetway, was the box of the *concierge*, who was a little shoemaker, forever bethwacking his lap-ones. If I remember right, the hammer of the little *redonnier* made the only sound I used to hear in the court; for though the house was full of lodgers, I never saw two of them together, and never heard them talking across the court from the upper windows, even in mid-summer.

At this distance of time, I do not think it would be possible for me to describe accurately all the windings of the corridor which led to the abbé's door. I remember that the first part was damp and low, and that I used to mount a crazy stone staircase, and that the top passed through a passage that opened on the side upon a narrow court; then there was a little ticket of iron, which, when it turned, tinkled a bell. Sometimes the abbé would hear the bell, and open his door down at the end of the corridor; and sometimes the abbé, who occupied a room looking into the last-mentioned court, would draw, slyly, a corner of his curtain, and peep out, to see who was passing. Sometimes I would loiter myself to look down upon the lower windows in the court, or to glance up at the story resting above story, and at the peaked roof, and dot of a loop-hole at the top.

A single small door opened into the court, and occasionally an old woman, or bustling, shabbily-dressed man would shuffle across the pavement; the faces at the windows seemed altogether sordid and every-day faces, so that I came to regard the quarters of the abbé, notwithstanding the quaint-fashioned windows and dim stairway, and suspicious quiet, as a very matter of fact, and so, very uninteresting neighborhood.

As the abbé and myself passed out sometimes together through the open-sided corridor, I would dart into the court, and ask who lived in the little room at the top.

"Ah, *mon cher*, I do not know," the abbé would say. Or, "who lives in the corner, with the queer narrow window and the striped curtain?"

"I cannot tell you, *mon cher*."

Or, "whose is the little window with so many

broken panes, and an old placard pinned against the frame?"

"Ah, who knows! perhaps a *chiffonnier*, or a shopman, or perhaps—" and the abbé lifted his finger, and shook his head expressively, and continued,

"It is a strange world we live in, *mon ami*."

What could the abbé mean? I looked up at the window again; it was small, and the panes were set in rough metal casing; it was high up on the fourth or fifth floor. I could see nothing through but the dirty yellow placard.

"Is it in the same hotel with you?" said I.

"*Ma foi*, I do not know."

I tried to picture satisfactorily to my own mind the appearance of the chamber to which the little window belonged. Small it must be, I knew, for in that quarter few were large even upon the first floor, and looking upon the street. Dirty, too, it should surely be, and comfortless, and tenanted by misery, or poverty, or sin, or, very likely, all together. Possibly some miserly old wretch lived there, needing only a little light to count up his board, and caring little for any intrusive wind, if it did not blow away his treasure. I fancied I could see him running over the tale of his coin by a feeble rushlight—squat, perhaps, on the dirty tile-floor—then locking his box, and placing it carefully under the pillow of his straw pallet, then tip-toeing to the door to examine again the fastening, then carefully extinguishing the taper, and after, dropping into an anxious, fevered sleep.

I even lingered very late at the abbé's room, to see if I could detect the old man; but there was never any light to be seen.

Perhaps it was the home of some poor gentleman who had seen better days, and whom necessity obliged to deny himself the poor luxury of a centime light. Possibly it was a little shopman, as the abbé had suggested, struggling with fortune—not scrupulous in honesty, and shunning observation; or it might be (who could tell) a sleek-faced villain, stealing about in the dusk, and far into the night, making the dim chamber his home only when more honest lodgers were astir in the city.

All sorts of conjectures came thronging on me, and I cast my eyes up, day after day, at the little window, hoping some change of appearance might give plausibility to some one of my fancies.

Week after week, however, the corridor wore its old quietude; the striped curtain in the wing window, and the yellow placard in the suspicious window at the top, still kept their places with provoking tenacity; and I could never, with all my art, seduce the good-



natured abbé into any bugbear story about the occupant of the dim chamber on the court.

I dare say I might soon have neglected to look up at all, had I not observed one day, after my glances had grown very careless, and almost involuntary, a rich lace veil hanging against the same little window where had hung the placard. There was no mistaking it—the veil was of the richest Mechlin lace. I knew very well that no lady of elegance could occupy such apartment, or, indeed, was to be found (I mean no disrespect to the abbé) in that quarter of Paris. The window plainly belonged to some thievish den, and the lace formed a portion of the spoils. I began to be distrustful of late visits to the abbé's quarters, and full of the notion of thievish eyes looking out from the strange window—I used half to tremble as I passed along the corridor. I told the abbé of the veil, and hinted my suspicions.

"It is nothing," said he, "princes have lived in worse corners."

"And yet you are not curious to know more?"

"*Mon cher*, it is dangerous to be too curious, *je suis un prêtre*."

Some days after—it was on a winter's morning, when a little snow had fallen—I chanced to glance over into the court on which the mysterious window looked, and saw the beautiful foot-mark of a lady's slipper. It was scarce longer than my hand—too narrow and delicately formed for a child's foot, least of all the foot of such children as belonged to the Rue de Seine. I could not but associate the foot-track—so small, so beautiful, and so unlooked for in such scene—with the veil I had seen at the window.

Through all of my morning's lesson—I was then reading *La Grammaire des Grammaires*—I could think of nothing but the pretty foot-track in the snow. No such foot, I was quite sure, could be seen in the dirty Rue de Seine—not even the shop-girls of the Rue de la Paix, or the tidiest *Llorettes* could boast of one so pretty.

I asked the abbé to walk with me; and as we passed the corridor, I threw my eye carelessly into the court, as if it were only my first observation, and said as quietly as possible, "*Mon cher abbé*, the snow tells tales this morning."

The abbé looked curiously down upon the foot-marks, ran his eye rapidly over the windows, turned to me, shook his head expressively, and said, as he glanced down again, "*O'tait un fort joli petit soulier*." (It was a very pretty little shoe.)

"Whose was it?" said I.

"*Mon cher*, I do not know."

I still kept up, day after day, my watch upon the window. It shortly supplied me with an important link in the chain of observations. I saw lying within the glass, against which the veil yet hung, nothing more nor less than the same little shoe, I thoroughly believed, which had made the delicate foot-marks on the snow in the court. Not a prettier shoe could be seen on the Boulevards, and scarce one so small. It would have been very strange to see such delicate articles of dress at any hotels of the neighborhood, and

stranger still to find them in the humblest window of so dismal a court.

There was a mystery about the matter that perplexed me. Every one knows, who knows any thing about Paris, that that part of the city along the Rue de Seine, between the Rues Jacob and Bussy, and though very reputable in its way, is yet no place for delicate ladies, not even as a promenade, and much less as a residence. It is assigned over, as well by common consent as custom, to medical students, shop-men, attorneys, physicians, priests, lodging-house keepers, market-men, sub-officials, shop-women, second-class milliners, and grisettes.

Indeed a delicate lady—and such only, I was sure, could have left the foot-print in the court, and be the owner of the shoe I had seen—could hardly pass through the Rue de Seine without drawing the eyes of all the lodgers on the street. Dried up hag faces would have met the apparition with a leer; the porters would have turned to stare, and she would have had very suspicious followers.

I loitered about the outer court of the hotel, under pretence of waiting for the abbé, in hope of seeing something which would throw light upon the mysterious occupant of the chamber. But the corners and goers were all of the most unobtrusive and ordinary cast. I ventured to question the concierge concerning his lodgers. They were all *bons gens*.

"Were there any ladies?"

The little shoemaker lifted his hammer a moment while he eyed me—"But one, monsieur; the wife of the old tobacconist at the corner."

I asked about the windows in the little court, beside which I passed—did they belong to his hotel?

He did not think it.

I prevailed on him to step with me a moment into the corridor, and pointed out to him the window which had drawn so much of my attention. I asked if he knew the hotel to which it belonged?

He did not. It might be the next, or the next after, or down the little alley branching out of the Rue de Seine. I asked him of the character of the neighborhood.

It was a good neighborhood, he said—a very reputable neighborhood. He believed the lodgers of the quarter to be all *honnêtes gens*.

I took occasion to loiter about the courts of the adjoining houses, frequently passing the opposite side of the way, with my eye all the time upon the entrance gates. The lodgers seemed to be even inferior to those who passed in at the court where the abbé resided.

One individual alone had attracted my attention. He was a tall, pale man, in the decline of life, dressed in a sort of half-uniform; he walked with a stooping gait, and seemed to me (perhaps it was a mere fancy) as much weighed down by care as years. Several times I had seen him going in or coming out of the court that opened two doors above the abbé's. He was unlike most inhabitants of the neighborhood in both dress and air.

I ventured to step up to the brisk little concierge in the court one day, and ask who was the tall gentleman with the tarnished lace who had just entered?

"It is *un Monsieur Very*," said the concierge.

"And poor Monsieur Very lives alone?" said I.

"How should I know, monsieur?"

"He always walks alone," said I.

"It is true," said the concierge.

"He has children, perhaps?" said I.

"*Très probable*," said the concierge.

He was little disposed to be communicative, yet I determined to make another trial.

"You have very pretty lodgers," said I.

"Pardon, monsieur," said he, "I do not understand you."

"Pretty—very pretty lodgers, said I.

"You are facetious, monsieur," said the concierge, smiling.

"Not at all," said I; "have I not seen (a sad lie) a very pretty face at one of the windows on the back court?"

"I do not think it, monsieur."

"And then there are no female lodgers?"

"Pardon, monsieur—there are several."

Here the little concierge was interrupted by a lodger, and I could ask no more.

I still, however, kept up my scrutiny of the attic window—observed closely every female foot that glanced about the neighboring courts, and remitted sadly my attention to the *Grammaire des Grammaires*, in the quiet room of my demure friend the abbé.

Sometimes, in my fancies, the object of wonder was a young maiden of the *noblesse*, who, for imputed family crimes, had hid herself in so humble a quarter. Sometimes I pictured the occupant of the chamber as the suffering daughter of some miserly parent, with trace of noble blood—filial, yet dependent in her degradation. Sometimes I imagined her the daughter of shame—the beloved of a doating, and too late repentant mother—shunning the face of a world that had seduced her with its smiles, and that now made smiles the executioners of its punishment.

In short, form what fancies I would, I could not but feel a most extraordinary interest in clearing the mystery that seemed to me to hang about the little window in the court. Unconnected with the foot-track and the slipper, the window on the court would have been nothing more than half the courts to be seen in the old quarters of Paris. Or, indeed, the delicate foot-prints, and articles of female luxury would have hardly caught attention, much less sustained it with so feverish curiosity, in any one of the courts opening upon the Rue de Rivoli, or Rue Laftte.

The concierge next door, I was persuaded, knew more of his inmates than he cared to say. I still, as I have said, glanced my eye, each morning, along the upper angles of the court, and sidled now and then by the gate of the neighboring hotel; but the window wore its usual look—there was the veil, and the placard, and the disjointed, rattling sash; and in the neighboring court was, sometimes, the tall gentleman picking his way carefully over the stones, and sometimes the stumpy figure of a waiting woman.

Some ten days after my chat with the neighbor

concierge, I reached the hotel of the abbé an hour earlier than my usual morning visit, and took the occasion to reconnoitre the adjoining courts. The concierge, my acquaintance of the week before, was busy with a bowl of coffee and a huge roll; and, just as I had sidled up to his box for a word with him, who should brush past in great apparent haste, but the pale, thin gentleman who had before attracted my observation.

I determined to step around at once into the open corridor of the abbé's hotel, and see if I could detect any movement—so slight even as the opening or shutting of a door in the chamber of the narrow window.

It was earlier by a half hour at the least than I had ever been in the corridor before. The court was quiet; my eye ran to the little window—at a glance I saw it had not its usual appearance. A light cambric handkerchief, with lace border, was pinned across it from side to side; and just at the moment that I began to scrutinize what seemed to me like a coronet stitched on the corner, a couple of delicate fingers reached over the hem, removed the fastening, first on one side, then on the other—the handkerchief was gone.

It was the work of an instant, and evidently done in haste; but I still caught a glimpse of a delicate female figure—sleeve hanging loose about the arm a short way below the elbow, hair sweeping, half curled and half carelessly over a cheek white as her dress, and an expression, so far as I could judge, of deep sadness.

I shrunk back into a shadow of the corridor, and waited; but there was no more stir at the window. The yellow placard dangled by one fastening; a bit of the veil was visible, nothing else, to tell me of the character of the inmate.

I told the abbé what I had seen.

The abbé closed his grammar, (keeping his thumb at the place,) shook his head slowly from side to side, smiled, lifted his finger in playful menace, and—went on with his lesson.

"Who can it be?" said I.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you, *mon ami*," said the abbé, laying down his book with a look of despair.

The morning after I was again in the corridor a full half hour before my usual time, but the window wore its usual air. The next day, again I was an hour beforehand, and the abbé had not put off his priest robe, in which he goes to morning mass; still there was no handkerchief at the little window—no wavy mesh of hair—no taper arm—no shadowy form moving in the dim chamber.

I had arranged to leave for the south in a few days, and was more than ever anxious for some explanation of the mystery. A single further mode only occurred to me; I would go to the concierge next door, and under pretence of looking for rooms, would have him conduct me through his hotel.

It had dismal corridors, and steeper stairways than even the abbé's. I was careless about the second and the third floors; and it was not till we had mounted a half dozen crazy pair of stairs, that I began to scruti-

nize narrowly the doors, and sometimes to ask if this or that chamber was occupied. I made my way always to the windows of the rooms shown me, in hope of seeing the little court I knew so well, and the abbé's half-open corridor, and yet in half fear, that I might, after all, be looking from the very window about which hung so perplexing mystery.

It was long before I caught sight of my old point of observation in the neighboring corridor. The room was small, and was covered with singular ancient hangings, with a concealed door, which the concierge opened into a charming little cabinet. How many more concealed doors there might have been I do not know. I put my head out the window, and looked down in search of the strange casement; it was not below. Then I looked to one side—there was the long window with a striped curtain. I looked to the other side—another long window. I looked up—there at length it was, over my left shoulder. I could see plainly the yellow placard, and heard it flapping the casement.

I asked the concierge if he had no rooms above.

"*Oui, monsieur*—a single one; but it is too high for monsieur."

"Let me see," said I—and we mounted a miserably dim staircase. There were three doors; the concierge opened the nearest to the landing.

"*La voici, monsieur*." It was a sad little affair, and looked out by just such a loop-hole as was the object of my curiosity, upon a court I did not know.

"It will never do," said I, as I came out of the room. "But what is here?" continued I, brushing up to the next door.

The concierge caught me by the arm, and drew me back. Then he raised himself forward on tip-toe, and whispered, "*C'est le Monsieur Very*."

"I knew from its position it must have been the little casement which looked upon the corridor. There was another door opposite; I brushed up to this, and was again drawn back by the concierge.

"Who is here?" said I.

"*La Mademoiselle Marie*," said the concierge, and put his finger on his lip.

"Is she young?" said I, following the concierge down the stairway.

"*Oui, monsieur*."

"And pretty?"

"*Oui, monsieur*."

"I have never seen her," said I.

"*Ma foi*, that is not strange, monsieur."

"And she has been here—?"

"A month."

"Perhaps she is rich," said I.

"*Mon Dieu!*" said the concierge, turning round to look at me, "and live in such a chamber?"

"But she dresses richly," said I.

"*Eh bien!* you have seen her, then!" exclaimed briskly the little concierge.

By this time we were in the court again. My search had only stimulated my curiosity tenfold more. I half fancied the concierge began to suspect my inquiries. Yet I determined to venture a single farther one. It was just as I was carelessly leaving

the court—" *Mais, la mademoiselle, is, perhaps, the daughter of Monsieur Very, eh, monsieur?*"

"*Ma foi*, I cannot tell you, monsieur," said the little concierge—and he closed his door.

I told the abbé of my search. He smiled, and shook his head.

I described to him the person of Monsieur Very, and told him he must keep his eye upon him, and, if possible, clear up the strange mystery of the window in the court.

The abbé shook his finger doubtingly, yet gave me a half promise.

Three days only were left to me; I cast up anxious glances each morning of my stay, but there was nothing but the placard and a bit of the veil to be seen—the little shoe was gone. My last evening I passed with the abbé, and came away late. I stopped five minutes on the corridor, just outside the wicket; the moon was shining bright, and the stars were out, but the window at the top of the court was dark—all dark.

## PART II.

Poor Clerie! but I have told his story,\* so I will not tell it again. It made a sad greeting for me on the lips of the abbé, when I first came back to the city after a half year's absence; and it will not, I am sure, seem strange that seeing the abbé in his priest-robes, and hearing his sad tale of poor Clerie, I should forget entirely to ask about the little shoe, or the tall gentleman of the attic. Nevertheless I did, as I went out, throw a glance up to the window of the court—alas! there were more panes broken, the placard was gone, the veil was gone—there was nothing but a flimsy web which a bold spider had stretched across one of the corners. I felt sure that the last six months had brought its changes to other houses, as well as the house of Clerie.

I thought I would just step round to the concierge of the neighboring hotel, and ask after Monsieur Very; but before I had got fairly into the court I turned directly about, and walked away—I was afraid to ask about Monsieur Very. I felt saddened by the tale I had already heard; it had given, as such things will, a soft tinge of sadness to all my own thoughts, and fancies, and hopes. Everybody knows there are times in life when things joyful seem harsh; and there are times, too—Heaven knows!—when a saddened soul shrinks, fearful as a child, from any added sadness. God be blessed that they pass, like clouds over the bright sky of His Providence, and are gone!

I was afraid to ask that day about Monsieur Very: so I walked home—one while perplexing myself with strange conjectures; and another while the current of my thought would disengage itself from these hindering eddies, and go glowing quick, and strong, and sad—pushed along by the memory of poor Clerie's fate.

I knew the abbé would tell me all next day—and so he did.

We dined together in the Palais Royal, at a snug

\* *Fresh Gleanings*, pp. 132, 133.

stairs, near the Theatre Français. We dined to ourselves, and I ordered up a *bertin*.

was gone, a nice dish of *filet de veau*, was before us, and we had drunk each *lasses*, before I ventured to ask one *onsieur Very*.

*cher*," said the abbé—at the same time is fork—"il est mort!"

*moiselle*—"

"said the abbé, "and you shall hear

sumed his fork; I filled up the glasses, and

remember, *mon cher*, having described

on of the tall pale gentleman who was

The description was a very good one,

and him the moment I saw him.

week or more after you had left for the

id half forgotten—excuse me, *mon ami*

r you had felt in the little window in

happened to be a half hour later than

ning from mass, and as I passed the

mer, I saw coming out a tall gentleman,

med with a little tawny lace, and with

rent from that of most lodgers in the

that I was sure it must be Monsieur

same," said I.

continued the abbé, "I was so struck

rance—added to your interest in him—

bowed and sipped his wine) that I de-

low him a short way down the street.

gh the Rue de Seine, and passing un-

ade of the Institute, crossed the Pont

ued along the quay as far as the gates

—into the Rue de Rivoli, and though I

uld have stopped at some of the *cafés*

rhoad, he did not, but kept steadily on,

up pursuit until he had taken his place

omnibuses which pass the head of the

x.

fter, happening to see him, as I came

fartin's, under the Odeon, I followed

ook a place in the same omnibus at the

ue de la Paix. Opposite the Rue de

pped. I stopped a short way above,

back, soon found the poor gentleman

ble paces along the dirty sidewalk.

ember, *mon cher*, wandering with me

le Laucry; you remember that it is

ong. The poor gentleman found it so;

had reached the end he leaned against

parently overcome with fatigue. I

istance; at first he declined; he told

ing only to the Hôpital St. Louis, which

by. I told him I was going the same

hich he took my arm, and we walked

the gates. The poor gentleman seemed

illing to talk with me, and at the gates

led a slip of paper from his pocket to

cierge, and passed in. I attended him

iddle hall in the court, when he kindly

thanked me, and turned into one of the male wards. I took occasion presently to look in, and saw my companion half way down the hall, at the bed-side of a very feeble-looking patient of perhaps seven or eight-and-twenty.

"There seemed a degree of familiarity between them, more than would belong to patient and physician. I noticed too that the attendants treated the old gentleman with marked respect; this was, I fancy, however, owing to the old gentleman's air, for not one of them could tell me who he was.

"I left him in the hospital, more puzzled than ever as to who could be the occupant of your little chamber. He seemed to me to have seen better days; and as for your lady of the slipper, it was so long before I saw any female with Monsieur Very, that I began to think she had no existence, save in your lively imagination."

Here the abbé sipped his wine.

"You saw her at length, then?" said I,

"Attendez. One evening I caught a glimpse of the tall gentleman going into the court of his hotel, with a lady closely muffled in black upon his arm,"

"And she had a pretty foot?"

"Ah, *mon ami*, it was too dark to see."

"And did you see her again?"

"Attendez. (The abbé sipped his wine.) For a month I saw neither monsieur nor mademoiselle. I passed the court early and late; I even went up to St. Louis, but the sick man was gone. The whole matter had nearly dropped from my mind, when one night—it was late, and very dark—the little bell at the wicket rung, and presently there was a loud rap at my door. It was the concierge of the next court; a man he said was dying, and a priest was wanted.

"I hurried over, and followed the concierge up, I know not how many stairs, into a miserable little chamber. There was a yellow placard at the window—"

I filled the abbé's glass and my own.

"Poor Monsieur Very," continued the abbé, "was on the couch before me, dying!" The concierge had left the chamber, but there was still a third person present, who scarce seemed to belong to such a place."

The abbé saw my earnestness, and provokingly sipped his wine.

"This is very good wine, monsieur," said the abbé.

"Was she pretty?" said I.

"Beautiful," said the abbé, earnestly.

I filled the abbé's glass. The garçon had taken away the *fricandeau*, and served us with *poulet roti*.

"Had she a light dress, and long, wavy ringlets?" said I.

"She was beautiful," said the abbé, "and her expression was so sweet, so gentle, so sad—ah, *mon ami*—ah, *pauvre—pauvre fille*!"

The abbé had laid down his fork; he held his napkin to his face.

"And so poor Very died?" said I.

"It was a sad sight," said the abbé.

"And he confessed to you?"

"I was too late, *mon ami*," he murmured a word or two in my ear I could not understand. He confessed to God."

"And mademoiselle—"

"She sat at the foot of the couch when I went in, with her hands clasped in her lap, and her eyes fixed on the poor gentleman's face; now and then a tear rolled off her cheeks—but she did not know it."

"Presently the dying man beckoned to her. She stole softly to the head of the couch, and laid her little white hand in his withered fingers."

"*'Marie,'* said he, *'dear Marie, I shall be gone—soon.'*"

"The poor girl burst into tears, and gathered up the palsied hand of the old man in both hers, as if she would not let him go."

"*'Marie,'* continued he, very feebly, *'you will want a friend.'*"

"Again the poor girl answered by a burst of tears. She could say nothing."

"*'I have seen Remy,'* continued the old man, still addressing the girl, who seemed startled at the name, notwithstanding her grief. *'He has suffered like us; he has been ill, too—very ill; you may trust him now, Marie; he has promised to be kind. Marie, my child, will you trust him?'*"

"*'Dear father, I will do what you wish,'* said the girl, weeping."

"*'Thank you, Marie,'* said the old man, and he tried to carry the white hand to his lips, but he could not. *'And now, Marie—the little locket?'*"

"Marie stepped softly across the chamber, and brought a small gold locket, very richly wrought, and put it in the old man's hand; the old man raised it toward his face."

"*'A little more light, dear Marie,'* said he."

"Marie stepped to the window and removed the yellow placard."

"*'A little more—light, Marie,'* said the old man, feebly. He was getting lower and lower."

"Marie set the door ajar, and, stepping to the window, she pulled a little handkerchief from her pocket, and tried to rub some of the dust from the glass."

"*'Light, Marie; dear Marie—more light!'* He said it scarce above his breath, but she heard it, and looked at me. I shook my head. She saw how it was, and caught the stiffening hand of the old man."

"*'Dear, dear father!'* and her tears streamed over it. Her sobs roused the old man for a moment."

"*'Marie,'* said he, and he raised his hand with a last effort, till it rested on her head, *'Marie—God bless you!'*"

"I could hear nothing now but the poor girl's sobs. The hand of the old man grew heavier and heavier on her head. She sunk down till her knees touched the rough floor of the chamber, and her face rested on the couch. Gradually the hand of the old man slipped down and lay upon her white, smooth neck."

"Presently she lifted her eyes timidly till they looked on the eyes of the old man—they must have looked strangely to her."

"*'Father, dear father!'* said she. There was a

little clock at the foot of the couch, and it ticked very—very loud."

"The poor girl gave a quick, frightened glance at me, and another hurried look into the fixed eyes of the old man. She thought how it must be; ah, *mon ami*, if you had heard her cry, *'Mon Dieu! il est mort!—il est mort!'*"

For a moment the abbé could not go on."

"She was right," continued he, presently, "the old man was dead!"

The garçon removed the chicken, and served us with a dozen or two of oysters, in the shell. For ten minutes the abbé had not touched his wine—nor had I."

"He was buried," resumed the abbé, "just within the gates of Pere la Chaise, a little to the right of the carriage way. A cypress is growing by the grave, and there is at the head a small marble tablet, very plain, inscribed simply, *'à mon pere, 1845.'*"

"I was at the burial. There were very few to mourn."

"You saw mademoiselle?"

"Yes, I saw her; she was in deep black. Her face was covered with a thick black veil—not so thick, though, but I could see a white handkerchief all the time beneath; and I saw her slight figure tremble. I was not near enough to hear her sobs, when they commenced throwing down the earth upon the coffin."

"*'Oui, mon ami,* I saw her walk away—not able to support herself, but clinging for very weakness to the arm of the man whose face I had seen at St. Louis. They passed slowly out of the gates; they entered a carriage together, and drove away."

"It was Remy, I suppose?" said I."

"I do not know," said the abbé."

"And when did you see her again?"

"Not for months," said the abbé; and he sipped his wine."

"Shall I go on, *mon cher*?—it is a sad story."

I nodded affirmatively, and filled the abbé's glass, and took a nut or two from the dish before us."

"I called at the hotel where monsieur had died; mademoiselle had gone, the concierge could not tell where. I went to the hospital, and made inquiries for a Monsieur Remy—no such name had been entered within a year. I sometimes threw a glance up at the little window of the court; it was bare and desolate, as you see it now. Once I went to the grave of the old man—it was after the tablet had been raised; a rose-tree had been put at the foot of the grave. I did not know, but thought who must have set it there. I gave up all hope of seeing the beautiful *Marie* again."

"You remember, *mon ami*, the pretty little houses along the Rue de Paris, at Passy, with the linden trees in front of them, and the clear marble door-steps?"

"*'Très bien, mon cher abbé.'*"

"It is not many months since I was passing by them, and saw at the window of one, the same sad face which I saw last at the grave. I went in, *mon ami*. I made myself known as the attendant on her

oath. She took my hand at this—ah, the hand."

bé sipped his wine.

seemed sadly in want of friends, though luxuries around her. She was dressed her hair twisted back, and fastened with a old pin. Her sleeves were loose, and at a little way below the elbow; and she ee on her bosom, and about her neck, by a chain, a coral crucifix.

her I had made numerous inquiries for her. d her thanks.

her I had ventured to inquire, too, for the any, of whom her father had spoken; at ut both hands to her face, and burst into

red pardon; I feared she had not found her

s *Dieu*!" said she, looking at me earnestly, *! était mon mari*!"

urst into tears. What could I say? He is , then?"

non, non, monsieur—worse—*Mon Dieu*! iage!" and she buried her face in her hands.

t could I do, *mon cher*? The friend had her. They told me as much at Passy."

he abbé stopped.

alked with a strange smile of her father; ed to visit his grave again. She took the her bosom—it was from his grave—and and then—crushed it in her hand—"Oh,

God! what should I do now with flowers?" said she.

"I never saw her again. She went to her father's grave—but not to pick roses.

"*She is there now*," said the abbé.

There was a long pause. The abbé did not want to speak—nor did I.

At length I asked if he knew any thing of Remy.

"You may see him any day up the Champs Elysiens," said the abbé. "Ah, *mon ami*, there are many such. Poverty and shame may not come on him again; wealth may pamper him, and he may fatten on the world's smiles; but there is a time coming—it is coming, *mon cher*, when he will go away—where God judgeth, and not man."

Our dinner was ended. The abbé and myself took a *voiture* to go to Pere la Chaise. Just within the gateway, a little to the right of the carriage-track, were two tablets, side by side—one was older than the other. The lesser one was quite new: it was inscribed simply—"Marie, 1846." There were no flowers; even the grass was hardly yet rooted about the smaller grave—but I picked a rose-bud from the grave of the old man. I have it now.

Before I left Paris, I went down into the old corridor again, in the Rue de Seine. I looked up in the court at the little window at the top.

A new occupant had gone in; the broken glass was re-set, and a dirty printed curtain was hanging over the lower half. I had rather have seen it empty.

I half wished I had never seen *Le Petit Soulier*.

## EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

BY ELIZABETH J. FAMES.

## MILTON.

and illustrious of all Poets thou,  
e Titan intellect sublimely bore  
ight of years unbent; thou, on whose brow  
iah'd the blossom of all human lore—  
at thou take us back, as 't were by vision,  
e grave learning of the Sanhedrim;  
behold in visitings Elysian,  
e waved the white wings of the Cherubim;  
ough thy "Paradise Lost," and "Regained,"  
sight, enchanted, wander evermore.  
se genius-gifted thou hast reigned  
of our hearts; and, till upon the shore  
Eternal dies the voice of Time,  
ame shall mightiest stand—pure, brilliant, and  
ublime.

## DRYDEN.

rer to the scholar's eye than mine,  
it unlearned in ancient classic lore,)  
aintie Poesie of days of yore—  
see old English rhyme—and over thine,  
'glorious John," delightedly I pore—  
lgorous, chaste, and full of harmony,  
in the soil of our humanity

It taketh root, until the goodly tree  
Of Poesy puts forth green branch and bough,  
With bud and blossom sweet. Through the rich gloom  
Of one embowered haunt I see thee now,  
Where 'neath thy hand the "Flower and Leaflet"  
bloom.  
That hand to dust hath mouldered long ago,  
Yet its creations with immortal life still glow.

## ADDISON.

Thou, too, art worthy of all praise, whose pen,  
"In thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"  
did shed,  
A noontide glory over Milton's head—  
He, "Prince of Poets"—thou, the prince of men—  
Blessings on thee, and on the honored dead.  
How dost thou charm for us the touching story  
Of the lost children in the gloomy wood;  
Haunting dim memory with the early glory,  
That in youth's golden years our hearts imbued.  
From the fine world of olden Poetry,  
Life-like and fresh, thou bringest forth again  
The gallant heroes of an earlier reign,  
And blend them in our minds with thoughts of thee,  
Whose name is ever shrined in old-world memory.

## DISSOLVING VIEWS.

OR. A BELLE IN A NEW LIGHT.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "AARON'S ROD," "TELLING SECRETS," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

"You had better leave Harry alone about that girl," said Tom Leveredge to his sisters, who were talking very fast, and sometimes both together, in the heat and excitement of the subject under discussion. "You only make Harry angry, and you do no good. Take my advice, and say no more to him about her."

"And let him engage himself without one word of remonstrance," exclaimed Miss Leveredge, despairingly.

"You don't know that he means to engage himself," argued Tom; "and if he does, opposition won't prevent him. On the contrary, it may settle a passing fancy into a serious feeling; and if he does not mean it now, you are enough to put it into his head, with all the talk you make about it."

"*She'll* put it into his head," ejaculated Miss Leveredge, scornfully. "Leave her alone for that. She'll get him—I know she will," she continued, almost in tears at the thought. "It's too bad!"

"What do you think about it, Tom?" inquired Mrs. Castleton, earnestly. "Do you think with Emma, that it will end in his having her?"

"I should not be surprised," replied Tom, coolly.

"Then you think he is in love with her?" continued his sister, mournfully.

"There's no telling," replied Tom. "He's a good deal with her; and if he is thwarted at home, and flattered by her, I think it very possible he may fancy himself so, whether he is or not."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Castleton, "that would be melancholy, indeed—to be taken in without even being attached to her!"

"Don't be in such a hurry," said Tom. "I don't know that he is not in love with her, or that he is going to be taken in; but I do say, that Emma's course is very injudicious."

"What is that?" inquired Mrs. Castleton.

"Oh, abusing the girl so—saying she is vulgar, and—"

"I am sure I did not say any thing that is not true," said Emma, with some spirit.

"Perhaps not," replied Tom; "but it is not always wise to be forcing the truth upon people at all times, and in all tempers."

"Where on earth did Harry become acquainted with her?" asked Mrs. Castleton.

"That's more than I can tell you," replied Tom.

"He told me that Jewiston introduced him."

"I never could bear that Jewiston," remarked Miss Leveredge; "I always thought him very un-

derbred and vulgar. Why will Harry have any thing to do with him?"

"Who—Jewiston? He's a clever fellow enough," said Tom.

"Oh, Tom! how can you say so!"

"So he is," persisted the young man. "He's not very refined or elegant, I grant you—but still a very good fellow."

"And so you think, Tom," continued Mrs. Castleton, still intent on the main theme, "that in all probability Miss Dawson will be our sister-in-law?"

Emma shivered.

"I don't think it probable, but very possible," replied the young man, "particularly under the present system of family politics."

"And it would be very bad," pursued Mrs. Castleton, inquiringly.

"Oh, dreadful!" ejaculated Emma.

"There's nothing very *dreadful* about it," remonstrated Tom; "it would not be pleasant, certainly—but that's all. There's no use in making the matter worse than it is."

Emma looked as if that were impossible, but said nothing, while Mrs. Castleton continued with—

"What kind of a set is she in—and what are the family?"

"Very low, vulgar people," said Emma.

"Now, Emma, there again you are exaggerating," rejoined Tom. "They are *not* a low set—vulgar I admit."

"The same thing," persisted Emma.

"It's not the same thing, Emma," said the young man, decidedly. "They are very far from being *low* people. Her father is a highly respectable man, and, indeed, so are all the family—not fashionable, I grant you."

"Fashionable!" ejaculated Emma, with a smile full of scornful meaning.

"But I admit," continued Tom, "that it is not a connection that would altogether suit us. I should be as sorry, perhaps, as any of you to see the thing take place."

"And what is the girl in herself," pursued Mrs. Castleton.

"A vulgar, forward, ugly thing," said Emma, speaking quickly, as if she could not help herself—the words must out, let Tom say what he would.

Tom said nothing, however.

"Is she?" said Mrs. Castleton, looking very much distressed, and turning to her brother.

Emma will have it that she is," he replied.

"Now, Tom, you know she is," expostulated Emma.

"No, Emma," said Tom, "if you will permit me, I know no such thing."

"You surely do n't admire her, too," said Emma, with a look of mingled alarm and disgust.

"No," said Tom, "she is as you say, vulgar, and somewhat forward—but not ugly. On the contrary, she is decidedly handsome."

"Handsome!" repeated Miss Leveredge. "Do you call her handsome, with all those hanging curls, and that *feronière*, and her hat on the very back of her head; with her short petticoats and big feet—and such bright colors, and quantity of tawdry jewelry as she wears, too?"

"You women never can separate a girl from her dress," said Tom, laughing. "Miss Dawson dresses execrably, I grant you; but give her one half of the advantages of the girls that you see around you in society, and she would be not only pretty, but beautiful."

"Then she may be improved," said Mrs. Castleton, hopefully.

"Not much of that," said Tom. "She is very well satisfied with herself, I imagine."

"Oh, it's evident she's a public belle and beauty in her own set," said Emma. "She's full of airs and graces."

Mrs. Castleton sighed.

"It's a bad business, I am afraid," she said, mournfully.

"No," said Tom, stoutly, "it's not pleasant, and that's all. The girl may make a very good wife, though she does dress badly. She looks amiable, and I dare say has sense enough."

"It's not her dress only," persisted Emma, "but her manners are so bad."

"Well, many a flirty girl has settled into a very respectable married woman," continued Tom.

"Where have you seen her, Emma?" asked Mrs. Castleton.

"Tom pointed her out to me one night at the theatre; and I have since seen her in the street frequently."

"Then you do not know her at all?" continued Mrs. Castleton, with some surprise in her tone. "How, then, do you know any thing about her manners, Emma?"

"It's not necessary to know her to know what her manners are," replied Emma. "One glance across the theatre is enough for that. She had two or three beaux with her—indeed, I believe she was there only with them—"

"Her mother was with her, Emma," interposed Tom, decidedly.

"Well," continued Emma, a little provoked at being set right, "she ought to have made her behave herself, then."

"But how did she behave, Emma?" pursued Mrs. Castleton, who had been absent from the city during the rise and progress of this flirtation, and was now anxious for as much information as could be obtained on the subject.

"Oh, laughing, and flirting, and shaking her long

curls back, and looking up to their faces—perfectly disgusting!"

Mrs. Castleton looked at her brother in the hopes of some amendment here on his part; but he only smiled, and shook his head, and said,

"Pretty much so, Emma."

"And then, dressed—oh, you never saw a girl so bedizzened!"

"Strange!" said Mrs. Castleton, "that Harry should admire such a girl. He is generally rather critical—hates particularly to see you at all overdressed, Emma. He never would admire Fanny Lewis, you know, because she had something of that manner. I wonder he should admire this girl."

"Oh, it all depends very much upon the *clique* in which a man sees a girl how she strikes him," said Tom. "Miss Dawson's manners are very much those of the girls around her, quite as good, if not better; then she is really handsome—moreover, very much admired, the belle of the set; and Harry's vanity is rather flattered, I suppose, by the preference she shows him."

"You think, then, she likes him?" said Mrs. Castleton.

"I know nothing more about it than you do," replied Tom. "I suppose she must, for she certainly could marry richer men than Harry if she wanted to. She has the merit, at least, of disinterestedness."

"Harry would be a great match for her," said Emma, indignantly—"and she knows it. She might get more money, perhaps, but think of the difference of position."

"Yes, I suppose that has something to do with it," replied Tom. "You women all think so much of such things."

"Strange!" repeated Mrs. Castleton, "I don't know how Harry can fancy such a girl."

"Don't you know all objects vary according to the light they are in," said Tom. "If Harry saw Miss Dawson among young ladies of a different style and stamp, the changes of the 'dissolving views' would not be greater. The present picture would fade away, and a new, and in all probability a very different one, would take its place."

"That's a good idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Castleton, suddenly, and clapping her hands joyfully. "I'll call and ask her to my party for the bride."

Emma looked at her for a moment aghast, as if she thought she had suddenly gone crazy.

"What do you mean, Laura?" she exclaimed.

"Why, to follow out Tom's idea," she said. "It's excellent! I'm going to give Mrs. Flemming a party. I'll make it very select, and not large; invite all the prettiest and most elegant girls, and then play amiable to Harry, by telling him I'll call upon his Miss Dawson and invite her."

Emma looked very dubious, and said,

"I don't like our countenancing the thing in this way."

"You need have nothing to do with it," returned her sister. "As it seems you and Harry have had words about it, you had better not; but I'll call—I'll have her. And it shall be such an elegant, select little



affair that it will show her off to charming advantage," she continued, with much animation, delighted with her own cleverness in the scheme. "He can't help but be ashamed of her. Do n't you think so, Tom?"

The young man laughed.

"Now, Tom," said she, a little disappointed, "don't you think so?"

"There's a good chance of it, certainly," he replied. "You can but try it."

"Then why do you laugh," she continued, still dissatisfied.

"Only to see what spiteful creatures you women are," he continued, smiling. "To see the pains you'll take to put down a girl you don't happen to fancy."

"Surely, you yourself, Tom," commenced Mrs. Castleton, seriously, and "I am sure, Tom," chimed in Emma, in the same breath, "you have always said—" and then they both poured forth such a torrent of reminiscences and good reasons for wishing to prevent the match, that he was glad to cry for mercy, and ended by saying seriously,

"I am sure I hope you may succeed."

#### CHAPTER II.

"Harry," said Mrs. Castleton, in her prettiest and most winning manner, "I am going to call on your friend, Miss Dawson, and invite her for Thursday evening."

Harry looked up very much astonished, hardly knowing whether to be pleased or not, and said,

"What put that in your head?"

"I want to know her," continued Mrs. Castleton. "They tell me you admire her, Harry; and if she is to be my future sister, as people say—"

"People say a great deal more than they know," said Harry, hastily.

"Well," rejoined his sister, playfully, "be that as it may, Harry, I should like to see the young lady; and beside, I want as many pretty girls as I can get, they always make a party brilliant—and you say she is pretty, don't you, Harry?"

"Beautiful," he replied, with an earnestness that startled Mrs. Castleton. "You'll have no prettier girl here, I promise you that, Laura," he added, presently, more quietly. "But what will Emma say," he continued, bitterly. "She'll never give her consent, depend upon it, to your calling."

"It's not necessary that she should," said Mrs. Castleton, good humoredly; "so perhaps I had better not ask her."

"Emma gives herself airs," continued Harry, angrily. "She thinks that all the world are just confined to her one little *clique*; that there's neither beauty, nor sense, nor any thing else out of her particular set. Now I can tell her that there's more beauty among those who do n't give themselves half the airs, and who she looks down upon, than there is to be found among her 'fashionables.' But Emma is perfectly ridiculous with her 'exclusive' nonsense," he continued, with much feeling, evidently showing how deeply he resented his sister's reflec-

tions upon the style and stamp of his present admiration, Miss Dawson.

"Oh," said Mrs. Castleton, soothingly, "it's a mistake all very young girls make, Harry. They know nothing out of one circle. Of course, they disparage all others."

But Harry was not to be quieted so easily. He was not satisfied until he had poured forth all his complaints against Emma; and Mrs. Castleton found it best not to take her part, but trust to the result of her experiment of the next week with putting him in good humor with her again.

"Will you call with me?" she continued, presently.

"I have ordered the carriage at one."

He looked pleased, and said he would. But after a little while he seemed to grow nervous and fidgetty—walked about the room—asked a good many questions, without seeming to attend much to the answers, and at last said, hurriedly,

"Well, Laura, it's rather late, and I have an engagement down town—do you care about my calling with you? You know it's only necessary for you to leave your card. You need not go in even, if you do n't care about it."

"Oh, certainly," she replied. "No, do n't wait for me."

And he took his hat and darted off like light, as if he had made an escape from he hardly knew what.

Mrs. Castleton could not but laugh as she heard him shut the hall-door, almost before she was aware he had left the room, well pleased with this indication of susceptibility on his part, which she took as a good omen of the future, fully believing that "future events cast their shadows before." "If Harry were nervous already, what would he be on Thursday evening."

The call was made. Miss Dawson was out. A card was left, with an invitation, which, in due time, was accepted.

"Are you going to ask the Hazletons," inquired Emma.

"No," said Mrs. Castleton; "I do n't want to have too large a party. I want just enough to fill my rooms prettily, so that you can see everybody, and how they are dressed—just one of those small, select, pretty parties, where everybody is noticed. I have hardly asked a person—I do n't know one—who is not in some way distinguished for either dress, manner, air, or beauty. I have taken pains to cull the most choice of my acquaintance. The rooms will be beautifully lighted—and I expect it to be a brilliant affair."

"If it were not for that Miss Dawson to spoil all," said Emma, dejectedly—for she had never liked the scheme, though she did not oppose it. "I declare, Laura, I wonder at your moral courage in having her. I do n't think I could introduce her among such a set, even to be sure of breaking it off. You will be terribly ashamed of her. You do n't know, I think, what you have undertaken."

Mrs. Castleton could not but laugh at the earnestness, not to say solemnity, of Emma's manner.

"Not I, Emma—why should I be ashamed of her."

If she were Harry's wife, or if even he were engaged to her, the case would be different—I should blush for her then, if she is vulgar. But merely as a guest, how can her dress or manners affect *me*. My position is not to be altered by my happening to visit a girl who dresses vilely, and flirts *à discretion*.

But still Emma looked very dubious, and only said, "Well, do n't introduce me."

"Do n't be alarmed," replied her sister. "I don't mean to. Come, come, Emma," she continued, laughing, "I see you are nervous about it, but I think you may trust me for carrying it off well," to which her sister replied,

"Well, Laura, if any one *can* get out of such a scrape gracefully, you will."

Mrs. Castleton laughed, and the subject dropped.

What Emma had said was true. There was an airy grace, a high-bred ease about Mrs. Castleton, that could carry her through any thing she chose to undertake.

Thursday evening arrived at last. Mrs. Castleton's rooms were lighted to perfection, and she herself dressed with exquisite taste, looking the fitting priestess of the elegant shrine over which she presided. Emma, with her brothers, came early—and one glance satisfied Mrs. Castleton. The simplicity and elegance of Emma's *toilette* were not to be outdone even by her own. Tom looked at them both with great pride; and, certainly, two prettier or more elegant specimens of humanity are not often to be met with.

He made some playful observation to his sister, expressive of his admiration of her taste, and looking about, said,

"Your rooms are very well lighted. There's nothing like wax, after all."

"They are too hot," said Harry, pettishly.

"Bless you, man," replied Tom, "how can you say so. I am downright chilly; but as there is to be dancing, it is better it should be so."

"If you find this room warm, Harry," said Mrs. Castleton, "you had better go in the dancing-room—there is not a spark of fire there."

Harry walked off, and Emma said,

"I don't know what is the matter with him—he's so cross. He has been so irritable all day that I have hardly dared to speak to him."

Tom only laughed.

Mrs. Castleton gave him a quick look of intelligence, but before she had time to speak, she was called upon to receive her guests, who began to come.

At every fresh arrival Harry's face was to be seen peeping in anxiously from the dancing-room, and it wore something of a look of relief as he turned off each time to resume his restless wanderings in the still empty apartment.

Miss Dawson, meaning to be very fashionable, came late. The bride for whom the party was ostensibly given had arrived; and Mrs. Castleton was about giving orders to have the dancing-room thrown open, and just at the pause that frequently precedes such a movement in a small party, the door was

thrown open, and Miss Dawson entered, leaning on the arm of a gentleman whom she introduced as Mr. Hardwicks. Now this Mr. Hardwicks was something more than Mrs. Castleton had bargained for; and Harry hastened forward with a look of some embarrassment and vexation as he perceived the mistake his fair friend had made in taking such a liberty with his high-bred sister. Miss Dawson had often taken *him* to parties with her, and somehow it had not struck him then as strange. Perhaps it was because he saw it was the style among those around him. But these were not the "customs of Branksome Hall;" and Harry was evidently annoyed. Moreover, this Mr. Hardwicks was a forward, underbred looking individual, with a quantity of black whisker, and brass buttons to his claret-colored coat, altogether a very different looking person from the black-coated, gentlemanly-looking set that Mrs. Castleton had invited. She received him with a graceful but distant bow, somewhat annoyed, it is true; but as she never allowed trifles to disturb her, she turned calmly away, and never gave him a second thought during the evening.

Miss Dawson she received with *empressment*. She was dressed to her heart's delight, with a profusion of mock pearl and tinsel; her hair in a shower of long curls in front, with any quantity of bows and braids behind, and a wreath!—that required all Mrs. Castleton's self-possession to look at without laughing. Her entrance excited no little sensation—for she was a striking-looking girl, being tall, and full formed, with a very brilliant complexion. Simply and quietly dressed, and she would have been decidedly handsome; but as it was, she was intensely *showy* and vulgar.

"Harry, the music is just beginning; you will find a place for Miss Dawson in the dancing-room," and so, whether he would or no, he had to ask her to dance. Probably he would have done so if his sister had let him alone; but as it was, he felt as if he *had* to.

She danced very badly. Harry had not been aware of it before; but she jumped up and down—and if the truth must be told, with an air and spirit of enjoyment not just then the fashionable style.

"How in earnest your fair friend dances," said a young man, with a smile, to Harry, as they passed in the dance.

Harry colored.

"Who on earth have you there, Harry?" asked another, with rather a quizzical look. "Introduce me, wont you?" But Harry affected not to hear the request.

"Who is the young lady your brother is dancing with, Mrs. Castleton?" he heard asked several times; to which his sister answered in her sweetest and most winning manner, "Miss Dawson—a friend of Harry's;" and to some of her brother's particular friends, he heard her say, "Oh, that's Harry's *belle*. Don't you know Miss Dawson—let me introduce you."

Harry felt quite provoked, he did not know why, at hearing his sister couple him always with Mi

Dawson; and if he thought the room hot at the beginning of the dance, he did not feel it any cooler before it was over.

Mrs. Castleton introduced a gentleman just as the dance finished, who asked her for the next, when Harry said quickly,

"You are fatigued, are you not? Perhaps you had better go with me and get an ice."

"Do you go and bring Miss Dawson one," said his sister. "I hope," she continued, "you are not fatigued already?"

"Oh, no," replied the young lady, with an animation and energy that proclaimed she had a dancing power within not to be readily exhausted. "Oh, no, indeed; I could dance all night."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Castleton, graciously, as if she felt her dancing a personal compliment. And before the dance was over she had introduced half a dozen young men to her.

Feeling herself a decided belle, Miss Dawson was in high spirits (that trying test to an unrefined woman.) She considered Mrs. Castleton's visit and invitation as a marked compliment, (as she had every right to do,) and her attentions now, and the admiration she received, excited her to even more than her ordinary animation, which was always, to say the least of it, sufficient. She laughed, and she talked, and shook her long curls about, and flirted in a style that made the ladies look, and the gentlemen smile. Moreover, Mr. Hardwicks, who knew no one else, (for Mrs. Castleton had no idea of forcing *him* on any of her friends,) never left her side; and the easy manner in which he spoke to her, and took her fan from her hand while she was talking, and even touched her sleeve to call her attention when her head was turned away, all of which she seemed to think quite natural, made Harry color, and bite his lip more than once with mortification and vexation.

"You are not going to waltz?" he said, justly distrusting the waltzing of a lady who danced so.

"Yes," she said, "with Mr. Hardwicks;" and in a moment they were whirling round in a style quite peculiar, and altogether new to the accomplished waltzers then and there assembled.

People looked, and some smiled—and then couple after couple paused in the dance to gaze on the strangers who had just taken the floor—and soon they had it all to themselves, and on they whirled like mad ones. Harry could not stand it—he left the room.

Presently some of his young friends followed him, who seemed excessively amused, and one of them exclaimed,

"Harry, where on earth did you pick up those extraordinary waltzers. Mrs. Castleton tells me they are friends of yours?"

Harry muttered something, and said,

"Hardwicks should not ask any woman to waltz. He did not know how; no man should, if he could not waltz himself."

"Are you dancing, Francis?" asked another, of a fashionable looking young man standing near.

"No," he replied, languidly, "I am exhausted.

I danced with Harry's fair friend the last dance, and it requires no small degree of physical power to keep pace with her efforts."

Harry was excessively annoyed. He heartily wished he had never seen her; and was quite angry with Mrs. Castleton for having invited her. And just then, irritated and cross as he was, Mrs. Castleton met him with,

"Harry, Miss Dawson says you have carried off her bouquet."

"I have not got her bouquet," he answered, angrily.

"Well, go and make your own apology," and before he had time to know what she was about, she had her arm in his, and had taken him up to Miss Dawson, saying,

"Here is the culprit, Miss Dawson—but he pleads not guilty;" whereupon the young lady tapped him with her fan, and declared he was a "sad fellow," and shook her curls back, and looked up in his face, and flirted, as she thought, bewitchingly, while he with pleasure could have boxed her ears.

"Your carriage is at the door," Mrs. Castleton heard him say soon after.

"Why, Harry!" exclaimed his sister, looking almost shocked at his evident desire to hurry away her guest. "You surely don't think of going yet. Miss Dawson?" said she, in her most persuasive manner. "You will dance this polka."

A polka! Harry was in despair. He would have preferred dancing on hot ploughshares himself.

"The scheme works to admiration," said Mrs. Castleton to Emma, as they met for a moment in the crowd.

"But it has spoiled your party," replied the other.

"Not at all," she answered, laughing, "what it has withdrawn in elegance, it has made up in spirit. The joke seems to take wonderfully."

But Emma did not like such "jokes." Mrs. Castleton's *hanteur* was of a more flexible kind. To spoil a match she was willing to spoil her party.

"Was I right?" she said to Tom, toward the close of the evening.

He nodded and laughed, and said, "I congratulate you."

Harry had in vain attempted to persuade Miss Dawson that she was heated and tired, and had better not polka; but the young lady thought him over-careful, and chose to dance.

"A willful thing!" muttered Harry, as he turned off. "Trifles show the temper—preserve me from an unamiable woman."

Now Miss Dawson was not unamiable, but Harry was cross. If he were ashamed of her, she was hardly to be expected to know that. At any rate he walked off and left her to take care of herself. Mr. Hardwicks took her home as he had brought her—and Harry hardly looked at her again.

He was thoroughly out of humor. Mrs. Castleton had discretion enough not to follow up her victory. She saw she was successful, and so left things to their own course.

Never was a "dimolving view" more perfect. Harry had really imagined Miss Dawson not only

very beautiful, but thought she would grace any drawing-room in Europe. He now saw her hoydenish, flirty, and ungraceful, with beauty of a very unrefined style—in fact, a different person. Such is the power of contrast, and the effect of a “new light.”

The spell was broken—for when a lover is mortified, ashamed of his choice, the danger is over.

Fortunately, his honor was no deeper pledged than his heart. Miss Dawson had not flirted more with him than with two or three others; and though she would have preferred him, one of the others would do.

“What did Harry say of my party last night?” asked Mrs. Castleton of her sister.

“He merely said ‘it was a great bore, this going out,’ and seemed quite cross; and took his light and walked off to his room immediately; and, in fact, it seemed such a delicate point with him, that I did not dare to make any allusion to it this morning.”

“Poor fellow! I don’t wonder,” said Mrs. Castleton, laughing. “How she did look beside the Claverings and Lesters.”

“Like a peony among moss rose-buds,” said Emma.

“Laura,” said Harry, a few days after, “I am going to New Orleans for the rest of the winter.”

“Are you?” she said, in surprise.

“Yes. My father is anxious about that business of his, and I am going for him.”

“I thought you had declined, and that he was going to send Tom,” she said.

“I’ve changed my mind,” he replied. “In fact it is very dull here, and as Tom don’t want to go, I think I shall like the trip.”

“I’ve no doubt you will find it very pleasant,” she said, cheerfully, amused at his proposing himself the very thing they had all been so anxious to have him do, and which he had negatived so decidedly some weeks back.

“Ah, Tom,” said Mrs. Castleton, laughing, “that was a bright idea of yours. There’s nothing like a new light for bringing out new colors. I think that party of mine finished Miss Dawson.”

“You need not crow too much, Laura,” replied Tom, “for, in all probability, if you had left Harry alone in the beginning, the party never would have been required. You women never learn not to thwart and oppose a man until it is too late. Then, you’ll move heaven and earth to undo your own work. If you would only govern that ‘unruly member’ in the beginning, you would have required no ‘dissolving views,’ in the end.”

## THE VOICE OF THE FIRE.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

THEY sat by the hearth-stone, broad and bright,  
Whose burning brands threw a cheerful light  
On the frosty calm of the winter’s night.

Her radiant features wore the gleam  
Which childhood learns from an angel-dream,  
And her bright hair stirred in the flickering beam.

Those tresses soft to his lips were pressed,  
Her head was leaned on his happy breast,  
And the throb of the bosom his soul expressed;

And ever a gentle murmur came  
From the clear, bright heart of the wavering flame,  
Like the faltering thrill of a worshiped name.

He kissed her on the warm, white brow,  
And told her in fonder words, the vow  
He whispered under the moonlit bough;

And o’er them a steady radiance came  
From the shining heart of the mounting flame,  
Like a love that burns through life the same.

The maiden smiled through her joy-dimmed eyes,  
As he led her spirit to sunnier skies,  
Whose cloudless light on the future lies—

And a moment paused the laughing flame,  
And it listened awhile, and then there came  
A cheery burst from its sparkling frame.

He visioned a home by pure love blest,  
Clasping their souls in a calmer rest,  
Like woodland birds in their leafy nest.

There slept, foreshadowed, the bliss to be,  
When a tenderer life that home should see,  
In the wingless cherub that climbed his knee.

And the flame went on with its flickering song,  
And beckoned and laughed to the lovers long,  
Who sat in its radiance, red and strong.

Then broke and fell a glimmering brand  
To the cold, dead ashes it fed and fanned,  
And its last gleam leaped like an infant’s hand.

A sudden dread to the maiden stole,  
For the gloom of a sorrow seemed to roll  
O’er the sunny landscape within her soul.

But, hovering over its smouldering bed,  
Its ruddy pinions the flame outspread,  
And again through the chamber its glory shed;

And ever its chorus seemed to be  
The mingled voices of household glee,  
Like a gush of winds in a mountain tree.

The night went on in its silent flow,  
While through the waving and wreathed glow  
They watched the years of the Future go.

Their happy spirits learned the chime  
Of its laughing voice and murmured rhyme—  
A joyous music for aftertime.

They felt a flame as glorious start,  
Where, side by side, they dwelt apart,  
In the quiet homestead of the heart.

## M A R G I N A L I A .

BY EDGAR A. POE.

ONE of the happiest examples, in a small way, of the carrying-one's-self-in-a-hand-basket logic, is to be found in a London weekly paper called "The Popular Record of Modern Science; a Journal of Philosophy and General Information." This work has a vast circulation, and is respected by eminent men. Sometime in November, 1845, it copied from the "Columbian Magazine" of New York, a rather adventurous article of mine, called "Mesmeric Revelation." It had the impudence, also, to spoil the title by improving it to "The Last Conversation of a Somnambule"—a phrase that is nothing at all to the purpose, since the person who "converses" is *not* a somnambule. He is a sleep-waker—*not* a sleep-walker; but I presume that "The Record" thought it was only the difference of an *l*. What I chiefly complain of, however, is that the London editor prefaced my paper with these words:—"The following is an article communicated to the Columbian Magazine, a journal of respectability and influence in the United States, by Mr. Edgar A. Poe. *It bears internal evidence of authenticity.*"

There is no subject under heaven about which funnier ideas are, in general, entertained than about this subject of internal evidence. It is by "internal evidence," observe, that we decide upon the mind.

But to "The Record":—"On the issue of my "Valdemar Case," this journal copies it, as a matter of course, and (also as a matter of course) improves the title, as in the previous instance. But the editorial comments may as well be called profound. Here they are:

"The following narrative appears in a recent number of *The American Magazine*, a respectable periodical in the United States. It comes, it will be observed, from the narrator of the 'Last Conversation of a Somnambule,' published in *The Record* of the 29th of November. In extracting this case the *Morning Post* of Monday last, takes what it considers the safe side, by remarking—'For our own parts we do not believe it; and there are several statements made, more especially with regard to the disease of which the patient died, which at once prove the case to be either a fabrication, or the work of one little acquainted with consumption. The story, however, is wonderful, and we therefore give it.' The editor, however, does not point out the especial statements which are inconsistent with what we know of the progress of consumption, and as few scientific persons would be willing to take their pathology any more than their logic from the *Morning Post*, his caution, it is to be feared, will not have much weight. The reason assigned by the *Post* for publishing the account is quaint, and would apply equally to an adventure from Baron Munchausen:—'it is wonderful and we therefore give it.' . . . The above case is obviously one that cannot be received except on the strongest testimony, and it is equally clear that the testimony by which it is at present accompanied, is not of that character. The most favorable circumstances in support of it, consist in the fact that credence is understood to be given to

it at New York, within a few miles of which city the affair took place, and where consequently the most ready means must be found for its authentication or disproof. The initials of the medical men and of the young medical student must be sufficient in the immediate locality, to establish their identity, especially as M. Valdemar was well known, and had been so long ill as to render it out of the question that there should be any difficulty in ascertaining the names of the physicians by whom he had been attended. In the same way the nurses and servant—under whose cognizance the case must have come during the seven months which it occupied, are of course accessible to all sorts of inquiries. It will, therefore, appear that there must have been too many parties concerned to render prolonged deception practicable. The angry excitement and various rumors which have at length rendered a public statement necessary, are also sufficient to show that *something* extraordinary must have taken place. On the other hand there is no strong point for disbelief. The circumstances are, as the *Post* says, 'wonderful;' but so are all circumstances that come to our knowledge for the first time—and in Mesmerism every thing is new. An objection may be made that the article has rather a Magazinish air; Mr. Poe having evidently written with a view to effect, and so as to excite rather than to subdue the vague appetite for the mysterious and the horrible which such a case, under any circumstances, is sure to awaken—but apart from this there is nothing to deter a philosophic mind from further inquiries regarding it. It is a matter entirely for testimony. [So it is.] Under this view we shall take steps to procure from some of the most intelligent and influential citizens of New York all the evidence that can be had upon the subject. No steamer will leave England for America till the 3d of February, but within a few weeks of that time we doubt not it will be possible to lay before the readers of the *Record* information which will enable them to come to a pretty accurate conclusion."

Yes; and no doubt they came to one accurate enough, in the end. But all this rignarole is what people call testing a thing by "internal evidence." The *Record* insists upon the truth of the story because of certain facts—because "the initials of the young men *must* be sufficient to establish their identity"—because "the nurses *must* be accessible to all sorts of inquiries"—and because the "angry excitement and various rumors which at length rendered a public statement necessary, are sufficient to show that *something* extraordinary *must* have taken place."

To be sure! The story is proved by these facts—the facts about the students, the nurses, the excitement, the credence given the tale at New York. And now all we have to do is to prove these facts. Ah!—they are proved by the story.

As for the *Morning Post*, it evinces more weakness in its disbelief than the *Record* in its credulity. What the former says about doubting on account of inaccuracy in the detail of the phthisical symptoms, is a mere *fetch*, as the Cockneys have it, in order to make a very few little children believe that it, the *Post*, is not quite so stupid as a post proverbially is.

It knows nearly as much about pathology as it does about English grammar—and I really hope it will not feel called upon to blush at the compliment. I represented the symptoms of M. Valdemar as "severe," to be sure. I put an extreme case; for it was necessary that I should leave on the reader's mind no doubt as to the certainty of death without the aid of the Mesmerist—but such symptoms *might*

have appeared—the identical symptoms *have appeared*, and will be presented again and again. Had the Post been only half as honest as ignorant, it would have owned that it disbelieved for no reason more profound than that which influences all dunces in disbelieving—it would have owned that it doubted the thing merely because the thing was a "wonderful" thing, and had never yet been printed in a book.

## LETHE.

BY HENRY D. HIRST.

*Agressi sunt mare tenebrarum id in eo exploraturi esset.* NUBIAN GEOGRAPHER.

*Looking like Lethe, see! the lake  
A conscious slumber seems to take,  
And would not for the world awake. "The Sleepers." FOX.*

THERE is a lake whose lilies lie  
Like maidens in the lap of death,  
So pale, so cold, so motionless  
Its Stygian breast they press;  
They breathe, and toward the purple sky  
The pallid perfumes of their breath  
Ascend in spiral shapes, for there  
No wind disturbs the voiceless air—  
No murmur breaks the oblivious mood  
Of that tenebrean solitude—  
No Djinn, no Ghoul, no Afrit laves  
His giant limbs within its waves  
Beneath the wan Saturnian light  
That swoons in the omnipresent night;  
But only funeral forms arise,  
With arms uplifted to the skies,  
And gaze, with blank, cavernous eyes  
In whose dull glare no Future lies,—  
The shadows of the dead—the Dead  
Of whom no mortal soul hath read,  
No record come, in prose or rhyme,  
Down from the dim Primeval Time!  
A moment gazing—they are gone—  
Without a sob—without a groan—  
Without a sigh—without a moan—  
And the lake again is left alone—  
Left to that undisturbed repose  
Which in an ebon vapor flows  
Among the cypresses that stand  
A stone-cast from the sombre strand—  
Among the trees whose shadows wake,  
But not to life, within the lake,  
That stand, like statues of the Past,  
And will, while that ebony lake shall last.

But when the more than Stygian night  
Descends with slow and owl-like flight,  
Silent as Death (who comes—we know—

Unheard, unknown of all below;) .  
Above that dark and desolate wave,  
The reflex of the eternal grave—  
Gigantic birds with flaming eyes  
Sweep upward, onward through the skies,  
Or stalk, without a wish to fly,  
Where the reposing lilies lie;  
While, stirring neither twig nor grass,  
Among the trees, in silence, pass  
Titanic animals whose race  
Existed, but has left no trace  
Of name, or size, or shape, or hue—  
Whom ancient Adam never knew.

At midnight, still without a sound,  
Approaching through the black Profound,  
Shadows, in shrouds of pallid hue,  
Come slowly, slowly, two by two,  
In double line, with funeral march,  
Through groves of cypress, yew and larch,  
Descending in those waves that part,  
Then close, above each silent heart;  
While, in the distance, far ahead,  
The shadows of the Earlier Dead  
Arise, with speculating eyes,  
Forgetful of their destinies,  
And gaze, and gaze, and gaze again  
Upon the long funereal train,  
Undreaming their Descendants come  
To make that ebony lake their home—  
To vanish, and become at last  
A parcel of the awful Past—  
The hideous, unremembered Past  
Which Time, in utter scorn, has cast  
Behind him, as with unblenched eye,  
He travels toward Eternity—  
That Lethe, in whose sunless wave  
Even he, himself, must find a grave!

## EPITAPH ON A RESTLESS LADY.

THE gates were unbarred—the home of the blest  
Freely opened to welcome Miss C—;  
But hearing the chorus that "Heaven is Rest,"

She turned from the angels to flee,  
Saying, "Rest is no Heaven to me!"

## MY LADY-HELP.

### OR AUNT LINA'S VISIT.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

"You are in want of an efficient person to assist you in taking charge of your domestic affairs, Enna," said a maiden aunt of mine to me one evening. I pulled my little sewing-table toward me with a slight degree of impatience, and began very earnestly to examine the contents of my work-box, that I might not express aloud my weariness of my aunt's favorite subject. I had been in want of just such an article as an "efficient person" ever since I had taken charge of my father's *ménage*; and after undergoing almost martyrdom with slip-shod, thriftless, good-for-nothing "*help*," as we Americans, with such delicate consideration, term our serving *trades*, I had come to the conclusion that indifferent "*help*" was an unavoidable evil, and that the best must be made of the poor, miserable instruments of assistance vouchsafed unto the race of tried, vexed housekeepers.

"I have just thought," continued my aunt, "of a very excellent person that will suit you in every way. Lizzie Hall, the one I was thinking of, has never been accustomed to living out. Her father is a farmer in our place, but having made a second marriage, and with a young family coming up around him, Lizzie very properly wishes to do something for herself. I remember having heard her express such a desire; and I have no doubt I could persuade her to come to you. She is not very young—about eight-and-twenty, or thereabouts."

I listened to my Aunt Lina's talk with, it must be confessed, indifference, mingled with a little sullenness, and quieted my impatience by inward ejaculations—a vast deal of good do those inward conversations produce, such mollifiers of the temper are they. "So, so," said I to myself, "my Aunt Lina's paragon is a '*lady-help*.' Of all kinds 'of help' the very one I have endeavored most to avoid; it is such a nondescript kind of creature that lady-help;" and as I soliloquized, recollections of specimens of the kind I had been afflicted with, came in sad array before my memory—maids with slip-shod French kid slippers, that had never been large enough for their feet—love-locks on either side of their cheeks, twirled up during the day in brown curl-papers—faded lawn dresses, with dangling flounces and tattered edging; then such sentimental eutreaties that I should not make them answer the door-bell if Ike, the black boy, might happen to be away on some errand, or expose them to the rude gaze of the multitude in the market-house; and I groaned in spirit as I thought what a troublesome creature the "*lady-help*" was to manage. During this sympathizing *colloquy with myself*, my aunt went on expatiating

most eloquently on the merits of her *protégé*, Lizzie Hall. Some pause occurring—for want of breath, I really believe, on my aunt's side—good-breeding seemed to require a remark from me, and I faltered out some objection as to the accommodations a city household afforded for a person of Lizzie Hall's condition.

"Of course," said my aunt, "she will not wish to sit at the same table with the black servants you may happen to have; but Lizzie will not cause you any trouble on the score of accommodations, I'll answer for it, Enna; she is too sensible a person not to fully understand the difference between town and country habits—and if you say so, I will engage her for you when I return to Rockland."

My father, who had been dozing over his paper, gradually aroused himself as this conversation progressed, and as my aunt made the last proposition, he entered into it most cordially, and begged she would endeavor to procure the young woman, and send her by the earliest opportunity. I remained quiet—for I could not say any thing heartily, seeing nothing but vexation and annoyance in the whole affair for me. The young woman was evidently a favorite with my Aunt Lina; and should she not prove a very useful or agreeable maid to me, I would receive but little sympathy from my immediate family. My father is as ignorant as a child of what we poor housekeepers require in a domestic; and my Aunt Lina, though kind-hearted and well-wishing, is in equally as blissful a state. A very indifferent servant, who happened to please her fancy, she would magnify into a very excellent one; then, being rather opinionative and "*set*," as maiden ladies are apt to be when they pass the fatal threshold of forty, I despaired of ever convincing her to the contrary. "However," said I to myself, "I will not anticipate trouble."

I had just recovered from a dangerous fit of illness, through which my kind, well-meaning aunt had patiently nursed me. At the first news of my sickness she had, unsummoned, left her comfortable home in Rockland, in mid-winter, and had crossed the mountains to watch beside the feverish pillow of her motherless niece. Careful and kind was her nursing; and even the physicians owned that to her patient watchfulness I owed my life. How grateful was I; and with what looks of love did I gaze on her trim, spinster figure, as she moved earnestly and pains-taking around my chamber; but, alas! the kitchen told a different story when I was well enough to make my appearance there. Biddy, a raw, bewildered-looking Irish girl, with huge red arms and

ping feet, had quite lost her confused, stupid expression of countenance, and was most eloquent telling me, with all the volubility of our sex, of the rare ways of the old maid."

Sure, and if the old sowl could only have had a hand and a parcel of childthers to mind, she wouldn't have been half so stiff and concated," exclaimed Biddy.

Then poor little reguish Ike, with mischief enough in his composition to derange a dozen well-ordered ones, looked wise and quiet when my prim, demure came in sight. Complaints met me on all sides, ever, for my Aunt Lina was quite as dissatisfied as I rest,

"I found them all wrong, my dear," she said, "no rest, no regulation, every thing at sixes and sevens; as for the woman Biddy, she is quite, quite incorrigible. I showed her a new way of preparing her clothes for the wash, by which she could save a deal of labor; but all in vain, she persisted most obstinately to follow the old troublesome way. Then she confuses her work altogether in such a manner I never can tell at which stage of labor she has ended; and when I put them all *en train*, and within a few instants, I find on my return every thing as tangled as ever. Method is the soul of housekeeping, Enna. You will never succeed without order. I fear you are too easy and indulgent; though I have never kept a house, I know exactly what it should be done. A place for every thing—every thing in its place, as your grandpapa used to say."

If you insist upon your servants doing every thing at a certain hour, and in a certain way, your plans will go on like clock-work."

I could not but assent to all these truisms—for I was conscience-stricken. I knew I had always depended in all my housekeeping emergencies too much on my "talent for improvising," as Kate Wilson mightly entitles my readiness in a domestic tangle to stand-still. I had been in the habit of letting things go on as easily as possible, scrupulously avoiding domestic tempests, because they deranged my nervous system; and if I found a servant would do a thing in my way, I would let her accomplish it in her own manner, and at her own time—so it was done, that was all I required. I felt almost heartened as the remarks of my precise aunt proved how remiss I had been, and resolved in a very amiable mood to reform. But when Aunt Lina concluded her conversations about the mismanagement of my father, then I felt the "old Adam" stir within.

There she surely was wrong. I could not bear should have his eyes opened; he had always treated me a little queen in my domestic arrangements—why should he think differently—what good did it do? If he found his dinner nicely cooked and served, his tea and toast snugly arranged in the parlor, in the evening, when he returned wearied from his office, with his dressing-gown and slippers temptingly spread out; then awakened in the morning in a clean, well-ordered bed-room, with Ike at his elbow to wait his orders, and a warm, cozy breakfast to strengthen him ere he started out on his

daily labors—if all this was carefully and quietly provided for him, what need of his knowing how it was done, or what straits I might be driven to sometimes, from my own thoughtlessness or forgetfulness to accomplish these comforts for him. I had always scrupulously avoided talking of my household affairs before him; but when Aunt Lina discoursed so eloquently and learnedly in his presence, slipping in once in a while such high-sounding words as "domestic economy," "well-ordered household," "proper distribution of time and labor," &c., &c., he began to prick up his ears, and fancy his thrifty little daughter Enna was not quite so excellent in her management as he had blindly dreamed. Poor man! his former ignorance had surely been bliss, for his unfortunate knowledge only made him look vexed and full of care whenever he entered the house. He even noted the door-handles, as to their brightness, rated poor Ike about the table appointments, and pointed out when and how work should be done—told how he managed in his business, and how we should manage in ours. I was almost distraught with annoyance; and, kind as my aunt had been, I wished for the time of her departure silently, but as earnestly as did my servants. Heaven pardon me for my inhospitality and ingratitude.

"Now, Lina," said my father, the morning she left, "do not forget the woman you were speaking of. Enna needs some experienced person to keep things in order. We shall have to break up housekeeping if affairs go on in this disordered state. I do not know how we have stood it thus long."

I opened my eyes but said not a word. Three months before and my father had been the happiest, free-from-care man in the city; now the little insight he had gained into domestic affairs—the peep behind the curtain given him by my mistaken maiden aunt, had served to embitter his existence, surrounding his path with those nettles of life, household trifles, vulgar cares and petty annoyances. I almost echoed Biddy's ejaculation as the carriage drove from the door with my aunt and her numberless boxes, each one arranged on a new, orderly, time-saving plan.

"Sure, and its glad I am, that the old craythur is fairly off—for devil a bit of comfort did she give the laste of us with her time-saving orderly ways. And it's not an owld maid ye must ever be, darlint Miss Enna, or ye'll favor the troublesome aunty with her tabby notions."

Ike shouted with glee, and turned somersets all the way through the hall into the back entry, regardless of all I could say; and the merriment and light heartedness that pervaded the whole house was most cheering. Biddy stamped and put her work in a greater confusion than ever; and Ike dusted the blinds from the top to the bottom in a "wholesale way," as he called it, and cleaned the knives on the wrong side of the bath-brick to his heart's content. Every one, even the dumb animals, seemed conscious of Aunt Lina's departure. My little pet kitten, Norah, resumed her place by the side of the heater in the library, starting once in a while in her dreams and springing up as though she heard the



rustle of Aunt Lina's gown, or the sharp, clear notes of her voice—but coiled herself down with a consoling "pur," as she saw only "little me" laughing at her fears—and my little darling spaniel Flirt laid in my lap, nestled on the foot of my bed, and romped all over the house to his perfect satisfaction. I should have been as happy as the rest also, if it had not been for the anticipation that weighed down on me, of the expected pattern-card—my lady-help.

Soon after my aunt's return home I received a letter from her, announcing with great gratification her success. The letter was filled with a long *preachment* on household management, which my father read very seriously, pronouncing his sister Lina a most excellent, sensible woman, possessing more mind and judgment than did most of her sex. My aunt wound up her letter, saying—

"But you will have little order and regulation about your house so long as you keep that thriftless Biddy in it. Take my advice and tramp her off bag and baggage before Lizzie comes, for, from my account of her, Lizzie is not very favorably disposed toward her."

Here was a pretty state of affairs to be sure, not very agreeable to a young housekeeper who had hitherto been her own mistress. My new maid was to dictate to me even my own domestic arrangements. My father was earnest in wishing to dispose of Biddy—but on that point, though quiet, I was resolute in opposition. Poor warm-hearted Biddy, with all her stupid thriftless ways, I could not find in my heart to turn away, and as my chambermaid wanted to go to her relations in the "back states," as she called the great West, I proposed to Biddy to take her place, so soon as the new woman should make her appearance.

"If she's like the aunty of ye," said Biddy when we concluded this arrangement and were talking of the expected new comer. "I'll wish her all the bad luck in the world, for it's hot wather she'll kape us in all the time with her paintakings."

Not in a very pleasant frame of mind I awaited the arrival of my new domestic. Poor girl, there was no one to welcome her when she at last came, and she stepped into the kitchen without one kind feeling advancing to greet her. Biddy's warm Irish heart was completely closed against her, and Ike, the saucy rogue, pursed up his thick lips in a most comical manner when she appeared. But how my heart smote me when I first looked at the pale, care-worn, sad-looking creature. She was not pretty—her face bore the marks of early care and trial. She might have been well-favored in girlhood, but if so, those good looks had completely vanished. Her eyes were dim, her cheek hollow, and her brow was marked with lines stamped by endurance; her whole person thin and spare, with hard, toil-worn hands, and large feet, showed that labor and sorrow had been her constant companions. And how unjust had been our hasty judgment of her—for so far from proving to be the troublesome, fault-finding, airs-taking, lady-help I had fearfully anticipated, I found her amiable, yielding and patiently industrious.

She had no regular set ways about her, but worked unceasingly from morning till night in every department in the house. Not a week passed before I heard Biddy, with her Irish enthusiasm, calling on Heaven to bless the "darlint." She was always ready to excuse Biddy's thriftlessness and Ike's mischief, helping them on in their duties constantly. Good Lizzie Hall! every one in the house loved her. Yes, indeed, my dear housekeeping reader, all doubtful as you look, I had at last obtained that paragon, so seldom met with—a good, efficient servant. Lizzie lived with me many years, and when I parted with her, as I had to at last, I felt certain I had had my share of good "help"—that her place would never be supplied.

Lizzie grew very fond of me, and ere she had lived with us many months told me her whole history. Poor girl, without beauty, without mental attractions, of an humble station, and slender abilities, her life-woof had in it the glittering thread of romance—humble romance, but romance still it was. Lizzie's father was a farmer, owning a small farm in the part of the country where my Aunt Lina resided. His first wife, Lizzie's mother, was an heiress according to her station, bringing her husband on her marriage some hundreds of dollars, which enabled him to purchase his little farm, and stock it. They labored morning, noon, and night, unceasingly. Lizzie's mother was a thrifty, careful body; but, unfortunately, she had more industry than constitution; and when Lizzie was seventeen, her mother was fast sinking into the grave, a worn-out creature, borne down by hard labor and sickness. Nine children had she, and of them Lizzie was the eldest and only girl. What sorrow for a dying mother! Before her mother's last sickness, Lizzie was "wooed and won" by the best match in the place. James Foster, her lover, was a young farmer, an orphan, but well off in life. He owned a handsome, well-stocked farm, and was a good-looking, excellent young man. Both father and mother cheerfully gave their consent, but insisted that their engagement should last a year or so, until Lizzie might be older. As Mrs. Hall felt death approaching, she looked around on the little family she was to leave motherless behind her; and with moving, heart-rending entreaties, besought of Lizzie not to leave them.

"Stay with your father, my child," she urged; "James, if he loves you, will wait for you. Don't marry until the boys are all old enough to be out of trouble. Think, Lizzie, of the misery a step-mother might cause with your brother Jack's impetuous temper, and Sam's hopeless, despairing disposition—each one would be hard for a step-mother to guide. Be a mother to them, my girl; down on your knees, and to make your mother's heart easy, promise before God that you will guide them, and watch over them as long as you are needed. Stay with your father, and Heaven will bless you, as does your dying mother."

Willingly did the almost heart-broken girl give the required promise—and James Foster loved her all the better for it. She wept bitter, heart-aching tears

er her dear mother's grave, but turned steadily to a hard path traced out before her; but she was loved and beloved, and a bright star beamed before her—the star of love—to gild her toilsome path; and another's smile seemed blended with its bright rays. Year or two rolled around—years of hard labor, which made Lizzie, who toiled untiringly, as her mother had done, old before her time. She was loved, however, all over the village for a thrifty, lustrous, excellent girl. James Foster was a stern for lovers; every spare moment he gave to her. What few amusements she had time to enjoy were procured for her; and as the village people said, they went as steadily together as old married people. Lizzie's father was a narrow-minded, selfish man, caring very little for any one's comfort but his own, and at times was exceedingly cross and testy. Unfortunately, he took great interest in politics, and was quite an oracle in the village bar-room. He was noted and "set" in his opinions, considering all so differed from him as enemies to their country, and led them rascals and hypocrites freely. His wife had been dead about two years, when a presidential election came on. James Foster, unluckily, had been brought up with different political opinions from Mr. Hall; but, being very quiet and retiring in disposition, he never had rendered himself obnoxious. Of course, Mr. Hall took great interest in the approaching election. He became very ambitious of his township giving a large vote on the side to which he belonged—and he used every means to obtain votes. Elated with fancied success, he wore one day in the tavern bar-room, that he would like James Foster abandon his party, and vote to save him. Some, who knew Foster's quiet but resolute disposition, bantered and teased Hall, which brought him to such a pitch of excitement that, on seeing James Foster a little while after in front of the tavern, he made the demand of him. Foster at first treated it as a jest; then, when he found Hall was in earnest, decidedly, but civilly, refused; and in such a manner as to put at rest all further conversation. Enraged, Hall instantly turned, swearing to the laughing politicians that surrounded the tavern steps, and who had witnessed his discomfiture, that he would punish Foster's impudent obstinacy. Accordingly, full of ill, revengeful feelings, he returned home, and forbade his daughter ever permitting Foster to step over the threshold of the door—commanding her instantly to break the engagement. He used every entreaty, expostulated, temporized—was of no avail; indeed, her entreaties seemed but to heighten her father's anger; and at last, with a fearful oath, he declared, if she did not break the engagement with the purse-proud, hypocritical scoundrel, she should leave his house instantly. She looked on the terrified children, the youngest only five years old, and who clung weeping to her knees, her father threatened to turn her out of doors, never to see them again; and she thought of her mother's last words—her decision was made; and with a heavy heart she performed the self-sacrifice. "Don't say you will never marry me, Lizzie,"

urged her lover; "I can wait ten years for you, darling."

But Lizzie was conscientious; her father had expressly stipulated there should be no "half-way work—no putting off;" all hope must be given up, she never could be his—and forever she bid him farewell. James tried to argue with and persuade her father; but the selfish, obstinate old man would listen to nothing from him. Poor James, finding both immovable, at last sold off his farm, and all his property, and moved away into a distant state; he could not, he said, live near Lizzie, and feel that she never would be his wife. Men are so soon despairing in love affairs, while women hope on, even to death. Poor Lizzie, how her heart sunk when the sight of her lover was denied to her; and she felt even more wretched than she did at the moment of her mother's death. Nothing now remained to her in life but the performance of stern, rigid duty. Two or three years passed by, and one by one her charges departed from her. One brother was placed with a farmer, and the others were apprenticed to good trades. The little white-headed Willie, who at his mother's death was a tiny, roly-poly prattler, only two years old, was becoming a slender, tall youth. Lizzie felt proud as she looked at her crowd of tall boys, when once or twice a year they would assemble at home; and on a Sunday's afternoon, at twilight, on her way to the evening meeting, she would steal down into the quiet church-yard, and kneeling beside her mother's grave, ask, with streaming eyes, if she had not done well. Such moments were fraught with bitter anguish; but a heavenly peace would descend on her, and she said her trials, after the agony was over, seemed lighter to bear.

"But I was blessed in one thing, dear Miss Enna," she would exclaim, "not one of those darling boys was taken from me, and all bid fair to turn out well. God surely smiled on the motherless, and gave me strength to perform my labor of love."

At last there moved to the village a woman of the name of Pierce; she opened a little milliner's shop, and soon made herself busy with the affairs of others, as well as her own, becoming quite a considerable person amongst the villagers. She was a widow with two or three children—a girl or two, and a boy—little things. She was a stout, healthy, good-looking woman, "rising forty," with a clear, shrill voice, and good, bright black eyes in her head. She soon steadied these bonnie eyes at the widower. Lizzie's father, and not in vain; for after hailing him industriously, as he passed the door of her shop, with questions about the weather, or the crops, he at last managed to stop without the hailing; and after a short courtship brought her and her children to his own home. How Lizzie rejoiced that her brothers were now all out of the way! Her last pet, Willie, had, a few months previous to the new marriage, been sent to a printer in the neighboring city. She never thought of herself, but commenced with redoubled industry to assist in taking care of the new family. But her constant industry and thrifty habits were a silent reproach to the step-mother, if fancy, for she left

no stone unturned to rid herself of the troublesome grown up daughter. She tried every means, threw out hints, until at last Lizzie perceived her drift. Even her father seemed restrained and annoyed by her presence; and when she proposed to him that she should do something now for herself, in the way of support, he made no opposition; on the contrary, seemed relieved, saying the times were hard, and he had always had an expensive family. At this time my dear Aunt Lina obtained her for me. Blessed Aunt Lina! how we all loved her for this good act; even Biddy said:

"Well, the owld toad was n't so bad, afther all. She had some good in her, for she sent the angel to our door—good luck to her forever."

And what parted Lizzie from us? Ah, there is the romance of my story—the darling little bit of sentiment so dear to my woman's heart. Lizzie lived with me five years. In the meantime her father had died; the thriftless wife had broken his heart by her extravagant habits, and Lizzie and her brothers never received a penny of their mother's little fortune. One evening, my father, on handing me the letters and papers, said, "Amongst those, Enna, you will find a letter for Lizzie, which has come from the far West, clear beyond St. Louis—what relations has she there?"

I could not tell him, but gave the letter to Ike, now grown into quite a dandy waiter, to take to her. I did not feel much curiosity about the letter, thinking it might be from some cousin of hers; but when I retired to bed that evening, she came into my room, and throwing herself down on the soft rug beside my bed, by the dim light of my night-lamp, told me all her happiness. The letter was from James Foster—he still loved her as dearly as ever. He had heard by chance of her father's death, and her situation, and said if she was

ready to marry him, he was still waiting. He wrote of his handsome farm he had cleared with his own hands, and the beautiful wild country he lived in, telling her he hoped her future life would be free from all care. All this, and even more, dear reader, he told her—in plain, homely words, it is true; but love's language is always sweet, be it in courtly tongue or homely phrase.

And James Foster came for her; and in our home was she married. My father presented the soft mull dress to the bride, which Kate Wilson and I made, and assisted in dressing her, and stood as her bridesmaids. Aunt Lina, Biddy, the stamping, good-hearted Biddy, and dandy Ike, were all there, rejoicing in her happiness. Her husband was a stout, strong, hard-featured, but kind-hearted man, and looked upon his poor, care-worn, slender Lizzie as if she were an angel. We all liked him; and her whole troop of brothers, who were present at the ceremony, greeted him with hearty words of friendship. Three he persuaded to accompany them out to the "new home"—the farmer, the shoemaker, and the little white-headed Willie, Lizzie's pet—declaring all the time that his house and heart, like the wide western valley where he lived, was large enough to hold them all. They all went out one after another; and when I last heard from Lizzie, she was very happy, surrounded by all her brothers; and she told me of a little darling girl, whom she had named after her dear Miss Enna. My father and I often talk during the winter evenings, when sitting very cozily together in the warm library, of taking a summer's jaunt to Lizzie's western home. I wish we could, that I might see my lady-help as mistress of her own household; and what is still better, a happy wife, mother, and sister.

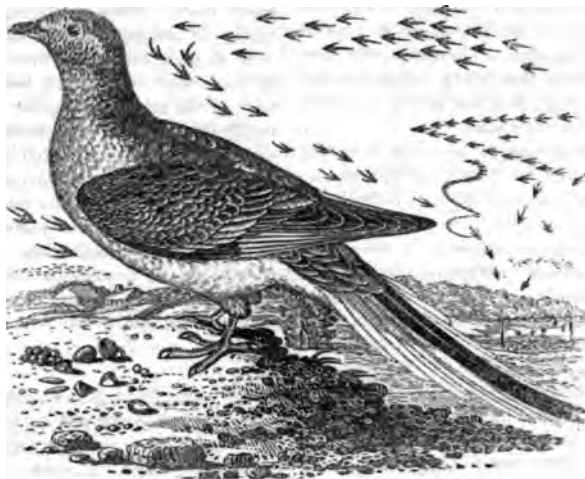
## LINES

*Addressed to a friend who asks: "How would you be remembered when you die?"*

How would I be remembered?—not forever,  
As those of yore.  
Not as the warrior, whose bright glories quiver  
O'er fields of gore;  
Nor e'en as they whose song down life's dark river  
Is heard no more.  
No! in my veins a gentler stream is flowing  
In silent bliss.  
No! in my breast a woman's heart is glowing,  
It asks not this.  
I would not, as down life's dark vale I'm going  
My true path miss.  
I do not hope to lay a wreath undying  
On glory's shrine,  
Where coronets from mighty brows are lying  
In dazzling shine:  
Only let love, among the tomb-stones sighing,  
Weep over mine.  
Oh! when the green grass softly waves above me  
In some low glen,  
Say, will the hearts that now so truly love me

Think of me then;  
And, with fond tones that never more can move me,  
Call me again?  
Say, when the fond smiles in our happy home  
Their soft light shed,  
When round the hearth at quiet eve they come,  
And mine has fled,  
Will any gentle voice then ask for room—  
Room for the dead?  
Oh! will they say, as rosy day is dying,  
And shadows fall,  
"Come, let us speak of her now lowly lying,  
She loved us all!"  
And will a gentle tear-drop, then replying,  
From some eye fall?  
Give me, oh! give me not the echo ringing  
From trump of fame;  
Be mine, be mine the pearls from fond eyes springing,  
This, would I claim.  
Oh! may I think such memories will be clinging  
Around my name. GRETTA.

## GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. IX.



PASSENGER PIGEON.

THIS bird, the marvel of the whole Pigeon race, is beautiful in its colors, graceful in its form, and far more a child of wild nature than any other of the pigeons. The chief wonder, however, is in its multitudes; multitudes which no man can number; and when Alexander Wilson lays the mighty wand of the enchanter upon the Valley of the Mississippi, and conjures it up to the understanding and the feeling of the reader, with far more certain and more concentrated and striking effect than if it were painted on canvas, or modeled in wax, these pigeons form a feature in it which no one who knows can by possibility forget. It is probable that the multitudes may not be more numerous than those of the petrels in Bass's Strait, of which Captain Flinders—who also was a kind of Wilson in his way—gives a graphic description. But vast as the multitude of these was, it was only as a passing cloud to the captain; he was unable to follow it up; and even though he had, the flight of birds over the surface of the sea is tame and storyless, as compared with the movements of the unnumbered myriads of these pigeons in the great central valley of our continent. None of the names which have been bestowed upon this species are sufficiently, or at all, descriptive of it. Passenger, the English expression, and *Migratoria*, the Latin name, fall equally short, inasmuch as every known pigeon is to a greater or less extent migratory as well as this one. The "swarm" pigeon, the "flood" pigeon, or even the "deluge" pigeon would be a more appropriate appellation; for the weight of their numbers breaks down the forest with scarcely less havoc than if the stream of the Mississippi were poured upon it.

Birds so numerous demand both a wide pasture and powerful means of migration, and the Passen-

gers are not stinted in either of those respects. In latitude, their pasture extends from the thirtieth to the sixtieth degree, which is upward of two thousand miles; and the extensive breadth in longitude cannot be estimated at less than fifteen hundred. Three millions of square miles is thus the extent of territory of which the Passenger pigeon has command; and that territory has its dimensions so situated as that the largest one is the line upon which the birds migrate.

In Canada their numbers are so great, and the ravages which they commit upon the cultivated ground so extensive, that instances are recorded in which the bishop has been seriously and earnestly implored to exorcise them "by bell, book, and candle"—to cast them out of the land by the same means used in days of yore against spirits troublesome to other individuals, men and women. But as the Passengers were material and not spiritual, the bishop had the good sense not to try the experiment upon them. At least, La Houton, who records the matter, is perfectly silent as to the success or failure of the proposition.

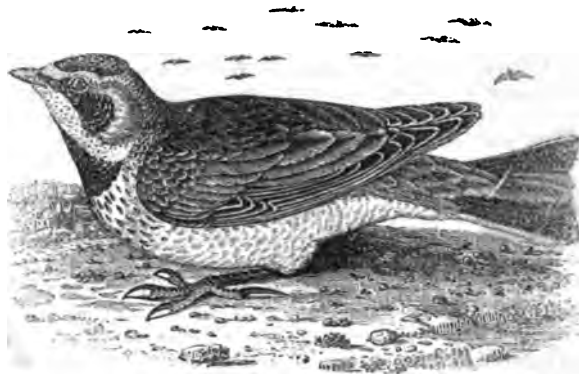
Both sexes are beautiful birds; but their value, in an economical point of view, is not, however, in any way equal to their numbers or their beauty. The flesh of the old ones is dark, dry, hard and unpalatable, as is very generally the case with birds which are much on the wing; but the young, or *squabs*, as they are called, are remarkably fat; and as in the places where the birds congregate, they may be obtained without much difficulty, this fat is obtained by melting them, and is used instead of lard. As they nestle in vast multitudes at the same place, their resting-places have many attractions for the birds of prey, which indiscriminately seize upon both

the old and the young. The eggs, like those of most of the pigeon tribe, are usually two in number; but the number of birds at one nesting-place is so great that the young, when they begin to branch and feed, literally drive along the woods like a torrent. They feed upon the fruits which at this time they procure at the middle heights of the forests, and do not venture upon the open grounds. The nests are far more closely packed together than in any rookery, and are built one above another, from the height of twenty feet to the top of the tallest trees.

Wilson says that as soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left the nests, numerous parties of the inhabitants from all parts of the adjacent country came with wagons, axes, beds, cooking utensils, many of them accompanied by the greater part of their families, and encamped for several days at this immense nursery, near Shelbyville, Kentucky, forty miles long, and several miles in breadth. The noise in the woods was so great as to terrify their horses, and it was difficult for one person to hear another speak without bawling in his ear. The ground was strewn with broken limbs of trees, eggs, and young squab pigeons, which had been precipitated from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards and eagles were sailing about in great numbers, and seizing the squabs from their nests at pleasure, while from twenty feet upward to the tops of the trees, the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the frequent crash of falling timber, for now the axe-men were at work cutting down those trees which seemed to be most crowded with nests, and seemed to fell them in such a manner that, in their descent, they might bring down several others, by which means the falling of one large tree sometimes produced two hundred squabs, little inferior in size to the old ones, and almost one mass of fat. On some single trees upward of one hundred nests were found. It was dangerous to walk under these flying and fluttering millions, from the frequent

fall of large branches, broken down by the weight of the multitudes above, and which in their descent often destroyed numbers of the birds themselves. This is a scene to which we are aware of no parallel in the nesting-places of the feathered tribes. In the select places where the birds only roost for the night, the congregating, though not permanent, is often as great and destructive to the forest. The native Indians rejoice in a breeding or a roosting-place of the migratory pigeon; as one which shall supply them with an unbounded quantity of provisions, in the quality of which they are not particularly chary. Nor are these roosting-places attractive to the Indians only, for the settlers near them also pay them nocturnal visits. They come with guns, clubs, pots of suffocating materials, and every other means of destruction that can well be imagined to be within their command, and procure immense quantities of the birds in a very short time. These they stuff into sacks and carry home on their horses.

The flocks being less abundant in the Atlantic States, the gun, decoy and net are brought into operation against them, and very considerable numbers of them are taken. In some seasons they may be purchased in our markets for one dollar a hundred, and flocks have been known to occupy two hours in passing, in New Jersey and the adjoining States. Many thousands are drowned on the edges of the ponds to which they descend to drink while on their aerial passage; those in the rear alighting on the backs of those who touched the ground first, in the same manner as the domestic pigeon, and pressing them beneath the surface of the water. Nuttall estimates the rapidity of their flight at about a mile a minute, and states among other data for this result, that there have been wild pigeons shot near New York, whose crops were filled with rice that must have been collected in the plantations of Georgia, and to digest which would not require more than twelve hours.



SHORE LARK.

Usually fat, much esteemed as food, and not uncommon in our markets, this beautiful bird may be seen in different seasons ranging from Hudson's Bay

to Mexico, and from New England to the Rocky Mountains. They arrive in the Northern and Middle States late in the fall, and many remain through-

out the winter. As the weather grows colder in the north, however, they become quite common in South Carolina and Georgia, frequenting the plains, commons and dry ground, keeping constantly upon the ground, and roving about in families under the guidance of the old birds, whose patriarchal care extends over all, to warn them by a plaintive call of the approach of danger, and instruct them by example how to avoid it. They roost somewhat in the same manner as partridges, in a close ring or circle,

keeping each other warm, and abiding with indifference the frost and the storm. They migrate only when driven by want of food; this appears to consist of small round compressed black seeds, oats, buckwheat, &c., with a large proportion of gravel. Shore Lark and Sky Lark are the names by which they are usually known. They are said to sing well, rising in the air and warbling as they ascend, after the manner of the sky-lark of Europe.

## TRIUMPHS OF PEACE.

BY WILLIAM H. C. ROSEMER.

From palace, cot and cave  
Streamed forth a nation, in the olden time,  
To crown with flowers the brave,  
Flushed with the conquest of some far-off clime,  
And, louder than the roar of meeting seas,  
Applauding thunder rolled upon the breeze.  
Memorial columns rose  
Decked with the spoils of conquered foes,  
And bards of high renown their stormy prouns sung,  
While Sculpture touched the marble white,  
And, woke by his transforming might,  
To life the statue sprung.  
The vassal to his task was chained—  
The coffers of the state were drained  
In rearing arches, bright with wasted gold,  
That after generations might be told  
A thing of dust once reigned.

Tombs, hallowed by long years of toil,  
Were built to shrine heroic clay,  
Too proud to rest in vulgar soil,  
And moulder silently way;  
Though treasure lavished on the dead  
The wretched might have clothed and fed—  
Dragged merit from obscuring shade,  
And debts of gratitude have paid;  
From want relieved neglected sage,  
Or veteran in battle tried;

Smoothed the rough path of weary age,  
And the sad tears of orphanage have dried.

Though green the laurel round the brow  
Of wasting and triumphant War,  
Peace, with her sacred olive bough,  
Can boast of conquests nobler far:  
Beneath her gentle sway  
Earth blossoms like a rose—  
The wide old woods recede away,  
Through realms, unknown but yesterday,  
The tide of Empire flows.

Woke by her voice rise battlement and tower.  
Art builds a home, and Learning finds a bower—  
Triumphant Labor for the conflict girds,  
Speaks in great works instead of empty words;  
Bends stubborn matter to his iron will,  
Drains the foul marsh, and rends in twain the hill—  
A hanging bridge across the torrent flings,  
And gives the ear of fire resistless wings.  
Light kindles up the forest to its heart,  
And happy thousands throng the new-born mart;  
Fleet ships of steam, deriding tide and blast,  
On the blue bounding waters hurry past;  
Adventure, eager for the task, explores  
Primeval wilds, and lone, sequestered shores—  
Braves every peril, and a beacon lights  
To guide the nations on untrodden heights.

## EXPECTATION.

BY LOUISA M. GREEN.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

WHY comes he not? He should have come ere this:  
The promised hour is past: he is not here!  
I love him—yes, my maiden heart is his;  
I sigh—I languish when he is not near.  
The truant! Wherefore tarries he? His love,  
Were it like mine, would woo him to my side—  
Or does he—dares he—merely seek to prove  
The doubted passion of his promised bride?

Do I not love him? But does he love me?  
He swore so yester-eve, when last we met  
Down in the dell by our old trysting-tree:  
Can he be false? If so, my sun is set!  
No; he will come—I feel—I know he will;  
And he shall never dream that once I sighed;  
I hear his step—behold his form: he still,  
Warm heart; he comes—to clasp his bride

# WOMAN'S LOVE.

POETRY BY ANON.

MUSIC BY MATHIAS KELLER.

COPYRIGHTED BY J. C. SMITH, NO. 215 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

*Allegretto.*

*p* *f* *Fine.*

A Wo-man's love, deep in the heart, Is like the vio-let

*p*

flow'r, That lifts its mo-dest head a-part, In

some se - ques - ter'd bow'r. And blest is he who

*Ritardando.* *A tempo.*

finds that bloom, Who sips its gen - tle sweets; He

heeds not life's op - pres - sive gloom, Nor all the care he meets

*p* *D. C.*

## SECOND VERSE.

A woman's love is like the spring  
 Amid the wild alone;  
 A burning wild o'er which the wing  
 Of cloud is seldom thrown;  
 And blest is he who meets that fount,  
 Beneath the sultry day;  
 How gladly should his spirit mount,  
 How pleasant be his way.

## THIRD VERSE.

A woman's love is like the rock,  
 That every tempest braves,  
 And stands secure amid the shock  
 Of ocean's wildest waves;  
 And blest is he to whom repose  
 Within its shade is given—  
 The world, with all its cares and woes,  
 Seems less like earth than heaven.



## YEARS AGO.—A BALLAD.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR MRS. C. E. HORN.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

On the banks of that sweet river  
Where the water-lilies grow,  
Breathed the fairest flower that ever  
Bloomed and faded years ago.

How we met and loved and parted,  
None on earth can ever know,  
Nor how pure and gentle-hearted  
Beamed the mourned one years ago.

Like the stream with lilies laden,  
Will life's future current flow,  
Till in heaven I meet the maiden  
Fondly cherished years ago.

Hearts that truly love forget not—  
They're the same in weal or wo—  
And that star of memory set not  
In the grave of years ago.

## TO MY WIFE.

BY ROBT. T. CONRAD.

WHEN that chaste blush suffused thy cheek and brow,  
Whitened anon with a pale maiden fear,  
Thou shrank'st in uttering what I burned to hear :  
And yet I loved thee, love, not then as now.  
Years and their snows have come and gone, and graves,  
Of thine and mine, have opened ; and the sod  
Is thick above the wealth we gave to God :

Over my brightest hopes the nightshade waves ;  
And wrongs and wrestlings with a wretched world,  
Gray hairs, and saddened hours, and thoughts of gloom  
Troop upon troop, dark-browed, have been my doom  
And to the earth each hope-reared turret hurled !  
And yet that blush, suffusing cheek and brow,  
'T was dear, how dear ! then—but 't is dearer now.

## ISOLA.

BY JOHN TOMLIN.

I DREAMED that thou a lily wast,  
Within a lowly valley blest ;  
A wingéd cherub flying past,  
Plucked thee, and placed within his breast,  
And there by guardian angel nursed,  
Thou took'st a shape of human grace,  
Until, a lowly flower at first,  
Thou grew'st the first of mortal race.

Alas ! if I who still was blessed  
When thou wast but a lowly flower—  
To pluck thy image from my breast,  
Though thus thou wilt'st it, have no power ;  
Thou still to me, though lifted high  
In hope and heart above the glen,  
Where first thou won my idol eye,  
Must spell my worship just as then.

## CONTEMPLATION.

BY JANE E. DANA.

[ILLUSTRATING AN ENGRAVING.]

Strange ! that a tear-drop should o'erfill the eye  
Of loveliness that looks on all it loves !  
Yet are there moods, when the soul's wells are high  
With crystal waters which a strange fear moves,  
To doubt if what it joys in, be a joy ;  
Fear not, thou fond and gentle one ! though life  
*Be but a checkered scene, where wrong and right,*

Struggle forever ; there is not a strife  
Can reach thy bower : the future, purely bright,  
Is round about thee, like a summer sky.  
And there are those, brave hearts and true, to guard  
Thy walks forever ; and to make each hour  
Of coming time, by fond and faithful ward,  
Happy as happiest known within thy bridal bower.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Practical Physiology: for the use of Schools and Families.*  
By Edward Jarvis. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.

The popular and practical study of physiology is too much neglected in this country, and we rejoice to see this effort to commend its important truths to public attention. Perhaps no people existing are in greater need of a heedful regard to the lessons of this work than the over-fed, over-worked, and over-anxious people of the United States. The pursuit of wealth, honor, and power, the absorbing and health-sacrificing devotion to advancement, impels our people from the moment they first enter the school-house until they are snatched from the scene of their overwrought strugglings. At the school, the child is treated as a man. The fresh air, the blue sky, the bright and happy hilarity of boyhood are too often proscribed indulgences. And this is called, not murder, but education. Those who survive it, having been taught that an American youth should never be satisfied with the present, that *excelsior* should be the only motto, and that all pleasure should be denied, health sacrificed, and time unremittingly devoted to win the eminence struggled for, rush into the business of life before their time. They win wrinkles before they attain manhood, and graves before the wild ambition thus kindled and inflamed can receive its first chaplet. All our literature teaches this unquiet and discontented spirit as to the present, and this rash and impatient determination to achieve immediate success. Now, this is a peculiarity of our country, the land of all others which should cherish a disposition to be gratefully contented with the unequalled blessings with which it is endowed. There is no necessity for this forcing system to expand properly and in due time the real energies of our people. The truly great in every walk of science and literature have been generally patient students, and have lived, in tranquillity, to a good old age. The impatient ambition which scourges our people on to the farthest stretch of their energies in any adopted pursuit, is inconsistent with the permanent and healthful character of a race. It made Rome great; but it left her people, as a race, so physically exhausted that the weakest tribes of the North dictated to her the terms of her degradation. The physical character of a nation moulds its intellectual nature, and shapes its destinies. The study of health is therefore the great study, and it will be found in all things accordant with those loftier truths taught by the Great Physician. Strangers of intelligence often remark that, with unbounded means of happiness, affluence for every reasonable want, security against every danger, and the high prerogatives of conscious and elevated freedom, we are still the most unhappy of the sons of Adam. They assert that we grow old before our time; are restless, excitable, and ever worrying for an attainment, in reference to some ruling passion beyond our reach. Comfort, health, calmness, and content, are sacrificed to grasp at something more. Our cheeks grow pale, our brows wrinkled, our hearts clouded, from a settled, taught, established habit of discontent with any position that is not the highest. There is much of truth in all this, as every one who treads out crowded marts and finds each man, however prosperous, cankered with the thought that he is not prosperous enough, will admit. All this constitutes American energy; all this renders our country great in the world's eye; but does it constitute happiness? It may be gravely doubted. The

study of health is essentially the study of happiness. Life is with our people, as a general rule, a thing of little value. Those who think, in a better spirit, and remember its duties and its ends, will come to a different conclusion, and regard the conservation of the even and steady physical energies of the body as superior in importance to any result to be gained by the forced and unnatural efforts from which more is attained than nature sanctions.

A work like the one before us is calculated to be of great service, and especially so if it be placed in the hands of children. It claims, and certainly deserves, no praise as an original work of science; but it has this merit—no ordinary one—that it communicates the most important truths of physiology in language which any intelligent child can understand; and it does so in a manner that every moralist will commend.

*The Fruits and Fruit Trees of America.* By A. J. Downing.  
Published by Wiley & Putnam, New York.

This work has been known to every scientific horticulturist and pomologist for many years. Its author has devoted a vigorous and enlightened intellect to this purest and noblest of pursuits; and has won a reputation of which this work will form the coronal wreath. The past editions of this work, and they have been many, have elicited the strongest praise here and abroad. The classic poets of every land have valued the praise which rewarded their dedication of the first triumphs of the muse to subjects connected with the cultivation of the soil, to the arts that rendered the breast of our common mother lovely, and wedded the labors which sustain life with the arts that render it happy. The work before us has an established reputation. It is written by one whose labors upon this subject are known as well abroad as here, and who has won the applause of all who regard pomology as worthy of an earnest support. He is the *Prose Virgil* of our country. This work contains eighty-four colored engravings of apples, pears, cherries, apricots, peaches, plums, raspberries, and strawberries. These plates have been, at great expense, executed at Paris, and are worthy of all commendation. Among those that seem to us worthy of especial commendation are, in the plums, the Columbia, the Coe's Golden Drop, and the Jefferson; among the pears, the Bartlett, the Bosc, the Flemish Beauty, the Frederick of Wurtemberg; among the apples, the Gravenstein, the Yellow Belle Fleur, the Dutch Mignonne, Ladies' Sweet, and Red Astrochan. All the plates are, however, good; and the work is, to all who love nature, invaluable.

The leading horticultural societies of this country have recently endeavored to counteract the confusion which has heretofore prevailed in pomological nomenclature, by adopting this work as the American standard; and we learn that it has been so recognized and adopted, in reference to this country, in London. Horticulture is greatly indebted for the advances it has made within the last few years to the author of this work. He is well known to all those who cherish the science of the soil, as the popular editor of the *Horticulturist*, and as one of the ablest, most scientific and enthusiastic horticulturists and pomologists in the country.

*Tristram Shandy*—Original or not, Sterne gave to the literature of this language that which must last and should

last. This edition, published by Grigg, Elliott & Co., is cheap, and should be cheap, for it is got up for universal distribution. It is well illustrated by Darley.

*The Medical Companion, or Family Physician, Treating of the Diseases of the United States, &c.* By James Ewell.

This is a work long and well known to the nation; and the edition before us, being the tenth, is an enlargement and improvement on those which have heretofore appeared. Dr. Chapman has pronounced it to be indisputably the most useful popular treatise on medicine with which he is acquainted; and a large number of the most celebrated professors of the country, as Caldwell, Shippen, Barton, Woodhouse, and others, have very emphatically commended it to the confidence of the public. The edition before us is a great improvement upon those which have preceded it, having, in addition to corrections resulting from the advance of the science, a treatise on Hydropathy, Homoeopathy, and the Chronothermic system. It is published by Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co., Philadelphia, and does, in general appearance and character, great credit to those enterprising publishers.

*General Scott and his Staff. Comprising Memoirs of Generals Twiggs, Smith, Quitman, Shields, Pillow, Lane, Cadwallader, Patterson, and Pierce, and Colonels Childs, Riley, Harny and Butler, and Other Distinguished Officers Attached to General Scott's Army; Together with Notices of Gen. Kearney, Col. Doniphan, Belmont, and Others.* Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliot & Co.

This work embodies the floating intelligence which has reached us in relation to the present Mexican war, and is illustrated by wood-cuts worthy of the text. We can say no more. This book is not inferior to others which the curiosity of the community has invited, and will doubtless sell, as they have sold, well.

*General Taylor and his Staff. Comprising Memoirs of Generals Taylor, Worth, Wool, and Butler, Cols. May, Cross, Clay, Hardin, Yell, Hays, and Other Distinguished Officers Attached to Gen. Taylor's Army.* Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliot & Co.

This volume seems to be as picturesque and as veritable as other works of a like character, and is as well written and as well printed as the best. Perhaps this is not saying much; but can we say more?

*Lectures on the Physical Phenomena of Living Beings.* By Carlo Matteucci, Professor in the University of Pisa. Translated by Jonathan Pereira, M. D., F. R. S. Phila.: Lea & Blanchard.

This work has passed through two editions in Italy, and one in France. A hasty examination of the volume has excited a degree of curiosity and admiration which a more careful perusal than we can now give it will enable us hereafter to do justice to.

*Two Hours, or the Vigil of Love, and Other Poems.* By Mrs. S. J. Hale. Carey & Hart, Phila. & N. Y.

This beautiful volume is dedicated to the readers of the *Lady's Book*, (why not to its amiable proprietor?) of which she has long been an able and successful editor. We have not found time to examine the volume page by page—that is a happiness reserved to us, and we feel, in so much, the richer in our capital of future enjoyment; but we know that Mrs. Hale is one of the purest, most powerful, truthful, and tasteful of our writers; and we are certain that the volume before us is worthy of more than praise.

*Ervington.*—This beautiful poem has been beautifully complemented by an artist-poet whose contributions enrich our pages, Thomas Buchanan Read, or, as he has been

aptly characterized by a contemporary, "the Doric Read." The painting is worthy the subject, the artist, and the poet; and is one of the richest productions of American art.

*A Campaign in Mexico, or a Glimpse at Life in Camp.* By one who has seen the Elephant. Phila.: Grigg & Elliott.

This work, though, perhaps, beneath the dignity of a formal review, is still good reading, and we have gone through its pages with pleasure.

*Principles of Physics and Meteorology.* By J. Müller. First American edition, Revised and Illustrated with 55 engravings on wood, and two colored plates. Phila.: Lea & Blanchard.

This treatise on Physics, by Professor Müller, is the first of a series of works, on the different branches of science, now passing through the press of Baillière, in London. The American editor has made many additions and improvements; and the work, as presented to the public, is worthy of all praise and all patronage.

*The Primary School Reader—Parts First, Second, and Third.* By Wm. D. Swan, Principal of the Mayhew Grammar School, Boston. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.

These volumes have been prepared to supply the want of a system for teaching reading in Primary Schools. The task has been well performed, and the series will be found of value both to the teacher and the taught.

*Green's Analysis. A Treatise on the Structure of the English Language, or the Analysis and Classification of Sentences and their Component Parts. With Illustrations and Exercises adapted to the use of schools.* By Samuel J. Green, A. M., Principal of the Phillips's Grammar School, Boston. Published by Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.

The title of this volume sufficiently indicates its purpose and character. It is a work calculated to contribute, in a considerable degree, to improve the methods of teaching the English language.

*The Grammar School Reader, consisting of Selections in Prose and Poetry, with Exercises in Articulation.* By William D. Swan. Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co. Philadelphia.

This work is well designed to correct prevailing vices of articulation. There is much room for reform in this branch of education, even our best public speakers being guilty of provincial errors, and faulty enunciation. The rules are lucidly explained, and the selections made with taste.

*Swan's District School Reader. Same Publishers.*

This is a more advanced and more valuable branch of the same series of class books, and is designed for the highest classes of public and private schools.

**THE HOME JOURNAL.**—This admirable periodical maintains and advances its enviable reputation. With Morris & Willis as its editors, it needs no endorsement from its contemporaries. It must be, with such genius, tact and experience, all that a weekly periodical can be. We invite attention to the advertisement upon the cover of this number of the Magazine. Those who know the Journal will complain that the advertisers have not told half its merits.



*My only Daughter*

By the Author of 'The Two Sisters'

100

100

100

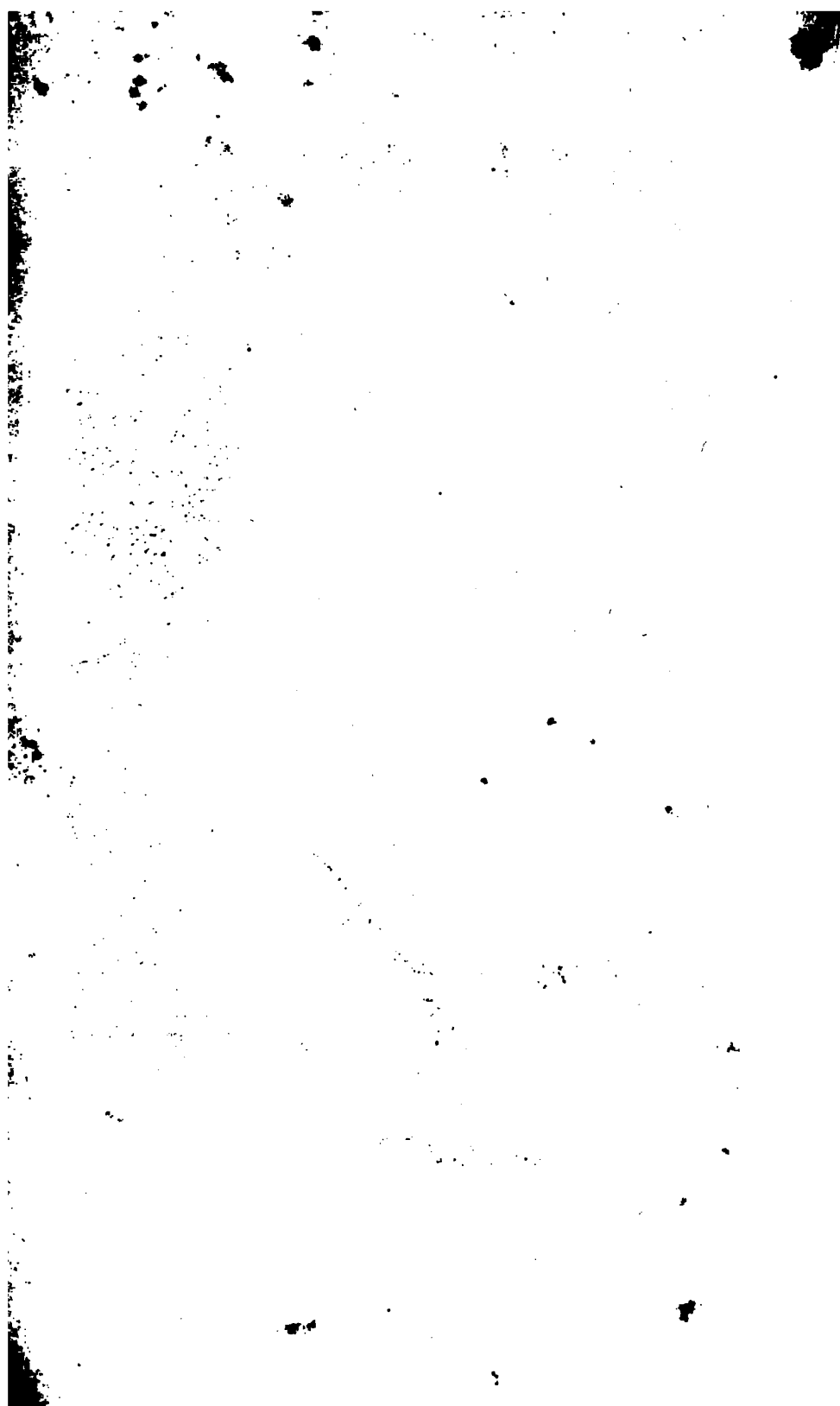
100

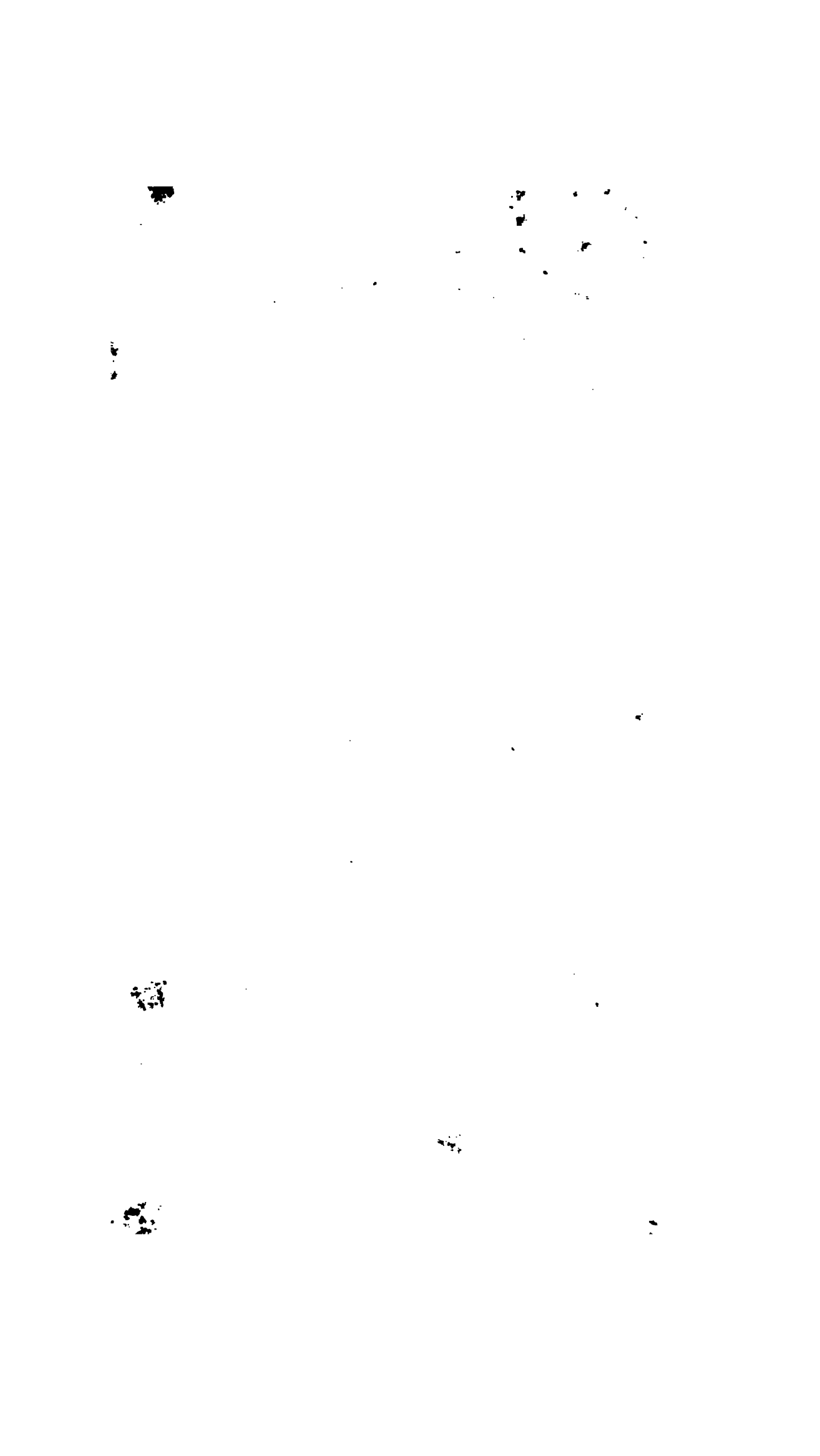
100



ENGRAVED BY T. B. WOOD. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY W. A. R. HUNT.

Very truly Yours  
Winfield Scott.









# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1848.

No.

## JACOB JONES.

OR THE MAN WHO COULDN'T GET ALONG IN THE WORLD

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Jacob Jones was clerk in a commission store at a salary of five hundred dollars a year. He was just twenty-two, and had been receiving this salary for two years. Jacob had no one to care for but himself; but, somehow or other, it happened that he did not lay up any money, but, instead, usually had from fifty to one hundred dollars standing against him on the books of his tailors.

"How much money have you laid by, Jacob?" said one day the merchant who employed him. This question came upon Jacob rather suddenly; and coming from the source that it did, was not an agreeable one—for the merchant was a very careful and economical man.

"I haven't laid by any thing yet," replied Jacob, with a slight air of embarrassment.

"You haven't!" said the merchant, in surprise.

"Why what have you done with your money?"

"I've spent it, somehow or other."

"It must have been somehow or other, I should think, or somehow else," returned the employer, half seriously, and half playfully. "But really, Jacob, you are a very thoughtless young man to waste your money."

"I don't think I waste my money," said Jacob.

"What, then, have you done with it?" asked the merchant.

"It costs me the whole amount of my salary to live."

The merchant shook his head.

"Then you live extravagantly for a young man of your age and condition. How much do you pay for boarding?"

"Four dollars a week."

"Too much by from fifty cents to a dollar. But, even paying that sum, four more dollars per week ought to meet fully all your other expenses, and leave you what would amount to nearly one hundred

dollars per annum to lay by. I saved nearly a hundred dollars a year on a salary no larger than you receive."

"I should like very much to know how you do it. I can't save a cent; in fact, I hardly ever have ten dollars in my pocket."

"Where does your money go, Jacob? In what way do you spend a hundred dollars a year more than is necessary?"

"They are spent, I know; and that is pretty much all I can tell about it," replied Jacob.

"You can certainly tell by your private account-book."

"I don't keep any private account, sir."

"You don't?" in surprise.

"No, sir. What's the use? My salary is five hundred dollars a year, and wouldn't be any more nor less if I kept an account of every half cent of it." "Humph!"

The merchant said no more. His mind was made up about his clerk. The fact that he spent five hundred dollars a year, and kept no private account, was enough for him.

"He'll never be any good to himself nor anybody else. Spend his whole salary—humph! Keep no private account—humph!"

This was the opinion held of Jacob Jones by his employer from that day. The reason why he had inquired as to how much money he had saved, was this. He had a nephew, a poor young man, who, like Jacob, was a clerk, and showed a good deal of ability for business. His salary was rather more than what Jacob received, and, like Jacob, he spent it all but not on himself. He supported, mainly, his mother and a younger brother and sister. A good chance for a small, but safe beginning, was seen by the uncle, which would require only about a thousand dollars as an investment. In his opinion

it would be just the thing for Jacob and the nephew. Supposing that Jacob had four or five hundred dollars laid by, it was his intention, if he approved of the thing, to furnish his nephew with a like sum, in order to join him and enter into business. But the acknowledgment of Jacob that he had not saved a dollar, and that he kept no private account, settled the matter in the merchant's mind, as far as he was concerned.

About a month afterward, Jacob met his employer's nephew, who said,

"I am going into business."

"You are?"

"Yes."

"What are you going to do?"

"Open a commission store."

"Ah! Can you get any good consignments?"

"I am to have the agency for a new mill, which has just commenced operations, beside consignments of goods from several small concerns at the East."

"You will have to make advances."

"To no great extent. My uncle has secured the agency of the new mill here without any advance being required, and eight hundred or a thousand dollars will be as much as I shall need to secure as many goods as I can sell from the other establishments of which I speak."

"But where will the eight hundred or a thousand come from?"

"My uncle has placed a thousand dollars at my disposal. Indeed, the whole thing is the result of his recommendation."

"Your uncle! You are a lucky dog. I wish I had a rich uncle. But there is no such good fortune for me."

This was the conclusion of Jacob Jones, who made himself quite unhappy for some weeks, brooding over the matter. He never once dreamed of the real cause of his not having had an equal share in his young friend's good fortune. He had not the most distant idea that his employer felt nearly as much regard for him as for his nephew, and would have promoted his interests as quickly, if he had felt justified in doing so.

"It's my luck, I suppose," was the final conclusion of his mind; "and it's no use to cry about it. Any how, it isn't every man with a rich uncle, and a thousand dollars advanced, who succeeds in business, nor every man who starts without capital that is unsuccessful. I understand as much about business as the old man's nephew, any day; and can get consignments as well as he can."

Three or four months after this, Jacob notified the merchant that he was going to start for himself, and asked his interest as far as he could give it, without interfering with his own business. His employer did not speak very encouragingly about the matter, which offended Jacob.

"He's afraid I'll injure his nephew," he said to himself. "But he needn't be uneasy—the world is wide enough for us all, the old hunk!"

Jacob borrowed a couple of hundred dollars, took a store at five hundred dollars a year rent, and employed a clerk and porter. He then sent his circulars

to a number of manufactories at the East, announcing the fact of his having opened a new commission house, and soliciting consignments. His next move was, to leave his boarding-house, where he had been paying four dollars a week, and take lodgings at a hotel at seven dollars a week.

Notwithstanding Jacob went regularly to the post office twice every day, few letters came to hand, and but few of them contained bills of lading and invoices. The result of the first year's business was an income from commission on sales of seven hundred dollars. Against this were the items of one thousand dollars for personal expenses, five hundred dollars for store-rent, seven hundred dollars for clerk and porter, and for petty and contingent expenses, two hundred dollars; leaving the uncomfortable deficit of seventeen hundred dollars, which stood against him in the form of bills payable for sales effected, and small notes of accommodation borrowed from his friends.

The result of the first year's business of his old employer's nephew was very different. The gross profits were three thousand dollars, and the expenses as follows: personal expense, seven hundred dollars—just what the young man's salary had previously been, and out of which he supported his mother and her family—store-rent, three hundred dollars; porter, two hundred and fifty, petty expenses one hundred dollars—in all, thirteen hundred and fifty dollars, leaving a net profit of sixteen hundred and fifty dollars. It will be seen that he did not go to the expense of a clerk during the first year. He preferred working a little harder, and keeping his own books, by which an important saving was effected.

At the end of the second year, notwithstanding Jacob Jones' business more than doubled itself, he was compelled to wind up, and found himself twenty-five hundred dollars worse than nothing. Several of his unpaid bills to eastern houses were placed in suit, and as he lived in a state where imprisonment for debt still existed, he was compelled to go through the forms required by the insolvent laws, to keep clear of duress vile.

At the very period when he was driven under by adverse gales, his young friend, who had gone into business about the same time, found himself under the necessity of employing a clerk. He offered Jones a salary of four hundred dollars, the most he believed himself yet justified in paying. This was accepted, and Jacob found himself once more standing upon *terra firma*, although the portion upon which his feet rested was very small, still it was *terra firma*—and that was something.

The real causes of his ill success never for a moment occurred to the mind of Jacob. He considered himself an "unlucky dog."

"Every thing that some people touch turns to money," he would sometimes say. "But I wasn't born under a lucky star."

Instead of rigidly bringing down his expenses, as he ought to have done, to four hundred dollars, if he had had to live in a garret and cook his own food, Jacob went back to his old boarding-house, and paid

four dollars a week. All his other expenses required at least eight dollars more to meet them. He was perfectly aware that he was living beyond his income—the exact excess he did not stop to ascertain—but he expected an increase of salary before long, as a matter of course, either in his present situation or in a new one. But no increase took place for two years, and then he was between three and four hundred dollars in debt to tailors, boot-makers, his landlady, and to sundry friends, to whom he applied for small sums of money in cases of emergency.

One day about this time, two men were conversing together quite earnestly, as they walked leisurely along one of the principal streets of the city where Jacob resided. One was past the prime of life, and the other about twenty-two. They were father and son, and the subject of conversation related to the wish of the latter to enter into business. The father did not think the young man was possessed of sufficient knowledge of business, or experience, and was, therefore, desirous of associating some one with him who could make up these deficiencies. If he could find just the person that pleased him, he was ready to advance capital and credit to an amount somewhere within the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars. For some months he had been thinking of Jacob, who was a first-rate salesman, had a good address, and was believed by him to possess business habits eminently conducive to success. The fact that he had once failed, was something of a drawback in his mind, but he had asked Jacob the reason of his ill-success, which was so plausibly explained, that he considered the young man as simply unfortunate in not having capital, and nothing else.

"I think Mr. Jones just the right man for you," the father said, as they walked along.

"I don't know of any one with whom I had rather form a business connection. He is a man of good address, business habits, and, as far as I know, good principles."

"Suppose you mention the subject to him this afternoon."

This was agreed to. The two men then entered the shop of a fashionable tailor, for the purpose of ordering some clothes. While there, a man, having the appearance of a collector, came in, and drew the tailor aside. Their conversation was brief but earnest, and concluded by the tailor's saying, so loud that he could be heard by all who were standing near,

"It's no use to waste your time with him any longer. Just hand over the account to Simpson, and let him take care of it."

The collector turned away, and the tailor came back to his customers.

"It is too bad," he said, "the way some of these young fellows do serve us. I have now several thousand dollars on my books against clerks who receive salaries large enough to support them handsomely, and I can't collect a dollar of it. There is Jacob Jones, whose account I have just ordered to be placed in the hands of a lawyer, he owes me nearly

two hundred dollars, and I can't get a cent out of him. I call him little better than a scamp."

The father and son exchanged glances of significance, but said nothing. The fate of Jacob Jones was sealed.

"If that is the case," said the father, as they stepped into the street, "the less we have to do with him the better."

To this the son assented. Another more prudent young man was selected, whose fortune was made.

When Jacob received lawyer Simpson's note, threatening a suit if the tailor's bill were not paid, he was greatly disturbed.

"Am I not the most unfortunate man in the world?" he said to himself, by way of consolation. "After having paid him so much money, to be served like this. It is too bad. But this is the way of the world. Let a poor devil once get a little under the weather, and every one must have a kick at him."

In this dilemma poor Jacob had to cull upon the tailor and beg him for further time. This was humiliating, especially as the tailor was considerably out of humor, and disposed to be hard with him. A threat to apply for the benefit of the insolvent law again, if a suit was pressed to an issue, finally induced the tailor to waive legal proceedings for the present, and Jacob had the immediate terrors of the law taken from before his eyes.

This event set Jacob to thinking and calculating, what he had never before deemed necessary in his private affairs. The result did not make him feel any happier. To his astonishment he ascertained that he owed more than the whole of his next year's salary would pay, while that was not in itself sufficient to meet his current expenses.

For some weeks after this discovery of the real state of his affairs, Jacob was very unhappy. He applied for an increase of salary, and obtained the addition of one hundred dollars per annum. This was something, which was about all that could be said. If he could live on four hundred dollars a year, which he had never yet been able to do, the addition to his salary would not pay his tailor's bill within two years; and what was he to do with boot-maker, landlady, and others?"

It happened about this time that a clerk in the bank where his old employer was a director, died. His salary had been one thousand dollars. For the vacant place Jacob made immediate application, and was so fortunate as to secure it.

Under other circumstances, Jacob would have refused a salary of fifteen hundred dollars in a bank against five hundred in a counting-room, and for the reason that a bank, or office clerk, has little or no hope beyond his salary all his life, while a counting-house clerk, if he have any aptness for trade, stands a fair chance of getting into business sooner or later, and making his fortune as a merchant. But a debt of four hundred dollars hanging over his head, was an argument in favor of a clerkship in the bank, at a salary of a thousand dollars a year, not to be resisted.

"I'll keep it until I get even with the world

again," he consoled himself by saying, "and then I'll go back into a counting-room. I've an ambition above being a bank clerk all my life."

Painful experience had made Jacob a little wiser. For the first time in his life he commenced keeping an account of his personal expenses. This acted as a salutary check upon his bad habit of spending money for every little thing that happened to strike his fancy, and enabled him to clear off his whole debt within the first year. Unwisely, however, he had, during this time, promised to pay some old debts, from which the law had released him. The persons holding these claims, finding him in the receipt of a higher salary, made an appeal to his honor, which, like an honest, but not a prudent man, he responded to by a promise of payment as soon as it was in his power. But little time elapsed after these promises were made, before he found himself in the hands of constables and magistrates, and was only saved from imprisonment by getting friends to go his bail for six and nine months. In order to secure them, he had to give an order in advance for his salary. To get these burdens off of his shoulders, it took twelve months longer, and then he was nearly thirty years of age.

"Thirty years old!" he said, to himself on his thirtieth birth-day. "Can it be possible? Long before this I ought to have been doing a flourishing business, and here I am, nothing but a bank clerk, with the prospect of never rising a step higher as long as I live. I don't know how it is that some people get along so well in the world. I am sure I am as industrious, and can do business as well as any man; but here I am still at the point from which I started twenty years ago. I can't understand it. I'm afraid there's more in luck than I'm willing to believe."

From this time Jacob set himself to work to obtain a situation in some store or counting-room, and finally, after looking about for nearly a year, was fortunate enough to obtain a good place, as book-keeper and salesman, with a wholesale grocer and commission merchant. Seven hundred dollars was to be his salary. His friends called him a fool for giving up an easy place at one thousand a year, for a hard one at seven hundred. But the act was a much wiser one than many others of his life.

Instead of saving money during the third year of his receipt of one thousand dollars, he spent the whole of his salary, without paying off a single old debt. His private account-keeping had continued through a year and a half. After that it was abandoned. Had it been continued, it might have saved him three or four hundred dollars, which were now all gone, and nothing to show for them. Poor Jacob! experience did not make him much wiser.

Two years passed, and at least half a dozen young men here and there around our friend Jacob, went into business, either as partners in some old houses, or under the auspices of relatives or interested friends. But there appeared no opening for him. He did not know, that many times during that period, he had been the subject of conversation between parties, one

or both of which were looking out for a man of thorough business qualifications against which capital would be placed; nor the fact, that either his first failure, his improvidence, or something else personal to himself, had caused him to be set aside for some other one not near so capable.

He was lamenting his ill-luck one day, when a young man with whom he was very well acquainted, and who was clerk in a neighboring store, called in and said that he wanted to have some talk with him about a matter of interest to both.

"First of all, Mr. Jones," said the young man, after they were alone, "how much capital could you raise by a strong effort?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied Jacob, not in a very cheerful tone. "I never was lucky in having friends ready to assist me."

"Well! perhaps there will be no need of that. You have had a good salary for four or five years—how much have you saved? Enough, probably, to answer every purpose—that is, if you are willing to join me in taking advantage of one of the best openings for business that has offered for a long time. I have a thousand dollars in the savings bank. You have as much, or more, I presume?"

"I am sorry to say I have not," was poor Jacob's reply, in a desponding voice. "I was unfortunate in business some years ago, and my old debts have drained away from me every dollar I could earn."

"Indeed! that is very unfortunate. I was in hopes you could furnish a thousand dollars."

"I might borrow it, perhaps, if the chance is a very good one."

"Well, if you could do that, it would be as well, I suppose," returned the young man. "But you must see about it immediately. If you cannot join me at once, I must find some one who will, for the chance is too good to be lost."

Jacob got a full statement of the business proposed, its nature and prospects, and then laid the matter before the three merchants with whom he had at different times lived in the capacity of clerk, and begged them to advance him the required capital. The subject was taken up by them and seriously considered. They all liked Jacob, and felt willing to promote his interests, but had little or no confidence in his ultimate success, on account of his want of economy in personal matters. It was very justly remarked by one of them, that this want of economy, and the judicious use of money in personal matters, would go with him in business, and mar all his prospects. Still, as they had great confidence in the other man, they agreed to advance, jointly, the sum needed.

In the meantime, the young man who had made the proposition to Jacob, when he learned that he had once failed in business, was still in debt, and liable to have claims pushed against him, (this he inferred from Jacob's having stretched the truth, by saying that his old debts drained away from him every dollar, when the fact was he was freed from them by the provisions of the insolvent law of the state.)

came to the conclusion that a business connection with him was a thing to be avoided rather than sought after. He accordingly turned his thoughts in another quarter, and when Jones called to inform him that he had raised the capital needed, he was coolly told that it was too late, he having an hour before closed a partnership arrangement with another person, under the belief that Jones could not advance the money required.

This was a bitter disappointment, and soured the mind of Jacob against his fellow man, and against the fates also, which he alledged were all combined against him. His own share in the matter was a thing undreamed of. He believed himself far better qualified for business than the one who had been preferred before him, and he had the thousand dollars to advance. It must be his luck that was against him, nothing else; he could come to no other conclusion. Other people could get along in the world, but he couldn't. That was the great mystery of his life.

For two years Jacob had been waiting to get married. He had not wished to take this step before entering into business, and having a fair prospect before him. But years were creeping on him apace, and the fair object of his affections seemed weary of delay.

"It is no use to wait any longer," he said, after this dashing of his cup to the earth. "Luck is against me. I shall never be any thing but a poor devil of a clerk. If Clara is willing to share my humble lot, we might as well be married first as last."

Clara was not unwilling, and Jacob Jones entered into the estate connubial, and took upon him the cares of a family, with a salary of seven hundred dollars a year to sustain the new relation. Instead of taking cheap boarding, or renting a couple of rooms, and commencing housekeeping in a small

way, Jacob saw but one course before him, and that was to rent a genteel house, go in debt for genteel furniture, and keep two servants. Two years was the longest that he could bear up under this state of things, when he was sold out by the sheriff, and forced "to go through the mill again," as taking the benefit of the insolvent law was facetiously called.

"Poor fellow! he has a hard time of it. I wonder why it is that he gets along so badly. He is an industrious man, and regular in his habits. It is strange. But some men seem born to ill-luck."

So said some of his pitying friends. Others understood the matter better.

Ten years have passed, and Jacob is still a clerk, but not in a store. Hopeless of getting into business, he applied for a vacancy that occurred in an insurance company, and received the appointment, which he still holds, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. After being sold out three times by the sheriff, and having the deep mortification of seeing her husband brought down to the humiliating necessity of applying as often for the benefit of the insolvent law, Mrs. Jones took affairs, by consent of her husband, into her own hands, and managed them with such prudence and economy that, notwithstanding they have five children, the expenses, all told, are not over eight hundred dollars a year, and half of the surplus, four hundred dollars, is appropriated to the liquidation of debts contracted since their marriage, and the other half deposited in the savings' bank, as a fund for the education of their children in the higher branches, when they reach a more advanced age.

To this day it is a matter of wonder to Jacob Jones why he could never get along in the world like some people; and he has come to the settled conviction that it is his "luck."

## THE DARLING.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

WHEN first we saw her face, so dimpled o'er

With smiles of sweetest charin, we said within  
Our inmost heart, that ne'er on earth before

Had so much passing beauty ever been:  
So full of sweetest grace, so fair to see—  
This treasure bright our babe in infancy.

Like blush of roses was the tint of health  
O'erspread her lovely cheeks; and they might vie  
In beauty with the fairest flower—nor wealth,  
Though told in countless millions, e'er could buy  
The radiance of this gem, than aught more bright  
Which lies in hidden mine, or saw the light.

The dawn of life was fair; so was its morn;  
For with each day new beauties met our view,  
And we deemed that she, the dear first-born,  
Might early fade, like flowers that earth bestrew  
With all their cherished beauty, leaving naught  
But faded leaves where once their forms were sought.

17\*

She smiled upon us, and her spirit fled

To taste the pleasures of that fairer land,  
Where angels ever dwell—she is not dead;

But there with them her beauteous form doth stand,  
Arrayed in flowing light, before the throne  
Of Him whose name is Love—the Holy One.

She was our choicest bud, our precious flower;  
But now she blooms in that celestial place,  
Where naught can spoil the pleasure of an hour,  
Nor from its beauty one bright line efface—  
Where all is one perpetual scene of bliss,  
Unmixed with sin; all perfect happiness.

The darling then is safe, secure from ill;

Why should we mourn that she hath left this earth,  
When in that brighter land she bloometh still,

A flower more perfect, of celestial birth?  
Let us submit, and own His righteous care  
Who doeth well; striving to meet her there.

## BATTLE OF FORT MOULTRIE.\*

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

WHEN the news of the battle of Lexington reached Charleston, South Carolina rose in commotion. The provincial Congress, which had adjourned, immediately re-assembled. Two regiments of foot and one of horse were ordered to be raised; measures were taken to procure powder; and every preparation made for the war which was now seen to be inevitable. A danger of a vital character speedily threatened the colony. This was its invasion by the British; a project which had long been entertained by the royal generals. To provide in time for defeating it, Congress had dispatched General Lee to the South. It was not until the beginning of the summer of 1776, however, that the enemy's armament set sail from New York, consisting of a large fleet of transports with a competent land force, commanded by Sir Henry Clinton, and attended by a squadron of nine men-of-war, led by Sir Peter Parker. On the arrival of this expedition off the coast, all was terror and confusion among the South Carolinians. Energetic measures were, however, adopted to repel the attack.

To defend their capital the inhabitants constructed on Sullivan's Island, near the entrance of their harbor, and about four miles from the city, a rude fort of palmetto logs, the command of which was given to Col. Moultrie. Never, perhaps, was a more artificial defence relied on in so great an emergency. The form of the fort was square, with a bastion at each angle; it was built of logs based on each other in parallel rows, at a distance of sixteen feet. Other logs were bound together at frequent intervals with timber dove-tailed and bolted into them. The spaces between were filled up with sand. The merlons were faced with palmetto logs. All the industry of the Carolinians, however, was insufficient to complete the fort in time; and when the British fleet entered the harbor, the defences were little more than a single front facing the water. The whole force of Col. Moultrie was four hundred and thirty-five, rank and file; his armament consisted of nine French twenty-sixes, fourteen English eighteens, nine twelve and seven nine pounders. Finding the fort could be easily enslaved, Gen. Lee advised abandoning it; but the governor refused, telling Moultrie to keep his post, until he himself ordered the retreat. Moultrie, on his part, required no urging to adopt this more heroic course. A spectator happening to say, that in half an hour the enemy would knock the fort to pieces, "Then," replied Moultrie, undauntedly, "we avill lie behind the ruins, and prevent their men from landing." Lee with many fears left

the island, and repairing to his camp on the main land, prepared to cover the retreat of the garrison, which he considered inevitable.

There was, perhaps, more of bravado than of sound military policy in attacking this fort at all, since the English fleet might easily have run the gauntlet of it, as was done a few years later. But Fort Moultrie was destined to be to the navy what Bunker Hill had been to the army. It was in consequence of excess of scorn for his enemy, that Sir Peter Parker, disdaining to leave such a place in his rear, resolved on its total demolition. He had no doubt but that, in an hour at the utmost, he could make the unpracticed Carolinians glad to sue for peace on any terms. Accordingly on the 28th of June, 1776, he entered the harbor, in all the parade of his proud ships, nine in number, and drawing up abreast the fort, let go his anchors with springs upon his cables, and began a furious cannonade. Meanwhile terror reigned in Charleston. As the sound of the first gun went booming over the waters toward the town, the trembling inhabitants who had been crowding the wharves and lining the house-tops since early morning, turned pale with ominous forebodings. Nor were the feelings of the defenders of the fort less anxious. Looking off, over the low island intervening between them and the city, they could see the gleaming walls of their distant homes; and their imaginations conjured up the picture of those dear habitations given to the flames, as another Charlestown had been, a twelve-month before, and the still dearer wives that inhabited them, cast homeless upon the world. As they turned from this spectacle, and watched the haughty approach of the enemy, at every motion betraying confidence of success, their eyes kindled with indignant feelings, and they silently swore to make good the words of their leader, by perishing, if need were, under the ruins of the fort.

One by one the British men-of-war gallantly approached the stations assigned them, Sir Peter Parker, in the Bristol, leading the van. The Experiment, another fifty gun ship, came close after, and both dropped their anchors in succession directly abreast the fort. The other frigates followed, and ranged themselves as supports. The remaining vessels were still working up to their stations, when the first gun was fired, and instantly the battle begun. The quantity of powder on the island being small, five thousand pounds in all, there was an absolute necessity that there should be no waste. Accordingly, the field-officers pointed the pieces in person, and the words "look to the commodore—look to the two-deckers!" passed along the line. The conflict soon grew terrific. The balls whistled above the

\* From a work now in press, and shortly to be published, entitled "*The Military Heroes of the United States*." By C. J. Peterson. 2 vols. 8vo. 500 pp.

heads of the defenders, and bombs fell thick and fast within the fort; yet, in the excitement of the moment, the men seemed totally unconscious of danger. Occasionally a shot from one of their cannon, striking the hull of the flag-ship, would send the splinters flying into the air; and then a loud huzza would burst from those who worked the guns; but, except in instances like this, the patriots fought in stern and solemn silence. Once, when it was seen that the three men-of-war working up to join the conflict, had become entangled among the shoals, and would not probably be enabled to join in the fight, a general and prolonged cheer went down the line, and taken up a second and third time, rose, like an exulting strain, over all the uproar of the strife.

The incessant cannonade soon darkened the prospect, the smoke lying packed along the surface of the water; while a thousand fiery tongues, as from some hundred-headed monster, shot out incessantly, and licking the air a moment, were gone forever. Occasionally this thick, cloudy veil concealed all but the spars of the enemy from sight, and then the tall masts seemed rising, by some potent spell, out of nothing; occasionally the terrific explosions would rend and tear asunder the curtain, and, for an instant, the black hulls would loom out threateningly, and then disappear. The roar of three hundred guns shook the island and fort unremittingly: the water that washed the sand-beach, gasped with a quick ebb and flow, under the concussions. Higher and higher, the sun mounted to the zenith, yet still the battle continued. The heat was excessive; but casting aside their coats, the men breathed themselves a minute, and returned to the fight. The city was now hidden from view, by low banks of smoke, which extending right and left along the water, bounded the horizon on two sides. Yet the defenders of the fort still thought of the thousands anxiously watching them from Charleston, or of the wives and mothers, trembling at every explosion for the lives of those they loved. One of their number soon fell mortally wounded. Gasping and in agony, he was carried by. "Do not give up," he had still strength to say; "you are fighting for liberty and country." Who that heard these words could think of surrender?

Noon came and went, yet still the awful struggle continued. Suddenly a shot struck the flag-staff, and the banner, which had waved in that lurid atmosphere all day, fell on the beach outside the fort. For a moment there was a pause, as if at a presage of disaster. Then a grenadier, the brave and immortal Serjeant Jasper, sprang upon the parapet, leaped down to the beach, and passing along nearly the whole front of the fort, exposed to the full fire of the enemy, deliberately cut off the lunting from the shattered mast, called for a sponge staff to be thrown to him, and tying the flag to this, clambered up the ramparts and replaced the banner, amid the cheers of his companions. Far away, in the city, there had been those who saw, through their telescopes, the fall of that flag; and, as the news went around, a chill of horror froze every heart, for it was thought the place had surrendered. But soon a slight staff

was seen uplifted at one of the angles: it bore, clinging to it, something like bunting: the breeze struck it, the bundle unrolled, it was the flag of America! Hope danced again through every heart. Some burst into tears; some laughed hysterically; some gave way to outcries and huzzas of delight. As the hours wore on, however, new causes for apprehension arose. The fire of the fort was perceived to slacken. Could it be that its brave defenders, after such a glorious struggle, had at last given in? Again hope yielded to doubt, almost to despair; the feeling was the more terrible from the late exhilaration. Already, in fancy, the enemy was seen approaching the city. Wives began trembling for their husbands, who had rendered themselves conspicuous on the patriotic side: mothers clasped their infants, whose sires, they thought, had perished in the fight, and, in silent agony, prayed God to protect the fatherless. Thus passed an hour of the wildest anxiety and alarm. At last intelligence was brought that the fire had slackened only for want of powder; that a supply had since been secured; and that the cannonade would soon be resumed. In a short time these predictions were verified, and the air again shook with distant concussions. Thus the afternoon passed. Sunset approached, yet the fight raged. Slowly the great luminary of day sank in the west, and twilight, cold and calm, threw its shadows across the waters; yet still the fight raged. The stars came out, twinkling sharp and clear, in that half tropical sky: yet still the fight raged. The hum of the day had now subsided, and the cicada was heard trilling its note on the night-air: all was quiet and serene in the city: yet still the fight raged. The dull, heavy reports of the distant artillery boomed louder across the water, and the dark curtain of smoke that nearly concealed the ships and fort, grew luminous with incessant flashes. The fight still raged. At last the frequency of the discharges perceptibly lessened, and gradually, toward ten o'clock, ceased altogether. The ships of the enemy were now seen moving from their position, and making their way slowly, as if crippled and weary, out of the harbor: and, at that sight, most of the population, losing their anxiety, returned to their dwellings; though crowds still lined some of the wharves, waiting for authentic messengers from the fight, and peering into the gathering gloom, to detect the approach of the first boat.

The loss of the enemy had been excessive. The flag-ship, the *Bristol*, had forty-four men killed, and thirty wounded: the *Experiment*, another fifty gun ship, fifty-seven killed, and thirty wounded. All the ships were much cut up: the two-deckers terribly so; and one of the frigates, the *Acteon*, running aground, was burnt. The last shot fired from the fort entered the cabin of Sir Peter Parker's ship, cut down two young officers who were drinking there, and passing forward, killed three sailors on the main-deck, then passed out and buried itself in the sea. The loss on the American side was inconsiderable: twelve killed, and about twenty-five wounded. During the battle, the earnest zeal of the men was occasionally relieved by moments of merriment. A coal-



having been thrown on the top of one of the merlons, was caught by a shot, and lodged in a tree, at which sight a general peal of laughter was heard. Moultrie sat coolly smoking his pipe during the conflict, occasionally taking it from his mouth to issue an order. Once, while the battle was in progress, General Lee came off to the island, but, finding every thing so prosperous, soon returned to his camp. The supply of powder which was obtained during the battle, and which enabled the patriots to resume the fight, was procured, part from a schooner in the harbor, part from the city. Unbounded enthusiasm, on the side

of the inhabitants, hailed the gallant defenders of the fort after the victory: Moultrie received the thanks of Congress, was elevated to the rank of brigadier-general, and was honored by having the post he had defended called after his name. A stand of colors was presented, by Mrs. Elliott, to the men of his regiment, with the belief, she said, "that they would stand by them, as long as they could wave in the air of liberty." It was in guarding these colors, and perhaps in the recollection of her words, that the brave Serjeant Jasper lost his life, subsequently, at the siege of Savannah.

## THE POET'S LOVE.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

[THE POET COMMUNETH WITH HIS SOUL.]

"Thou hast a heart," my spirit said;  
"Seek out a kindred one, and wed:  
So passes grief, comes joy instead."

"True, Soul, I have," I quick replied;  
"But in this weary world and wide  
That other hath my search defied."

"Poet, thou hast an eye to see;  
Thou knowest all things as they be;  
The spheres are open books to thee.

"Thou art a missioned creature, sent  
To preach of beauty—teach content:  
In life's Sahara pitch thy tent!

"It is not good to be alone—  
Not fit for any living one—  
There's nothing single save the sun.

"Beasts, fishes, birds—yea, atoms mate,  
Acknowledging an ordered fate:  
What dost thou in a single state?"

"O, Soul!" I bitterly replied,  
For I was full of haughty pride,  
"Would in my birth that I had died!

"I feel what thou hast said is truth;  
But I am past the bloom of youth,  
And Beauty's eye has lost its ruth.

"I languish for some gentle heart  
To throb with mine, devoid of art,  
Perfect and pure in every part—

"Some innocent heart whose pulse's tone  
Should beat in echo of mine own,  
Where I might reign and reign alone."

"All this, and more, thy love might win,"  
My spirit urged, "poor Child of Sin,  
That sickenest in this rude world's din.

"Love is a way-side plant: go forth  
And pluck—love has no thorns for worth—  
The blossom from its place of birth.

"Perchance, on thee may Beauty's queen,  
And Fortune's, look, with smiling mien—  
With eyes, whose lids hold love between."

"Spirit, I am of little worth,"  
Said I—"an erring child of earth:  
Yet fain would own a happy hearth.

"Mere beauty, though it drowns my soul  
With sunshine, may not be my goal;  
And love despises gold's control.

"Better the riches of the mind—  
A spirit toward the spheres inclined—  
A heart that veers not with the wind.

"She might be beautiful, and gold  
Might clasp her in its ruddy fold—  
Have lands and tenements to hold:

"She might be poor—it were the same  
If lofty, or of lowly name,  
If famous, or unknown to fame:

"But she must feel the brotherhood  
I feel for man—the love of good;—  
Life is at best an interlude,

"And we must act our parts so here,  
That, when we reach a loftier sphere,  
Our memories shall not shed a tear.

"With such a one, if fair or brown—  
Gracing a cottage, or a throne—  
Soul, I could live and love unknown!

"Yes, gazing upward in her eye,  
Scan what was passing in its sky,  
And swoon, and dream, and, dreaming, die."

"There is none such," my spirit sighed.  
"Seek glory: woo her for thy bride.  
And perish, and be defied!"

"Why, Soul," I said, "the thought of fame,  
Of winning an exalted name,  
Might woo me, but my heart would blame

"The coldness that compelled me forth.  
No: somewhere on this lower earth  
The angel that I seek has birth.

"If not, I will so worship here  
Her type, that I shall joy, not *fear*—  
To meet her in her holier sphere."

## MARY WARNER.

### OR THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

BY MRS. E. L. B. COWDERY.

"WHAT a happy girl is Mary Warner," said an elderly lady, as a bright laughing girl turned into another room.

"And so exceedingly lively and cheerful, for one of her years," rejoined another.

"Years! How old is she?"

"About twenty-four," said a third, who had hitherto been silent, "and yet no one, to see her, would think it."

So thought the world, who in their most scrutinizing glance could detect no indication of care or gloom, in this, the object of their observations, who was one of those bright, intelligent beings, ever ready for conversation, and whose sallies of wit, never failed to excite the attention of those around her. "Little did they know of m<sup>a</sup>ching heart," said Mary, that evening, to one in whom she had confided much of her former history; for years had passed since she had left the grave of her mother, and her native home, on "New England's rocky shore," to wander forth with her father to the western wilds. "Little did they know of the bitterness of soul I felt while making merriment for them."

"How can you so control your feelings, while endeavoring to conceal them, with such an excess of gayety?" eagerly inquired Ella.

"Ah! that is the work of time and necessity. Time has schooled my heart to hide behind the covering I might think best to wear. Were my history known, my name would be the theme of every tongue, the derision of the stoical, the pity of the simple, and exposed to the ridicule of a heartless and unfeeling world. The head must dictate and govern my actions, all else submitting. Yet nothing can equal the wretchedness of trying to conceal with smiles the bitter struggles of a wounded spirit, whose every hope hath perished. Eye may not pierce through the laughing cover, or ear catch the breathing of a sigh. Even sympathy seems like those cold blasts of a November night, seeking the hidden recess only to chill its peace forever."

"But do you not," said Ella, "enjoy something of that mirth which you inspire in others?"

"Sometimes the excitement is sufficient to make me forget, for a moment, the past, but then it is followed by such a depression that the feeble clay well nigh sinks beneath it. Misery pays her tribute to all my revelry."

"Then never will I again wish for Mary Warner's light and joyous air," said Ella, her cheek flushed with agitation, for being one of those sober ones, whose words were ever the thoughts of her heart, she had often wished for Mary's power to charm.

Weeks and months had rolled away, until they had numbered years. The friends had parted. Ella's calm face still cheered the domestic fireside, and Mary was gliding in crowded halls, the gayest of the gay. No voice more musical than hers, or tones more sprightly; she moved as a creature of enchantment, her image fastening upon the minds and memories of all. But Ella was not forgotten or neglected; they often corresponded. Mary's letters told but too truly how much those scenes were enjoyed by her. In answer to an invitation to come and spend the summer in the retirement of Ella's home, she says, "Even in this giddy place my heart is full to bursting; should I allow myself more time for meditation it would surely break, and pour forth its lava streams on the thirsty dust of human pride. In the dark, cheerless hour of midnight, my burning, throbbing brain still keeps its restless beating, scarce bestowing the poor refreshment of a feverish dream to strengthen the earthly tenement. My health is failing; there will soon be nothing left for me but the drifts of thought and memory, which gather around a weary past and blighted future."

It was in vain that Ella tried to place on parchment words of soothing and consolation—to draw her thoughts from lingering around the ruined wreck of her affections, and direct them to the "hope set before" her, of obtaining through the merits of the Savior a home "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Every letter she received came burthened with its own weight of woe.

The summer passed—its roses bloomed and died. Another autumn came and whistled by; but ere the winter's snow had melted, there were anxious thoughts concerning Mary Warner. Never before had so long a time elapsed without a letter from her to Ella. The first crocuses of spring had just begun to smile when a letter came, written by a stranger's hand! It told of Mary's being sick even unto death, and begged of Ella, as she loved her friend, to come and remain with her while yet life's taper burned. It was a fearful summons thus to break the suspending spell. That evening saw Ella sitting in the cabin of one of those large steamers which ply the western waters, anxiously wending her way to a retired yet pleasant village near the Ohio, for Mary's sadly declining health could no more mingle in the excitement of the city, and she had retreated to this lonely place to lay down her shattered frame in peace. The night of the second day brought Ella to the place of destination. She entered the house where Mary was, almost unconscious of the manner in which

she introduced herself as Mary Warner's friend. That was enough; an elderly lady clasped her hand and bade her welcome. "Oh!" said she, "'tis a strange sight to be in her sick room. Poor thing! she is nearly gone, and still so lively; and, too, this morning when I went in, I know she had been weeping."

"Did she ever mention me?" said Ella.

"Last night she said if you would come, that she could die contented."

"Then lead me to her quickly."

They silently bent their steps to the sick chamber, and coming to the door, both made an involuntary pause.

"She is sleeping," said the old lady, softly; but Ella was too much struck to make reply. She was thinking of the dreadful changes which had come over that frail being since last they met. Worn down to a skeleton, her lips compressed, as if in agony, her dark hair thrown back upon her shoulders, while her cheeks were pale as the marble so soon to be raised in her memory, which, with the glimmering of the lights, served to make it a too dismal scene. Staggering forward to a chair, she sat down quickly, but in the agitation there was a slight noise—it awakened the sleeper; a moment passed—they were in each others arms. When the first wild burst of joy had passed away, Mary spoke.

"Sit down here, Ella—I want to be alone with you; I feared that I might die before you came;" a convulsive shuddering passing over her, as she spoke of death. "I want to give you my history. 'Tis a dark picture, and yet it has all been mine."

"But are you not too weak and agitated?" asked the warm-hearted friend.

"Oh, no! that sweet, quiet sleep has so refreshed me, that I feel almost like another being—and I shall be very brief. But to my story. You recollect my having often told you that I never set my heart on an earthly object but I was doomed to bear a bitter disappointment. That wary, stubborn rock, encircled by the whirl of youthful and enthusiastic feeling, which, in life's earlier years, drew within its circled waves my frail bark of love and hope, then cast it forth—a wreck forever.

"In the village in which I was raised, lived one who shared with me the sports of childhood; and as we grew older, partook of the recreations and amusements of the young together. There was a strange similarity in our tastes and dispositions; and we consequently spent much of our time in each others society. There were those who sometimes smiled to see a young and sunny-haired youth so constantly with the sensitive, shrinking Mary Warner; but then they knew we were playmates from childhood, and thought no more. Mother was dead, and I was under the guidance of my remaining parent, an only child—an idolized and favored one; and in my sixteenth year, claimed as the bride of Samuel Wayland. Parental judgment frowned, and called it folly. What could I do? Our faith had long been plighted, but filial respect demanded that should be laid aside; yet what was I to find in the future,

that would ever repay for the love so vainly wasted. It was all a blank. I nerved my heart for our last meeting—but the strings were fibrous, and they broke.

"I shall go to the West, and then you must forget me," said I, when we came to part.

"Never, Mary, will you, can you be forgotten?"

"We parted there, forever. He is still living, a lone wanderer on the earth; we have never had any communications; but there is a unity of feeling, a oneness of spirit, that at times make me feel as if we were scarcely separated. I enjoy a pleasure in thinking of his memory, a confidence that would trust him any where in this wide world; and I now believe that wherever he is, his heart is still true to me. As for me, I have hurried through life like a 'storm-stricken bird,' no rest from the busy scenes in which I mingled. Since then, there have been proposals in which honor, wealth, and distinction were connected; and once I had well nigh sold myself for interest, and to please my father. We were promised, and I was congratulated on my happy prospects; but, alas! alas, for me; the more memory reverted to the past, my feelings revolted from the present. I sometimes used to stand where I could see him pass in the street, and exclaim 'oh, heaven! can I marry that man! can I stand before God's altar, and promise to love and honor him, when I abhor his presence.' Time was hastening; one night I went down into the study; father was sitting there.

"Well, Mary," said he, 'I suppose you will leave us soon.'

"That was enough for my pent-up feelings to break forth. 'I suppose so,' said I, 'but, oh! father, I would rather see my grave open to-morrow, than to think of uniting my destiny with that man. My very soul detests him.'

"Mary, sit down now, and write a letter to Mr. M——, that you cannot keep your promise, and the reason why. Far would it be from me to place in the hands of my only daughter, the cup of misery unmixed. My judgment and your feelings differ."

"It was late that night when I sealed the fated letter for M——; but I retired and slept easy, there was a burden removed which had well-nigh crushed me. What I have experienced since, words may never tell; the young have deemed me impenetrable to the natural susceptibilities of our natures, while the old have called me trifling. But, Ella, depend upon it, a heart once truly given, can never be bestowed again. I have erred in trying to conceal my history in the manner I have. Instead of placing my dependance on the goodness of the Most High, and seeking for that balm which heals the wounded spirit, and acquiring a calmness of mind which would render me in a measure happy, I plunged into the vortex of worldly pleasure. But it is all over now; they say I have the consumption, and pity me, to think one so joyous should have to die. To-day has been spent mostly in meditation; and I have tried to pray that my Savior would give me grace for a dying hour; and, Ella, will you kneel at my bedside and pray as you used to, when a young, trembling girl?"

"I will pray for you again," said Ella; "but cordial to revive your exhausted frame." Her friend raised the refreshing draught, she saw such a change in Mary's countenance, that she quailed at the thought of the terrible vigil-keeping, in the silence of night, alone. She, by the sick, and offered up her prayer with an unknown to her before, such a one as a heart of faith, and nerved by love and fear alone create; a pleading, borne on high by the angel, for the strengthening of the immortal soul on clay before her. There was a sigh and a

groan; she rose hastily and bent over the couch—there was a gasping for breath, and all was still. Ella's desolate shriek of anguish first told the tale, that Mary was dead.

Thus passed again to the Giver, a mind entrusted with high powers, and uncontrolled affections, who, in the waywardness of youth, cast unreservedly at the shrine of idolatrous love, her all of earthly hopes, then wandered forth with naught but their ashes, in the treasured urn of past remembrance, seeking to cover that with the mantle of the world's glittering folly.

## TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE RAVEN."

BY MISS HARRIET B. WINSLOW.

Not so dark uncertain! lift again the fallen curtain!  
See again the mysteries of that haunted room ex-  
posed—  
See more that friend infernal—that grim visiter eternal!  
Why long to learn all that befalls that bird of yore:  
Oh, then, tell us something more!

Shade thy floor still darken? dost thou still, de-  
sairing, hearken  
Deep sepulchral utterance like the oracles of yore?  
Where place is he sitting? Does he give no sign of  
fitting?  
Unconscious or unwitting when he answers "Never-  
more?"

Tell me truly, I implore!

Are not the littlenesses of our nature—its distresses?  
Do we never need of slumber, fainting forces to restore?  
Do we not to eating—drinking? Is he never caught in  
linking  
Do demon eyes are sinking deep into thy bosom's  
core?

Tell me this, if nothing more!

Terrible, so evil? Is it fair to call him "devil?"  
Do not give friendly answer when thy speech friend's  
coming bore?  
Why sad tones were revealing all the loneliness o'er  
see stealing,  
Not, with fellow-feeling, vow to leave thee never-  
more?

Keeps he not that oath he swore?

He, too, may be inly praying—vainly, earnestly essaying  
To forget some matchless mate, beloved yet lost for ever-  
more.

He hath donned a suit of mourning, and, all earthly com-  
fort scorning,  
Broods alone from night till morning. By thy memories  
Lenore,

Oh, renounce him nevermore.

Though he be a sable brother, treat him kindly as another!  
Ah, perhaps the world has scorned him for that luckless  
hue he wore,

No such narrow prejudices can he know whom Love pos-  
sesses—

Whom one spark of Freedom blesses. Do not spurn him  
from thy door

Lest Love enter nevermore!

Not a bird of evil presage, happily he brings some message  
From that much-mourned matchless maiden—from that  
loved and lost Lenore.

In a pilgrim's garb disguised, angels are but seldom prized:  
Of this fact at length advised, were it strange if he for-  
swore

The false world for evermore!

Oh, thou ill-starred midnight ranger! dark, forlorn, mys-  
terious stranger!

Wildered wanderer from the eternal lightning on Time's  
stormy shore!

Tell us of that world of wonder—of that famed unfading  
"Yonder!"

Rend—oh rend the veil asunder! Let our doubts and  
fears be o'er!

Doth he answer—"Nevermore?"

## SONG OF THE ELVES.

BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

When the moon is high o'er the ruined tower,  
When the night-bird sings in her lonely bower,  
When beetle and cricket and bat are awake,  
When the will-o'-the-wisp is at play in the brake,  
Then do we gather, all frolic and glee,  
Gay little elves, beneath the old tree!

And brightly we hover on silvery wing,  
And dip our small cups in the whispering spring,  
While the night-wind lifts lightly our shining hair,  
And music and fragrance are on the air!  
Oh who is so merry, so happy as we,  
We gay little elves, beneath the old tree?

## THE FIRE OF DRIFT-WOOD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

We sat within the farm-house old,  
Whose windows looking o'er the bay,  
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,  
An easy entrance, night and day.

Not far away we saw the port,—  
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town,—  
The light-house,—the dismantled fort,—  
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.

We sat and talked until the night  
Descending filled the little room;  
Our faces faded from the sight,  
Our voices only broke the gloom.

We spake of many a vanished scene,  
Of what we once had thought and said,  
Of what had been, and might have been,  
And who was changed, and who was dead.

An 's'l that fills the hearts of friends,  
When first they feel, with secret pain,  
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,  
And never can be one again.

The first slight swerving of the heart,  
That words are powerless to express,  
And leave it still unsaid in part,  
Or say it in too great excess.

The very tones in which we spake  
Had something strange, I could but mark;  
The leaves of memory seemed to make  
A mournful rustling in the dark.

Oft died the words upon our lips,  
As suddenly, from out the fire  
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,  
The flames would leap, and then expire.

And, as their splendor flashed and failed,  
We thought of wrecks upon the main,—  
Of ships dismantled, that were hailed,  
And sent no answer back again.

The windows rattling in their frames,  
The ocean, roaring up the beach—  
The gusty blast—the bickering flames—  
All mingled vaguely in our speech;

Until they made themselves a part  
Of fancies floating through the brain—  
The long lost ventures of the heart,  
That send no answers back again.

O flames that glowed! O hearts that yearned!  
They were indeed too much akin—  
The drift-wood fire without that burned,  
The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

## SONG FOR A SABBATH MORNING.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

ARISE ye nations, with rejoicing rise,  
And tell your gladness to the listening skies;  
Come out forgetful of the week's turmoil,  
From halls of mirth and iron gates of toil;  
Come forth, come forth, and let your joy increase  
Till one loud psalm hails the day of peace.  
Sing trembling age, ye youths and maidens sing;  
Ring ye sweet chimes, from every belfry ring;  
Pour the grand anthem till it soars and swells  
And heaven seems full of great celestial bells!

Behold the Morn from orient chambers glide,  
With shining footsteps, like a radiant bride;  
The gladdened brooks proclaim her on the hills  
And every grove with choral welcome thrills.  
Rise ye sweet maidens, strew her path with flowers  
With sacred lilies from your virgin bowers;  
Go youths and meet her with your olive boughs,  
Go age and greet her with your holiest vows;—  
See where she comes, her hands upon her breast  
The sainted Sabbath comes, smiling the world to rest.

## CITY LIFE.

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

FORGIVE me, Lord, that I so long have dwelt  
In noisome cities, whence Thy sacred works  
Are ever banished from my sight; where lurks  
Each baleful passion man has ever felt.  
Here human skill is shown in shutting out  
All sight and thought of things that God hath made;  
Lest He should share the constant homage paid  
To Mammon, in the hearts of men devout.

O, it was fit that he\* upon whose head  
Weighed his own brother's blood, and God's dread en  
Should build a city, when he trembling fled  
Far from his Maker's face. And which was worse,  
The murder—or departing far from Thee?  
Great God! impute not either sin to me!

\* Cain.—Genesis iv. 17.

## THE CRUISE OF THE GENTILE.

BY FRANK BYRNE.

(Concluded from page 147.)

### CHAPTER V.

*In which there is a Storm, a Wreck, and a Mutiny.*

When I came on deck the next morning, I found that the mate's prediction had proved true. A norther, as it is called in the Gulf, was blowing great guns, and the ship, heading westward, was rolling in the trough of the tremendous sea almost yard-arm under, with only close-reefed top-sails and storm fore-topmast-staysail set. We wallowed along in this manner all day, for we were lying our course, and the skipper was in a hurry to bring our protracted voyage to an end. We made much more leeway than we reckoned, however, for just at sunset the high mountains of Cuba were to be seen faintly looming up on the southern horizon.

"Brace up, there," ordered Captain Smith, when this fact was announced. "Luff, my man, luff, and keep her as near it as you may."

The old ship came up on the wind, presenting her front most gallantly to the angry waves, which came on as high as the fore-yard, threatening to engulf her in the watery abyss. We took in all our top-sails but the main, and with that, a reefed fore-sail and foretopmast-staysail set, the old ship shook her feathers, and prepared herself for an all-night job of clawing off an iron-bound lee-shore.

The hatches were battened down, the fore-scuttle and companion closed, and all the crew collected aft on deck and lashed themselves to some substantial object, to save themselves from being washed overboard by the immense seas which constantly broke over our bows, and deluged our decks. The night closed down darker than pitch, and the wind increased in violence. I have scarcely ever seen so dismal a night. Except when at intervals a blinding flash of lightning illumined the whole heavens and the broad expanse of raging ocean, we could distinguish nothing at a yard's distance, save the glimmer of the phosphorescent binnacle light, and the gleam which flashed from the culmination of the huge seas ahead of us, resembling an extended cloud of dull fire suspended in the air, and blown toward us, till, with a noise like thunder, as it dashed against the bows, it vanished, and another misty fire was to be seen as if rising out of some dark gulf. At midnight it blew a hurricane; the wind cut off the tops of the waves, and the air was full of spray and salt, driving like sleet or snow before the wintry storm. I had ensconced myself under the lee of the bulwarks, among a knot of select weather-beaten tars, and notwithstanding the danger we were in, I could not help being somewhat amused at their conversation.

"Jack," said Teddy, an Irish sailor, to the ship's oracle, old Jack Reeves, "do you think the sticks will howld?"

"If they do n't," growled Jack, "you'll be in h—l before morning."

"Och, Jasus!" was the only reply to this consolatory remark—and there was an uneasy nestling throughout the whole circle.

"Well, Frank," said old Jack to me, after a most terrific gust, during which every man held his breath to listen whether there might not be a snapping of the spars, "well, Frank, what do you think of that?"

"Why, I think I never saw it blow so hard before," I replied. "'Tisn't a very comfortable berth, this of ours, with a lee-shore not thirty miles off, and a hurricane blowing."

"No danger at all, Frank, if them spars only stay by us—and I guess they will. They're good sticks, and Mr. Brewster is too good a boatswain not to have 'em well supported. The old Gentile is a dreadful critter foreatin' to windward in any weather that God ever sent; but I hope you do n't call this blowin' hard, do you? Why, I've seen it blow so that two men, one on each side of the skipper, could n't keep his hair on his head, and they had to get the cabin-boy to tail on to the cue behind, and take a turn round a belaying-pin."

"An' that nothin' to a time I had in a brig off Hatteras," observed Teddy, who had somewhat recovered his composure; "we had to cut away both masts, you persave, and to scud under a scupper nail driv into the deck, wid a man ready to drive it further as the wind freshened."

"Was n't that the time, Teddy," asked another, "When that big sea washed off the buttons on your jacket?"

"Faix, you may well say that; and a nigger we had on board turned white by reason of the scare he was in."

"Wal, now," interposed Ichabod Green, "Teddy, that's a lie; it's agin all reason."

"Pooh! you green-horn!" said Jack Reeves, "that's nothing to a yarn I can spin. You see that when I was quite a boy, I was in a Dutch man-o'-war for a year and thirteen months; and one day in the Indian Ocean, it came on to blow like blazes. It blowed for three days and nights, and the skipper called a council of officers to know what to do. So, when they'd smoked up all their baccy, they concluded to shorten sail, and the bo'sn came down to rouse out the crew. He undertook to whistle, but it made such an unnatural screech, that the chaplain thought old Davy had come aboard; and he told the skipper he guessed he'd take his trick at prayin'."

'Why,' says the skipper, 'we've got on well enough without, ever since we left the Hague, had n't we better omit it now?' 'Taint possible,' says the parson. Now you all know you can't larn seamanship to a parson or passenger—and the bloody fool knelt down with his face to wind'ard. 'Hillo!' says the skipper, 'you'd better fill away, and come round afore the wind, had n't you?' 'Mynheer captain,' says the parson, 'you're a dreadful good seaman, but you don't know no more about religious matters than a horse.' 'That's true,' answered the skipper; so suit yourself, and let fly as soon as you feel the spirit move, bekase that main-sail wants reefin' awfully.' Well, the parson shuts his eyes, takes the pipe out of his mouth, and gets underweigh; but, onlunkily, the first word of the prayer was a Dutch one, as long as the maintop-bowline, and as crooked as a monkey's tail, and the wind ketchen in the kinks of it, rams it straight back into his throat, and kills him as dead as a herrin'. 'Blixem!' says the skipper, 'there'll be brandy enough for the voyage now.'

"Sail, ho-o-o!" shouted a dozen voices, as a vivid flash of lightning showed us the form of a small schooner riding upon the crest of a wave, not two cables length ahead.

"Hard-a-lee!" shouted the skipper. "My God! make her luff, or we shall be into them."

Slowly the ship obeyed her helm, and came up on the wind, trembling to her keel, as the canvas, relieved from the strain, fluttered and thrashed against the mast with immense violence, and a noise more deafening than thunder, while the great seas dashed against the bows, now in full front toward them, with the force and shock of huge rocks projected from a catapult, and the wind shrieked and howled through the rigging as if the spirits of the deep were rejoicing over our dreadful situation.

Again the fiery flash shot suddenly athwart the sky.

Good God! the schooner, her deck and lower rigging black with human beings, lay broadside to, scarcely ten rods from before our bows. A cry of horror mingled with the rattling thunder and the howl of the storm. I felt my blood curdle in my veins, and an oppression like the nightmare obstructed my voice.

The schooner sunk in the trough, and, as the lightning paled, disappeared from sight. The next moment our huge ship, with a headlong pitch, was precipitated upon her. One crash of riven timbers, and a yell of despairing agony, and all was over; the ship fell off from the wind, and we were again driving madly forward into the almost palpable darkness, tearing through the mountain seas.

"Rig the pumps and try them," cried Captain Smith, in a hoarse voice, "we may have started a plank by the shock."

To the great joy of all, the ship was found to make no more water than usual. All hands soon settled down quietly again, wondering what the run-down schooner could have been, and pitying her unfortunate crew, when a faint shout from the fore-castle was heard in a lull of the storm.

"Lord save us! what can that be?" exclaimed a dozen of the crew in a breath.

"*In nomine Patris*—" began Teddy, crossing himself in a fright.

"Silence there!" cried the skipper; "Mr. Stewart, can it be one of the schooner's crew, who has saved himself by the bowsprit rigging?"

"Plaze yer honor," said Teddy, "it's more likely it's one of their ghosts."

"Silence, I tell you! who gave you liberty to tell your opinion. Mr. Brewster, hail 'em, whoever they be."

"Folk'stle, ahoy!" sung out the second mate; "who's there?"

"Help! help! for God's sake!" faintly answered the mysterious voice.

"Go forward, there, two hands," ordered the captain; "'t is one of the schooner's crew."

After a moment's hesitation, the second mate and Jack Reeves started on this mission of mercy, and were soon followed by nearly all the crew. Upon reaching the fore-castle we found the body of a man lying across the heel of the bowsprit, jammed against the windlass pawl. The insensible form was lifted from its resting place, and, by the captain's order, finally deposited in the cabin on the transom. The skipper, steward, and myself, remained below to try and resuscitate the apparently lifeless body. The means we used were effectual; and the wrecked seaman opened his eyes, and finally sat up.

"I must go on deck now," said the captain. "Stay below, Frank, and help the steward undress him, and put him into a berth."

Our benevolent dorky had by this time concocted a glass of brandy grog, very stiff, but, alas! not hot, which I handed to the object of our care, who, after drinking it, seemed much better; and we then proceeded to help him strip. I noticed that his clothes were very coarse, and parti-colored; there were also marks of fetters on his ancles, and his back was scarred by the lash. I conjectured from these circumstances that our new shipmate was not of the most immaculate purity of character, and after I had got him into a berth, between two warm woollen blankets, I made free to ask him a few questions, not only about himself, but also about his vessel. I could get no reply but in Spanish, as I took his lingo to be, though, from his hailing for help in English, I knew that he must understand that language. When I went upon deck I reported myself to the officers, who concluded to defer any examination until morning. The gale began to abate about midnight, and at nine o'clock in the morning it had so far subsided that the cabin mess, leaving Mr. Brewster in charge of the deck, went below to get breakfast.

"The swell is tremendous," said the skipper, as we were endeavoring to get seated around the table. "I think I never saw a much heavier sea in any part of the world. Look out, there!"

But the caution was given too late; the ship had risen on an enormous wave as the skipper had spoken, and when she plunged, the steward pitched headlong over the cabin table, closely followed by

the third mate, who had grasped his camp-stool for support, and still clung pertinaciously to it. The ship righted, leaving Langley's corpus extended at full length among a wreck of broken crockery.

"Well, Mr. Langley," said the skipper, "I hope you enjoy your breakfast."

"Bill," added the mate, as Langley gathered himself up, "as you've got through your breakfast so expeditiously, had n't you better go on deck and let Mr. Brewster come down?"

"Beg your pardon, sir; but don't you see I'm laid on the table—there can be no action about me at present."

"Well, sit down and try to preserve your gravity. I hope to see no more such flights of nonsense at this table."

"Steward," asked the skipper, after we had nearly finished our meal, "how is your patient this morning?"

"It's enough to make any body out of patience, sar, to fall ober de cabin table. So tan't werry first rate."

"No, so I perceive; but I mean, how's the man who came on board us last night?"

"Oh, dat's him—excuse me, sar. Well, sar, he's quite smart dis mornin'."

"Fetch him out here, I wish to ask him some questions; give him a shirt and trowsers of mine, and fetch him out."

The steward soon made his appearance again, in company with the stranger, who, now dressed clean, looked to be a stout, powerful man, apparently about thirty-five; but his long, tangled, black hair and whiskers so concealed his features, that their expression could not be discerned. He bowed as he entered the cabin, and in good English thanked the captain for his care.

"Sit down upon the stool yonder," said the skipper, "and tell us the name and nation of your vessel, and by what miracle you escaped; and afterward you shall have some breakfast."

"The name of the vessel, señor, was the *San Diego*, the *guarda-costa* upon this station. I was on deck when your ship was first seen, and I climbed half way up the main shrouds to look out for you, by the captain's order. When you struck us, I found myself entangled in your jib-boom rigging, and held on, though much bruised, and half-drowned by the seas which ducked me every minute, until I succeeded in laying in upon your forecastle. I had had time to notice your rig, and knew you to be an American."

"How many were your crew?" asked the mate.

The sailor started, and for a moment eyed the querist closely. "Oh! señor, only about fifty souls in all."

"Good God!" cried the captain, "fifty lives lost—fifty souls sent into eternity with scarcely a moment's warning!"

"Do n't regret it, Captain," said the sailor, bitterly, "many of them were only convicts; the government will be much obliged to you."

"Were you a convict?" asked the mate.

"I was, señor, as my dress and appearance would have told you, even if I had been disposed to lie. I was drafted from the Matanzas chain-gang to the *guarda-costa* some six month ago."

"The Matanzas chain-gang!" cried the mate, eagerly, "pray, my good fellow, do you know a convict by the name of Pedro Garcia?"

The man rose to his feet—"Why, señor, do you?" he inquired.

"I do, indeed," answered Mr. Stewart, impatiently; "but tell me—answer my question, sir."

The convict brushed back his long hair. "I was once called Don Pedro Garcia," said he; "tell me," he added, as all four of us rose involuntarily at this startling announcement, "with whom do I speak?"

"Good God!" cried the mate, making one jump for the convict felon, and throwing his arms around him, "I'm Ben Stewart, alive and well."

Very unluckily, at this moment the ship gave a violent lurch, and the two fell, and, locked in each others embrace, rolled over to leeward; the skipper, who was unguarded in his astonishment, followed Langley's former wake over the table, which, yielding to the impulse, fetched away, capsized, and with the captain, also rolled away to leeward; the steward, as in duty bound, ran to his superior's help.

At this juncture, Brewster, hearing the unusual row, poked his head through the skylight slide, and demanded—"What's the matter? Mutiny! by G—d!" he shouted, catching sight of the prostrate forms of his fellow officers, struggling, as he thought, in the respective grasps of the rescued convict and the steward. Off went the scuttle, and down came the valiant Brewster square in the midst of the crockery, followed by three or four of his watch, stumbling over the bodies of the overthrown quartette. Langley and myself climbed into a berth and looked on.

"It's the steward," shouted the mischievous third mate, whose love of fun could not be controlled by fear of consequences; "he tried to stab the captain with the carving-knife."

The scene now became exciting; the cry of mutiny was heard all over the vessel; and the skipper and mate hearing it, very naturally concluding that the mutineers were those who had so unceremoniously invaded the cabin, turned furiously upon them, and called loudly for assistance to us in the berth; but we were enjoying the fun too much to even speak and explain.

"Are ye kilt, cap'n?" asked Teddy, who had pushed his way to his beloved commander.

"No, you d—d mutinous scoundrel!" replied the enraged skipper, planting a tremendous blow between the eyes of the anxious interrogator; "take that!" and the Irishman rolled upon deck. In the meantime, Mr. Brewster, who had taken an especial spite against the convict, grabbed him by the throat. Pedro returned the compliment by a blow in the stomach, and Stewart aided the defeat of his colleague by taking him by the shoulders and dragging him off. Transported beyond reason by the pain of the blow he had received, and what he supposed to be the black ingratitude of Mr. Stewart, Brewster



gave a scream of rage and clinched in with the mate with all his force.

It was fast getting to be past a joke.

"Come, Langley," said I, "let's put a stop to this—somebody will be killed."

"Sure enough! but how are we going to do it? Oh! here are the mate's pistols; draw the charges, Frank, and you take one and I the other, and we'll soon proclaim peace."

"They're not loaded," said I, after trying them with the ramrod.

"All right, then—follow me."

We jumped down from our roost, leveled our pistols at the crowd, and threatened to fire if hostilities should not instantly cease on both sides.

"Langley, hand me those pistols," cried the frenzied skipper, who was the more angry because nobody would fight with him.

"Please, sir, I can't; I daren't trust myself with-out 'em. "Disperse, ye rebels! lay down your arms and disperse—die, base and perjured villain," shouted Langley, holding the muzzle of his pistol to Brewster's ear, while I, by poking my shooting-iron in everybody's face, obtained partial order. After a deal of difficulty the mutiny was explained; and the crest-fallen Brewster withdrew his forces, followed by the mate, who conciliated his irate colleague, and gave him an inkling as to the real name and character of the rescued convict.

After the steward had cleared away the wreck of the breakfast things, a conclave of the cabin-mess was called, to which the black steward was *ex officio* and *ex necessitate* admitted; and it was determined, after much debate, that the voyage should be continued, and that during our stay in Matanzas my cousin Pedro should remain hidden on board. The next mooted point was whether to conceal the matter from the crew, and decided in the negative; so the men were called aft, and the truth briefly stated to them. One and all swore to be faithful and discreet—and so they proved. With one or two exceptions our crew were Yankees, and of a far higher grade than the crews of merchantmen generally.

During these proceedings the gale had rapidly abated, and at noon we found ourselves rolling and pitching in a heavy sea, the sun shining brightly over our heads, and not a breath of air stirring. The skipper, mate, and Cousin Pedro were closeted together in the cabin during the afternoon, while the second and third mates, and ship's cousin, compared notes sitting under the awning on the booby-hatch. I enlightened Brewster more fully as to Mr. Stewart's former adventures in Cuba; and we finally concluded that our running down the Spanish guarda-costa was the most lucky thing in the world.

"Half my plan is now accomplished to hand," said I; "we must now get my Cousin Clara out of the nunnery."

"You had n't better try that, Frank," interposed Mr. Brewster, "because, for two reasons; in the first place, them Catholics are poor benighted heathen, and she would n't get out if she could—for she is a

veiled nun; and the next place you'd get your neck into a certain machine called a *garrote*, or else make your cousin's place good in the chain-gang."

"Nevertheless, I shall try; and if she only is willing to run away, there can some plan be contrived, I know."

"And my part shall be to run old Alvarez through the body, if the devil has n't taken him already," added Mr. William Langley.

"Boys will be boys, that's a fact, call 'em what you're a mind to," observed Mr. Brewster, very sapiently stroking his big red whiskers.

The calm continued, and by evening the swell had in a great degree gone down. In the first dog-watch, my Cousin Pedro, sitting upon the companion, gave us an account of his long imprisonment. He had, as the reader already knows, been sentenced for the murder of the Count —, and had toiled and slaved in the streets of Matanzas, till drafted, with many others, on board of the guarda-costa. He knew of Clara's fate, and had been undeceived by my father in the belief of Mr. Stewart's death.

Langley and I stood the middle watch again that night. An easterly breeze, gentle, but steady, blew most of the night; and when we went below, and eight bells struck, the moon was silvering the lofty peak of the Pan of Matanzas, which lay far away on our larboard bow.

## CHAPTER VI.

### *The Gentile arrives at Matanzas.*

I was waked in the morning by Mr. Stewart, who shook me by the shoulders, crying, "Come, Frank, turn out; it's seven bells, so rouse and bite; breakfast is almost ready, and a glorious prospect from deck."

I turned out incontinently at this summons, slipped on my trowsers, ran up the companion-way, dipped my head in a bucket of water, by way of performing my morning ablutions, and then made my way aft again to join the circle on the quarter-deck. The watch had just finished washing down the decks, and were engaged in laying up the rigging on the belaying-pins; the boys were stowing away the de-tested-holy stone under the clocks of the long-boat; the watch below were performing their brief morning ablutions upon the fore-castle; the steward was bringing aft the cabin breakfast, sadly incommoded by the mischievous Rover, who, wet as a sponge, capered about the deck, shaking himself against everybody who came in his way, and now seemed fully determined to dive between the lower spars of the unfortunate darkey; the officers were standing by my side, breathing the cool morning air, looking out upon the beautiful scene around us, and getting an appetite for breakfast.

The ship lay about a league from the land, almost abreast the entrance of Matanzas bay; the land wind blew gently, bearing to us the delicious perfumes of orange and coffee-blossoms, and crowds of vessels were coming from the bay, taking advantage of it to gain an offing before the setting in of the sea-breeze.

Half a mile from us a brig lay motionless upon the water, her yards swarming with men loosing the sails, which in a moment fell together with a precision that would have plainly told a sailor that the brig was a man-of-war, even without taking notice of the delicate white ribbon painted upon her side, pierced by a half-dozen ports, from which protruded as many saucy-looking guns, their red tompons contrasting prettily with the aforesaid white line and the black sides of the vessel. A flag hung negligently down from her gaff end, and, as a puff of wind stronger than the rest blew out its crimson folds, we saw emblazoned thereon the cross of St. George and merry England. The brig was the British cruiser on this station. To the northward stretched the broad blue expanse of the sea we had so recently sailed on, looking to be as quiet and peaceful as if there were no such things as hurricanes and angry waves, and dotted here and there by the glistening sails of inward bound vessels. Far away to the westward a long black wreath of smoke, following in the wake of a small speck on the water, announced the approach of the Havana steam packet; and close in, hugging the shore, glided a solitary American barque, apparently bound to Havana to finish her freight, her white sails gleaming in the sun. The land seemed strangely beautiful to our sea-going eyes; and we were never tired with gazing at the tall, graceful palms, sheltering with their grateful shade white villas, situate in the midst of fertile fields of sugar-cane, and surrounded by little hamlets of white-washed slave huts. The overhanging haze of the distant city could be seen rising beyond the intervening hills, and the back-ground of the picture was formed by a range of blue conical peaks, amidst which towered in majesty the flat summit of the celebrated Pan of Matanzas.

"And I am once more in the West Indies!" murmured Mr. Stewart, half unconsciously. "How much has happened since my eyes first looked upon this landscape!"

"True enough!" added Pedro, sighing.

"Breakfas' gettin' cold, Cap'n Smiff," cried the steward, petulently, poking his head up the companion.

"Ay, ay," returned the skipper; "come, gentlemen, don't get into the dumps this fine morning; you ought to be rejoiced that you have found each other. Let's go below and take breakfast, and after that, Don Pedro, we must stow you in the run until after the officers have boarded us."

Breakfast being dispatched, all hands went busily to work preparing the ship for port. Our bends had been blacked in the two days of fair weather we had had off the Bahamas; and as our ship was a large, handsome, packet-built craft of seven hundred tons, we reckoned upon cutting a great swell among the brigs, barques, and small ships usually engaged in the sugar-freighting business. The brass of the capstan, wheel and ladder stanchions, were brightly polished by the steward and boys; fair leaders, Scotchmen and chaffing-gear taken off; ensign, signal and burgee-halyards rove; the accommodation-

ladder got over the side; the anchor got ready, and the chain roused up from the locker. At ten o'clock we took the sea breeze and a pilot, passed Point Yerikos, and cracked gallantly up the bay with ensign, numbers, and private signal flying. Another point was turned, and the beautiful city came in view at the distance of a league, more than half the intervening space of water covered by ships of every nation, size, and rig, lying at anchor, from the huge British line-of-battle ship down to the graceful native felucca with latteen sails.

"Pilot," said Captain Smith, "if you will give us a first-rate berth, as near to the town as a ship of our size can load, I'll give you five dollars beside your fee."

"You shall have de ver fine berth, señor el capitaine. I will anchor you under de castle yonder; ver deep water, tree, four fathoms, and only one mile and more from the end of the mole."

The skipper exchanged glances with his mate.

"Their old berth," whispered Langley, sticking his elbow into my side.

We rapidly approached the castle, and the busy fleet at its foot; sail after sail was clewed up—the pilot's orders grew frequent and loud—the jib came fluttering down the stay—the anchor plunged into the water—the chain rattled swiftly through the hawsehole—we swung round with the tide, broad-side to the fort, and "The voyage of the ship Gentile, Captain James Smith, commander, from Valetta toward Matanzas," as inscribed in the mate's log-book, was at an end.

The pilot was dismissed—our sails furled—the royal and topgallant-yards sent down—the lower and topsail-yards squared with nautical and mathematical precision—our fair-weather lofty poles, surmounted by gilt balls, sent up—awnings were spread completely over the deck—our crack accommodation-stairs got over the side—the swinging-boom rigged out—the boats lowered and fastened thereto—the decks swept clean, and the rigging laid up—and, by the time the custom-house boat boarded us, we were in complete harbor-trim, ship-shape and Bristol fashion; and the Spanish officers complimented the fine appearance of the vessel until the worthy skipper was greatly pleased.

An account was given of the running down of the San Diego, and of the miraculous escape of one of her crew, who, the skipper said, died the next day of his bruises. A name for this unfortunate man had been furnished by Pedro; and in our excess of caution, this was given to the officers as the name rendered by the survivor. The officers looked grave for a moment, but finally said that it was the act of God, and inevitable; and that as the crew had been principally convicts, it was not so much matter; and after drinking two or three bottles of wine, and taking bonds of the captain for the good behavior of our darkies, they departed.

#### CHAPTER VII.

*Third Mate and Ship's Cousin go ashore on liberty.*

Many shipmasters and owners will remember

how very dull were freights for Europe, at Cuba, in the spring and summer of 1839; and Captain Smith had been in Matanzas but a day or two when he became convinced of the unwelcome truth. We lay day after day sweltering in the sun, until nearly a week had passed, and there was as yet no freight engaged. As our orders were to lay four weeks waiting, unless we should be loaded and ready to sail before that time had elapsed, Langley and I determined that, as I had plenty of money, we would beg a week's liberty of the skipper in this time of idleness, and take a cruise ashore; and we had secretly resolved that in some manner, not yet discovered, we would effect the escape of my Cousin Clara—Langley also, in full intention to take the life of Don Carlos Alvarez, should he run athwart his hawse. Mr. Stowe had been on board during the first day or two after our arrival, and had given us both pressing invitations to spend a week at his house, and to renew our acquaintance with the girls. So the Saturday night after our arrival, Langley and I preferred our petition to the skipper at the supper-table.

"Why, boys," said our good-natured captain, "if I thought you would n't get into some confounded scrape, I'd as lief spare you awhile as not; we've nothing to do aboard ship, so—"

"Beg your pardon, Captain Smith," interrupted Mr. Brewster, who had been on bad terms with my friend William for a day or two; "I beg your pardon, sir, but there can be plenty of work to do. It's a slick time to refit the rigging."

"Why, Mr. Brewster," said the captain, "our rigging was thoroughly refitted at Valetta."

"Yes, sir, I know that, sir," persisted Brewster, "but we had a rough trip from there, sir; that last blow we had gin' our standin' riggin' a devil of a strainin', sir."

"Oh! well, Mr. Brewster," replied the skipper, "it'll take but a day or two to set up our shrouds, and I'm afraid we shall have plenty of time for that."

"Very well, Captain Smith," resumed the second mate, "it is nothing to me, sir. I'd as lief they'd be ashore all the time, sir, but before you give Mr. Langley leave, I'd just wish to enter a complaint against him, sir. I should n't thought of saying nothin' about it, only to see him coming and asking for liberty so bloody bold, just as if he reckoned he deserved it, makes me feel a leetle riley, sir. He was guilty of using dis-respectable language to his superior officer, to me, sir, and upon the quarter-deck, too, sir, d—n him. You see, that night afore last, in his anchor-watch, it was rather warm in my state-room, so I went between decks to walk and cool off a little, and I heard Bill sitting on the booby-hatch and a spoutin' poetry to hisself. Well, I just walks up the ladder, pokes my head through the slide and hails him; but instead of answering me in a proper manner, what does he do but jumps off the hatch and square off in this manner, as if he was agoin' to claw me in the face, and he sings out—'Are you a goose or a gobbler. d—n you?' I did n't

want to pick a fuss before the rest of the watch, or by the holy Paul I'd a taught him the difference between his officer and a barn-yard fowl in a series of one lesson—blast his eternal picter!"

"Mr. Langley," said the skipper, "what have you to say for yourself? Such language upon the quarter-deck to your superior officer is very impertinent."

"If you'll allow me," replied the accused, "I think I can give a version of the story which will sound a little different. You see, the second mate wears a night-cap, to keep the cockroaches or bugs out of his ears—"

"That's a lie," roared Brewster. "I wears it because I've got a catarrh, which I ketched by doing my duty in all weathers, long afore you ever dipped your fingers in pitch, you lazy son of a gun."

"Silence!" cried Captain Smith, suppressing a laugh. "Mr. Langley, never mind the night-cap, but go on with your story."

"Well," resumed the third mate, "he does wear one, any how, and night before last I sat on the hatch, as he says, reading Shakspeare in the moonlight, and when the second mate's night-capped head rose through the slide, he looked so very spectral that I could n't forbear hailing him with—'Art thou a ghost or goblin damned?' which he persists in rendering his own fashion. I'm sure I did n't intend to liken him to a barn-yard fowl of any kind; I should rather have gone into the stable in search of comparisons."

To the great chagrin and astonishment of Mr. Brewster, all hands of us burst into a roar of laughter; but Langley, by the skipper's advice, finally begged pardon, and peace and amity were restored. Brewster withdrew his objections, and the skipper granted us a week's liberty.

The next day, after dinner, the yawl was brought to the side and manned, and my chum and I prepared for our departure.

"Remember," quoth my cousin Pedro, as I bade him good-bye, in the mate's state-room, where, from extreme caution, he generally lay *perdu*, "remember to see Clara; tell her who you are, and bring us word from her."

"Yes," added the mate, "tell her of Pedro's escape, but do not undeceive her as to the belief of my death—that's too late now. God bless the dear girl!" and the voice of the usually stout-hearted seaman trembled as he spoke.

"Good-bye, Frank; good-bye, Bill," said Mr. Brewster, as we came on deck again, and shaking hands with us; "kiss all the girls for me, and bring off some good cigars the first time you come on board. These d—d bumboatmen do n't have the best quality."

"Keep out of all manner of scrapes," added the captain, by way of climax. "However, I shall see you or hear of you every day, either at the house or counting-room."

"Ay, ay; yes, sir; oh! certainly; of course, sir; good-bye, shipmates; good-bye, sir;" shouted we, right and left, in reply to the divers charges, injunctions and parting salutations, as the boat pushed off.

"Now let fall, my men, give way," continued Bill. "By lightning! Frank, *perhaps* we wont have a spree!"

The ship's cousin replied only by an expressive pantomime.

Two Bowery clerks, driving a fast trotting-horse up the Third Avenue, may, in a measure, realize the feeling of intense pleasure which we experienced at this time.

Away we went in crack style, till, as we neared the mole, Langley gave the order "unrow;" six oar-blades instantly glittered in the sun, the bow-man seized his boat-hook, and our stout crew forced our way through the jam of ship and shore-boats to the landing stairs, saluted by a volley of oaths and interjections, selected with no great care from the vocabularies of almost every European and African language.

There is no place in the world which will seem, at first sight, more strange and foreign to a home-bred New Englander than the mole at Matanzas. It attracted even our eyes, which had last looked upon the picturesque groups in the streets and upon the quay of Valetta. Sunday is a holiday in Cuba, and a motley crowd had assembled under the cover of the immense shed which is built on the mole. Upon a pile of sugar-boxes near us were seated a group of Dutch sailors, gravely smoking, and sagely keeping silent, in striking contrast with a knot of Frenchmen, who were all talking at once and gesticulating like madmen. Here stalked a grave Austrian from Trieste, and yonder a laughing, lively Greek promenaded arm-in-arm with a Maltese. Hamburgers and Dunes, Swedes and Russians, John Bulls by scores, Paddies without number, Neapolitans, Sicilians and Mexicans, all were there, each with fellows and some one to talk to. A group of emigrants, just landed from the Canary Islands, were keeping watch over their goods, and were looking with great interest and many earnest remarks upon this first appearance of their new home. Not far from them a collection of newly imported African negroes, naked, save a strip of cloth about their loins, were rivaling in volubility and extravagance of gesture even the Frenchmen. Native islanders, from the mountains, in picturesque, brigand-like dresses, with long knives stuck jauntily in their girdles, gazed with stupid wonder at the crowd of foreigners. Soldiers from the barracks, with most ferocious looking whiskers and mustaches, very humbly offered for sale little bunches of paper cigaritos. Black fruit women, whose whole dress consisted of a single petticoat of most laconic Fanny Ellslerish brevity, invited the passer by, in terms of the most affectionate endearment, to purchase their oranges, melons, and bananas. Young Spanish bloods, with shirt-bosoms bellying out like a maintop-sail in a gale, stalked along with great consequence, quizzing the strangers. Children, even of ten years of age, and of both sexes and all colors, naked as Job when he came into the world, excited the attention of no one but greenhorns like myself. Down East molasses drogher skippers, who, notwithstanding the climate,

clothed themselves in their go-ashore long-napped black beaver hats, stiff, coarse broadcloth coats, thick, high bombazine stocks and cowhide boots, landed from their two-oared unpainted yawls, and ascended the stairs with the air of an admiral of the blue. Uniforms of Spanish, American, French and English navy officers were thickly scattered amidst the crowd, and here and there, making for itself a clear channel wherever it went, rolled the stalwart form of the Yankee tar.

"This is a regular-built tower of Babel," said Langley, at last, "but come, let's work out of 'em."

After some difficulty we gained the street, and our first move was to a *pulperia*, where I treated our boat's crew, and bought as many bananas, oranges and cigars as they could take down to the boat, to send to my shipmates aboard. The second was to charter a volante, in which we got under weigh for Mr. Stowe's house, which was situated about a half a mile from the mole, in a retired street running parallel with the Cabanas river, surrounded by a large garden, at the foot of which was a summer-house, overhanging the river, to which led a flight of steps. Upon our arrival we alighted from our vehicle, paid our driver and rang the gate-bell. A gray-headed negro gave us admission and conducted us to the house, where we were met by our host.

"Ah! my dear boys," he cried, "I am delighted to see you, and so will be Mrs. Stowe and the girls. They associate with the natives but very little, and old friends like you will be a godsend."

Half an hour afterward Langley and I were as much at home as could be, laughing and chatting with Mary and Ellen Stowe. Mary was a tall, handsome brunette of eighteen, and my chum had always preferred her to her sister, but my predilections were in favor of the gentle Ellen. While we were children the elders often predicted that when we grew up there would be a wedding some day, but her father had carried her with him when he moved from Boston to the West Indies, and there seemed an end to our intimacy. She was two years younger than I, and consequently, at the time I saw her in Matanzas, about sixteen. I wish I could describe her—perhaps I may be able to give you some idea of her. She was of the middle height, and bade fair to be exquisitely formed; her face was intellectual, a tolerably high forehead, straight nose, a small mouth with pretty rosy lips, white, even teeth, small and thorough bred hands and feet, and her eyes, which I have purposely left to the last, are, notwithstanding Mr. Stewart's encomiastic account of the dark orbs of the Creole girls, I think, the most beautiful in the world; they are large, dark-blue and loving, and when she looks up at you, even if you are the most wicked man in the world, it will calm your thoughts and make you still and quiet. Dear reader, imagine Ellen very beautiful, and take my word for it that your fancy will not deceive you. Ellen and I resumed our former friendship almost immediately, and after dinner we walked into the garden to talk over auld lang syne.

"Do you remember, Ellen," said I, "how we both cried when I bade you good-bye?"

"Did I?" asked Ellen, mischievously.

"Yes, you little sinner, much more than I did, because I was fourteen and had the dignity of manhood to support."

"Well," said Ellen, "I think I do remember something about it."

"Is it possible! and does your memory serve you still farther; you said that if I would ever come to see you, you would never refuse to kiss me again."

"Why, Frank Byrne, what a fertile invention you have got."

"Not so," I replied, "only an excellent memory, come, now, own the truth, did n't you promise me so?"

"But, Frank, I was a little girl then, and my contracts were not valid you know; however, if—"

"If what?" demanded I, perceiving that she blushed and hesitated.

"Why, if *you* wish to kiss *me*, I don't know that I should object a great deal."

Of course I did no such thing.

"Why, Ellen," I said in a few moments, "you've grown very prudish; where did you learn to be?"

"Oh! I don't know," she replied, "unless it was among the nuns."

"The nuns!" I repeated, my thought taking a new turn."

"Ay, the nuns, my lad, the nuns," cried Ellen, laughing immoderately at my abstracted look.

"At what convent?" I asked.

"The Ursuline. I went to school there immediately after our arrival, and, Frank, only think! my particular preceptress, Sister Agatha, father says is your own cousin. She understood English so much better than any of the rest that I was put under her immediate care."

I was peculiarly interested in this piece of information, as the reader may suppose. I questioned Ellen closely, and finally told her the story of the loves and misfortunes of Mr. Stewart and Clara. The tears stood in the beautiful eyes of my auditor as I finished. "Langley and I have a plan for her escape," I added.

"Oh! Frank, she would not escape; she has taken the veil; she will not break her vow."

"Yes she will, when she hears that her brother is free and Stewart is alive."

"Well," said Ellen, "I know what I would do in her place, but what is your plan? In case she is willing to escape how do you propose to manage?"

"That's the difficulty; don't the nuns ever come out of the convent?"

"Never alone; always by two,\* Sister Agatha is a great saint, and has a deal of liberty, but she is always in company."

"Well, well," said I, "we shall have to scale the walls then."

"Pooh! you are as romantic as William."

"Well, Miss Wisdom, wont you suggest something?"

"Certainly, Frank," replied Ellen. "Sister Aga-

tha always took quite a liking for me, because I was her scholar I suppose, and an American, and she and the Superior, who is a very good-natured person, came immediately to see me, when I was sick last summer, and afterward called very often. Now, if papa is willing, when your ship is ready to sail I'll fall sick again and send for Sister Agatha, who will be sure to come with some one else, but she can slip out through the court after awhile, and down the garden-walk here to the river, and go into your boat, which shall be waiting, and then you can take her off to the ship."

"That is a capital plan, dear Ellen," said I, "but there is one grand objection to it."

"What is that, Frank?"

"You would get into trouble by it."

"Oh, no! I think not; but yonder comes papa with mother, and William is saying fine things to Mary, behind them."

"Ah, Frank!" cried Mr. Stowe, as we made our appearance, "we were looking for you. I did not know but that you had run away with Ellen."

"No," said I, "not yet; but we were contriving the best plan to run away with a nun."

"Hush! you fool!" whispered Langley, pinching my arm.

"Go to thunder!" was the reply, "I know what I'm about." I then related to Mr. Stowe the story the reader well knows, and which I found Mr. Stowe knew very well also, and finally disclosed Ellen's very excellent plan for the deliverance of my cousin.

"If," said Mr. Stowe, in reply, when I had finished, "if you can get sister Agatha's consent to elope at the proper time, Ellen may fall sick if she pleases. I may be suspected in having a hand in the matter; but if the affair is properly managed, they can do no more than suspect, and that I care nothing about, as I'm going to move back to Boston in the spring. But the grand difficulty you will find to be in persuading Sister Agatha to break her vow."

"Let me alone for that," replied I, "if I can only have an interview with her."

"That is easily done," said Mary Stowe, "the nuns are allowed to see their friends at the grate."

"And I will go with you to the convent tomorrow, and engage the superior's attention while you talk with your cousin," added her father.

In the evening Langley and I held a council of war, wherein it was decided, *nem. con.*, that our plot was in a fair way to be accomplished.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *The Visit at the Convent.*

The next day Mr. Stowe and myself set out for the convent in that gentleman's carriage. Upon our arriving there we were shown into a spacious parlor, at one end of which was a large grated window, opening into a smaller room. In a few moments the Lady Superior entered. She was a tall, handsome woman, and surprised my Protestant prejudices by receiving us very cordially, and immediately engaging with Mr. Stowe in a very lively,

animated conversation in Spanish. Suddenly she turned toward me,

"My good friend, Señor Stowe, says that you wish to see Sister Agatha, who was your cousin."

"Yes, señora."

"Well, the señor and myself are going to the school-room, and I will send her to you; but you must not make love to your cousin—she is very pretty, and you Americans have very sad morals;" and so saying, the lively superior led the way to the school-room, followed by Mr. Stowe.

After they had retired I went up to the grate, and waited several minutes, until at last a door of the inner room opened, and a nun entered. Her face bore the traces of deep melancholy; but notwithstanding that, and the unbecoming dress which half concealed her form, I thought I had never seen a woman so lovely, so completely beautiful. I stood in mute wonder and admiration.

"Did you wish to see me, señor?" asked the nun, in a low, soft voice.

"I did, madam," I replied. "If you are Clara Garcia, allow me to introduce myself as your cousin, Frank Byrne."

"*Madre di Dios!*" cried the nun, her face lighting up with a smile of astonished delight, "can it be possible! How did you come here?"

"In one of my father's ships," I replied. "I am a seaman on board of her."

"What, the Cabot?" asked Sister Agatha, suddenly, with a color in her cheeks.

"No, a new ship—the Gentile."

The nun made many inquiries about my father and mother, and her cousins in Boston; and we chatted away quite merrily for some minutes.

"You seem to take an interest in the world, after all," said I, striving to lead the conversation so that I might introduce the matter which was my business.

"Not much, generally," sighed Sister Agatha. "I sometimes think of past times with regret, but I am for the most part very happy."

This was a stumper. I determined to see if all this composure was real.

"Can any one hear us?" I whispered.

"No," answered the nun, opening her great eyes.

"Well, then, I've a great deal to tell you. Let me ask you, in the first place, if you know where your brother Pedro is."

I was frightened at the expression which my cousin's face assumed. "Yes!" she said, in a hoarse voice, "he is in the *Guarda-Costa*. My God! Frank! I saw him a year ago in the streets, toiling as a scavenger."

I saw that there was yet deep feeling under the cold, melancholy exterior. I had but little time to work, and hastened to proceed.

"Cousin Clara," I resumed, "you are mistaken; your brother has escaped from confinement, and is now on board my ship, the Gentile."

"Thank God!" cried the nun, clasping her hands, "now am I willing to die."

"And further," said I, immediately continuing my revelations, "can you repress your feelings?"

"What more can you have to tell me?" whispered Sister Agatha. "Go on, I am not so nearly stone as I thought myself; but I can hear without any dangerous outbreak of emotion whatever you have to say."

"Well," I resumed, "you were mistaken about Mr. Stewart's death—"

I had been too abrupt. The nun turned deadly pale, and clung to the bars of the grate for support; but the emotion was momentary. "Go on," said she, in a hoarse whisper.

"Can you bear it?" I asked, anxiously.

"Yes, no matter what it may be."

"Command yourself, then; Mr. Stewart is not only alive, but well; he loves you yet most ardently, but without hope; he is now on board of the Gentile, he and Pedro—not three miles from you."

While thus by piecemeal I doled out my information, I watched the effect on my auditor. There was no more fainting. Her lips parted, and displayed her white teeth firmly set against each other, and her little hands grasped the bars of the grate convulsively.

Quickly and concisely I stated my plan for her escape; but still she maintained the same attitude; she did not even seem to hear me.

"Clara, do you consent?" I cried, in despair, for I heard the steps of the Superior and Mr. Stowe.

Suddenly she extended her hand through the grate and grasped mine. "I do," she said, "if I'm damned for it."

"Right, then; you shall be warned in time. Go now, for your features are any thing but calm."

The nun vanished as the Superior entered.

"I have been taking advantage of your confidence, señora," said I; "I have been trying to persuade my cousin that she is discontented and unhappy, but without success."

"Ah! no fear of that, señor," cried the lady, with a smile, while Mr. Stowe stood aghast; "girls who have been disappointed in love make good nuns."

"Then you will dare to trust me to see her again. I promised that I would call once more before I sail, with your permission."

"*Si, Señor*, whenever you please."

After partaking of some very fine fruit and wine, we took our leave with many thanks.

"Well, Frank, how you startled me," said Mr. Stowe, as we drove off. You told the truth, I suppose; but the truth is not to be told at all times."

"Oh!" said I, "I only told half the truth—"

"Is it possible that Sister Agatha consents to escape?"

"She has promised to do so," I replied.

Mr. Stowe expressed so much surprise that I found that he had had no faith in my success—but the good gentleman was now overjoyed. "Capital, Frank!" said he, "you would make a splendid diplomatist. Now what do you say to going directly aboard ship and telling your tidings to the officers and Pedro? We will take a boat at the mole and get aboard in time for dinner."

"Agreed; how happy we shall make Mr. Stewart and Don Pedro."

Mr. Stowe prophesied correctly. The officers of the *Gentile* were at dinner in the cabin when we suddenly burst upon them. I need not say that all hands were no less surprised than delighted at the intelligence we had to communicate. I thought my hands would be wrung off, so severely were they shaken.

After dinner Mr. Stowe and myself returned on shore, and in a family conclave there also stated the result of our visit to the convent.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### *Yellow Fever and Love-making.*

The succeeding three days passed most happily with me. I grew more and more in love with Ellen. We visited all the places of note in the neighborhood of the town, and were even projecting an excursion to Havana in the steamboat, when an event occurred that came very near sending me on a much longer voyage. One afternoon, while waiting for Captain Smith with Langley at the United States Café, I was suddenly taken with a distracting pain through my temples, though just previously I had felt as well as ever in my life. The agony increased, and Langley, to whom I complained, began to be frightened, when luckily Captain Smith arrived, who, upon looking at me, and hearing Langley's account of the matter, immediately called a *volante*, put me aboard, and drove to Mr. Stowe's house. During the ride I grew worse and worse every moment; the jolting of the carriage almost killed me, and by the time we had arrived at our destination I was nearly crazy. I just remember of being lifted out of the *volante*, and of seeing the pale, anxious face of Ellen somewhere—and I knew no more of the matter until some sixty hours afterward, one fine morning, when I all at once opened my eyes, and found myself flat on my back, weak as a cat, and my head done up in plaitain-leaves and wet towels. I heard low conversation and the rattle of dice, and casting my eyes toward the verandah, from whence the noise proceeded, I perceived Langley and Mary Stowe very composedly engaged in a game of backgammon. Ellen sat by the *jalousie*, just within the room, looking very pale, and with a book in her hand, which I judged by the appearance to be a prayer-book. I felt very weak, but perfectly happy, and not being disposed to talk, lay entirely still, enjoying the delicious languor which I felt, and the cool breeze which entered freely from the blinded windows, and listened to the conversation of my friends.

"Come, come, Ellen," said Mary, looking up from the board, "don't look so woe-begone—'t is your throw, William—Frank is doing well enough now. The doctor says that when he wakes he will be entirely out of danger, and free from pain. Psha! Will, you take me up. I don't see, my dear, why you should take so much more interest than any one else—is it not ridiculous, William?"

"Perfectly so," replied Langley—"double sixes,

by the Lord!—two of 'em, three, four. Now Frank is my shipmate, and, in the main, a tolerable decent fellow; but he isn't worth shedding so many tears about."

"Why, William!" exclaimed Ellen, "you know that you cried like a baby yourself night before last, when he was so very sick."

"Ahem! so I did; but I was so vexed to see our pleasant party to Havana was broken up. Frank was very ill-natured to fall sick just at that time—I'll flog him for it when he gets well."

"You can't do it, Bill Langley," cried I, as loudly as possible, for the first time taking a part in the conversation.

The trio started to their feet at this unexpected display of my colloquial powers; down went backgammon-board, men, dice, prayer-book, and all upon the floor.

"Hillo! Frank!" cried Langley, ranging alongside the bed, "how do you find yourself by this time, my little dear?"

"Perfectly well, only very weak."

"Does your head ache now, Frank?" asked Mary, laying her soft hand upon my forehead.

"Not a bit, only I've got most confounded sore hair."

"Eh! my lad, they talked of leaving you no hair at all," cried Bill, "they thought one spell of shaving your head. Egad! you'd have looked like a bald eagle!"

"Why, what has been the matter with me?" I asked.

"Matter with you! why, man, you have had the yellowest kind of a fever. Touch and go, it was; but you're worth ten dead men this morning."

Ellen during this conversation had left the room, and now returned with her father and the physician, who had called with Captain Smith. I was pronounced in a fair way of speedy recovery. Everybody was very glad, but I noticed that Ellen said nothing; indeed, instead of being overjoyed like my good skipper or Langley, she had to wipe the tears from her eyes.

"Frank," said Langley, when I was finally left alone with that worthy gentleman, "how little Nell did pipe her eye the other night, when we were all so fearful you were going to slip your wind; and just between you and I and the main-mast, I'm walking into her sister's young affections just as the monkey went up the back-stay, hand over hand. Prehaps she aint a darling. I've been writing a piece of poetry about her, do n't you want to hear it?"

"Oh! be off with your nonsense—I wish to go to sleep."

"Well, go to sleep, and be—cured, you unfeeling wretch;" and Mr. Langley, in a huff, walked out on the verandah, and began to smoke.

Under the kind care of my good friends I grew rapidly better, and at the end of a week was entirely well; but still I enjoyed the society of Ellen so much, that whenever the skipper called upon me, I feigned myself too weak to go to my duty, and pleaded that Langley might stay ashore to take care of me.

Captain Smith, though not deceived by this artifice, granted us liberty from day to day; and Bill and I were the two happiest fellows in the world. But there is an end to every thing. One day while sitting in the back verandah with Ellen, her father and mother, in rushed the skipper, in great glee, rubbing his hands.

"Good morning, all hands!" cried he. "How are you, Frank?"

"Oh! I'm not quite so well this morning," I replied, telling a bouncer.

"Well, sir, I've got some news that'll do you as much good as the whole stock in trade of an apothecary taken at one dose. Let's see, to-day is Wednesday, and Friday evening, if good weather for our little plans to work, we shall sail for Boston."

"For Boston!" cried everybody.

"Yes, for Boston! You see, Stowe, Mr. Byrne has heard how dull freights are here, and I have just got a letter from him by Gidding's, of the Duxbury, just arrived, in which he says—or I'll read that part—hum—let's see—oh—'if you have not already engaged a freight, you will immediately sail for Boston. I have an excellent opportunity to charter the Gentile for a China voyage; and I suppose you had as lief go to India again as to Russia.' Bless me if I had n't! So, my dear fellow, if any of those pigging shippers apply to you, tell 'em to go to the devil with their ha'penny freights. Come, ride down street with me; Gidding's has some letters for you. Good morning, Miss Ellen! Morning, Frank! get well mighty fast, for we must use you a little, you know; and see Langley, and tell him to go aboard immediately after dinner."

"Ay, ay, sir. Come, Ellen, let's walk into the garden and find William and Mary."

We were very soon in the garden, sauntering along a little alley shaded by orange trees.

"It seems to me," said Ellen, half pouting, "that you are mightily pleased about sailing next Friday, instead of staying in Matanzas a week longer."

"Why, yes," I replied, "I must say that I am glad to go home, after an absence of eighteen months."

"I wish I was going to dear old Boston," added Ellen, sighing.

"You are to go this fall, you know."

"Maybe so; but then, Frank, you will not be there, will you?"

"Why, no," I replied, "not if I go with the ship to India; but what difference will that make?"

Ellen made no answer, and I began to feel rather queer, and marvelously inclined to make love. I had always liked Ellen very much, and lately better than ever, but, being a novice in such matters, I was in doubt whether my predilection was really *bona fide* love or not; it didn't seem like the love I had read about in novels; and yet I felt very miserable at the idea of Ellen's loving anybody else. I was in a desperate quandary.

"Well," said Ellen, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, "pray what can be the subject of your thoughts?"

I am frank by nature as well as by name; and so,

turning to my fair inquisitor, I said, "you know, Ellen, that I am very young yet."

"Yes, Frank."

"And that people at my age very often do not know their own minds."

"Yes, Frank."

"Well, Ellen, I think *now* that I love you very dearly; and if I were five years older, and felt as I now do, and you were willing, I would marry you right away; but I am young, and may be deceived, and so may deceive you. Now, Ellen, if I should ask you if you loved me, would you tell me?"

"Yes, Frank," said Ellen, very faintly.

"And do you?" I asked; and, like Brutus, paused for a reply.

"Yes, Frank, I like you very much."

"Is that all? *Like*, is a very cold word. Do you love me?"

"Yes, Frank," whispered Ellen, leaning her forehead against my shoulder. "I *think* I do; *you* wouldn't say any more than that."

"That is all I wish you to say, my dear little girl," I replied, kissing her white neck and shoulders; "now then, listen. I shall return from India in about two years time, if then we are both of the same mind as now, we will begin to talk about the wedding-day. What do you say to that?"

"Yes, dear Frank,"

"Thank you, dearest; now look up one minute."

The reader, if he pleases, may supply in this place a few interjectional kisses from his imagination.

With my arm around Ellen's slender waist, we walked down the shady alleys of the garden in search of Langley and Mary; but for a while were unsuccessful; at last I caught a sight of Mary's white dress in a distant arbor. We approached the bower unperceived by its occupants, and were upon the point of entering, but we luckily discovered in time that we should be altogether *de trop*. Langley was on his knees before the coquettish Mary, making love in his most grandiloquent style.

"Most adorable creature," quoth my romantic shipmate, thumping his right side, you lacerate my heart by your obdurate cruelty!"

"Get up off your knees, you foolish boy," answered the mischievous girl; "you will certainly stain the knees of your white trowsers."

"Oh! divine goddess! hear me!" persisted my chum, magnanimously disregarding the welfare of his unwhisperables in the present crisis.

"You idolatrous sailor remember the first commandment."

"The devil fly away with the first commandment!" cried poor Langley, sorely vexed. "Most lovely of human beings," he continued with a deep groan, which he intended to be a pathetic sigh, "my heart is on fire."

"May be you've got the fever, William," suggested Mary; "are you in *much* pain?"

"Yes, great pain," said Bill, with another heart-rending groan.

"Well, then, rise, I insist—Lord! if anybody should catch us in this predicament!"



"Had n't we better go away?" whispered Ellen, blushing for her sister's sake.

"No, no," I replied, "let 's stay and see the fun."

"Not till I persuade you to relent," replied Langley to Mary's oft-repeated request.

"Yes you will. Get up off your knees immediately, or I vow I'll box your ears."

"Strike!" cried Langley, with a theatrical air and tone, at the same time unbuttoning his vest, "strike! and wound the heart which beats for you alone!"

*Slap*—came Mary's delicate hand across the cheek of her disconsolate lover, with a force which brought an involuntary "ouch!" from his lips. "Get up, I say!" *Whack—slap*—came two more blows, first on one side of his head and then on the other.

"By G—d! madam!" sputtered Langley, rising in a rage, "I wish you were a man for half a minute."

"Why," said Mary, "in that case you could n't make love to me with any sort of propriety. Hold, hold, Willy, dear! do n't go off angry; sit down here, I insist; nay, now, I'll box your ears again if you don't obey me; there, you'll feel perfectly cool in a moment. For shame! Bill, to get angry at a love-tap from a lady!"

"Love-tap, indeed?" muttered Langley, rubbing his cheek. "See where your confounded ring scratched my face."

"Did it? Oh! I'm so sorry!" said Mary. "Hold here, while I kiss the place to make it well; there now, do n't it feel much better? See! I've got my lips all blood, hav n't I? Shall I wipe it off with my handkerchief, or—"

Langley took the hint and kissed the rich ripe lips of his lovely companion, red with nothing but her own warm blood.

"By Jupiter!" cried my shipmate, "Mary, you are the strangest girl I ever saw. One minute I think you love me, the next that you care nothing at all for me; one minute the most teasing little devil, and the next the dearest creature in all the world."

"What am I now?" asked Mary.

"You are the most angelic, adorable—"

"Take care, sir," cried Mary, shaking her finger; "don't have a relapse, or you'll catch it again."

"Well, what shall I say then?" demanded poor Bill, in despair; "you are as hard to please as the skipper of a mud-scow."

"Talk sensibly if you wish, but do n't indulge in such lofty flights, unless you have a mind to soar out of hearing. Now, then, Will, what were you about to say?"

"This," said my shipmate, taking the hand of his charming companion, and speaking like a frank, manly fellow, as he really was, "this, dear Mary, that I love you heartily and truly, and have loved you ever since we were children. At present I am a poor seaman, but I hope in a few years to rise in my profession, till I am able to support a wife in the style to which you have been accustomed, if then you will give me your hand I shall be more happy than I can express. Now, do n't tease me any longer, but tell me if I have any chance."

Mary's coquettish air was gone. While Langley

had been speaking her face became suffused with a charming blush, which extended even to her heaving bosom, and when he finished she raised her eyes, bright and tearful, to his. "William," said she, "you have spoken candidly, without doubt, and deserve a candid answer. If when you become the mate of a ship you are willing to be burthened with me for a wife, dear Will, you can doubtless have me by asking papa."

"Come, Ellen," said I, "let 's go now."

#### CHAPTER X.

##### *The Gentile loses her fore-top-sail.*

The hours flew like lightning until Friday arrived. I went to the convent in the morning, and in an interview with Sister Agatha informed her that in the evening she would probably be called to the sick bed of Ellen. Mr. Stowe bade us good-bye and sailed in the Havana steam-boat at noon, that his presence at the catastrophe might not seem suspicious. At sunset I bade farewell to dear little Ellen, who was indeed as pale as death, and in an hour afterward was on board the ship, where I found every thing in readiness for a hasty departure, the top-sails, jib and spanker were loosed, the anchor at the bows, and its place supplied by a small kedge, attached to the ship by a lumwer, easily cut in case of need; the awnings were struck, and the decks covered with rigging and sails. The boat's crew who were to go on the expedition of the evening had already been selected, and were in high spirits at the probable danger, romance and novelty of the affair.

"By thunder! Frank," said Jack Reeves, shaking my hand furiously when I appeared on the fore-castle, "you're a trump and no mistake."

"Arrah! now, Masther Frank, how yaller it is ye're lookin'; but it's you that's the boy to get the weather gage of Yaller Jack, let alone the num; wout we have a thumping time this night?"

"Why, Teddy, are you going with us? You are the last man I should have thought to enlist in an expedition of this kind!"

"Ay, ay, Masther Frank, its rather agen my conscience, to be sure; but it's the skipper's orders, and I alwus goes by that maxum, 'bey orders if you break owners.'"

"Then the skipper has ordered you to go—"

"Of course; in the first place he says that he'll send no man into danger widout tellin' him of it, the jewel, and then he just stated the case, and sez he, 'which of yees will go, b'ys?' an' wid that uz all stipt for'ard. 'What,' sez the owld man, sez he, 'Teddy, I thought you was a Catholic!' 'Faix! an' I am that, yer honor,' sez I, makin' a big sign of the cross, 'long life to the Pope and the clargy!' 'It's a nun we're goin' to abductionize to-night,' sez he. 'I thought you understood that.' 'I know that, yer honor,' sez I, 'but if you will jist plaze to order me to go, I can't help me-elf, and so your own sowl will be damned, beggin' yer honor's pardon,' sez I, 'and not mine.' The officers all laughed, and the owld man, sez he, 'Teddy, you're quite ingenious!'"

## THE CRUISE OF THE GENTILE.

'Thank yer honor,' sez I, 'but I'll cotton to Ichabod Green in that line, since he invinted the new spun-yarn mill.'

Soon after sundown the land wind from the south set in smartly, and by eight o'clock we were not a little fearful lest our kedge might drag. The captain's gig was brought to the stairs, and the party chosen for the expedition took their places, the first mate and ship's cousin and six stout seamen, well armed. Stewart was very nervous and silent; the only remark he made after we left the ship was when we swept by the end of the mole.

It was just nine o'clock when we hauled into the shade of the summer-house and its vines at the foot of Mr. Stowe's garden. I was commissioned to go to the house while the rest staid by the boat. On the stairs of the back verandah I met Mary Stowe.

"Is it you, Frank?" she asked.

"Ay, ay; is Cousin Clara here?"

"Oh, yes! in Ellen's room, and the Superior is in the parlor with mother. Ellen has been terribly sick, but she was well enough to whisper just now, 'Give Frank my best love.'"

"Here, Mary," said I, "give her this kiss a thousand times."

"Oh, heavens! what a pretty one! But I must go and send Sister Agatha to you; we've got a hard part to act when her flight is discovered. I say, Frank, give Langley my love; don't wonder at it now, adieu! I'll see you in two years."

"I waited impatiently for two minutes, which seemed two hours; at last I heard a light step on the stairs, and in a moment more held the runaway nun in my arms.

"Courage!" said I, "you are safe."

Throwing a cloak over her, we hastily ran down the orange-walk. I could not suppress a sigh as I passed the place where Ellen had told me that she thought she loved me. In a moment we reached the boat; Stewart stood upon the shore to receive us, caught the fainting form of Cousin Clara in his arms, and bore her apparently lifeless to the stern-sheets; the men shipped their oars, and I seized the rudder-lines, and gave the word of command.

"Push off—let fall—give way—and now pull for your lives."

The boat shot like lightning down the narrow river to its mouth, then across the broad bay, glittering in the first rays of the just risen moon. The band was playing as we rapidly shot past the barracks.

I sat near the lovers in the stern-sheets, and heard Stewart whisper, "Dearest, do you remember that old Castilian air?" The answer was inaudible, but from the long kiss that Stewart pressed upon the lips which replied to him, I judged that the reply was in the affirmative. At last the ship was reached, and the passengers of the boat were safely transferred to the broad, firm deck of the old Gentile.

The reader will excuse my describing the scene which ensued, for, as I have before said, and as the reader has probably assented, description is not my forte; beside, I am in a devil of a hurry to get the ship under weigh, or all will be lost.

The hawser was cut, and we wore round under our jib; the top-sails were hoisted and filled out before the breeze, and we began our voyage toward home. Sail after sail was set, and the noble old ship danced merrily and swiftly along, leaving the scene of my cousin's suffering far astern; and, alas! every moment adding to the distance between Ellen and me. The lights of the distant city, shining through the mazy rigging of the shipping before it, grew dimmer and more faint, and finally, entirely disappeared; the wide ocean was before us.

The next morning we were seventy miles from the nearest land of Cuba; and ten days afterward the marine lists of the Boston papers announced the arrival of the ship Gentile, Smith, from Matanzas.

### CHAPTER XI.

*In which the fullness of the Gentiles is accomplished.*

Great was the joy of my father and mother, and good little sisters, at the unexpected appearance of Cousins Pedro and Clara. The money of the former, it may be recollected, had been brought to Boston in the Cabot, and placed in my father's hands, and though Pedro could not be called a rich man, still the sum now paid him by his uncle was very handsome. This, by advice, was invested in an India venture to send by the Gentile; and my Cousin Pedro, in consequence of this and my father's recommendation, was appointed supercargo of that ship by Mr. Selden, the merchant who had chartered her.

Captain Smith was removed to a new and larger vessel; and the Gentile's list of officers, when she cleared for Canton, stood thus, Benjamin Stewart, master; Pedro Garcia, supercargo; Micah Brewster, 1st officer; William Langley, 2nd do.; Frank Byrne, 3rd do. Jack Reeves was also in the fore-castle, but Teddy staid by his old skipper.

It was a very pleasant day when we sailed from the end of Long Wharf; but we had got nearly under weigh before Captain Stewart came on board.

"That's always the way with these new married skippers," growled the pilot, as he gave orders to hoist the maintop-sail."

About a month ago, the senior partner of the firm of Byrne & Co. was heard to say, that he had in his employ three sea captains who had each one wooed his wife in broad daylight, in a garden of the city of Matanzas.

## I L E N O V A R .

### FROM A STORY OF PALENQUE.

#### A FRAGMENT.

BY WM. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSE," "RICHARD HURDIS," ETC.

WEARY, but now no longer girt by foes,  
He darkly stood beside that sullen wave,  
Watching the sluggish waters, whose repose  
Imaged the gloomy shadows in his heart;  
Vultures, that, in the greed of appetite,  
Still sating blind their passionate delight,  
Lose all the wing for flight,  
And, brooding deafly o'er the prey they tear,  
Hear never the low voice that cries, "depart,  
Lest with your surfeit you partake the snare!"  
Thus fixed by brooding and rapacious thought,  
Stood the dark chieftain by the gloomy stream,  
When, suddenly, his ear  
A far off murmur caught,  
Low, deep, impending, as of trooping winds,  
Up from his father's grave,  
That ever still some fearful echoes gave,  
Such as had lately warned him in his dream,  
Of all that he had lost—of all he still might save!  
Well knew he of the sacrilege that made  
That sacred vault, where thrice two hundred kings  
Were in their royal pomp and purple laid,  
Refuge for meanest things;—  
Well knew he of the horrid midnight rite,  
And the foul orgies, and the treacherous spell,  
By those dread magians nightly practiced there;  
And who the destined victim of their art;—  
But, as he feels the sacred amulet  
That clips his neck and trembles at his breast—  
As once did she who gave it—he hath set  
His resolute spirit to its work, and well  
His great soul answers to the threatening dread,  
Those voices from the mansions of the dead!  
Upon the earth, like stone,  
He crouched in silence; and his keen ear, prone,  
Kissed the cold ground in watchfulness, not fear!  
But soon he rose in fright,  
For, as the sounds grew near,  
He feels the accents never were of earth:  
They have a wilder birth  
Than in the council of his enemies,  
And he, the man, who, having but one life,  
Hath risked a thousand in unequal strife,  
Now, in the night and silence, sudden finds  
A terror, at whose touch his manhood flies.  
The blood grows cold and freezes in his veins,  
His heart sinks, and upon his lips the breath  
Curdles, as if in death!  
Vainly he strives in flight,  
His trembling knees deny—his strength is gone!  
As one who, in the depth of the dark night,  
Groping through chambered ruins, lays his hands  
On cold and clammy bones, and glutinous brains,  
The murdered man's remains—  
Thus rooted to the dread spot stood the chief,  
When, from the tomb of ages, came the sound,

As of a strong man's grief;  
His heart denied its blood—his brain spun round—  
He sank upon the ground!

'T was but an instant to the dust he clung;  
The murmurs grew about him like a cloud—  
He breathed an atmosphere of spirit-voices,  
Most sighing sad, but with a sound between,  
As of one born to hope that still rejoices,  
In a sweet foreign tongue,  
That seemed exulting, starting from its shroud,  
To a new rapture for the first time seen!  
This better voice, as with a crowning spell,  
On the chief's spirit fell;  
Up starting from the earth, he cried aloud:  
"Ah! thou art there, and well!  
I thank thee, thou sweet life, that unto me  
Art life no longer—thou hast brought me life,  
Such as shall make thy murderers dread the strife.  
But for thy ear a gentler speech be mine,  
And I will wait until the terrible hour  
Hath past, and I may wholly then be thine!  
Now am I sworn unto a wilder power,  
But none so dear, or precious, sweetest flower,  
That ever, when Palenque possessed her tower  
And white-robed priesthood, wert of all thy race  
Most queenly, and the soul of truth and grace;—  
Blossom of beauty, that I could not keep,  
And know not to resign—  
I would, but cannot weep!  
These are not tears, my father, but hot blood  
That fills the warrior's eyes;  
For every drop that falls, a mighty flood  
Our foemen's hearts shall yield us, when the dawn  
Begins of that last day  
Whose red light ushers in the fatal fray,  
Such as shall bring us back old victories,  
Or of the empire, evermore withdrawn,  
Shall make a realm of silence and of gloom,  
Where all may read the doom,  
But none shall dream the horrid history!  
I do not weep—I do not shrink—I cry  
For the fierce strife and vengeance! Taught by thee,  
No other thought I see!  
My hope is strong within, my limbs are free.  
My arms would strike the foe—my feet would fly,  
Where now he rides triumphant in his sway—  
And though within my soul a sorrow deep  
Makes thought a horror haunting memory,  
I do not, will not weep!"

Then swore he—and he called the tree whose growth  
Of past and solemn centuries made it wear  
An ancient, god-like air,  
To register his deep and passionate oath.  
Hate to the last he swore—a wild revenge,

Such as no chance can change,  
 Vowed he before those during witnesses,  
 Rocks, waters and old trees.  
 And, in that midnight hour,  
 No sound from nature broke,  
 No sound save that he spoke,  
 No sound from spirits hushed and listening nigh !  
 His was an oath of power—  
 A prince's pledge for vengeance to his race—  
 To twice two hundred years of royalty—  
 That still the unbroken sceptre should have sway,  
 While yet one subject warrior might obey,  
 Or one great soul avenge a realm's disgrace !  
 It was the pledge of vengeance, for long years,  
 Borne by his trampled people as a dower  
 Of bitterness and tears ;—  
 Homes rifled, hopes defeated, feelings torn  
 By a fierce conqueror's scorn ;  
 The national gods o'erthrown—treasure and blood,  
 Once boundless as the flood,  
 That 'neath his fixed and unforgiving eye  
 Crept onward silently ;  
 Scattered and squandered wantonly, by bands,  
 Leaguered in shame, the scum of foreign lands,  
 Sent forth to lengthen out their infamy,  
 With the wild banquet of a pampered mood.

Even as he swore, his eye  
 Grew kindled with a fierce and flaming blight,  
 Red-lowering like the sky,  
 When, heralding the tempest in his might,  
 The muttering clouds march forth and form on high,  
 With sable banners and grim majesty.  
 Beneath his frowning brow a shaft of fire,  
 That told the lurking ire,  
 Shot ever forth, outflashing through the gloom  
 It could not well illumine,  
 Making the swarthy cheeks on which it fell  
 Seem trenched with scarr'd lines of hate and hell.  
 Then heaved his breast with all the deep delight  
 The warrior finds in promise of the fight,  
 Who seeks for vengeance in his victory.  
 For, in the sudden silence in the air,  
 He knew how gracious was the audience there :  
 He heard the wings unfolding at the close,  
 And the soft voice that cheered him once before  
 Now into utterance rose :  
 One whispered word,  
 One parting tone,  
 And then a fragrant flight of wings was heard  
 And she was gone, was gone—  
 Yet was he not alone ! not all alone !

Thus, having sworn—the old and witnessing tree  
 Bent down, and in his branches registered  
 Each dark and passionate word ;  
 And on the rocks, trenched in their shapeless sides,  
 The terrible oath abides ;  
 And the dark waters, muttering to their waves,  
 Bore to their secret mansions and dim caves  
 The low of death they heard.  
 Thus were the dead appeased—the listerling dead—  
 For, as the warrior paused, a cold breath came,  
 Wrapping with ice his frame,  
 A cold hand pressing on his heart and head ;  
 Entranced and motionless,  
 Upon the earth he lies,  
 While a dread picture of the land's distress  
 Rose up before his eyes.  
 First came old Hilluah's shadow, with the ring  
 About his brow, the sceptre in his hand,

Ensigns of glorious and supreme command,  
 Proofs of the conqueror, honored in the king.  
 "Ilenovar ! Ilenovar !" he cried :  
 Vainly the chief replied ;—  
 He strove to rise for homage, but in vain—  
 The deathlike spell was on him like a chain,  
 And his clogged tongue, that still he strove to teach,  
 Denied all answering speech !  
 The monarch bade him mark  
 The clotted blood that, dark,  
 Distained his royal bosom, and that found  
 Its way, still issuing, from a mortal wound,  
 Ghastly and gaping wide, upon his throat !  
 The shadow passed—another took his place,  
 Of the same royal race ;  
 The noble Yumuri, the only son  
 Of the old monarch, heir to his high throne,  
 Cut off by cunning in his youthful pride ;  
 There was the murderer's gasp, and the red tide  
 Still pouring from his side ;  
 And round his neck the mark of bloody hands,  
 That strangled the brave sufferer while he strove  
 Against their clashing brands.  
 Not with unmoistened eyes did the chief note  
 His noble cousin, precious to his love,  
 Brother of one more precious to his thought,  
 With whom and her, three happy hearts in one,  
 He grew together in their joys and fears—  
 And not till sundered knew the taste of tears ;  
 Salt, bitter tears, but shed by one alone,  
 Him the survivor, the avenger—he  
 Who vainly shades his eyes that still must see !  
 Long troops came after of his slaughtered race,  
 Each in his habit, even as he died :  
 The big sweat trickled down the warrior's face,  
 Yet could he move no limb, in that deep trance,  
 Nor turn away his glance !

They melt again to cloud—at last they fade ;  
 He breathes, that sad spectator,—they are gone ;  
 He sighs with sweet relief ; but lo ! anon,  
 A deeper spell enfolds him, as a maid,  
 Graceful as evening light, and with an eye  
 Intelligent with beauty, like the sky,  
 And wooing as the shade,  
 Bends o'er him silently !  
 With one sweet hand she lifts the streaming hair,  
 That o'er her shoulders droops so gracefully,  
 While with the other she directs his gaze,  
 All desperate with amaze,  
 Yet with a strange delight, through all his fear !  
 What sees he there ?  
 Buried within her bosom doth his eye  
 The deadly steel desecry ;  
 The blood stream clotted round it—the sweet life  
 Shed by the cruel knife !—  
 The keen blade guided to the pure white breast,  
 By its own kindred hand, declares the rest !  
 Smiling upon the deed, she smiles on him,  
 And in that smile the lovely shape grows dim.

His trance is gone—his heart  
 Hath no more fear ! in one wild start  
 He bursts the spell that bound him, with a cry  
 That rings in the far sky ;  
 He does not fear to rouse his enemy !  
 The hollow rocks reply ;  
 He shouts, and wildly, with a desperate voice,  
 As if he did rejoice  
 That death had done his worst ;  
 And in his very desperation blessed,

He felt that life could never more be cursed;  
 And from its gross remains he still might wrest  
 A something, not a joy, but needful to his breast!  
 His hope is in the thought that he shall gain  
 Sweet vengeance for the slain—  
 For her, the sole, the one  
 More dear to him than daylight or the sun,  
 That perished to be pure! No more! no more!  
 Hath that stern mourner language! But the vow,

Late breathed before those spectre witnesses.  
 His secret spirit mutters o'er and o'er,  
 As 't were the very life of him and his—  
 Dear to his memory, needful to him now!  
 A moment and his right hand grasped his brow—  
 Then, bending to the waters, his canoe,  
 Like some etherial thing that mocks the view,  
 Glides silent from the shore.

## THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

BY S. DRYDEN PHILIPS.

'T WAS to a dark and solitary glen,  
 Amid New England's scenery wild and bold,  
 A lonely spot scarce visited by men,  
 Where high the frowning hills their summits hold,  
 And stand, the storm-beat battlements of old—  
 Returned at evening from the fruitless chase,  
 Weary and sad, and pierced with autumn's cold  
 And laid him mournful in his rocky place,  
 The grief-worn warrior chief—last of his once proud race.

He wrapt his mantle round his manly form,  
 And sighed as on his cavern floor he lay;  
 His bosom heaved with passion's varying storm,  
 While he to melancholy thoughts gave way,  
 And mused on deeds of many a by-gone day.  
 Scenes of the past before his vision rose—  
 The fearless clans o'er whom he once held sway,  
 The bloody battle-field and vanquished foes,  
 His wide extended rule, which few had dared oppose.

He sees again his glad and peaceful home,  
 His warlike sons and cherished daughters dear;  
 Together o'er his hunting-grounds they roam,  
 Together they their honored sire revere;  
 But trickles down his cheek the burning tear,  
 As fades the spectral vision from his eye:  
 Low at his shrine he bows with listening ear,  
 And up to the Great Spirit sends a cry,  
 To bear him to his rest, and bid his sorrows die.

Tired of the lonely world he longs to go  
 And join his kindred and the warrior band,  
 Where fruits for him in rich luxuriance grow,  
 Nor comes the pale-face to that spirit-land:  
 Ere he departs for aye, he fain would stand  
 Again upon his favorite rock and gaze  
 O'er the wide realm where once he held command,  
 Where oft he hunted in his younger days,  
 Where, in the joyful dance, he sang victorious lays.

Up the bold height with trembling step he passed,  
 And gained the fearful eminence he sought;  
 As on surrounding scenes his eye was cast,  
 His troubled spirit racked with frenzied thought,

And urged by ruin on his empire brought,  
 He uttered curses on the pale-faced throng,  
 With whom in vain his scattered warriors fought  
 And on the sighing breeze that swept along,  
 He poured the fiery words that filled his vengeful song:

Fair home of the red man! my lingering gaze  
 On thy ruin now rests, like the sun's fading rays;  
 'T is the last that I give—like the dim orb of day,  
 My life shall go down, and my spirit away.

Loved home of the red man! I leave thee with pain,  
 The place where my kindred, my brothers were slain;  
 The graves of my fathers, whose wigwams were here;  
 The land where I hunted the swift-bounding deer.

No longer these hills and these valleys I roam,  
 No more are these mountains and forests my home,  
 No more, on the face of the beautiful tide,  
 Shall the red man's canoe in tranquillity glide.

The pale-face hath conquered—we faded away,  
 Like mist on the hills in the sun's burning ray,  
 Like the leaves of the forest our warriors have perished;  
 Our homes have been sacked by the stranger we cherished.

May the Great Spirit come in his terrible might,  
 And pour on the white man his mildew and blight  
 May his fruits be destroyed by the tempest and hail,  
 And the fire-bolts of heaven his dwellings assail.

May the beasts of the mountain his children devour,  
 And the pestilence seize him with death-dealing power;  
 May his warriors all perish, and he in his gloom,  
 Like the hosts of the red men, be swept to the tomb.

Scarce had the wild notes of the chieftain's song  
 Died mournful on the evening breeze away,  
 Ere down the precipice he plunged along  
 Mid ragged cliffs that in his passage lay:  
 All torn and mangled by the fearful fray,  
 Naught save the echo of his fall arose.  
 The winds that still around that summit play,  
 The sporting rill that far beneath it flows,  
 Chant, where the Indian fell, their requiem o'er his woes.

## DECAY AND ROME.

METHINKS I see, within yon wasted hall,  
 O'erhung with tapestry of ivy green,  
 The grim old king Decay, who rules the scene,  
 Throned on a crumbling column by the wall,  
 Beneath a ruined arch of ancient fame,  
 Mocking the desolation round about,  
 Blotting with his effacing fingers out

The inscription, razing off its hero's name—  
 And lo! the ancient mistress of the globe,  
 With clasped hands, a statue of despair,  
 Sits abject at his feet, in fetters bound—  
 A thousand rents in her imperial robe,  
 Swordless and sceptreless, her golden hair  
 Dishevelled in the dust, for ages gathering round! A. H. S.

## THE LITTLE CAP-MAKER.

### OR LOVE'S MASQUERADE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

#### PART I.

FAIR Ursula sits alone in an apartment which seems fitted up for the reception of some goddess. She is not weeping, but her dark eyes are humid with tears. An air of melancholy rests on her young face, like a shadow on a rose-leaf, while her little hands are folded despairingly on her lap. The hem of her snowy robe sweeps the rich surface of the carpet, from out which one dainty little foot, in its fairy slipper of black satin, peeps forth, wantonly crushing the beautiful bouquet which has fallen from the hands of the unhappy fair one.

Every thing in this inviting apartment is arranged with the most exquisite taste and elegance. On tables of unique pattern are scattered the most costly gems of art and *vertu*—choice paintings adorn the walls—flowers, rare and beautiful, lift their heads proudly above the works of art which surround them, and in splendid Chinese cages, birds of gorgeous plumage have learned to caress the rosy lips of their young mistress, or perch triumphantly on her snowy finger. Here are books, too, and music—a harp—a piano—while through a half open door leading from a little recess over which a *multiflora* is taught to twine its graceful tendrils, a glimpse may be caught of rosy silken hangings shading the couch where the queen of this little realm nightly sinks to her innocent slumbers.

Eighteen summers have scarce kissed the brow of the fair maid, and already the canker worm of sorrow is preying upon her heart-strings. Poor thing, so young and yet so sad! What can have caused this sadness! Perhaps she loves one whose heart throbs not with answering kindness—perhaps loves one faithless to her beauty, or loves where cruel fate has interposed the barrier of a parent's frown!

No—her heart is as free and unfettered as the wind.

Ah! then perhaps her bosom friend, the chosen companion of her girlhood has proved unkind—some delightful project of pleasure perhaps frustrated, or, I dare say she has found herself eclipsed at Madame Raynor's *soirée* by some more brilliant belle—no, no, none of these surmises are true, plausible as they appear! Then what is it? Perhaps—but you will never guess, and you will laugh incredulously when I tell you that poor, poor dear darling Ursula weeps because—because—

*She is an heiress!*

That is it—yes, weeps because she is the uncontrolled mistress of one hundred thousand dollars in houses, lands and gold, bright gold!

*Poor little dear—looking upon fortune as a serious*

19\*

mis-fortune, and even envying those whose daily toil can alone bring them the necessities of life; for, have they friends—they are true friends—there is no selfishness in the bond which unites them—while she, unhappy child that she is, owes to her rank and riches her thousand friends and the crowd of satellites worshipping before her! What a foolish notion to enter her little head! True, it is foolish. Lovers, too, in plenty sigh at her feet, and in the soft moonlight the air is tremulous with sighs and music, as from beneath her window steals the soft serenade. But Ursula curls her lip disdainfully, and orders her maid to shut out the sweet sounds. Ever that hateful gold comes between her and her lovers, and then she wishes her lot was humble, that she might be loved for herself alone!

Do you wish a portrait of the unhappy little heiress? Behold her then:

A perfect little sylph, resting on the tiniest of feet, with hands so charming that you would feel an almost irresistible desire to fold them caressingly within your own—the rich complexion of a brunette with the bloom of Hebe on her cheek—her hair like burnished jet—eyes large, lustrous and black—but (alas that there should be a *but*!) poor Ursula had an unfortunate cast in her left eye—in other words she squinted—yes, absolutely squinted!

Dear, dear what a pity!

Yet stop, do n't judge the little heiress too hastily, for after all it was not a bad squint—indeed, if you knew her, you would say it was really a becoming squint, such a roguish, knowing look did it give her! Nevertheless, it was a squint, and poor Ursula, notwithstanding the bewitching form and features her mirror threw back, fancied this a deformity which cast aside all her graces. And here again the *gold* jaundiced her imagination and whispered, "were it not for *me* what a horrible squint you would have in the straight forward eyes of the world!"

When her parents died Ursula Lovel was but an infant, yet as tender and affectionate as parents had been the good uncle and aunt to whose love and guardianship she was bequeathed. They had no children, and gladly took the little orphan to their bosoms with pity and love—and Ursula required all their watchful care, for she was ever a feeble child, giving no indications of that sprightly beauty and perfect health she now exhibited. Then indeed the squint was truly a deformity, for her thin, fallow countenance only made it far more conspicuous.

People should be more guarded what they say before children. One good old lady by a careless re-

mark instilled into the mind of little Ursula a jealousy and distrust, which, but for the good sense maturer years brought to bear against such early impressions, would have rendered her unhappy for life. Propped up by pillows, she sat at a small table amusing herself by building little card houses, and then seeing them tumble down with all the kings and queens of her little city, when she heard her name mentioned in accents of pity by an old lady who had come to pay her aunt a morning visit.

"She is very plain—is not she? What a great misfortune that her father should have left her so much money! Poor thing, it will only prove a curse to her, for if she lives she will doubtless become the prey of some fortune-hunter."

Now what was meant by "fortune-hunter"—whether some giant or horrid ogress—the little girl could not tell, but that it was some dreadful thing waiting to devour her because she had money, haunted her mind continually. She was a child of fine capacity, and at school generally ranked the highest in her class—how many times her envious mates would say: "Well, well, it is a fine thing to be rich—it is your money, Miss Lovel, makes you so much favored—our teachers are both deaf and blind to your foibles!" What wonder, then, poor Ursula began to distrust herself, and to impugn the kindness of her teachers and friends, who really loved her for her sweet disposition, and were proud of her scholarship.

But don't think that she has been hugging such unhappy thoughts to her bosom ever since, because you have just found her lamenting that she is an heiress!

You shall hear. As childhood passed, health bloomed on her cheek, and shed its invigorating influence over the mind, and it was only when something occurred to arouse the suspicion of early childhood that she indulged in such feelings. She was intelligent and accomplished. Sang like a bird, painted to nature, and danced like a fairy. But there was something more than all this which contributed to her happiness—it was the power of doing good—a power which she possessed, and, through the judgment of her aunt, practiced. This excellent woman had taught her that money was not given her to be all lavished on self—that it was her duty, and ought to be her delight, to loose her purse-strings to the cries of the poor, and to scatter its glittering contents through the homes of the needy. And this did Ursula do—and was rewarded by the blessing of those she had relieved, and the happy consciousness of having mitigated the sorrows of her fellow mortals.

But now this particular evening when you have seen little Ursula drooping under the weight of gold which Fortune it appears has so thanklessly showered upon her, she has met with an adventure which brings before her with all its tenacity the impression so early engendered. And now, as she sits there so sad and sorrowful, she is sighing to be loved for herself alone, and wishes her lot had been humble, that she might trust to professions, and not be forever reminded of that wealth which she fears will always

*the sincerity of those around her.*

Silly little girl! She would even exchange all the elegancies and luxuries of life to feed on love and roses!

This unlucky evening she had shone as the most brilliant belle in the crowded assemblage of the fair and fashionable whom Madam Raynor had gathered into her splendid rooms. Tired at length with the gay scene around her, she had strolled off alone into the conservatory, and leaning against a pillar watched from a distance the giddy whirl of the waltz—the waving of feathers, the flashing of jewels, and the flitting of airy forms through those magnificent apartments. A few moments before she left the crowd, she had observed a stranger of very dashing air attentively regarding her, and then joining a friend of hers appeared to request an introduction. But young Allan was just about to join the dance, and ere it was finished Ursula had stolen away.

While engaged as before described, she observed the same gentleman leaning on the arm of Allan strolling toward the conservatory. Concealed by the shadow of a large orange-tree, they passed her unobserved—they then paused in their walk, when Ursula suddenly heard her own name mentioned, and then the following conversation unavoidably fell on her ear:

"Why she squints, Allan!"

"Well, what of that—those that know her best never think of it."

"Pardon me, I consider it a very great defect, and slight as this blemish appears in Miss Lovel, her money could never blind me to the fact if I knew her ever so well."

"I do not mean to imply," answered Allan, "that being an heiress renders the blemish imperceptible—no, it is her truly amiable disposition, her goodness, and engaging manners which makes her so beautiful to her friends."

"O, a pattern woman!" cried the other, "worse yet!"

"What do you mean by a pattern woman?"

"Why, one of those shockingly amiable, running round into dark alleys, charity-dispensing beings—patting white-headed beggar boys, and kissing dirt-begrimed babies—who speak in soft, lisping tones of duty and benevolence—read the Bible to sick paupers, go to sewing meetings and work on flannel—and—"

"There, that will do, Fifield," interrupted Allan, "making some allowance, you have drawn Miss Lovel's character to the life. Shall I introduce you?"

"O certainly, a cool hundred thousand outweighs all my objections against pattern women—I could swallow a sermon every morning with the best grace in the world, and even were she as ugly as Hecate, I could worship at her feet, and wear the yoke for the sake of the golden trappings!"

The young men now passed on, leaving poor Ursula wounded to the quick by the heartless remarks of the fortune-hunter. She did not join the gay assembly again, but requesting a servant to call her carriage, immediately returned home. Now can you wonder at the cloud on her brow?

But see, even while we are looking at her, it is

clearing away—like a sunbeam, out peeps a smile from each corner of her rosy mouth, and hark! you may almost hear her merry laugh as clapping her hands she exclaims—

"Yes, yes, I'll do it! What a capital idea—excellent, excellent!" Then rising and bounding lightly to the inner door she threw it wide, saying—

"Here, Hetty, I have something to tell you—come quick."

And at the summons a pretty young girl, seemingly about her own age, made her appearance from the chamber.

"There, Hetty, I am better now," said Ursula, "how silly I am to let the remarks of such a person have power to move me! But I have such a grand project to tell you—come, while you are plaiting my hair, and, in the words of that same amiable youth, taking off all these *trappings*, I will let you into my secret."

Hetty took the comb and thridded it through the long tresses of her young lady, which, released from the silver arrow so gracefully looping them on the top of her head, now fell around her nearly to the floor.

"Hetty," exclaimed Ursula, suddenly throwing back her head and looking archly at the girl, "Hetty, do you want to see your mother?"

"O, Miss Ursula," cried Hetty, the tears springing to her eyes, "indeed, indeed I do!"

"Very well, I promise you then that in less than a week you shall be in her arms."

"O, my dear Miss Ursula, do you really mean so?" said Hetty, bending over and kissing the glowing cheek of her mistress.

"Yes, I really mean so—but dear, dear, you have run that hair-pin almost into my brain—never mind—only be quiet now—there, sit down, and I will tell you all about it." There was a roguish expression on Ursula's face as she continued: "Yes, you shall go home, and what's more, Hetty, I am going with you, and mean to live with you all summer, perhaps longer."

"Why, Miss Ursula!"

"Yes I do. And now you must assist me—you must promise me not to reveal to any one, not even to your mother, that I am the rich lady with whom you live. Remember I am a poor girl—poor as yourself—a friend of yours come into the country for—for her health—ha, ha, ha, Hetty, look at me—you must contrive to make me look paler, or shall this be a *hectic*?"

"But, Miss Ursula—it will never do—you who have always had every thing so beautiful around you—you can never live in our humble way!"

"Try me, try me, Hetty—for I am determined to test my own individual merits, and see how far they may gain me the love and esteem of others when unsupported by the claims of wealth. Let me see, Hetty, I must have some employment aside from helping you to milk the cows and feed the pigs. Ah, I have it!" she cried, springing up and turning a pirouette—"listen—I will be a *milliner*! you know, aunt thinks I have a great knack at cap-making—O excellent idea—I will turn *milliner* for all the far-

mer's wives and daughters far and near." And catching up her embroidered mouchoir she began folding it into a turban, and then placing it gracefully on her *little* head, she turned to the laughing girl:

"See there now—is not it exquisite—why my caps and turbans will turn the heads of all the swains in the village. You shall have one first, Hetty—you shall set *your* cap, and heigh-ho for a husband!"

"But your uncle and aunt, Miss Ursula?"

"O, I shall tell them candidly my project. They will laugh at me, I know, and try, perhaps, to dissuade me; but, after all, they will let me do as I please."

*Twelve!* chimed a beautiful Cupid running off with Time, which, exquisitely wrought in gold and pearl, stood on the dressing-table.

In a few moments Hetty had drawn the rose-colored curtains around the couch of her young mistress, and left her to dreams as rosy.

## PART II.

And now will you follow me to another scene—an apartment more spacious, and even more elegant, than the one we have just left, save that it savors more of the "sterner sex." For instance, we may see a brace of pistols, superbly mounted, crossed over the mantel-piece—a flute upon the table—a rifle leaning against the wall, and, I declare, fishing-tackle thrown carelessly down, all among those delicate knackeries so beautifully arranged on yonder marble slab—just like the men!

Reclining upon a sofa of crimson satin, wrought with gold thread, wrapped in an elegant dressing-robe, with his feet thrust into embroidered slippers, is a young man of very pleasing exterior, whom we should judge to be about five-and-twenty. The long, slender fingers of one hand are half buried in the rich mass of dark-brown hair which waves over his temples, the other, hanging over the back of the sofa, seems to partake of the disturbance of its master, for it beats and thrums the silken covering most unmercifully. See how he knits his fine brow, and now waves his arm menacingly in the air—what can be the matter!

Ah! you will laugh again when I tell you here is another discontented heir of wealth.

There! now he suddenly starts up as if distracted. "*Yelp, yelp!*" Ah! poor Fido! although your master seems evidently out of humor, he would not have kicked your beautiful spotted coat had he seen you! There, he caresses you—so fold back your long ears, and wag your tail complacently, while we hear what this impatient youth has to say, as he strides so rapidly hither and thither.

"Well, no doubt wealth is a very fine thing, if the world would let one enjoy it peaceably; but to be thus forever dined, and teaed, and courted, and flattered, and smiled at, and bowed at, and winked at, when, if it were not for my fortune, I very much doubt whether one of these, my exceeding good friends, would give me a dinner to save me from starvation. Why I had rather be the veriest boor that holds a plough, or a cobbler at his last, than to be, as Shakspeare says, "*the thing I am.*" I am heartily



sick of it, and could almost turn my back upon the world, and lead a hermit's life. To be always a mark for managing mothers, with great grown-up daughters; aimed at, like a target, by scores of black, grey, and blue eyes; to be forever forced to waltz with this one, and sing with another—and, ere I know it, find myself entrapped into a close *tête-à-tête* with a third. I wish I *was* married; then one-half at least of my troubles would be over—for I should shake off this swarm of female fortune-hunters! *Married!* ah! I wish I *was*! But where can I find one who will love me for myself alone, and not for the standing my wealth would give her? *Married!* ah! how delightful to come home and find a dear little wife waiting with open arms to welcome me, and the rosiest and sweetest of lips coaxingly pressed to mine; all my cares forgotten, all my vexations subdued by her soothing caresses and tender words. And then how enchanting as she warbles like a linnet for my ear alone; how enchanting to lean her bewitching little head on my shoulder, and inhale the balmy fragrance of her breath. O! I wish I *was* married!"

And now, so enraptured does this reasonable youth seem with the picture he has sketched, that not having any thing else, you see, to hug, he throws his arms most lovingly around himself. There, now he frowns again, and—hark what more he has to say.

"In fact, I am not sure I have a real friend in the world, for, gild a fool or a monkey, and mark what a troop of flatterers fawn around and follow admiringly at his heels! And as for choosing a wife, why, were I toothless, one-eyed, or deaf as a post, the magic of gold would transform me into an Adonis!"

Now stopping before a full-length mirror, he appears to console himself for such suppositions, by very complacently regarding his truly elegant figure and classic countenance.

A tap at the door, and an arch face, already shaded by the night-coil, peeps in.

"What, not yet gone to bed, brother—why what are you studying, to be up so late?"

"Studying human nature, Helen—a book with great pretensions to excellence, but—"

"Hush, hush, Frank! not a word more," exclaimed Helen, placing her little hand over his mouth, "not a word more—you read with defective vision! I proclaim the book of human nature to be charming, every page teeming with interest, every line traced by the hand divine, a lesson for a lifetime. Ah! Frank, remove the film of distrust from your eyes, and read this book as it ought to be read, therein you will find truth, goodness, and beauty!"

"Would I could think as you do, Helen. Itell you candidly, I am sick of the world as I find it, and would gladly give all my wealth and expectations to be sure there was one heart that truly loved me—loved me for myself alone."

"A very pretty theory, indeed! Well, you must get married, Frank; I see no other way to cure you—then you will have a dear little book of your own to study—a choice edition of human nature, traced by the feather of Cupid."

"Ah! the very thing I was thinking of; but tell

me, Helen, where can I find that same beautiful work?"

"Where you please, brother—there is no danger that you can sue in vain; there is sweet Anna De Kay, roguish little Laura C—, the pensive Sarah—"

"O! don't mention them—pray don't name any more of these city belles!"

"Well, Frank, human nature is most lovely in the simplicity of country life—you must seek some village maid to grace the name of Leland."

"Helen," says Frank, taking her hand, and looking into the large blue eyes sparkling so mirthfully, "Helen, I tell you if I could find an amiable girl, brought up in all the beautiful simplicity of the country, no matter how unskillful in the world's ways—one who, ignorant of my wealth and standing, would unite her fate to mine for better or for worse—then, Helen, I could fall at her feet, and worship her as the star of my life and love."

"Pray, remember, my sentimental brother, ere you squeeze my hand so devoutly, that I am not your artless country maid," exclaimed Helen, laughing; then, after a moment's pause, she cries, gayly, "ah! I have it, Frank; you must masquerade a little, that's all—win your bride under false colors, as a sailor would say."

"Helen, you witch, you darling sister," says Frank, kissing her, "I will do it—yes, to-morrow I will set forth, like Cælebs, in search of a wife! Now you must help me further with your lively imagination; you must choose me a profession to masquerade under. I must, of course, for the attainment of my object, sport the character of a poor gentleman, struggling with honest poverty to gain a livelihood. Come, what shall I be—school-master—singing-master—drawing-master—or—"

"O, the last, by all means!" interrupted Helen. "You will have such a fine opportunity of developing the tastes of your fair scholars—ha! ha! ha! Frank, methinks I already see thee helping some blushing milk-maid, with her pail, or, perhaps, leaning against a rail-fence, sketching her, as with bare feet and scanty skirt, she trips through the morning dew to feed her feathery brood."

"Well, you may laugh as much as you please," replies Frank, nothing daunted, "I am firm in my determination."

"And when, most romantic Cælebs, do you set forth?"

"To-morrow, or next day at furthest. We will talk this over again in the morning, it is too late now—so good night, dear Helen, and pleasant dreams!"

"Good night, Frank!" and gayly kissing her hand, Helen trips out of the room.

Frank Leland laid his head upon his pillow within the walls of a large brick mansion, where the hum of city life penetrated, even through the thick plate-glass and rich window-hangings. But a miracle; no sooner did soft sleep seal his eye-lids, than he found himself in Arcadian scenes—shepherdesses tripped gracefully before him with their flocks; beautiful maidens led him through flowery fields and shady

groves; and the little birds *up* in the trees, and the little romantic fishes *down* in the brooks, all sang of love and happiness.

### PART III.

Sit down with me under this spreading tree, and let us view the charming scene which surrounds us. O, never mind the cows, this is their pasture-ground; and see, mid-leg the brook yonder, just released from plough, stands the patient ox. Ah! the ducks and geese seem to dispute his right. Observe how they shake their wings, as if in defiance, and dip their beautiful crests within the sparkling ripples; now, how proudly they plume their feathers, and float with head erect so gracefully down the silver stream. Do you see yonder old farm-house, so old that it seems bending under the weight of years? Look at its low, brown eaves, its little narrow windows, half-hidden by ivy and honey-suckle; see the old-fashioned double door, and the porch, with its well-worn seats. Do you see the swallows skimming around the chimney; and don't you hear the hum of the bees—there, under that old elm you may see their hives, filled, too, with luscious honey. There is the well, with its old sweep, and the "moss-covered bucket," too; and look at the corn-crib, and the old barn—and what a noisy set of fowls around it, cackling, clucking and crowing, as if they owned the soil; and how the pigs are scampering through the clover-field; ah! the little wretches, they have stolen a march, or rather a caper; at them, old Jowler, at them, my fine fellow, you will soon turn them back to their pen, obstinate as they are.

Do you not admire those venerable trees which seem to shelter the old house from the rude assaults of the tempest, and to keep out the glare of the sunbeams from its chambers. Through what a thicket of currant-bushes, and rose-bushes, and lilacs, and snow-balls, the path winds from the porch to the little gate—is it not a most charming spot? Now look over the brow of the hill—there, you can see the spire of the village church; and if you will walk a few paces further to yonder green knoll, you will see a cluster of pretty dwellings, and comfortable farm-houses, scattered through the valley.

"Hark! don't you hear a merry laugh? so merry and joyous that it can only proceed, I am sure, from a happy heart. Keep still—for here comes two laughing country-girls—no, as I live, one of them is—no, it can't be—yes, it is, the rich young heiress, Ursula Lovel! quick, draw behind the tree, and let us hear what she says.

"And so, Hetty, your mother thinks I am the most awkward child she ever saw, and wonders where I was brought up, not to know how to knead bread, and churn, and milk;" and again that merry laugh goes ringing through the air.

"Yes, Miss Ursula; and she wishes—I declare I can hardly keep from laughing—she wishes you would stick to your cap-making, and not attempt to bake again, for you burned up three loaves."

"Yes, and burned my fingers, too. Well, it is too bad; let me see, yesterday I let a pan of milk

fall on the old cat, and fed the hens with beans, and old Jowler with meal and water; then, this morning I beat the eggs and put them into the bread, and the yeast into the pumpkin-pies. Too bad! too bad! Why at this rate, Hetty, I shall cost your good old parents a fortune!"

"Never mind, Miss Ursula, for mother says, and so does father, that you are the dearest, prettiest, and best girl they ever knew; and they already love you almost as well as they do me—only they feel sorry for you; and mother says if you could not make caps, she don't know what *would* become of you, you are so dreadful shiftless."

Ursula clapped her hands and fairly danced with mirth.

"After all, Hetty, your good mother is right. Let my fortune take wings, and with all my accomplishments to aid me, I feel I should be illy prepared for the reverse. Now if your mother would only have patience to instruct me a little—suffer me to spoil several batches of bread—(the pigs would like it, you know,)—burn up a few pounds of cake, and waste a quart or two of her rich cream, I declare, I think I should learn to be a nice little farmer's maid. What pleases you, Hetty—what are you smiling at?"

"Nothing, only farmer Smith's oldest son is coming to see you—a *courting*, Miss Ursula; and Esquire Tompkins told father he hoped to see you before long the mistress of his beautiful new house; for he did not think he should disgrace himself by marrying such a girl as you, even if you was only a milliner."

"Why the dear old soul! Come, my false impressions begin to wear away. I find I can be loved without the glitter of gold about me. Now let us go back to the house, for I have that cap to finish for Mrs. Jones; and mind, Hetty, you don't call me *Miss* Ursula again, in the presence of your mother; and don't look so distressed when she chides me—it is all for my good, you know."

Now, there they go into the old farm-house, and at the window you may see the demure face of Ursula, listening to the good dame, who, with snowy cap, and spectacles, seems to be giving her a lecture, while the hands of the little milliner are busily trimming a cap placed on the block before her.

Over the brow of the hill, and down into the gentle sloping meadow, a youth comes walking leisurely. He has a portfolio under his arm, and a slight walking-stick in his hand, while the cool linen blouse and large straw hat shading him from the sun, bespeak an air of comfort really quite refreshing this warm summer day.

What! don't you know him! Ah, yes—I see you recollect Frank Ieland, our modern Cælebs.

He seems struck by the appearance of the old farm-house; its repose is, no doubt, delightful to him; and now, choosing a favorable position within the shade of a fine old tree, opens his portfolio, and commences to sketch the charmingly rural scene. And, indeed, so intent is he upon his task that the sun has already sunk behind the trees, and gentle twilight steals on with her starry train ere he rests from his employment. Then the old farmer comes out on the

porch to take his evening pipe; and the good dame sits by his side with her knitting, and the sweet voice of Ursula warbles a simple ballad to please the ears of the aged pair. The young man bares his brow to the delicious breath of evening, and carefully placing his sketch within the portfolio, saunters on toward the little gate. And now Ursula hushes her song, and the old man advances with friendly greeting,

"Walk in, stranger—walk in. I should think you might be the young man I heard tell of to-day in the village—a teacher of something—I forget the name."

"A teacher of drawing," said Leland, smiling, as he took a seat on the bench by the side of the old man.

"Drawing, eh! And what may that be, young sir—some new-fangled notion, I'll be bound."

"This may, perhaps, explain better than I can tell you," replied Leland, placing the sketch he had just taken in the hand of the old man.

"Why, wife—why, bless my soul! why, if I should not think this was our old house! Why, stranger, if ever I see any thing so like in my born days!"

"Goody gracious preserve me, if it an't, sure enough!" said the dame, putting on her spectacles, and eagerly looking over the old man's shoulder. "My stars and garters, Hetty, look here—for all the world just like it—did you ever!"

The more practiced eye of Ursula detected at once a master-hand in the sketch before her; and looking admiringly upon it, she could not refrain from exclaiming, "How beautiful!" while Hetty gazed with silent wonder upon the stranger who by the magic of his pencil thus portrayed the home of her childhood.

The contents of the portfolio were now spread out upon the grass, and our masquerading *millionaire* was greatly amused at the *naïveté* the old people displayed, and not a little flattered by the pleasure with which *one* at least of the young girls appeared to look over his collection.

"Am I mistaken," said he, at length, "in thinking I heard singing, as I came over the meadow?"

"Well, I reckon not," said the old lady, "come, 'Sula, child, go on with your song—maybe the young man would like to hear you; it was Old Robin Gray she was singing."

Ursula was at length prevailed on to repeat the ballad, which she did in a style so simple and unaffected, that, ere she had finished, the young artist had made up his mind, that listening to a sweet voice by moonlight, beneath a wide-spreading elm, with the stars peeping down between the dancing leaves, and the soft evening breeze fanning his temples, was far more delightful, than to recline in his soft-cushioned box at the Opera, listening even to the delicious notes of a Pico, with bright jewels, and still brighter eyes flashing around him, and his cheek kissed by the inconstant air wafted from the coquettish fan in the hands of smiling beauty. And, moreover, that the book of human nature, to be studied in the country, certainly opened very beautifully.

The evening passed off pleasantly. Leland confided to the old man his poverty, and desire to obtain

scholars in his art sufficient to enable him to pay his board while in the village; that he had been employed by several gentlemen to sketch scenes from nature, and that having heard much of the beautiful views in the neighborhood, he had been induced to visit the village.

But the old man thought he had much better turn farmer, and offered to hire him for eight dollars a month, as he needed a hand in haying time. This offer, however, the young man could not accept, being, as he said, already engaged to complete the drawings. Then the old man told how his fathers had lived there before him, and how by hard labor he had been able to keep the old homestead his own; and that his daughter, Hetty, had been living with a great heiress, who was very fond of her, and who had given her leave to spend the summer at home; and how she had come, and brought a poor girl with her, who made caps, and such gim-cracks, and that (in a whisper) his old woman thought she had never had any bringing-up, poor thing!"

When Leland returned to his lodgings, in the village, he thought over his evening adventure with great pleasure. The simplicity of the old people charmed him; Hetty he thought a modest, pretty girl; but it was the little cap-maker who somehow or other dwelt most forcibly in his mind.

"She is certainly quite handsome, notwithstanding she is a little, a very little, cross-eyed—it is a pity!" And Leland leaned out the window, and whistled "Auld Robin Gray." "How pathetically she warbled the line,

But she looked in my face 'til my heart was like to break;"

and Leland threw off one slipper, and stopped to hum it over again. "Her voice only wants a little cultivation"—off goes the other slipper, and out goes the head into the moonlight, and in it comes again. "Well, I must teach her to draw—her own patterns, at any rate. Pleasant old couple; the idea of hiring *me* for eight dollars a month—capital!" and in a fit of laughter he threw himself upon the bed. "What a roguish pair of eyes, after all, the little cap-maker has!"

Again the dreams of our hero were all Arcadian, and every shepherdess was a little cross-eyed, and warbled "Auld Robin Gray."

In the bright moonlight, which, glancing through the flickering leaves, streams across the chamber-floor, filling it with her softened radiance, sits Ursula. But why so pensive; is it the influence of the hour, I wonder—has the gentle moon thus power to sadden her, or—

"Hetty, he has a very fine countenance."

There, you see her pensiveness has found a voice.

"Who, Miss Ursula?"

"Why, this young stranger. He has a fine figure, too; and his manners are certainly quite refined."

"Yes, and what pretty pictures he makes."

"True, Hetty, very pretty; he certainly has a genius for the art." A long silence. "What a pity he is poor."

"What's a pity, Miss Ursula?" cries Hetty, half asleep.

"O, nothing, nothing—go to sleep, Hetty."

But Ursula still sits in the moonlight, and thinks of the handsome young artist. Her generous little heart has already smoothed his path to eminence. Yes, she resolves if, upon acquaintance, he proves as worthy as he appears—and does she doubt it—not she—that neither money nor patronage shall be wanting to his success. Generous little cap-maker! And when at length she sought her couch, young Love, under the harmless guise of honest Benevolence, perched himself at her pillow.

#### PART IV.

And now, every morning sees Leland taking his way to the farm-house; and the villagers, good people, have made up their minds that there must be some very pretty scenes in that neighborhood.

And so there are, very fine scenes; for, reclining under the shady trees, the young artist may be seen, with crayons in hand, the little cap-maker in his eye, as, seated on a little bench, she busily plies her needle, and sings for his entertainment, meanwhile, some rustic ballad. Sometimes, forgetting herself, she executes a brilliant *roulade*; and when Leland starts, astonished, and expresses his delight, she blushes deeply, and says she *once* went to the theatre.

And the old dame wonders what on earth they can find to talk about day after day, "a sittin' under trees," and tells Hetty to mind her work, and not take up any such silly ways. And the old man thinks a hale, hearty fellow like that, had better lend a hand to the plough, and not sit there spoiling so much white paper; and Hetty reguishly watches her young mistress, and smiles sily, and thinks there will be a wedding before long.

"Ah! happy, satisfied Leland!"

For he has won the heart of the charming little cap-maker. He, the poor, unpretending artist, he has won her away from the rich Esquire, who came rolling down in his carriage to woo her; and from the pale young doctor, who knelt tremblingly before her; and from the honest farmer, who swore he loved her better than his cattle. He, without fortune, without friends, has won her. She loves him, and through poverty and hardship will share his fate. And then, when bearing her off a happy bride, he thought how she would blush and tremble with surprise and sweet timidity when he should reveal his rank, and place her in that sphere she was born to grace—what rapturous visions danced through his brain!

And no less rapturous were the thoughts of Ursula. She was now beloved, truly loved for herself alone—she, a poor, friendless girl. No money had shed its enticements around her—there was nothing to gain but an innocent heart, and a portionless hand; and yet the gifted, but poor artist, who might, by the rank of genius, have aspired to the favor of any high-born lady; he has chosen her to share his fate and fortunes. How her heart throbs, when she thinks of

the wealth her hand will confer upon him—of the pride with which she shall see him adorning that station for which he is so eminently qualified.

Ah! after all, what happiness to be an heiress!

Three months flew by, and brings us to the night before the wedding. The lovers are alone, and, for lovers, extremely taciturn—for their thoughts are doubtless far into the bright future, o'er which no cloud is floating. The countenance of Ursula beams with happiness, yet her manner is somewhat abstracted—she is evidently agitated. At length Leland speaks,

"Dearest Ursula, it seems to me that no wealth could contribute to our happiness; we have youth, health, strength, and loving hearts to bear us on our life-journey, as hand-in-hand we meet its pains and pleasures. Ah! I can already fancy our pleasant fire-side. No one's caps will find so ready a sale as yours, dear Ursula; and my pencil, too, will be inspired to greater effort by your praise." And Leland turned aside to conceal the smile which played round his mouth at the deception he was practicing. "But what is the matter, Ursula—what agitates you thus; you surely do not repent your promise, beloved one."

"O, no, no, dear Frank! but I have something to tell you, which, perhaps, may forfeit me your love."

"Good heavens, Ursula! what mean you! tears, too—speak, speak, what is it! is not your heart mine, or have you loved another more truly!"

"No! O, no! and yet, Frank, I am not what I seem—I have deceived you. You think me but a poor, friendless girl, dependent upon my needle for my maintenance, when, in fact, O, Frank, how shall I say it, I am—"

"Speak, dearest!"

"I am an heiress."

Frank sprang to his feet in amazement.

"You—you—dear, artless girl that you are—you an heiress! It can't be—it is impossible! and—what a pity!" he adds, aside, as one half his airy castle fell to the ground.

"Now, sit down, Frank, and when you have heard my story, and my motives for doing as I have done, you will, I trust, pardon the duplicity I have been guilty of toward you."

And before she had finished her recital Frank's plans were formed; so, falling at her feet, he poured out his acknowledgments for her condescension in honoring with her hand one so far beneath her, and had the satisfaction—cunning dog—of having a pair of white arms thrown around his neck, and a sweet kiss, from sweeter lips, pressed upon his brow, as the generous girl assured him that were her fortune ten thousand times doubled, she should consider all as dross compared with his love.

"Well, I am fairly caught," quoth Frank, in the privacy of his apartment, "for I swore I never would marry an heiress. That was a rash oath—let it pass. But what a pity dear Ursula has money. I wish to my soul her father had not left her a cent—why could not he have endowed a hospital. She is a dear, noble girl, willing to bestow it all upon one

whom she believes struggling with poverty; never mind, I shall get the laugh on her yet."

At an early hour the following morning the venerable village pastor pronounced the nuptial benediction; and with the hearty good wishes of the old farmer and the dame, and followed by the loving eyes of Hetty, the new married pair bade farewell to the spot consecrated to so many happy hours.

A ride of a few miles brought them to the steamboat; and just as the rays of the setting sun gilded the spires and roofs of the city, the boat touched the wharf.

And now Frank's heart beat almost audibly, as he thought how rapidly the moment was approaching when, throwing off all disguise, he should lead his lovely bride to his own princely dwelling.

And Ursula, too, had never looked so beautiful—had never felt so proud and happy; proud to present her husband to her good uncle and aunt, who were waiting to welcome them; happy that her beloved Frank would no longer have to plod on life's dull round in poverty and loneliness.

It certainly was happiness to be an heiress.

"Ursula," said Frank, as the carriage rolled rapidly over the pavements, "will you do me a favor?"

"Most certainly, dear Frank—what is it?"

"My sister, poor girl," replied Leland, in some embarrassment, "resides on the route to *your* residence; will you alight there just for one moment, that I may have the happiness of bringing together the two dearest objects of my heart?"

"Order the carriage to stop when you please, Frank—I, too, am impatient to embrace your sister," replied the blushing Ursula.

The carriage soon turned into a fashionable street, even at that early hour brilliant with gas lights. Elegant equipages rolled past; already lights streamed, and music sounded from many splendid dwellings.

Soon the carriage drew up before one even more splendid—the steps were let down—the door thrown wide by a servant in livery, and, with mingled pride and tenderness irradiating his fine countenance, and meeting with a smile her perplexed and wondering glance, Frank led his fair bride into a spacious and beautiful apartment, taste and elegance pervading all its arrangements. A young girl sprang from the sofa, and came tripping to meet them.

"My sister Helen, dearest Ursula. Helen, embrace your sister, and welcome her to the home she is henceforth to grace."

Then leading the agitated girl to a seat, he threw himself on his knees before her, saying.

"Pardon, pardon, my dearest wife! I, too, had my secret. No poor artist sought your love—I, too, am the heir of wealth; I, too, sought to be loved for myself alone. Say that you forgive me, dear one."

Ursula could not speak, but wept her joy and happiness on his bosom.

Helen laughs merrily, yet silently wipes a tear from her eye, then kissing them both, she says.

"What think you now of the great book of human nature you went forth to study, you discontented ones? You favorites of fortune! ingrates that you have been—you foolish pair of lovers! Listen dear brother. As the rich Frank Leland you possessed the same attributes of goodness as did Frank Leland the poor artist: and you, dear sister, were no less lovely and amiable as the heiress of wealth, than as Ursula the little cap-maker. See you not, then, that true merit, whether it gilds the brow of the rich man or radiates around the poor man's path, will find its way to every pure and virtuous mind. Henceforth, you dear ones, look at human nature with more friendly eyes, and forget in the excellencies of the *many*, the errors of the *few*."

## NO, NOT FORGOTTEN.

BY EARLE S. GOODRICH.

For Nature gives a common lot,  
To live, to love, to be forgot. *CONN.*

No, not forgotten; there are memories clinging  
Round every breast that beats to hope and fear  
In this drear world, until the death's knell, ringing,  
Chimes with heart-mannings o'er the solemn bier;  
Then come love's pilgrims to the sad shrine, bringing  
The choicest offering of the heart—a tear.

No, not forgotten: else bowed down with anguish  
Were the brave hearts that mingle in the strife.  
Patriot and Christian in their toil would languish—  
Truth lie down-trodden—Error, then, stalk free  
Over the body she at last could vanquish—  
So fond remembrance ceased along with life.

No, not forgotten; else the faithful beating  
Of heart to genial heart, that beat again,  
Were turned to throbbings; and each pulse repeating  
But the sad echoings of pain to pain.  
And the blest rapture of the longed for meeting,  
Then be unsought, or would be sought in vain.

No, not forgotten; for though fame may fail thee,  
And love's fond beamings change to glance of scorn—  
Though those once trusted ~~eyes~~ may harsh assail thee—  
Thy friend of yesterday, thy foe this morn—  
There is, who holds thee dear—do not bewail thee  
If His blest Book of Life thy name adorn.

# PAULINE GREY.

## OR THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "AARON'S ROD," "TELLING SECRETS," ETC.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

### CHAPTER I.

"GIVE her what she wants," said Mr. Grey impatiently. "How can you let the child cry so?"

"But, my dear," expostulated his wife, "I am afraid it will hurt her."

"Nonsense!" replied Mr. Grey, "it hurts her more to scream so. Here, my princess royal," he continued, "take that, and keep quiet, do"—but Pauline's spirit was not to be so easily appeased as the impatient father imagined, for imperiously spurning with her tiny foot the proffered gift, she screamed more indignantly than when it had first been refused.

"Hey day, Pauline," said Mr. Grey angrily.

"My darling," interrupted Mrs. Grey, hastily addressing the child, "let mamma peel it and put some sugar on it. Come Pauline," she said, as she stooped to pick up the orange.

Pauline's cries subsided for a moment, as apparently taking the matter in consideration, or else, perhaps only holding her breath for a fresh burst, while the tears hung in heavy drops on her long black lashes, and her large eyes still sparkled with excitement.

"Let mamma peel it nicely," continued Mrs. Grey. "Come, and we'll go and get some sugar."

"Yes, yes, do," said Mr. Grey impatiently. "Now go, Pauline, with your mother;" to which the little lady consented, and, tears still upon her blooming cheeks, she withdrew with her mother, leaving Mr. Grey to the quiet possession of the parlor and tranquil enjoyment of his book.

And thus it was generally with Pauline. What she was refused at first, she was coaxed to take at last, and between the indulgence of her mother and the impatience of her father, she seldom or never failed to have what she wanted.

A passionate determination to have her own way marked her character perhaps rather more strongly than that of most spoiled children, for nature had endowed her with a strong will, which education had fostered, as it almost seemed, with sedulous care. For the fact was Mrs. Grey dreaded a contest with Pauline; she screamed so, and Mr. Grey got so angry, sometimes with her, and sometimes with the child, and altogether it was such a time, that she soon began to think it was better not to thwart Pauline, which certainly was true; for every contest ended in a fresh victory on the part of Pauline, and the utter discomfiture of Mrs. Grey, and the vexation of Mr. Grey, who, more vexed at the contest than the defeat, usually said, "Pshaw! you do n't know how to manage that child." Thus Pauline, an only child,

beautiful, gifted and willful, idolized by both parents, soon ruled the household.

"I'll not go to that school any more," said Pauline indignantly, as she tossed her books down, the second day of her first school experience.

"Why not, my love?" asked her mother anxiously.

"I do n't like that Miss Cutter," said Pauline, her large black eyes dilating as she spoke, and flashing with excitement.

"You do n't like Miss Cutter," repeated Mrs. Grey. "Why do n't you like Miss Cutter, Pauline?"

"She put me on a high bench and said 'chut' to me," replied Pauline. "Nobody shall say 'chut' to me, and I won't go there again."

"You'll go there if your mother says so, Pauline," said her father. But Pauline knew better than that, and so did Mr. Grey for that matter; but Mrs. Grey said, "well, we'll see about it, Pauline. Now go and be dressed for dinner."

"I won't go again," said Pauline with determination, as she left the room.

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Grey anxiously, as the child left the room, "that Pauline has taken a dislike to Miss Cutter. It was injudicious in her to commence her school discipline so rigorously at once."

"Just like those people," said Mr. Grey, testily; "they have no judgment—dressed in a little brief authority they make the most of it."

"Pauline is such a peculiar child," continued Mrs. Grey, (for all people think their children "peculiar," unless they have half a dozen of them, and then they know better. "Pauline is such a peculiar child that I dislike driving her against her feelings. I am very sorry for this," she added, looking much perplexed and embarrassed. "I do n't know what to do.")

Fortunately Pauline had a little cold the next day, or Mrs. Grey imagined she had, and so the question of school was dodged for a day or two, during which, however, Pauline continued firm in her determination of not returning.

By the time she had recovered past all possibility of thinking she was not quite as well as usual, Mrs. Grey had reasoned herself into thinking, and talked Mr. Grey into believing, that there was so much that was injurious in the present mode of school education, that upon the whole she would prefer keeping Pauline at home. A governess, under her own eye, would do her greater justice and bring her on faster; and, above all, she would escape the contamination of indiscriminate contact with children of whose tempers and characters Mrs. Grey knew nothing.

She need not have said half as much to convince Mr. Grey, for he was tired out with the subject, and ready to yield before she was one third through; but she was talking as much to satisfy herself that what she did was the result of mature reflection, and not to gratify, or rather pacify Pauline, as to convince Mr. Grey. Whether she was able to attain this point is somewhat doubtful, although the capacity people have for self-deception is amazing. And to what perfection Mrs. Grey may have reached in the happy art, we are not able exactly to say.

But the governess was engaged, (a day governess, for neither Mr. Grey nor Pauline could have borne the constant presence of even so necessary an evil,) and under her tuition Pauline made rapid progress in her studies. Miss Burton soon finding that the moral education of her little pupil was quite beyond her reach, Mrs. Grey generally evading any disputed point between them, and gently waiving what authority should have settled, very wisely confined herself to the task Mrs. Grey set before her, which was to give Pauline as much instruction and as little contradiction as could be combined.

But spite of some drawbacks Pauline made wonderful progress. She was, in fact, a child of uncommon abilities, and every thing she applied herself to, she mastered almost at once. Her understanding rapidly developed, and springing into girlhood while others are yet looked upon almost as children, she was a daughter any parents might justly be proud of. She was singularly beautiful, too, and no eye could rest upon her girlish form and speaking face, her brilliant eye and glowing cheek, other than with delight. That Mr. and Mrs. Grey watched her with looks of something hardly short of adoration, is scarce to be wondered at. She was so animated, so joyous, so radiant with youth, health and beauty. There seemed such an affluence of all life's best gifts, which she scattered so lavishly around her, that the very air seemed to grow brighter from her presence, and no one who came within the sphere of her influence, could escape the spell of her joyous power.

To say that as her mind and person developed, she quite outgrew the faults of her childhood, would be rather hazardous. 'Tis true, she no longer stamped her little foot and burst into passionate tears, as when we first made her acquaintance, but she bent her pretty dark brows, and said, "I must," in a tone that Mrs. Grey knew meant, "I will."

But then who thought of disputing her wishes? Were they not the main-spring of the whole concern? What else did father or mother live for? Were not her wishes their wishes, her pleasures their pleasures? Was not she their idol—their all?

If she would only wrap up warmer, and put thicker shoes on those little feet, Mrs. Grey would have asked nothing more. But she was slight, and coughed sometimes, and then Mr. Grey said she should not have allowed Pauline to go out in those thin shoes, and charged her not to permit it another time—but never interfered himself—thus throwing all the responsibility, or rather impossibility, of making Pau-

line mind, upon his wife, who indeed always got all Pauline's scoldings; for though Mr. Grey might find fault when Pauline was absent, one bright smile and brilliant glance from Pauline present, was sure to dispel his displeasure.

So Pauline had now reached her seventeenth year, beautiful, gifted, high-spirited and generous-hearted. And if willful—why, even that seemed to give a *prononcé* shade to her character, that rather heightened the brilliancy of its tone.

"You are going to Cecelia Howard's wedding I suppose, Mrs. Grey," said Mrs. Graham.

"Of course. She is a niece of my husband's, you know."

"Yes. And Pauline is to be bridesmaid, I understand," continued the lady.

"Well—I don't know about that," replied Mrs. Grey, hesitatingly.

"But I do," said Pauline in her pretty willful way. "I told Cecelia that she might depend on me."

Mrs. Grey looked at her daughter without speaking, though she could not but smile at her animated face, while Mrs. Graham said, "Oh yes, why not, Mrs. Grey?"

"Pauline is rather young," continued Mrs. Grey, "for such things."

"True," replied the other, "if it were not in the connection. But family gayety is quite different."

"Of course," said Mrs. Grey, "if it were not for that, I should not think of it."

"Well, but I am going, mamma," said Pauline, "So you may make up your mind to that." And Mrs. Grey felt that she might as well at once. So after a little more talk about it, and Mr. Grey's saying, "Why, certainly, I see no objection to it—and as your cousin wishes it, Pauline—if your mother is willing, I am," it was settled.

How beautiful Pauline looked when she came down stairs and presented herself before her delighted father, dressed for the wedding. It was the first time he had ever seen her in full dress; her white neck and round arms uncovered, her rich dark hair looking darker and more satiny for the wreath of pale, soft, delicate roses that bound it—even the little foot seeming more fairy-like in the small white satin slipper that inclosed it. If her father was accustomed to think her peerless in the plain, high-necked merino dress in which he usually saw her, what did he think of her now, when full dressed, or rather undressed, as she stood before him, brilliant in the glow of excitement, and fairer and fresher than even the flowers she wore?

He looked at her speechless, and when she said,

"Father, how do you like me?" could only kiss her fair forehead in silence.

There was a reception after the wedding, and the beauty of the young bridesmaid excited no small degree of sensation; for Pauline, having been brought up at home, was little known by the young people of her own age, and so took society rather by surprise.

"Mrs. Grey," said Mrs. Livingston, "the bride has named Thursday evening for me. You will do

me the favor, therefore, I hope, of considering yourself and your daughter engaged for that evening."

"Not Pauline, my dear madam," said Mrs. Grey. "She does not go out this winter. She is so young that I hesitated much even letting her act as bride-maid this evening."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Grey," said Mrs. Livingston, much disappointed, "pray reverse your decision—surely for the bridal parties at least. I shall be so disappointed, for," with a smile, "I quite counted on the presence of your beautiful daughter for the brilliancy of my party;" and Pauline approaching just then, she said, "Pray, Miss Pauline, join your petitions to mine—I do so want you to come to my party for the bride."

"Why, mamma, of course," said Pauline. "The bridesmaids must attend the bride to the parties given for her—Cecelia says so."

"But, my love," said her mother, "you know I told Cecelia when I consented to your being bride-maid, that you were not going out."

"Not generally—no; but just to the bridal parties, mamma. Oh, I must"—and there was the little ominous bend of the brows at the words "I must," when Mr. Grey coming up, her mother, glad in her turn to throw the responsibility on him, said,

"Well, ask your father; see what he says."

"What is it, Pauline?" said Mr. Grey, smiling assent before she had spoken.

"May I not, papa, attend the bridal parties with the rest of the bridesmaids," she said, half pouting. "Cecelia says it will spoil the bridal cotillion if I am absent; and then—oh, papa, I must," she continued, in a tone of such earnest entreaty, entreaty that seemed to admit of no refusal, that he smiled as he said,

"Well, if you *must*, I suppose you must."

"Then I may, papa!" she exclaimed, her dark eyes dilating in their peculiar way when any thing particularly delighted or excited her. "Now, mamma!" turning triumphantly to her mother, "papa says I may. Yes, Mrs. Livingston, mamma *will* come, and I too—hey, mamma!" and Mrs. Grey smiled her assent—and she and Pauline were in for the rest of the wedding gayeties.

*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* Party followed party, and Mrs. Grey forgot to ask, or Pauline to care, whether they were bridal parties or not, for Pauline was fairly lunched. And what a sensation she excited—so young—so brilliant—so beautiful. Mr. Grey, too, a man of handsome fortune, and Pauline an only daughter. There's a sort of charm in that, too, to young men's imaginations. It seems to make a girl more like a rare exotic, something of which there are few of the kind. And Pauline was a belle of the most decided stamp; and Mr. and Mrs. Grey's heads were more turned than was hers by the admiration she excited.

#### CHAPTER II.

People may talk about young girls' heads being turned, but for my part, I think there are no heads

so easily turned as old ones. Vanity, when it is fresh, like wine, is not as strong and intoxicating as when it grows old.

Pauline enjoyed her triumphs like a girl, in all the effervescence of youthful spirits, thinking less of her beauty and more of her pleasure than her mother, who sat and followed her with her eyes, watching every movement, and absorbed almost to the exclusion of every other perception, in the surpassing loveliness of her daughter, and the admiration that flashed from every eye that turned upon her. And let not wise ones say that this was folly, and Mrs. Grey a weak woman for yielding to it, for it is human nature, which is too strong to be ruled by saws, be they ever so wise. The heart will spring to beauty, be it where it may, and no human being alive to poetry, can view God's fairest creation in its full perfection, and not feel a throb of pleasure. It is not wisdom, but an absence of ideality, of taste, of the highest of perceptions, the love of the beautiful, that can let any one look unmoved upon a young and beautiful woman. Who would not blush for themselves, and deny that they had walked through the halls of the Vatican without delight? And will the same person rave about the sculptured marble, and yet gaze coldly on the living, breathing model? No! and if it is high treason not to worship the one, it is false to human nature not to love the other; and the man, woman, or child, who affects to undervalue beauty, only proclaims the want in their own mental constitution. To be without an eye for beauty, is as to be without an ear for music, to be wanting in the refinement of the higher and more delicate organization of our nature.

Mr. Grey was not a man who usually took much pleasure in society, but his grave face lighted up as with a glance of sunshine, when he caught a glimpse of his beautiful child, as the crowd opened from time to time on the dancers in the thronged rooms, where, night after night, he was now condemned to pass his evenings; and when he approached her to tell her that the carriage was waiting, and her mother had sent to summon her to her side, he could not restrain his smiles when the young men crowded round to remind Pauline, one of a waltz, another of a polka, and pleading with Mr. Grey for more engagements than she could have fulfilled if they had staid all night; and his paternal pride had its share of gratification in the homage that even his presence could scarcely restrain.

Among the group of idlers ever hovering round Pauline, was one who scarcely left her side, a Mr. Wentworth, a young man, and rather good looking. He seemed mightily taken with Pauline, and she smiled her brightest when she turned to him—but that she did when any one spoke to her—for she was in such a gale of spirits, she smiled on all who crossed her path.

"Who is that young gentleman dancing with your daughter, Mrs. Grey?" asked a lady.

"I do n't know any thing about him but his name, which is Wentworth," replied Mrs. Grey. "Mrs. Henderson introduced him to me at her own house,



and I introduced him to Pauline. That's all I know about him."

"Then I should say," replied the other, smiling, "that it was time you knew something more, for he has evidently lost his heart to your daughter."

"Oh, I don't know that," replied Mrs. Grey, smiling in her turn, but carelessly, as if it was not a matter of much consequence if Pauline did break a few hearts more or less.

"There's no doubt about his admiration," continued the lady; "so I warn you in time, Mrs. Grey."

Mrs. Grey only smiled again. She did not think the warning worth much. Mr. Wentworth might be in love with Pauline—she dared say he was—indeed, she had no doubt of it. But what then? She could not be responsible for all the young men who fell in love with Pauline. It was very natural; and, to tell the honest truth, it rather pleased Mrs. Grey to see it. Not that she had the most distant idea that Pauline could ever feel any interest in any of the young men she with such quiet complacency thought hopelessly in love with her; but poor human nature is never weaker than on such subjects, and mothers look on amused, and may be, indignant with other mothers for allowing such things, till it comes to their turn, and then maternal vanity speaks louder than worldly wisdom, or any thing else; and so Mrs. Grey saw Mr. Wentworth's devotions with a quiet smile, and never thought it worth while to ask any questions about him. "He would not do," she saw that at a glance. As to what would, or who would, she had not yet made up her mind; but as Mr. Wentworth's pretensions did not seem of any decided stamp at all, she never thought there was any possibility of his being dangerous.

"I wonder Mrs. Grey allows that young Wentworth to be so attentive to her daughter," Mrs. Remson said. "He's a dissipated young man, they say."

"I am sorry to see that wild fellow, Wentworth, so much with that young beauty, Miss Grey," said another.

"Yes, I am surprised at her parents encouraging it," said a third, "for they must see it."

"What kind of a young man is he?" asked Mrs. Graham.

"One that I should be sorry to see attentive to a daughter of mine," replied a gentleman; but none of this reached Mrs. Grey's ears. No one told her Mr. Wentworth was wild or dissipated. He was too attentive, and they might get themselves in trouble, and be obliged to give authority, &c., for what they said—and what authority had they? a rumor—a vague report—an impression. Who knew, or ever knows, any thing more positive about a young man, except, indeed, young men—and they don't choose to tell.

And so the thing went on, and people talked, and wondered, and found fault, and everybody but Mr. and Mrs. Grey, whom it most concerned, knew a great deal; and they, though they had eyes, saw not; and ears had they, but heard not; and understandings,

and heeded not—deaf and blind, as parents always are, until too late.

The thunderbolt fell at last, however. Mr. Wentworth, in form, asked Mr. Grey's consent to address Pauline, which Mr. Grey very decidedly refused, looking upon the young man as very presumptuous even to ask it; whereupon Mr. Wentworth informed the father that he was authorized by his daughter to address him on the subject, and her happiness being involved as well as his own, he trusted Mr. Grey would re-consider his proposal, and incline more favorably to his suit.

Amazement was Mr. Grey's only feeling on first hearing this announcement. He could scarcely believe his ears, much less take in the subject-matter in all its bearings.

Again, however, he refused his consent, and forbade Mr. Wentworth to think of his daughter.

He immediately communicated the conversation to his wife, who was not less surprised than himself, but who relieved him excessively by saying at once that there must be some misunderstanding on the young man's part, for Pauline, she knew, took no interest in him whatever. That is, Mrs. Grey took it for granted that Pauline must see him with her eyes, and did not hesitate to answer for the fact.

She went at once to Pauline's room, where she found her lying on the sofa, a book open in her hand, but evidently lost in a world of dreamy and pleasant reverie. With very little circumlocution, for Mrs. Grey was too much excited to choose her words carefully, she repeated to Pauline her conversation with her father; whereupon Pauline rose, and sitting up, her color changing, but her eye clear and bright, said,

"Surely, mother, you knew it all."

"Knew what, Pauline?"

"That Mr. Wentworth was attached to me, and that I—I—"

"Surely, Pauline," exclaimed Mrs. Grey, hastily, "you are not interested in him."

"Yes," answered Pauline, roused by her mother's tone and manner to something of her old spirit, and looking at her fully and clearly, all diffidence having now vanished in the opposition she saw before her, "I am—I love him, love him with my whole soul."

"Pauline, my child, are you mad!" almost shrieked Mrs. Grey, shocked almost past the power of endurance by her daughter's tones and words.

"I am not mad, no mother," said Pauline, with an emphasis, as if she thought her mother might be. "And why do you speak thus to me? You introduced Mr. Wentworth yourself to me; you first invited him here—and why, mother, do you affect this surprise now?" and Pauline's color deepened, and her voice quivered as she thought, with a sense of her mother's inconsistency and injustice.

"I introduced him to you, Pauline! Yes, I believe I did—but what of that? Do you suppose—no. Pauline, you are a girl of too much sense to suppose that I must be willing you should marry every man I introduce or invite to the house!"

"What are your objections to Mr. Wentworth?" asked Pauline, firmly.

"My objections, Pauline! My child, you drive me almost mad!" said Mrs. Grey, her daughter's manner forcing on her more and more the conviction of the earnestness of her present fancy—for Mrs. Grey could not think it more. "Why, Pauline, I have every objection to him. What pretensions has he that should entitle him to dream of you, Pauline? You, my child, with your talents and beauty, and acquirements, are not surely going to throw yourself away upon this young man, who is every way inferior to you."

"Mother," said Pauline, with energy, "you don't know him."

Mrs. Grey was silenced. She did not know him. There was that in his countenance, air, and manner, although what might be called rather a handsome young man, that is unmistakable to a practiced eye—traces of a common mind, a something that had satisfied Mrs. Grey "he would not do," when she had dismissed him from her mind. But what had she to say to Pauline now?

She talked of her disappointment—of her hopes—her expectations; but Pauline said she was not ambitious, and wanted none of these things.

Mrs. Grey was in despair. Pauline grew more and more resolute. Her eye flashed, and her color rose, and the brow was bent, as when she was a child. She and her mother talked long, and even warmly; and Mrs. Grey returned to her husband, leaving Pauline in a state of great excitement.

Mr. Grey was much disturbed by what his wife told him; but still, though agitated, he was not as distressed as she was. The thing must not and should not be—there he was firm—though he was pained, exceedingly pained, that Pauline should be unhappy about it.

He looked upon her grief as of course a temporary feeling, but still, even for her temporary sorrow he grieved exceedingly.

He wrote that evening to Mr. Wentworth, desiring him to discontinue his visits, as he could not sanction his attachment, nor consent to a continuance of his attentions.

The letter was dispatched, and both parents felt

better for the step. They considered the thing as finally at an end; and though Pauline might rebel a little at not having been consulted; yet it was done, and they seemed to think it could not be undone.

Much they knew about the matter. A letter from the young lover to Pauline herself, blew all these wise conclusions to the four winds of heaven.

She protested—and with some show of reason—that her father and mother had no right to dismiss Mr. Wentworth in this summary way; that they had encouraged—certainly permitted his attentions; that her mother had introduced him herself—for she harped upon that string—and she poured forth such a torrent of words and tears at the same time, that Mr. Grey finally said,

"Well, Pauline, to satisfy you, I will make inquiries relative to Mr. Wentworth's character and standing, and should the report be favorable, and your attachment lasting, I do not know that we should have any right to refuse our consent, although it's not a match, my child, that we can like. But on the other hand, Pauline, should I find him unworthy of you, as I am inclined to believe he is, you, on your part, must submit to what is inevitable, for I never will give my consent to your marrying a man whose character is not irreproachable."

Partially appeased, Pauline retired to her room, where Mrs. Grey spent the rest of the day in trying to convince Pauline that even if Mr. Wentworth were respectable in point of character, he was not in mind, manner, or appearance, at all her equal. That, in fact, he was a very common sort of a person, which was the truth; but strange though the fact might be, and there was no more accounting for it than denying it, Pauline was desperately in love with this very same very common young man; and talk as Mrs. Grey would, she could not change her feelings, or make her see him with her eyes.

She could only wait the result of Mr. Grey's investigations; and most devoutly she hoped they might prove unfavorable. The idea of his being respectable enough for them to be forced to a consent, drove her almost wild. Was this, then, to be the end of all her visions for her beautiful Pauline!

She could only trust to his being a scamp as her only hope of escape. [Conclusion in our next.

## THE SAILOR-LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY R. H. BACON.

WHEN as our good ship courts the gale,  
To swim once more the ocean,  
The lessening land wakes in my heart  
A sad but sweet emotion:  
For, though I love the broad blue sea,  
My heart's still true to thee, my love,  
My heart's still true to thee!

And when, far out upon the main,  
We plough the midnight billow,  
I gaze upon the stars, that shine  
And smile above thy pillow

And though far out upon the sea,  
My heart's still true to thee, my love,  
My heart's still true to thee!

But when as homeward bound we speed,  
The swift sea-bird outflying,  
With throbbing heart I watch the land,  
Its blue hills far descriing;  
Impatient, now, to leave the sea,  
And fold thee to my heart, my love!  
My heart's still true to thee!

## THE PORTRAIT OF GEN. SCOTT.

THIS plate is believed to be one of the most admirable and faithful specimens of portraiture ever presented, through the press, to the public. We know that it is derived from sources to be relied upon; and the reputation of the eminent artist who has executed it is evidence that, with such ample materials, his task could not have been illy performed.

The events connected with the present war have excited so high a degree of interest in the life and character of Gen. Scott, that the country has been flooded with biographies good, bad, and indifferent. It would not, therefore, be desirable that we should enter into a detailed account of the events of a public career long and eventful, and every result of which has been honorable to the country.

Gen. Scott was born in 1786, in Virginia. He was educated, for a time, at William and Mary College, and pursued the study of the law, until military propensities separated him from his profession. In 1808, Jefferson appointed him a captain in the army of the United States; in 1812 he received the commission of lieutenant-colonel, and took post on the Canada frontier. In October of that year he greatly distinguished himself in the battle of Queenstown Heights. His courage was manifested by the most extraordinary daring throughout the entire and unequal contest; but his small force was compelled to surrender with the honors of war. The whole affair reflected credit upon his diminutive force, and upon the young hero who led them. His imprisonment was not without dangers that afforded opportunities of displaying his lofty courage and chivalrous humanity.

Having been exchanged in May, 1813, he rejoined the army on the frontier as adjutant-general. He led the advanced guard, or forlorn hope, at the capture of Fort George, displaying extraordinary gallantry, and, though wounded, was the first to enter, and raise the American flag. His conduct upon this occasion elicited the highest praise. In July of the same year, Scott was promoted to the command of a double regiment. He was actively engaged in all the subsequent efforts of that and the following campaign, and in the intervals of service, was employed in instructing the officers in their duties, and in drilling the recruits. His eminent services secured him, in March, 1814, the rank of brigadier general—and he joined General Brown, then marching to the Niagara frontier. On the 3d of July, Scott leading the van, the Americans crossed the river, and captured Fort Erie. On the 4th he moved toward Chippewa, in advance of the army, driving the British before him. The 5th witnessed the severe and well-contested battle of Chippewa. This battle was fought within hearing of the roar of Niagara, silenced for a time, as was the earthquake at Cannæ, by the stormier passions of human conflict. It was a contest between divided brethren of the same gallant race; the advantages in the battle were all against our country; the glories in the result were all with her. Circumstances

rendered, in the absence of Gen. Brown, Scott, the hero of the field; and profound has been and is the gratitude that rewards him.

The 25th of the same month witnessed the still more memorable conflict of Niagara. It is not our purpose to describe the battle; suffice it to say that it was a contest between warriors worthy of each other's steel. Each army, and the flower of the British veterans were present, struggled for many hours, and foremost in every daring was found Gen. Scott. We need not tell the American reader that we triumphed; but Scott, though upon the field throughout the fight, and then, as always, in advance, had two horses killed under him, was wounded in the side, and at length disabled by a musket-ball through the shoulder. After a doubtful and tedious illness he recovered. He received from Congress, from the state legislatures, and from the people, the amplest evidences of gratitude and admiration.

After the close of the war, Gen. Scott visited Europe, by order of government, upon public business; and on his return took command of the seaboard. From this time till the Black Hawk War nothing of public interest occurred to demand his services. He embarked with a thousand troops to participate in that war, in July of 1832; but his operations were checked by the cholera. The pestilence smote his army, and he did not reach the field before the war was closed. During the prevalence of the pestilence he performed in his army every duty among the sick that could be expected from a brave, humane, and good man, winning, and worthy the title, of the warrior of humanity. He afterward acted prominently in effecting the pacification of the warring tribes of the North West, and received the official commendation of Secretary Cass.

Gen. Scott was ordered the same year to the Southern Department; and during the nullification excitement, is said to have acted, under his orders, with great energy and prudence. In 1836 he was ordered to Florida, to command the army engaged against the Creeks and Seminoles. He spared no effort, and manifested much of enterprise and energy; but circumstances, which no skill could have surmounted, rendered his exertions ineffectual. His failure was made the subject of inquiry by court martial, and he was by the court not merely acquitted, but applauded. In 1837, he was ordered to the northern frontier, to meet and avert the evil effects of the Canadian rebellion. It is admitted, that his efforts were vigorous, wise, and successful, and manifested great energy and prudence. In 1839, Gen. Scott was intrusted by the government with the removal to the West of the Cherokees. This duty was performed with great humanity and ability, and elicited strong expressions of gratitude from them, and of praise from the country.

From this duty, completed, he was called to the northern frontier. His course there was conciliatory

and wise; and doubtless had some effect to prevent a conflict with Great Britain.

On the commencement of the Mexican war, circumstances prevented General Scott from assuming the immediate command of the invading force. He was subsequently ordered to the seat of the war; and after a series of operations, admitted to be the most brilliant in point of science known to modern warfare, he won what were supposed to be impregnable, the castle and the town of Vera Cruz. This triumph was announced on the 29th of March. The siege occupied fifteen days, and was attended with little loss on the side of the Americans. On the 17th of April, Scott, advancing upon Mexico, issued an order for the attack of Cerro Gordo—in which every event that was ordered and foreseen seems now to be prophecy; and on the next day he carried that Thermopylæ of Mexico. The battle was one of the most brilliant in the American annals. The orders of Scott, previously given, secure the glory of the triumph for himself and his army.

On the 19th, Jalapa was occupied, and on the 22d Perote. In these triumphs the army acquired great quantities of munitions. The city of Puebla was occupied on the 15th of May: Ten thousand prisoners, seven hundred cannon, ten thousand stand of arms, and thirty thousand shells and shot were, in the course of these operations, the fruits of American skill and valor. But even these achievements were thrown into the shade by the glorious triumphs in the vicinity of Mexico. The bloody contests at the intrenchments of Contreras, the fortifications of Cherubusco and the castle of Chapultepec, and finally the capture of Mexico, are of so recent occurrence, and so familiar in all their details to the public, that we do not deem it necessary to narrate them. Cut off for fifty days from all communications with Vera Cruz, the veteran Scott won, with his feeble and greatly diminished force, and against defenses deem-

ed impregnable, triumphs that have thrown immortal glory around the arms of his country.

Thus segregated, shut out from the hope of home as completely as were the soldiers of Cortez when he burned his ships, this little band advanced to dangers such as were never before encountered and overcome. Science guided and protected the daring invasion; and true American hearts, at every bristling danger, supported it, with an ardent courage and a calm fortitude scarcely equaled in the wars of nations. On the 15th of August, General Scott, by a masterly movement, turned the strong works of the Penon and Mexicalzingo, on which the enemy had labored and relied. On the 17th the spires of Mexico were in sight. The attack upon Contreras took place. It was one of the most brilliant achievements of the American arms. San Antonio was also carried; and San Pablo assailed, and, after a contest of two hours, won. In this battle the general added another to his former scars, being wounded in the leg. The terrible conflict of Cherubusco succeeded; and again American valor proved invincible. This placed our force at the gates of Mexico. The contest was one against four, the four having every advantage that military science and superiority of position could confer. Having overcome every enemy that dared to dispute his path, he spared the city of Mexico. The entire campaign is most honorable to the American character and to the reputation of him who led it. The impetuosity of his campaigns in the war of 1812 seemed mingled with and subdued by the results of a profound study of the science of war, in this contest. He dared boldly, and executed cautiously; courageously and successfully. Erring in nothing, and failing in nothing, he encountered dangers, and passed through scenes that belong to romance, but which his iron intellect rendered a substantial reality.

## O, SCORN NOT THY BROTHER.

BY E. CURTISS HINE.

O, SCORN not thy brother,  
Though poor he may be,  
He's bound to another  
And bright world with thee.  
Should sorrow assail him,  
Give heed to his sighs,  
Should strength ever fail him,  
O, help him to rise!

The pathway we're roaming,  
Mid flow'rets may lie,  
But soon will life's gloaming,  
Come dark'ning our sky.

Then seek not to smother  
Kind feelings in thee,  
And scorn not thy brother,  
Though poor he may be!

Go, cheer those who languish  
Their dead hopes among.  
In whose hearts stern anguish  
The harp hath unstrung!  
They'll soon in another  
Bright land roam with thee,  
So scorn not thy brother,  
Though poor he may be!

# BEN BOLT.

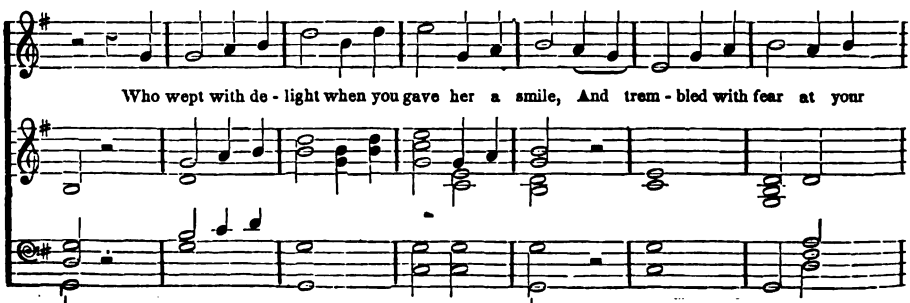
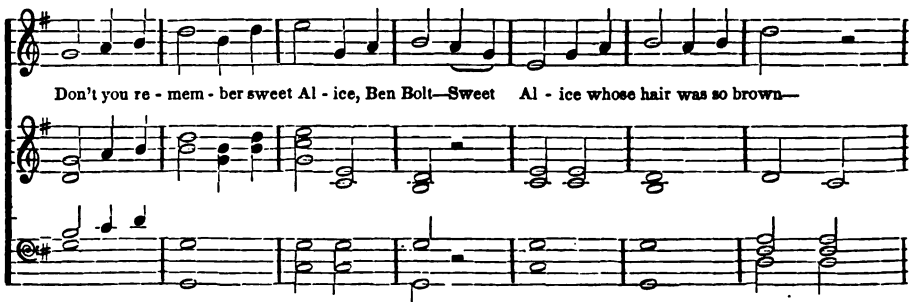
THE WORDS AND MELODY BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

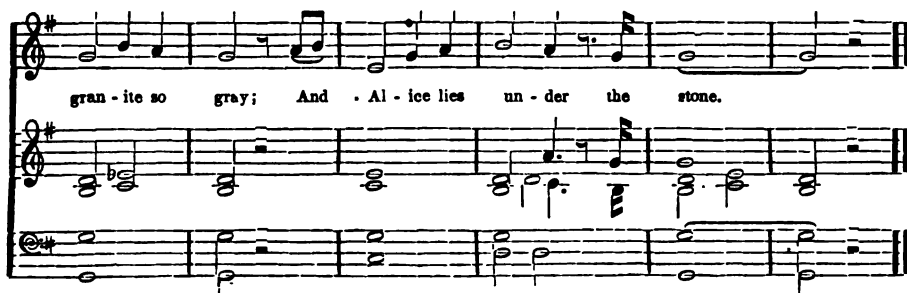
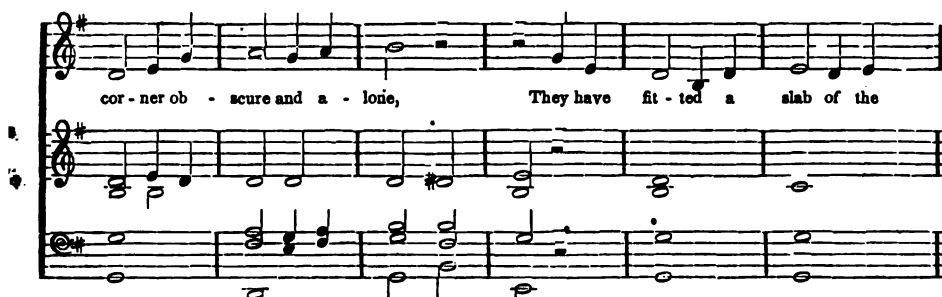
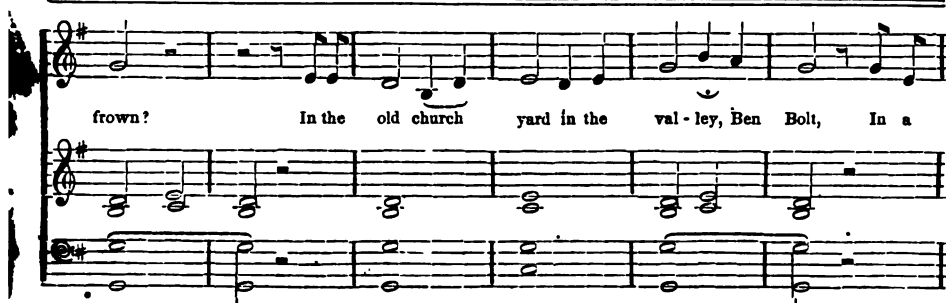
ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, AND CORDIALLY DEDICATED TO

CHARLES BENJAMIN BOLT, ESQ.

COPYRIGHTED BY GEORGE WILLIG, NO. 171 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

*Andante con espressione.*





## II.

Under the Hickory tree, Ben Bolt,  
Which stood at the foot of the hill,  
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,  
And listened to Appleton's mill.  
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,  
The rafters have tumbled in,  
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze,  
Has followed the olden din.

## • III.

Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,  
At the edge of the pathless wood,  
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,  
Which nigh by the door step stood?  
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,  
The tree you would seek in vain;  
And where once the lords of the forest waved,  
Grow grass and the golden grain.

## IV.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,  
With the master so cruel and grim,  
And the shaded nook in the running brook,  
Where the children went to swim?  
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,  
The spring of the brook is dry,  
And of all the boys that were school-mates then,  
There are only you and I.

## V.

There is change in the things that I loved, Ben Bolt,  
They have changed from the old to the new;  
But I feel in the core of my spirit the truth,  
There never was change in you.  
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,  
Since first we were friends, yet I hail  
Thy presence a blessing, thy friendship a truth—  
Ben Bolt, of the salt-sea gale.

## THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

ETERNAL Fame! thy great rewards,  
Throughout all time, shall be  
The right of those old master-bards  
Of Greece and Italy;  
And of fair Albion's favored isle,  
Where Poesy's celestial smile  
Hath shone for ages, gilding bright  
Her rocky cliffs, and ancient towers,  
And cheering this new world of ours  
With a reflected light.

Yet, though there be no path untrod  
By that immortal race—  
Who walked with Nature, as with God,  
And saw her, face to face—  
No living truth by them unsung—  
No thought that hath not found a tongue  
In some strong lyre of olden time;  
Must every tuneful lute be still  
That may not give a world the thrill  
Of their great harp sublime?

Oh, not while beating hearts rejoice  
In Music's simplest tone,  
And hear in Nature's every voice  
An echo to their own!  
Not till these scorn the little rill  
That runs rejoicing from the hill,  
Or the soft, melancholy glide  
Of some deep stream, through glen and glade,  
Because 't is not the thunder made  
By ocean's heaving tide!

The hallowed lilies of the field  
In glory are arrayed,  
And timid, blue-eyed violets yield  
Their fragrance to the shade;  
Nor do the way-side flowers conceal

Those modest charms that sometimes steal  
Upon the weary traveler's eyes  
Like angels, spreading for his feet  
A carpet, filled with odors sweet.  
And decked with heavenly dyes.

Thus let the affluent Soul of Song—  
That all with flowers adorns—  
Strew life's uneven path along,  
And hide its thousand thorns:  
Oh, many a sad and weary heart,  
That treads a noiseless way apart,  
Has blessed the humble poet's name,  
For fellowship, refined and free,  
In meek wild-flowers of poesy,  
That asked no higher fame!

And pleasant as the water-fall  
To one by deserts bound—  
Making the air all musical  
With cool, inviting sound—  
Is oft some unpretending strain  
Of rural song, to him whose brain  
Is fevered in the sordid strife  
That Avarice breeds 'twixt man and man,  
While moving on, in caravan,  
Across the sands of Life.

Yet, not for these alone he sings;  
The poet's breast is stirred  
As by the spirit that takes wings  
And carols in the bird!  
He thinks not of a future name,  
Nor whence his inspiration came,  
Nor whither goes his warbled song;  
As Joy itself delights in joy—  
His soul finds life in its employ,  
And grows by utterance strong.

## A PARTING.

(AN EXTRACT.)

BY HENRY S. HAGERT.

AND now, farewell—and if the warm tear start  
Unbidden to your eye, oh! do not blush  
To own it, for it speaks the gen'rous heart,  
Full to o'erflowing with the fervent gush  
Of its sweet waters. Hark! I hear the rush  
Of many feet, and dark-browed Mem'ry brings  
Her tales of by-gone pleasure but to crush  
The reed already bending—now, there sings  
The syren voice of Hope—her of the rainbow wings.

Ah! well-a-day! Ceased is the witching strain—  
Fled are they all—and back the senses turn  
To this dark hour of anguish and of pain—  
Of rending heart-chords—agony too stern  
For words to picture it—of thoughts that burn  
And wither up the heart. I need not tell  
What now I feel, or if my bosom yearn  
With love for you at parting—there's a spell  
To conjure up despair in that wild word—Farewell!

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Historical and Select Memoirs of the Empress Josephine, (Marie Rose Tacher de la Pagerie,) First Wife of Napoleon Bonaparte. By Mlle. M. A. Le Normand, Authoress "Des Souvenirs Prophetiques," &c. Translated from the French by Jacob M. Howard, Esq. Philada.: Carey & Hart.*

The larger portion of this work is made up of the account given by Josephine herself of the events of her life; and that part contributed by Mlle. Le Normand, completes a biography of the gifted, the fortunate and unfortunate queen of Napoleon. The Memoirs of Josephine sparkle with French sprightliness, and abound with French sentiment. Her style is eminently graceful, and the turn of thought such as we would expect from the most accomplished and fascinating woman of her times. The narrative is neither very copious nor very regular; but all that is told is of the deepest interest. It abounds in domestic anecdotes of the great usurper, and reports conversations between him and his wife, in which, by the way, her speeches rival, in prolixity, those given us by Livy. Many of her views of Bonaparte and herself are novel and striking, and calculated, if relied upon, to change opinions now generally entertained as truths. In relation to herself, her tone is one of almost unvarying self-eulogium; and the amiable and excellent qualities which she is known to have possessed need no better chronicler. She was of the opinion that her abilities and services, which were eminent and various, secured Napoleon's advancement at every step of his rapid career from obscurity to the imperial throne; and that the loss of her influence and counsels was the necessary harbinger of his downfall.

For the movements that secured him the First Consulship, she claims almost exclusive credit. That she was an artful politician, and used, with great effect, the graces of mind, manner, and person, with which she was singularly endowed, to promote the interests of her husband, is certain; but it may be doubted whether his mighty genius ever leaned for support upon the political skill and counsel of a woman—even though that woman were Josephine. She, like her wonderful husband, seems to have cherished a superstitious reliance upon destiny—a weakness singularly inconsistent with their general character. The story of the early prediction that she would become a queen is given with an amusing simplicity and earnestness. The prophecy is as follows:

"You will be married to a man of a fair complexion, destined to be the husband of another of your family. The young lady whose place you are called to fill, will not live long. A young Creole, whom you love, does not cease to think of you; you will never marry him, and will make vain attempts to save his life; but his end will be unhappy. Your star promises you two marriages. Your first husband will be a man born in Martinique, but he will reside in Europe and wear a sword; he will enjoy some moments of good fortune. A sad legal proceeding will separate you from him, and after many great troubles, which are to befall the kingdom of the *Franks*, he will perish tragically, and leave you a widow with two helpless children. Your second husband will be of an olive complexion, of European birth; without fortune, yet he will become famous; he will fill the world with his glory, and will subject a great many nations to his power. You will then become an eminent woman, and possess a supreme dignity; but

many people will forget your kindnesses. After having astonished the world, you will die miserable. The country in which what I foretell must happen, forms a part of Celtic Gaul; and more than once, in the midst of your prosperity, you will regret the happy and peaceful life you led in the colony. At the moment you shall quit it, (*but not forever*), a prodigy will appear in the air;—this will be the first harbinger of your astonishing destiny."

Any fortune-teller might tell, and no doubt, if she thought it would flatter, would tell, a beautiful young girl that her destiny was to be a queen; but there is in this prediction a minuteness of detail, that cannot be accounted for on the ground of accidental coincidence. It is a brief history of her life. Unless we are prepared to believe that an ignorant old mulatto woman was gifted by divine Providence with supernatural power, constituted a second Witch of Endor, and able by "examining the ball of Josephine's left thumb with great attention," to discover the minute particulars of her future life, we must discredit the absurdity. A prediction believed sometimes effects its own fulfillment; and Josephine, whose ambition seems to have been most ardent, may have been inspired with romantic hopes by the foolish promise of an ignorant impostor, that she would rise to great eminence, and have been stimulated to greater exertions to realize those hopes. This may have urged her to intimacy with the corrupt and immoral Directory, with whom a beautiful and accomplished woman could not fail to be a favorite; may have secured her marriage to a very young and ardent man, who all believed must rise to eminence; and may have even induced her to excite her husband to the policy which secured a crown. But to believe that a prediction, giving all the leading events of the lives of several different persons, and those persons actors in scenes so wonderful, would be a folly equally weak and blasphemous. The same superstition is frequently betrayed in these volumes; and we have as many dreams and portents as ever disturbed the sleeping and waking hours of the wife of the first Napoleon, Caliphurnia.

The pages of these memoirs afford us the harshest and most repulsive views of Napoleon's character that we have yet seen. His affectionate consort was undoubtedly discerning, and used her keenness of perception with proper diligence to discover all her husband's faults. We have never shared in the excessive and extraordinary admiration with which the character of this man-hater and earth-spoiler is regarded in this land of liberty; but it seems to us that the portraiture before us would be deemed unjust coming from his foes, and is at least singular when traced by the hand of the affectionate and gentle Josephine. The praise awarded him is cold, formal and stinted; but the censure is interjected among her details with a freedom that we could not have anticipated. That she should have resented his heartless repudiation of the companion of all his struggles and fortunes, is natural, and perhaps just; but that she should have revenged the wrong, if indeed that be the motive, by depreciating him seems out of character with the Josephine of our imaginations. She describes him as vain, cruel, often weak, and at times abjectly cowardly. She dwells with great fullness upon his crimes, and passes rapidly and coldly over the many great and good things he achieved for France. In some instances



positive misrepresentations are resorted to, calculated to blacken his character. Thus, in relation to the disaster at the bridge on the Elster, she says:

"I likewise learned that my husband has passed the only bridge by which he could make good his retreat; but in order to prevent pursuit by the foreign army, he had ordered it to be blown up at the very moment it was covered with thousands of Frenchmen, who were endeavoring to fly. By means of this *murderous manœuvre* he abandoned a part of his army on the bank of the stream."

Now this is a most inhuman calumny, and one that sounds strangely coming from a French woman, and that woman the wife of the unfortunate Napoleon. Bonaparte's strongest and ablest decryer, Alison, admits that the destruction of the bridge was an accident, resulting from the mistake of a corporal, who supposed the retreating French upon the bridge were the pursuing allies, and fired the train. It is seldom that we expect to find extraordinary instances of conjugal affection upon thrones; and we are strongly disposed to believe that the love of Josephine for her husband has been exaggerated. According to her own account, she had many previous draughts made upon her capital stock of love; and she describes her marriage with Napoleon as one induced by the representations of Barras and Mad. Tallien of the advantages to be derived from it. She thus characterizes her feelings toward Bonaparte just before marriage. "I discovered in him a tone of assurance and exaggerated pretension, which injured him greatly in my estimation. The more I studied his character, the more I discovered the oddities for which I was at a loss to account; and at length he inspired me with so much aversion that I ceased to frequent the house of Mad. Chat\*\*\* Ren\*\*\*, where he spent his evenings." Notwithstanding the excessive affection professed, a large portion of the period of their connection seems to have been embroiled and troubled. Yet there can be no doubt that she devoted herself assiduously and faithfully to the promotion and protection of the greatness which she shared; and, at the close of her career, though she caressed his conquerors, she died uttering the warmest expressions of affection for him, even in the presence of his foe. The death-scene, as described by M<sup>lle</sup>. Le Normand, is truly touching. Her last tears fell upon the portrait of Napoleon.

The whole story is full of romance, and will be read with great interest. The translator has performed his task with eminent ability; and the volumes are printed in a style highly creditable to the publishers.

*Memoir of Sarah B. Judson, Member of the American Mission to Burmah. By "Fanny Forester." New York: L. Colby & Co.*

It cannot be necessary for us to recommend to the readers of Graham's Magazine any work from the pen of the fascinating "Fanny Forester." Her literary history is associated in their minds with the most agreeable recollections of a female writer, among the sweetest, the most brilliant, the most charming of the many whom our country has produced. They will remember, her, too, in that most eventful scene and surprising change of her life, in which the popular authoress was suddenly, and voluntarily, transformed into the humble missionary; sacrificing, from a sense of Christian duty, all the pride and allurements of literary distinction, along with friends, home, the safety and happiness of civilized society; that she might take up the cross, and carry it, an offering of salvation, to the benighted Heathen of Asia, even in the depths of their own far and pestilential climates.

The missionary appears again as an authoress; but it is

in the lowly attitude of a biographer commemorating the virtues of a departed sister and predecessor in the same field of Christian devotion—the devoted and sainted woman whose place "Fanny Forester" herself now occupies as a wife and missionary, performing the same duties, exposed to the same trials and sufferings, in the same distant and perilous regions of Asia. The subject and the writer are thus united—we might say identified—as parts of the same attractive theme, and co-actors in the same sacred drama. Under such circumstances, the Memoir of Mrs. Judson could not be otherwise than profoundly interesting; and it will prove so, not only to all those who admire the authoress, but to all who love the cause to which she has dedicated her talents, her life, her fame. It is, indeed, a beautiful, a deeply engaging, an affecting volume, uniting a kind of romantic character, derived from the scenes and perils it describes, with the deeper interest of a record of the evangelization of the heathen. It is peculiarly adapted, too, to the reading of people of the world, whose hearts have not yet been warmed, or whose minds have not been instructed, on the subject of Christian missions. They cannot take it up without reading it; they cannot read it without rising better informed, and with better dispositions than before, in regard to the great cause which boasts—or has boasted—such servants as Mrs. Judson and "Fanny Forester."

*The History of a Penitent. A Guide for the Inquiring, in a Commentary on the One Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm. By George W. Bethune, D. D., Minister of the Third Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia. Henry Perkins. 142 Chestnut Street.*

This work, which is beautifully dedicated to Dr. Alexander, is written with much of the characteristic force and fervor of its author, and with more than his ordinary research and elaboration. He informs us that his purpose has been to help the inquiring soul and young Christian with counsel taken immediately from the unerring word: he has therefore studied conformity to scripture, rather than novelty of thought, and plainness more than grace of style. Yet there is in this volume much of the author's usual boldness of originality and peculiar felicity of expression. Our readers have been made acquainted with the high merits of Dr. Bethune as a poet, by his contributions to "Graham;" but highly as we appreciate his verse, there is a directness, an originality, an old-fashioned power in his prose which we prefer, and which we think place him in the first class of American writers. On subjects like that treated in the volume before us, his whole heart and mind seem to be poured into his pages; and in their perusal we doubt whether most to admire the divine or the rhetorician.

*Keble's Christian Year: Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton. 148 Chestnut Street.*

This beautiful volume is printed from the thirty-first London edition. Its merits are so well and universally known and appreciated that to review it would, to our readers, be tedious as a twice told tale. Suffice it to say, that its object is to bring the thoughts and feelings of worshippers into more entire unison with those recommended and exemplified in the Prayer Book. The poetry of this volume is often even worthy the exalted subjects of which it treats, and is never unworthy them. Its extraordinary popularity is the best evidence of its merit; for poetry is never generally and permanently popular without real merit.





SNIV  
or  
ICH.

Designed expressly for Graham's Magazine



Wm. H. King Young  
H. S. Smith





THE LADY OF THE LAKES

WILLIAM A. MONTGOMERY

THE LADY OF THE LAKES

WILLIAM A. MONTGOMERY

THE LADY OF THE LAKES

WILLIAM A. MONTGOMERY



# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1848.

No. 5.

## CLARA HARLAND.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

### CHAPTER I.

I AM no visionary—no dreamer; and yet my life has been a ceaseless struggle between the realities of every-day care, and a myriad of shadowy phantoms which ever haunt me. In the crowded and thronged city; in the green walks and sunny forests of my native hills; on the broad and boundless prairie, carpeted with velvet flowers; on the blue and dreamy sea—it is the same. I look around, and perceive men and women moving mechanically about me; I even take part in their proceedings, and seem to float along the tardy current upon which they swim, and become a part—an insignificant portion—of the dull and stagnant scene; and yet, often and often, in the busiest moment, when commonplace has its strongest hold upon me, and I feel actually interested in the ordinary pursuits of my fellow-beings, of a sudden, a great curtain seems to fall around, and enclose me on every side; and, instead of the staid and sober visages of the throng, vague and shadowy faces gleam around me, and magnificent eyes, bright and dreamy, glance and flash before me like the figures on a phantasmagoria. In such moments, there comes over me a happy consciousness that *this* is the reality and all else a dull and painful dream, from which I have escaped as by a great effort. The dreamy faces are familiar to me, and their large, spiritual eyes encounter mine with glances of pleasant recognition. My heart is glad within me that it has found again its friends and old companions, and the mental outline of the common world, faintly drawn by memory, becomes more and more dim and indistinct, like the surface of the earth to one who soars upward in a balloon, and is at length blended with the gray shadows of forgotten thought, which disturb me no more. But anon some rude and jarring discord, from the world below, pierces upward to my ear, and the air becomes suddenly dark and dreary, and dusty, and I fall heavily to earth again.

*As years steal by, these fits of delightful abstraction*

21

become rarer and rarer. My visions seem to have lost their substantiality; and even when they do revisit me, they are thin and transparent, and no longer hide the real world from my sight—yet they hold strange power over me; and when they come upon my soul, although they do not all conceal the real, yet they concentrate upon some casual object there, and impart to it a spirituality of aspect and quality which straightway embalms it in my heart. Thus do I invest the faces of friends with a holiness and fervor of devotion which belongs not to them; and when I have wreaked the treasures of my soul upon objects thus elevated above their real quality, I find what a false vision I have been worshiping—its higher qualities mingle again with my own thoughts, whence they emanated, and the real object stands before me, low, dull, and insipid as the thousands of similar ones by which it is surrounded. Thus do I, enamored of qualities and perfections which exist only in my own thought, continually cheat and delude myself into the belief that a congenial spirit has been found, when some trivial incident breaks the spell—the charms I loved glide back to my own soul, and the charmer, unconscious of change in himself, wonders what has wrought so sudden an alteration in me. Then come heart-burnings and self-reproaches against those I have foolishly loved, of treachery, hypocrisy, and ingratitude, which they cannot understand, and over which I mourn and weep.

I had a friend once—not long ago, for the turf is still fresh over his gentle breast—whose soul was fashioned like my own, save that he was all softness, and wanted the hardness and commonplace which events and years have given to me. For a long and delightful season we held sweet converse together; and, although he was much younger than I, yet was there no restraint or concealment between us. Every throb of his heart, almost every evolution of his brain, found an echo in me. I was his



mirror—a fountain in which he contemplated himself. From him I never dreamed of treachery, or selfishness, or ingratitude—and he alone did not deceive me. He never gave me pain but once—and who shall tell the agony of that hour, when his hand ceased to return the pressure of my eager fingers, and the dark curtain of death shut out the light of his dear eyes from my soul! Yet, after the anguish was over, and I had laid him in the fragrant earth, amongst the roots of happy flowers, where the limpid brook murmurs its soft and never-ending requiem, and the birds come every night to dream and sleep amid the overhanging branches, although my mortal sense was all too dull to realize his presence, yet in my *soul* I felt that he was still with me. No midnight breeze came sighing through the dewy moonlight, or brought the exhalations of the stars upon its wings, that did not speak to me of him; and ever when I prayed, I knew that he was near me, mingling, as of old, his soul with mine.

Poets may sing of love, and romantic youths may dream they realize the soft delusion; strong hearts may swear they break and wither away with unrequited passion, and keen brains may be turned by the maddening glances of woman's eyes; but all these to me seem weak and common emotions when compared with the intenseness of man's friendship—that pure, devoted identification with each other which two congenial souls experience when the alloy of no sexual or animal passion mingles with the devotion of the spirit. I could go through fiery ordeals, or submit with patience to the keenest tortures, both of mind or body, so that I felt the sustaining presence of one real friend; while, if alone, my heart shrinks from the contest, and retires dismayed upon itself.

But my poor friend was in love, and *his* love was as pervading and absorbing as the fragrance of a flower, or the light of a star. The woman he had chosen for his idol—the shrine at which his pure devotions of heart and soul were offered—was a gay and beautiful Creole from New Orleans, who, with her mother, and a young gentleman who appeared in the capacity of friend, spent the summer months in the North. They stopped at the Carlton, where my friend was boarding, and the acquaintance had been formed quite accidentally. The lady was beautiful, bewitching, and very tender; and, without stopping to inquire as to the consequences, or to assure himself that he had the least chance of success, Medwin fell desperately and hopelessly in love in a few days. I was soon made aware of the state of the case, for he had no secrets from me; and, foreseeing that he might very easily have deceived himself entirely in taking for granted that the young lady's affections were not pre-engaged, I begged him to be cautious, and not throw away his regards upon an object, perhaps, unattainable—perhaps even unworthy of them. I represented to him that ladies in the South were usually not very long in falling in love; and it was altogether probable that Clara Harland was already engaged to the gentleman who had accompanied her and her mother, and who was evi-

dently a favored acquaintance. Charles, however, infatuated with his passion, was deaf to my remonstrances, and the very next day sought and obtained an interview, in which he declared his passion, and was made happy by the beautiful Creole. She, however, cautioned him to be on his guard, as her companion had for some time been a suitor for her hand, and was a great favorite with her mother, who had frequently and earnestly urged her to accept his attentions. The fair girl avowed, with flashing eyes, that she loved him not, and had never loved before she met with Medwin. "How," she exclaimed with unwonted energy, "can dear mamma suppose that I shall ever become enamored of that coarse, ferocious, unintellectual man? He has not a generous or delicate sympathy in his nature, and is as rude in heart and feeling as in manner. Beware, however, my dear Charles," continued she, with earnestness, "of Mr. Allington. He is a bold, bad man, whom habits and associations have made haughty, imperious, cold-blooded, and cruel; and I tremble for you when he shall learn what has this day passed between us. Beware of him, for my sake; and, oh! promise me, dearest Charles, that, whatever may be the consequence of what we now have done, you will never fight with him."

Charles smiled, and pressed her hand. "Do not alarm yourself, dearest," said he, "I love you too well to rashly expose myself to danger. I have ever entertained a just horror of the inhuman and barbarous practice at which you hint; and beside," continued he, earnestly, fixing his eyes upon her face with such tenderness that the blood rushed unconsciously to her temples beneath that dear gaze, "since your words of hope and love to me to-day, existence possesses new value in my eyes. Be assured I shall not rashly peril it."

They parted with kind looks and a timid pressure of the hands. Medwin firmly resolved, let what would happen, to keep his promise to his beautiful Creole; and Clara, convinced that, although she had been bred and educated in the midst of a community where not to fight was of itself dishonorable, she should be *entirely* satisfied with what the world, or even her own mother should say, about his cowardice and want of honor. Poor girl! she had sadly miscalculated both the effects of the act she had advised, and the strength of her own resolution.

In a few days Mrs. Harland suddenly announced her determination of returning to New Orleans, and Clara sadly and tremblingly prepared herself to take leave of her lover. He came—was told by her of her mother's resolution to depart, which she was at no loss in tracing to the advice of Allington—and was made alive and happy again by Charles assuring her that he himself should start for New Orleans, although by another route, on the very day she departed.

"Oh, now I know that you do love me, indeed!" said the beautiful girl, while she pressed her lover's head to her dainty bosom, and, kissing his forehead, ran out of the room.

## CHAPTER II.

"Well, these d-d Yankees *are* all a pack of cowards, after all, and I will never defend them again," said a young Creole, as he met Mr. Allington one morning, at the Merchants' Exchange in New Orleans. "Not fight, and after being challenged on account of as lovely a woman as Clara Harland! Why, what the devil did he take the trouble of following you all the way from New York for, if he didn't mean to *fight* you?"

"Oh, nonsense! my dear St. Maur," replied Allington, "you do n't understand the laws of honor, as they are construed at the North. There, my dear fellow, every thing is regulated by law; and if a fellow treads on your corns, slanders you behind your back, or steals your mistress, the only remedy is 'an action for damages,' and, perhaps, a paragraph in a newspaper."

"But what says she herself to the cowardly fellow's refusal to fight you? I suppose that now, of course, she will think no more of the puppy, and return to Allington and first love."

"I know not—for I have not seen her these four days. But if this beggarly attorney's clerk document is to be believed," continued Allington, pulling a letter from his pocket, "she herself expressly commanded him not to fight."

"Oh, do let us hear it!" cried St. Maur, and half a dozen young bloods without vests, and with shirt-bosoms falling over their waistbands nearly to the knee. "Do let us hear, by all means, what the white-livered fellow has to say for himself."

"No," replied Allington, hesitatingly; "that I think would be dishonorable; although—I—do n't know—the d-d fellow would n't fight, and so I am not certain that I am not released—there, St. Maur, what the devil are you at?"

But St. Maur had snatched the missile from Allington's half-extended hand, and mounting one of the little marble julep-tables, and supporting himself against a massive granite pillar that ran from the ground-floor to the base of the dome, he began reading, while the company, now increased to half a hundred morning loungers, pressed eagerly round to hear. As my poor friend is dead, and there are none whose feelings can now be wounded by its publication, here is the letter.

"SIR,—Hours of an agonized struggle, in comparison with which mere *death* would have been an infinite relief, have nerved me for the task of telling you, calmly and deliberately, that I take back my acceptance of your challenge. When I received it, I was forgetful of my sacred promise, and acted only from the impulse of the moment. Had your friend staid an instant, the matter should then have been explained. As it is, I am positively compelled, much as my heart revolts at it, to drag a lady into my explanation. *She*, (I need not write her name,) bound me by a solemn and most sacred promise—to violate which would be dishonor—that I *would not* fight you. I must and will keep my word, although I have seen enough of public opinion, during the few days of my sojourn here, to know that by doing so I am covering myself

with a load of infamy which I may find it impossible to bear.

"But enough; my course is taken, and I must abide the consequences, whatever they may be. I, therefore, sir, have to beg pardon, both of yourself and your friend, for the trouble this affair has already occasioned you.

"This letter is directed to you without the knowledge or consent of the gentleman who was to have acted as my friend on the occasion; and he must, therefore, be held responsible for nothing.

"Yours respectfully."

"A very pretty piece of argument and logic, eloquently urged, withal!" said St. Maur, as he coolly folded the letter, and leaping upon the floor, restored it to its owner.

"Hush!" said Allington, as he hastily deposited the letter in his pocket, "there he is. Can he have been a witness to St. Maur's folly, in reading the letter?"

All eyes turned instinctively to the further pillar in the large room, against which was leaning my poor friend, his face perfectly livid, and in an attitude as if he had fallen against the granite column for support. Several of the young Creoles approached the place where he stood; but there was something terrible in his aspect which made them start back, and quietly turn into the great passage leading to the street.

Medwin had recovered, if he had fainted, (which seemed probable,) and his eye now glared like fire.

St. Maur, however, approached him.

"So, my good Yankee friend," said he, bowing in affected politeness, "you did not like to risk Allington here with a pistol at twelve paces from your body, eh? You are very right, Mr. Wooden Nutmeg; it would not be safe!"

"Beware!" uttered Medwin, in such a deep and thrilling voice, that the Creole nearly jumped off the floor; but, before he could make a step backward, Medwin's open hand struck him a smart blow on the cheek.

"Ten thousand hell-fires exclaimed the astonished Frenchman, leaping back and almost tumbling over Allington, in his amazement. "What does he mean? I will have your heart's blood, sir, for this."

Medwin said nothing, but quietly handed the discomfited bully his card, which, however, Allington snatched away.

"What, St. Maur," cried he, would you fight a coward—a published poltroon? You know you dare not do it."

"Let me alone," cried the infuriated Frenchman. "He has struck me, and I will have his heart's blood. *Sacre nomme de Dieu!*" screamed he, forgetting his usual polished manner along with his English, and leaping about like a madman. "*Donnez moi son gage!*"

"Not now, I tell you, not now. Come along and I will satisfy you in ten minutes that you cannot fight that *coward*," emphasizing the last word, so that Medwin could not fail to hear.

"Mr. Allington," said Medwin, coming forward

into the middle of the group, now reduced to some dozen persons—for an altercation is not of such rarity as to create any particular excitement there—"after the base and dishonorable use you have this day permitted to be made of a private letter, I am sincerely glad that circumstances rendered it impossible for me to treat you as a gentleman; but as to this person, (pointing to St. Maur,) I can easily satisfy him that he will run no risk of losing his reputation by honoring me with his notice. I have the honor to refer Monsieur St. Maur to Mr. —, now at the St. Charles, whose character for honor is too well known throughout the country to be disputed." And, bowing low, Medwin left the room.

"Well, now this is a pretty scrape," said St. Maur, subsiding at once; "and I do n't see how I can avoid fighting him. He is not such a cockroach!" and the Frenchman turned a little pale, despite his yellow skin.

"Nonsense," replied Allington, "you shall do no such thing. In the first place, I can't spare you; and in the next, if we can irretrievably disgrace Medwin, so that he may be shunned by everybody, I do not think the weak head of my Clara can withstand the storm; and she will gradually learn to despise him, too. So take no further notice of this matter; for a blow from a published coward carries no more disgrace with it than a bite from a dog, or a kick from an ass. You must help me out with my plans, too, in behalf of my charming heiress, and I'll be sure to remember you in my will. Let's take a julep."

For three days Medwin waited in an agony of impatience to hear from St. Maur, but not a word came—and he began to despair. Everywhere he went he was regarded with significant glances, and pointed at, while a disdainful whisper ran round the room, in which he could always distinguish the words, "white-livered Yankee," "coward," or some equally obnoxious epithet. He saw the cruel game that was playing against him. He had forgotten that, in refusing to fight with Allington, he had rendered it perfectly safe for every whipster in the community to insult him; and he now became suddenly aware that he had involved himself in a dilemma from which it was impossible for him to escape.

In the midst of these reflections—while life had become intolerable, and infamy and disgrace dogged his steps like a shadow—he never entertained a doubt of Clara's love and constancy, and looked forward to the time when he might claim her as his bride, and, amid the milder and manlier associations of his youth, regain that calmness and self-respect which he had here so strangely lost. His position was, in truth, a most wretched one. Opposed to the barbarous practice of dueling, circumstances and his own loss of self-control had forced him to *accept* a challenge, and then recall that acceptance, and to offer an insult to a stranger, for the express purpose of drawing out another.

*Upon the day after his refusal to fight with Allington, he had called at Mr. Harland's, but was told that*

Clara had been taken suddenly ill, and could not be seen. This was a new and deeper anxiety, added to his already overburdened spirit; and he really had begun to be deserted of hope, and to contemplate a speedy relief from the pains of existence. Nothing but the confidence which he reposed upon Clara's love, rendered the bright sunshine an endurable blessing to the sadly distempered youth. But he could not see her. Day after day he called, and always the same cold, formal reply—"Miss Harland was yet very ill, but in no danger, and could not be spoken with." Could he but see her for an instant—could he touch her hand, or meet her smile, or drink in the sweet music of her voice, he would feel his heart nerved against every disaster, and would wait in patience; but all, all alone, amid lowering brows, or sneering faces, which ever glowered like phantoms about him—whether in reality, as he walked the streets, or in dreams, as he tossed upon his pillow—it was too much. His heart seemed to be on fire.

It was in this frame of mind, with reason tortured to her utmost power of endurance, and insanity peeping into that soul which might so soon become her own, that Medwin, while walking up the Shell-Road, and looking wistfully at the muddy canal, which swam away sluggishly on one hand, while the green and stagnant swamp stretched interminably upon the other, that he was startled by the rapid approach of a carriage, and the sound of gay and noisy mirth. He looked up. The brilliant equipage of Mrs. Harland was hurrying by, and he had barely time to distinguish Clara, looking as fresh and blooming as a newly flowered rose, and laughing and chatting in a lively and even boisterous manner with—Mr. Allington!

She leaned over the carriage-side as they whirled along, and, for an instant, her eyes met those of her bewildered lover.

### CHAPTER III.

Alas! poor, silly Clara! How dared you thus rudely tamper with a soul of such exquisite and refined fire, that it constantly trembled and fluttered around its earthly shrine, like the flame of burning essence, as if doubtful whether to blaze or go out forever! Oh! shallow-hearted woman! what a wide and glorious world of bright hopes and angel aspirations—of beautiful thoughts and unutterable dreamings—in all of which thou wert a part—hast thou crushed even as the foolish child grinds the gay butterfly to powder between his fingers. And art thou, indeed, so heartless a *coward*, that, because men's tongues have dared to wag against the beloved of thy soul, thou durst not own him thenceforth, and hast cast him off forever! Murmur not, oh, woman! that thou art made the sport and plaything for rakes and libertines to beguile a weary hour withal. Search thine own heart; and, in that deep and dark recess, where lurk the demons of thy destiny—pride, vanity, frowardness—behold reflected the blackness and the justice of thy fate! Who reteth his whole soul upon a flower, and findeth its fragrance at last

to be a deadly poison, if he escape from its contact, placeth no more flowers in his bosom. In vain they woo him with their beauteous eyes and breath of perfume. He heeds them not, or, at best, plucks them disdainfully, to gaze upon in listless indifference for a moment, and then cast them behind him, to be crushed beneath the stranger's heel.

Clara's heart smote her to the quick as she caught that wild glance of her lover, and saw the haggard ghost that looked out from those hollow eyes. She screamed slightly, and sunk back in the carriage as pale as marble. Allington and her mother exchanged glances, and were silent, while the young man made a motion, as if he would support her in his arms, and the carriage was turned homeward, and the horses urged to their utmost speed. Clara made no resistance to the attentions of Allington, and it was doubtful whether she was conscious—so pale, and cold, and pulseless were her beautiful cheeks and temples; but a tremulous quivering of the upper lip told of a storm that raged within.

By the time she arrived at home Clara had recovered herself completely, and, pushing aside the arm of Allington, almost rudely, she sprang upon the *banquette* and into the house; and, turning upon him a look of lively indignation, darted up stairs to her chamber. Here she was quickly rejoined by her mother, whose obtuse apprehension had at length discovered that something was wrong, and who now came to offer her maternal consolations.

"Mother!" exclaimed Clara, the moment she entered the room, "I am a wretch. It was I who compelled Medwin to promise me, upon his honor as a man, that he would not fight Allington; and now that all the world has frowned upon him, I, too, have turned recreant, and cast him off. Mother, speak to me no word of command or remonstrance. I will never see Mr. Allington again; and I will this very hour go to Medwin, and throw myself on my knees before him. Yes, we shall be happy!"

"My child, you are excited just now, and I beg you to wait until morning. We will then talk the matter over calmly; and if you cannot really be happy without Mr. Medwin, why, my child, I will not urge you further. Come, dear girl, go to bed now, and to-morrow you will be yourself again."

With gentle and soothing care—for the *mother* was now all aroused in the callous heart of this worldly woman, and bent every accent and every motion into grace and kindness—Mrs. Harland at length succeeded in calming the excitement of her child, and inducing her to consent to wait until the next morning, when, if she wished, her mother said, Medwin should be sent for. "I am sure, my child," she said, as she kissed her and bid her good-night, "I have acted for the best, and have nothing but your happiness in view."

And now she was alone; and leaving her bed, she leaned against the window, while the shadowy curtain of evening, which falls in that climate suddenly down from the sky, shut out the day, and seemed, at the same moment, to shut the light from her heart. Then, with rapid steps, her little feet paced the

luxurious carpet of her apartment, while her heart beat loudly and still more rapidly in her bosom. Again she tried to rest, but the taper which she had lighted threw such ghastly shadows upon the walls, which seemed to wave and beckon her, that she leaped from the bed in agony, and almost screamed outright. Hours passed slowly and sadly, and the short, sharp ringing of the watchman's club upon the pavement beneath her window, mingled with the chimes of the old cathedral clock as it struck midnight—and still the poor frightened girl could neither sleep nor compose herself. Once, indeed, she had fallen into a kind of slumber, curtained with such horrid dreams as made it torture instead of rest. She saw her lover with his bright eye turned sweetly upon her, as of old, and his beautiful locks resting upon her shoulder, while she held his hand upon her throbbing heart, and he whispered dear words and precious sighs into her willing ear. But anon the paleness of death stole over that manly brow—the lips fell apart, white and ghastly, and the noble form fell down at her feet, a stiffened corse. She shrieked aloud in her agony, and awoke. The moon had risen, and was throwing a broad and brilliant stream of light into the apartment, and the busy breeze, fresh from the fragrant sea, whispered its musical noises through the waving curtains of her couch.

At length the white blaze of the moon went out, and the misty morn looked dim and sad over the sleeping city. Throwing a cloak about her, Clara hurried down the stairs, and, opening the door softly, found herself in the street, at an hour she had never before been there. What a strange and dreary aspect every thing seemed to wear! The windows of the houses, as she passed, were all closed, and no one could be seen but dozens of loitering negroes returning from market, or here and there some industrious landlady with a small basket of vegetables on her arm, and closely veiled, hurrying along as if to escape observation, followed by a servant with the day's provisions in a large basket, which she carried steadily upon her head. Every one who met her turned and stared curiously; and as she hurried over the long crossing of Canal street, and threaded her way between the hacks that had already taken their station, she felt that rude eyes, and ruder sneers were upon her. She paused not for an instant, however, but redoubled her speed until she reached the private entrance to the St. Charles, where, leaning for a moment against a column, she beckoned a woman from the saloon of the baths into the vestibule, and, putting a piece of money into her hand, whispered, "Find out the chamber of Mr. Medwin. He is very sick, and a dear friend of mine—I must see him immediately."

The woman disappeared up the stairs leading to the "office" of the hotel, and, returning in a moment, made a sign for Clara to follow.

As they approached, a noise and bustle were apparent at the further end of the corridor, and several servants were hurrying in and out, as if some sudden accident had occurred. Clara's guide pointed on

Medwin's room, and she rushed in—feeling certain in her heart that her lover was dying.

He lay stiff and stark upon the sofa, with a few white froth bubbles gathered upon his lips, and a letter clasped tightly in his hand. It seemed that he was not yet dead, for a physician, who had been hastily summoned, was attempting to force open his mouth, as if to administer a restorative to the dying man. As Clara approached, he stared in astonishment, but she heeded him not, and exclaiming, "Oh, Charles, what frightful dream is this!" threw herself on her knees before him.

Life rallied for an instant, and he opened those wild, fearful eyes. Oh! what a world of wretchedness and despair was in that glance! He knew her; and conquering, with a convulsive effort, the agony

which was withering up the last drops of life, caught her to his heart, exclaiming,

"Clara, thou art forgiven! I am *not* a coward; for I can even die and leave thee thus. Farewell! be happy!"

All was over. My poor friend had fought his last battle, and his antagonist and conqueror was Death. That pure and noble spirit, with all its wild and restless fever-dreams, "sleeps well" amid the beautiful solitudes of Cypress Grove Cemetery—the *home of the stranger*—where so many proud and buoyant hearts crumble beneath the golden air, new filled with odorous dew. And I wait patiently, yet sadly, for the hour which is to restore me to the friend of my bosom.

## THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN MUSE.

BY LYMAN LONG.

THE Muse, in times more ancient, made  
The grove's thick gloom her dwelling-place,  
And, queen-like, her proud sceptre swayed  
O'er a submissive and trembling race.

When stirred her breath the sleeping trees,  
Awe-struck, with fearful feet they trod,  
And when her voice swelled on the breeze,  
Adoring bowed, as to a God!

Her wildly murmured strains they caught,  
As echoes from the spirit-world,  
Till reeled the brain, to frenzy wrought,  
With mixt amaze and rapture whirled!

Thus stern, retired, she swayed the earth,  
Till, as new dawned an age of gold,  
A happier era led her forth  
To dwell with men, like gods of old.

To dwell with us—to roam no more!  
Ours is this golden age of bliss!  
She comes with blessings rich in store,  
And, like a sister, whispers peace.

Not now with awe-inspiring air,  
But gentle as the meek-eyed dove,  
And clad in smiles that angels wear,  
And with an aspect full of love.

She greets us at our fire-sides, when  
Sweet looks to accents sweet respond,  
And breathing soft her tender strain,  
More closely knits the silken bond.

Unmingled joy her smiles afford,  
Where meet the mirthful, social throng,  
As, gathered round the festive board,  
Our healths she pledges in a song.

She meets us in our private walks,  
'Mid groves that fairy glens embower,  
When Morning gems her purple locks,  
Or Vesper rules the silent hour.

Her hand, upon the beech's rind,  
Marks well, for fair Belinda's eyes,  
(Else vainly murmured to the wind,) Thy flame, young Damon, and thy sighs.

Stern Toil, beneath her gentle sway,  
Well pleased, unbends his rugged brow—  
With Bloomfield chants the rustic lay,  
Or guides with Burns the daisied plough.

Her form appears the bow of peace,  
Upon the clouds that darken life,  
Now bidding Sorrow's tears to cease,  
And staying now the hand of Strife.

She smiles on me, no bard inspired,  
But wand'rer o'er life's arid waste,  
Who, fainting, halting, parched and tired,  
One cordial, nectared drop would taste.

Companion of the pure in heart,  
She tunes the lyre to David's flame,  
And rapt, as mortal scenes depart,  
She hymns the heaven from whence she came!

# THERESA, OR GENIUS AND WOMANHOOD.

## A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY MRS. JANE TAYLOR WORTHINGTON.

### CHAPTER I.

What sad experience may be thine to bear  
Through coming years;  
For womanhood hath weariness and care,  
And anxious tears;  
And they may all be thine, to brand the brow  
That in its childish beauty sleepeth now.

THERESA GERMAINE was a child some six years of age when I saw her first, nearly twenty-five years ago. It is a long time to look back on; but I well remember the bright, winning face, and cordial manners of the little lady, when she would come to the parsonage and enliven our tranquil hearts by her gay, spontaneous glee. She was full of life and buoyancy; there was even then a sort of sparkling rapture about her existence, a keen susceptibility of enjoyment, and an intense sympathy with those she loved, which bespoke her, from the first, no ordinary being. Ah, me! I have lived to see all that fade away, and to feel grateful when the dust was laid on the brow I had kissed so often in an old man's fondness—but let that pass. I must write calmly, or tears will blind me; and I have undertaken the task of recording Theresa's experience, not to tell how well we loved her, but to strive, however feebly and imperfectly, to lay bare some of the peculiarities of genius, when found in sad combination with a woman's lot.

There was little marked or unusual in Theresa's outward life; her visible griefs were such as come to all, but the history of her inner being—the true and unseen life—was one of extremes. It was her fate to feel every thing vividly; and her joys and troubles were fully realized by the impassioned depth of her nature; and if, in my loving remembrances, I dwell somewhat bitterly on the portion society gave one who richly deserved its homage, and singularly needed its indulgences; if I portray too warmly the censure and neglect that made her path so full of trial, let me not be misunderstood. I would give no sanction to the hasty disregard of appearances which is the besetting sin of exalted and independent intellect. Under all circumstances it is an unwise experiment to transgress established rules; and in a woman, however rarely she may be gifted, it is a rash and hazardous thing to defy public opinion. Wearying and frivolous as many of society's conventionalities are, there is much wisdom in them; they are indispensable links in the chain binding together “all sorts of people,” and she who breaks them knowingly, sins against one of her greatest safeguards.

Theresa's father, a man of good birth and great acquirements, but ruined fortunes, had come to reside in our village about five years before the commence-

ment of this story. She was then his only child, his elder treasures having been laid, one after another, in distant graves. Her mother was a tranquil, quiet woman, and still retained the traces of a beauty which must once have been remarkable. She was a person of placid temper and mediocre mind, but wavering in judgment, and not in the least calculated to control the impetuosity, or guide the enthusiasm of her ardent and reckless child. This Mr. Germaine seemed acutely to feel; and I could read his fears in the fixed gaze of prophetic anxiety which he would often rivet on the varying countenance of his happy and unconscious daughter. His health was already gradually declining, and he evidently dreaded the future, when his favorite should be left in many respects guardianless amid the world's temptations. In my capacity as pastor, I was a frequent visitor at the little cottage, where, in subdued resignation he was patiently wearing out his life; and we at length acquired that mental intimacy which men are apt to feel when they have spoken together of life's highest aims and holiest hopes. I was many years his senior—for it is with the tremulous hand of old age that I write these lines, and I felt sincere and admiring sympathy for one who, through various perplexities and misfortunes, still retained serenity and peace.

We were sitting together one starlight evening, in the small vine-draped porch of his simple dwelling. Mrs. Germaine was occupied with household duties, and Theresa, after having asked us both a thousand unanswerable questions, had reluctantly obeyed her mother's summons to retire to rest.

“I cannot describe to you,” said my companion, “the fear with which I anticipate the hereafter for that child; she is one whose blended characteristics are rare, and her fate can have no medium. Were she a boy, and possessed of those traits, I should have no dread, for with such energies as are even now visible in her temperament, circumstances can be almost controlled, but it is a dangerous thing for her own happiness, for a woman to be thus endowed.”

“I think you are too desponding,” was my reply; “it appears to me that talent is necessarily in a great degree its own reward; and though it is the fashion to talk and write much of the griefs of intellect, I believe human sorrow is more equally divided than we acknowledge, and that the joys resulting from high gifts far overbalance their trials.”

“It may be so generally,” Mr. Germaine answered, “but my experience and observation have impressed me differently. I never knew, personally, but one woman of genius, and she was a mournful witness of the truth of my convictions, and of the fatal folly

of striving to pass beyond the brazen walls with which prejudice has encompassed womanhood. She was young, fair, and flattered, and fascinating above any comparison I can think of. Of course, she was aware of her capabilities—for ignorance in such cases is not possible, and naturally self-confident, she grew impatient for praise and power. Her affections, unfortunately, were warm and enduring; but she sacrificed them, to promote her desire for distinction, and unable, though so superior, to escape the heart-thralldom, which is the destiny of her sex, she died at last, more of disappointment than disease, with her boundless aspirations all unfulfilled. I fancy I can trace in Theresa many points of resemblance to her I have mentioned—for I knew her in early childhood. Solicitude on this subject is the only anxiety I cannot patiently conquer, and which makes the prospect of parting painful." He paused for a moment, and then, as if to turn his reflections from their depressing course, he said, "I have been reading to-day some extracts from Mrs. Hemans' works. As I grow older and more thoughtful, such things touch me deeply, and I experience a constantly increasing interest in the products of female talent. There is an intensity of sentiment, a pure tenderness of heart about such writings generally, which, in my present tranquil state of mind, are in harmony with my heavenward reflections, and the ideal spirit pervading them, soothes my imagination. In my restless and hopeful years I sought literary recreation from far different sources, but now that I feel myself a pilgrim, and stand surrounded by shadows on the verge of an unknown hereafter, I prize inexpressibly these glimpses of paradise which are God's precious gift to every true and intellectual woman."

It was thus my friend often spoke, for it was a theme on which he always delighted to dwell. I have never seen any one whose reverence for woman's gifts was so strong, and who appreciated with such sincerity the moral loveliness of her perfected nature. It was about this time that the birth of a second daughter added a new tie to Mr. Germaine's life; and the event saddened him more than I believed any earthly event could have done. The feeling was probably a natural one, but it grieved me to see how he strove to crush every impulse of tenderness toward the little one he must leave so soon.

It would have been well for Theresa had her father lived to view the ripening of the faculties whose blossoming he already traced with the prophetic gaze of parental affection; but she was destined to tread her path alone, and to know in their wide extent both the triumphs and the penalties of superiority. She was seven years of age when her father died, leaving herself and her sister to their mother's care. I need not relate here the many interesting interviews between Mr. Germaine and myself, which were more and more touching as his departure drew near. With an earnestness unutterably impressive, he implored my watchful solicitude for his eldest daughter, entreating me to afford her that guidance from experience, which she must inevitably need.

"Be gentle with her," he said, "but not too indulgent; she will require strictness of management, for with such impetuosity of nature her judgment must often err. She is too young as yet for me to be able to foresee the particular bent her character will assume, but I entreat you to be her candid friend and firm adviser when she will assuredly want both."

On the trying scenes of that period I will not longer linger; for there is something unutterably solemn in the tranquil passing away of a good man's soul, something that hallows to our thoughts even the fear-fraught moment of dissolution from which mere mortality instinctively shrinks. Yet it is a sad thing when so much worth and wisdom leaves the earth forever; and to those who realize the inestimable advantages and useful influences of a high example, it is a mournful sight to look on the closing sunset of one who evidenced the beautiful union between holiness and humanity.

## CHAPTER II.

Spirit-like fair forms are pressing  
Round her now,  
With their angel hands caressing  
Her pale brow.

Words of solace they are chanting,  
Sweet and clear,  
That evermore will now be haunting  
Her life here.

I visited the cottage frequently, and for several months after Mr. Germaine's death, it was the scene of no ordinary grief. Mrs. Germaine bore her bereavement patiently—for it was an event she had long anticipated with womanly meekness and resignation; but she mourned most deeply—for it is a great mistake to think common-place persons deficient in vividness of feeling. I believe their emotions are as keen, and generally more enduring, than those of more decided minds, from the very fact of their possessing few self-resources to divert the course of affliction. Be this as it may, Mrs. Germaine was soon, in all that was apparent, the quiet and anxious mother she had always been; and if she suffered still, it was in the silence of a heart that had no language for its sorrows. Far wilder and more vehement was the passionate and unresisted tide of Theresa's suffering; and for many weeks she refused all the consolation that could be offered to a child of her age. She would sit by my side and converse of her father, with an admiration for his virtues, and an appreciation of his character far beyond what I had supposed she could comprehend.

This violent emotion necessarily exhausted itself, as a heavy cloud weeps itself away; but for a long time she was painfully dejected, and her face lost its childishness of expression, and wore a look of appealing, unspeakable melancholy I never remarked on any other countenance. It was the "settled shadow of an inward strife," the outward impress of a mind suddenly aroused to a knowledge of trial, and never again to sleep in unconsciousness; and often in after years, the same inexpressible look darkened her brow through the tumult of conflicting impulses, and amid the war of triumph and pain.

I have said that Mr. Germaine's pecuniary circumstances were limited; but for some time previous to his illness, he had, at the expense of many a personal comfort, laid by a sum sufficient to procure for Theresa all the advantages of an accomplished education. His wife had frequently remonstrated against the innumerable little privations he voluntarily endured for this favorite purpose, for she attached more value to physical than mental gratifications, and could scarcely sympathize with his disinterested solicitude for his daughter's intellectual culture. It had been a great happiness to him to trace the gradual development of her intelligence, and to direct her simple studies; and it had been one of his last requests that I would in this respect occupy his place until she should be old enough to require other superintendence. His love was one of hope and trust, and he had diligently sown the seed, though he knew he never might behold its ripening.

For two months I made no attempt to alter the current of her thoughts, believing it better to allow her sensibilities to exhaust themselves without interruption. When she grew calmer, I proposed that she should come every morning to the parsonage to resume her daily studies; and, as I had hoped and anticipated, she eagerly acceded to the arrangement. And thus commenced the cultivation of a mind, whose early maturity bore a rich harvest of recompense; and thus dawned that loving anxiety for my pupil's welfare which realized many of my life's younger wishes, and lent so sunny and living an interest to my solitary and remembering years.

It was with some difficulty and after much remonstrance that I induced Theresa's application to the graver branches of acquirement, which, with my old-fashioned ideas of education, I considered indispensable even to a woman. At last, I believe, it was only through affection for me that she yielded her taste, and consented to devote her mind to such acquisitions. Her inclinations were all for what was beautiful or imaginative; she early loved whatever touched her feelings or awoke the vivid impressions of her young fancy; and I found some trouble in curbing within rational limits her natural and fascinating prepossessions. As she grew older, and passed what she deemed the drudgery of learning, and drew nearer, with rapid steps, to Thought's promised land of compensation, we constantly read and conversed together. We dwelt on the inspired pages of the poets, I, with old age's returning love for the romantic, and increasing reverence for the true, and she, with the intense, bewildered delight of a spirit that hoped all things, and a simple faith that trusted the future would brightly fulfill all the fairest prospects which poetry could portray.

Her disposition was sanguine to an extreme, with the happy faculty of believing what she hoped; and she possessed in a remarkable degree the power of expressing and defining her ideas and emotions, and rendering them visible by words. She never paused for an expression, or selected an injudicious one; and her fluency was the result of a mingled vividness and clearness of intellect, blended with artist-

skill, and all the fervor of dawning and dreaming womanhood.

Her affections were spontaneous and impassioned, at once impulsive and enduring, and, like all enthusiasts, she was frequently governed by prejudice. Her little sister was a child of rare beauty and gentleness, and was Theresa's perfect idol. She was perpetually contriving pleasant surprises for her favorite; and it was her delight to wreath flowers around Amy's golden curls, and to add a thousand fantastic decorations to her delicate and seraphic loveliness. They would have made a exquisite picture, those two sisters, so different in age and character; the one so fair, with childhood's silent and fragile beauty, the other glowing with life and premature thought, already testing the "rapture of the strife," and revealing in the intense gaze of her dark, restless eyes, the world of gleaming visions within whose enchantment she lived.

It was when my pupil had reached her fourteenth year, that, in obedience to her father's written directions, she prepared to leave our tranquil home, to enter the school of the convent, near the city of —. I know not why Mr. Germaine wished her placed there, for he was himself a Protestant, but the advantages of instruction were at that time tempting. Probably, in dwelling on them, he overlooked the risk of placing his daughter where the unnumbered graces of mind and manner veil another creed, and make it alluring, and where the imaginative and gorgeous pomp of a different faith were to be placed in their most attractive colors before her unsuspecting eyes. It was with many a misgiving, many a secret fear, that I anticipated Theresa's removal from my watchfulness; and I warned her with the most sincere affection, against the temptations of various kinds which she would probably encounter in her new abode. Early in the autumn we were to part with her, and the sweet summer, with its wealth of fruit and flowers was now around us, and our village, in its garlands of blossoms, looked its loveliest.

#### CHAPTER III.

O! were it thus! had we, indeed, the gift,  
Though human, our humanity to chain;  
Could we in truth our restless spirits lift,  
And never feel the weight of earth again,  
Then would I leave the sorrows I bewail,  
To clasp the cross, the cloister, and the veil.

Some weeks previous to the time at which my last chapter terminates, I had received a letter from an old friend, requesting me to inform him if any dwelling in our vicinity was for sale, as he was anxious to leave the city, and bring his family to a quieter home. I answered his inquiries satisfactorily, and now daily expected him to arrive, and make final arrangements for his removal.

He came at last, bringing with him his only son, a boy somewhat older than Theresa. Gerald Brandon was pale and feeble from recent illness, and I persuaded his father to leave him with me, until his new residence was prepared to receive its inmates. He gladly assented, and accordingly returned to town, while Gerald remained at the parsonage. The next



two months were among the happiest my memory recalls; and they were the last untroubled ones Theresa passed in her secluded home. From their threshold she glided to a new life—to that conflict of will and purpose, that tempest of impulse and disappointment which finally subdued her spirit and wearied out her existence. But as yet all was serene and full of promise; and the golden hues of her sunny dreams invested our simple pleasures with varied and poetic interest. My young guest was a gentle, reflective boy of more than ordinary capabilities, but enfeebled by ill-health, and a victim to the lassitude which frequent y follows protracted bodily suffering. He was too placid and pensive for his age, and his mind, though refined and harmonious, had nothing of that restless, energetic brilliancy which sparkled through Theresa's thoughts. He, however, eagerly participated in her accustomed studies, and contributed his share to our literary recreations. I sometimes looked on the two with that involuntary wish for the power of prophecy which so often rises upon us, and which in great mercy we are denied, and would frequently strive to shadow forth the destiny of beings who were now reveling in the brief, bright interval between childhood and the world. Beautiful era! time of star and flower, when the "young moon is on the horizon's verge," and the young heart, lovelier still, seems on the brink of rapture, and hallows existence with its own unshadowed and seraphic light. We have cause to be grateful that this episode is transient, that reality contradicts its hopes, for could its illusions last, who would pause to think of heaven, with so much of enchanting fulfillment around us here.

It was with instinctive pride that I felt my favorite's mental superiority to her companion, and noticed the genuine admiration with which Gerald acknowledged it. He was astonished at her variety of acquirement, her daring originality of opinion, and her unstudied readiness of expression. He was gratified, and it may be, flattered, by the disinterested solicitude she evinced for his enjoyment, and the readiness with which she discarded any scheme of amusement in which his health prevented his participation. There is a period in youth when the affections feel as a strong necessity, the desire for sympathy, when love is yet a stranger, and friendship is as intense as passion. Dearer than any after friend, is the one who first fills this yearning vacancy; and though as time wears on, and separation follows, that tie may be broken never to be re-knit, there is a halo around it still, and it is made almost holy by the blended tints of hope and trust, and tenderness, that, with reflected light, shine back upon its memory.

It was the evening before Theresa's departure, and we were all assembled at the cottage. It was impossible to feel very sad, where the majority were so eager and fraught with hope, and yet the mother's countenance was full of anxiety for her child. Little Amy sat on her sister's knee, and Theresa, in her graphic language, was relating some romantic history of her own invention, while Mrs. Germaine and myself spoke of her. The parent's solicitude was

altogether physical; she feared only that Theresa would be sick, or that she would encounter some of the thousand accidents and evils, whose spectres haunt us upon the eve of a first separation. I thought it kinder to be silent as to my own very different misgivings, and to dwell only on the encouraging part of the prospect. There might be nothing to dread, after all, and it was possibly only our unwillingness to part with Theresa, that thus assumed to itself the tormenting shape of inquietude.

During our conversation, which was carried on in an under tone, little Amy had fallen asleep, and after carefully placing her on the couch, and kissing the fair face of the slumberer, that shone like a faultless picture from its frame of golden curls, Theresa adjourned with Gerald to the porch. It was a perfect evening, and the rays of the full moon illumined the little portico, throwing on its floor, in fanciful mosaic, the fantastic shadows of the vines which draped the pillars, and lighting up with its spiritual radiance, the earnest countenances of the youthful friends. Gerald looked more than usually pale in the blanching beams, and Theresa's gaze was sad and tearful.

"You will forget us all, Theresa," said the boy; "you will find elsewhere gayer and dearer companions; you will be praised and flattered, and it will be several years before you will be stationary here again."

"Do you remember the book we read together but a few days since?" she answered, "and which says there is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind?"

"Well, but at least you may grow indifferent," persisted Gerald, already betraying manhood's perverseness in suspicion, "at least you may grow indifferent, and that is even worse than forgetfulness."

"Far worse," answered Theresa, "I would rather a thousand times be wholly forgotten, than know that the heart which loved me had grown cold and careless. But, Gerald, you are my first friend, the only one of my own age I have ever known, and how can I lose the recollection of all we have thought and hoped together? And then I shall be too constantly occupied to form other ties, for I intend to study incessantly, and to return here all, mentally, that my friends can wish me."

"Are you not that already; I, for one, do not desire you to change."

"You will alter your flattering opinion, *mon ami*, if I can by application realize the bright pictures my ambition paints. I shall be so much happier when I have tested myself; for now, all is untried, the present is restless, and the future perplexing. It is so difficult for me to curb my impatience, to remember that our progressive path must be trodden step by step, it may be, through thorns and temptations. Patience is the golden rule of talent, the indispensable companion of success; for the 'worm may patiently creep to the height where the mountain-eagle has rested.' The hardest task for genius to learn is, through toiling, to hope on, and though baffled, never to despond."

Her face flushed with her own eagerness as she

spoke, and Gerald looked on her with mingled admiration and want of comprehension, and something of that pity with which boyhood is prone to regard the wildness of girlish aspirations. It was with hopes and tears united, that Theresa bade me farewell; and as I turned away to seek my quiet home, the old feeling of desolation and loneliness, which interest in my favorite had long dissipated, returned upon me with its depressing weight. Our walk to the parsonage was taken in unbroken silence, for Gerald, like myself, was busy with the future—to him a smiling world of compensation and promise, to me, the silent land of fears and shadows. A whole year was to elapse before Theresa's return to us, and in the interval she engaged to write every week, either to her mother or myself.

For more than an hour that evening I sat beside my window, looking on the serene prospect around me, and endeavoring to lay something of that external stillness to the restlessness of my disturbing fancies. All around was spiritualized by the moonlight; the trees on the lawn threw long shadows on the grass, and far away, in their mysterious and majestic silence, stood the eternal mountains; like gigantic watchers, they kept their vigil over the placid scene beneath—the vigil of untold centuries. Cloudless, unsympathizing, changeless, they had no part in the busy drama of human experience their loftiness overlooked, and now they loomed with shadowy outline, through the sanctifying light, habitants alike of earth and sky.

I anticipated tidings from Theresa with that interest which slight occurrences lend a life whose stirring events are few.

To me, she engaged to record her thoughts and impressions as they came, and to be to me what, under similar circumstances *she* would have been, whose sweet face for a few years brightened my life, and who now sleeps, in her childish beauty, by her mother's side.

#### THERESA'S FIRST LETTER.

"You will have learned from my letter to my mother, my kind friend, all the little details of my journey and safe arrival at my destination. I felt as if some of my visions of romance were realized, when this beautifully adorned place, in its strange and solemn stillness, stood before me. All the grounds surrounding the convent-buildings are highly cultivated and tastefully improved, presenting a vivid contrast between the wild luxuriance of nature, and the formal, artificial life within these cold, stern walls. Several of the nuns, with downcast eyes and thoughtful steps, were taking their monotonous exercise in the paths through the shrubbery; and shall I confess that I looked with mingled doubt and envy upon those dark-robed figures—doubt, if the restlessness of humanity *can* thus be curbed into repose, and envy of that uninterrupted peace, if, indeed, it may be gained. Strange seem this existence of sacrifice, this voluntary abandonment of life's aims and more extended duties, this repelling, crushing routine of penance and ceremony, with which, in

the very midst of activity, and in the bloom of energy, vain mortals strive to put off the inevitable fetters of mortality. Doubtless, many, from long habit, have grown familiar with this vegetative, unbroken seclusion, and accustomed to struggle with tenderness, and conquer impulse, have ceased to feel affection, and rarely recall the friends of their busier days—sad co-summation of womanhood's least enviable lot.

"But I believe it is, in all sincerity, from self-delusion, not from deception, that these women, many of them in the freshness of youth, separate themselves from the wide privileges of their sex, and contract their hearts into the exclusive and narrow bounds of a convent's charities. What mental conflicts must have been theirs, before, from the alluring gloss of expectation, they could turn to embrace a career like this. Some, perhaps, believed the possibility of winning tranquillity by shutting out the temptation of the world, believed that dust might be spiritualized, and the mind, debarred from its natural tendencies, taught to dream only of heaven. Others have sought the cloister as a refuge for hearts that loved too well, and memories all too faithful. God help such!—for this is no place to forget. And it may be, that after years of painful self-control and depressing experience, some here have gradually attained the conviction that their efforts are vain, their yearnings not here to be fulfilled—what, then, must solitude be to them but an enduring sorrow? It is too late to retrieve the past—the fatal vows have been spoken—those frowning walls are impassable—and the dark folds of that solemn veil are evermore between the penitents and human sympathy. Never may their footsteps tread the free earth again, save within those still and mocking limits; never will the bright, rewarding world of social ties dawn upon their languid gaze, though, alas! its beauty will flash upon their thoughts, through the loneliness of the silent cell, perhaps even amid penance and prayer. I look with profound, inexpressible interest on these sisters, in their ungraceful, but romance-hallowed costume, and wish, as I watch them, that I could read something of what the past has been to each, and trace the various motives that led to this irrevocable fate. This monotonous life has all the glow of novelty for me; and I ponder with inexhaustible interest, and blended reverence and pity on the hidden moral conflict, continually occurring among beings who strive to taste angels' pleasures while escaping human duties, and are reminded of the folly of such attempts, by the perpetual presence of temptation, and all the self-reproach, regret, and disappointment which, Heaven be thanked! the angels never feel. I can scarcely tell, as yet, how I shall like learning here. My studies have always been such a pleasure to me, with you, that it appears strange to associate them with strangers. I am resolved to devote much time to drawing and miniature painting, for which you know I had always a *penchant*, and in the course of a month or two I shall commence the study of German. What a world of pleasure is before me. Will you not love me better, if I return to you an artist, brim full of German

legends? All that I hope and aspire to, leads to that question—will these acquisitions render me more beloved?"

"Theresa is too ambitious, too restless," said Gerald, as he finished the perusal of this letter, "she will only render herself discontented and conspicuous by this wild, idle desire for superiority."

I felt somewhat provoked at his querulous words, for in my partial eyes Theresa seldom erred, and I knew this solicitude for mental progress, though as yet vague and undirected, was inseparable from her active and energetic intellect. But Gerald's opinions were common ones with his sex, and he coldly censured when away from their attractions, the very traits of character which, when present, involuntarily fascinated his imagination. And this is an ingratitude which almost inevitably falls to the share of a gifted woman. Unfortunately, genius does not shield its possessor from defects of character; and her very superiority in raising her above the level of the many, renders her failings more evident, and those who are forced mentally to admire, are frequently the first morally to condemn. The following are extracts from Theresa's letters, written at various intervals during the first year of her residence at the convent; and they will perhaps serve to reveal something of the rapid development of her mind, with the self-forgetfulness and ambition so peculiarly blended in her nature. She is the only one I have ever seen who possessed extreme enthusiasm without selfishness, and the strong desire to excel, without envy. There was a harmony in her being as rare as it was winning; and while many instances of her childish generosity and spontaneous disinterestedness rise on my memory, I feel almost bitterness at the recollection of how unworthily her pure heart was appreciated, and how sad was the recompense of all she suffered.

"I am happy, my kind friend, happier than I believed it possible for me to be, when away from those I love. But I study incessantly, and in acquiring and hoping, I have no time left for regret. When I recall you, it is not repiningly, but with a thousand desires for your approval, and increased anxiety to become all you can wish. You will, perhaps, consider this vanity; but, indeed, that would be unjust, for it is in all humility, with a painful consciousness of my own deficiencies that I strive so eagerly to grow wiser and better. Surely it is not vanity, to yearn to merit tenderness! . . . You ask if I have made any new friends. No; and I can scarcely tell why. There are several here whose appearance has interested me—and you know how rapturously I admire personal attractions; but I feel a reserve I can neither conquer nor explain. Friendship seems to me too holy and enduring to be lightly bestowed, and yet I desire with inexpressible earnestness, to find some one of my own age who would love and comprehend me—some mind in whose mirror I could trace an image of my own. I have gained something like a fulfillment of this wish in Gerald; but he is naturally less enthusiastic than I am, and of course cannot enter into the fervor of my expectations. He thinks them vain and idle—and so,

in truth, they may be; but only their irrevocable disappointment will ever convince me of their folly.

. . . . I have been painting a great deal, beside my regular exercises, for my own amusement; I take such delight in testing my power to reflect the visible charm of beauty, and in endeavoring, however faintly, to idealize humanity. Among other efforts, I have finished a miniature of one of the young sisters here, whose sad, placid face, seemed to sketch itself upon my memory. Of course, the likeness was drawn without her knowledge—she has put away from her thoughts all such vanities. I often look on the picture, which is scarcely more tranquil than the original; and I wish I could speak a word of welcome sympathy to one who is so young, and yet so sorrowful. I was much touched, a few days since, by accidentally witnessing an interview between this nun, whose convent name is Cecelia, and her sister. It seems that she had taken the vows in opposition to the wishes and counsel of all her friends, having forsaken a widowed mother and an only sister for spiritual solitude and the cloister. I was copying an exquisite engraving of the Madonna, which adorns the apartment allotted to visitors, when a young lady entered, and desired to see her sister. The nun came, but not beyond the grating which bounds one side of the room. Those bars—signs of the heart's prison—were between beings who from infancy had been undivided, whose pleasures and pains through life had been inseparable, and who were now severed by a barrier impassable as the grave. They contrasted strongly, these two sisters, so nearly the same age, so different in their hopes for the future. The guest wept constantly, and her words, spoken in a loud tone, were broken by bursts of grief; but the other was composed, almost to coldness—there was no evidence of distress on her marble cheek, and her large, gray eyes, were quiet in their gaze. She had evidently learned to curb emotion and regret—the past for her was a sealed book, with all its remembrances; she was a woman without her sex's loveliest impulses—a sister without tenderness, a daughter without gratitude. They parted, as they had met, each unconvinced, each grieving for the other—the visitor returned to her holy filial duties, the devotee to her loneliness. My friend, on which of these sisters do the angels in heaven look down most rejoicingly? This scene made me sorrowful, as every thing does which destroys an illusion. I had entertained such romantic ideas of life in the cloister, it seemed so tempting to me in its rest, its spirituality; and now I realize that we have no right to such rest, that it is not ours to shrink from the duties, to shun the penalties, to crush the affections of humanity—and my visions of lonely happiness have passed away *pour toujours*. If ever I could be induced to forsake a world that now appears to me so rich in promise; if ever I am numbered among the tried in spirit, and broken in heart, some active solace must be mine, not this fearful leisure for thought and remembrance. My lot is to be a restless one; and whatever else the future may hold for me, I know, in the spirit of prophecy, it will bestow nothing of

repose. . . . You tell me my little sister grows every day more lovely. I can readily believe it. There is something very fascinating in the style of her childish beauty, something that appeals to tenderness and seeks for love—and she is always the reality that prompts my dreams of angels. Is it not unwise, my friend, to hold the gift of personal beauty of little value, when it thus involuntarily commands affection, and can win the world's charity for many faults?"

I know not if these disjointed scraps have interest for others, but I have recorded them, because to me they recall the young writer's glowing enthusiasm, and evince the confident hopefulness which is one of the most common traits of mental excellence. Without being vain, she had yet no fears for herself, no doubt of the successful exercise of the powers whose stirring presence she felt. All that seemed necessary to her was opportunity; and she possessed the faith our good God gives to youth, and whose passing away is one of the sorrows of age.

The time appointed for her return home had now arrived, and her mother's anxiety to see her was scarcely greater than my own. In the meanwhile, Mr. Brandon's new residence—the handsomest in our vicinity—had been completed, and his family was permanently located among us. His domestic circle consisted of Gerald, a daughter, about Theresa's age, and a maiden lady, the sister of his wife, who, since Mrs. Brandon's death, had done the household honors. Gerald had been, from the first, a constant visitor at the parsonage, and he now participated in our solicitude to welcome our darling back. About sunset, on the day of Theresa's return, I directed my steps toward the cottage, and I was but halfway to my destination, when I saw her coming to meet me. I could never be mistaken in her light, rapid walk, whose movements were full of grace. Not for many a long, sad year, had a reception so affectionate as hers been given me; and her greeting brought tears to my old eyes, and called up painful memories to my heart. In appearance she had greatly improved; her slight figure had rounded into more womanly proportions, and her motions were full of the wild, unstudied gracefulness that had always characterized her. There was about her a fascination I cannot explain, a something independent of externals—a witchery to be felt but not defined. Perhaps it was the visible influence of mental gifts, the reflection of that purity of heart and mind which impressed itself on all her words and actions.

Let it not, however, be imagined, that because in my fond remembrance I have lingered long upon Theresa's many virtues, I was ignorant of her faults. They were those inseparable from her temperament; an impetuosity which frequently misled her judgment, and a confidence in her own beliefs, a reliance on her own will, that nothing but an appeal to her affections could ever subdue. She was an instance of that sad truth, that our defects shape our destinies; that one failing may exert over our lot a more potent influence than many excellencies, and may mar the

brilliancy of our moral picture by a single shadow, that shall darken it all. In after life, when trial and suffering pressed wearily upon her, all her griefs might have been traced back to the influence of faults, which in her childhood were not sufficiently developed to seem of consequence, or to merit rebuke. To us she was so loving and complying, that the less favorable traits of her nature were lost to our eyes in the brightness of her better endowments. Like all poetic persons, she had various fancies and caprices; but hers were all pure in purpose, and imparted a charm to her restless being. Even her tenderness had its fantasies, and lavished itself wastefully without thought or reason. Her attachment to her sister was remarkable in its tone, blending anxiety with its profound and impassioned tide. She would speak to me of Amy, of her childish loveliness, her gentle disposition, her appealing trustfulness, until tears would start to her eyes, and the future seemed painfully distant to one whose onward gaze had painted it with fulfillments. There was nothing sweet and lovable in life that she did not connect with Amy's hereafter. Alas! it was well for her she could not foresee that future happiness was to be won by the sacrifice of her own.

During Theresa's stay in our village, the young Brandons and herself were often together—and Gerald's admiration had evidently lost nothing from separation. His health had improved, though he still looked pale and delicate; but this physical languor lent refinement to his appearance, and excited Theresa's warmest sympathy. It would have been strange, were not the occurrence so common, that we should not have anticipated the probable consequences of such intercourse between Gerald and Theresa, but always accustomed to consider them in contrast with ourselves, as mere children, we forgot theirs was the very age for enduring impressions, the era in existence whose memories live longest. It was not until long afterward that I realized our error, and then, alas! it was too late to save the repose of a heart which possessed in fatal strength, woman's sad faculty of loving. The period soon came round for Theresa to return to her studies; and, to my surprise, her grief at the second separation was much more violent than at the first. I did not note, in my simplicity, the cause of this vehemence; I never suspected that a new tie, undefined, but powerful, was binding her being, that in the depths of a spirit whose earnestness I have never seen equaled, there had sprung up an affection never to pass away, and one dangerously enhanced by the imaginative tendency of her nature. That she had won over Gerald a profound and fascinating influence, was evident; she was to him a dream of intellectual beauty, and her presence idealized his life. He connected her instinctively with all his high hopes, his visionary schemes; but I feel, in recalling his admiration, that, from its very character, it was not likely to be permanent. There was too little in it of the actual world, too much of the mental; it was more the homage of mind, than the tribute of affection; rather the irrepressible appreciation of genius,

than the spontaneous effusion of love. His expressions of regret at separation were warm and tender; but it is probable the young friends were both ignorant of the nature of their feelings. They parted tearfully, as a brother and sister would have said farewell; and the next few months, with their throng of sweet remembrances, fostered the growth of emotions very unlike, in truth, but equally kind and hopeful. And now there came a long interval of melancholy tranquillity in my life, for it was not until two years afterward that our darling returned. Her letters during the interval were frequent, and her ambition to excel deepened daily in intensity.

"One year more," she wrote, "and this routine of application will be over, I shall come to you no longer a child, but fitted, I trust, for a congenial companion. What bright pictures my fancy draws for that time! Surely the future is a land of surpassing beauty, if but one half its radiant hopes be realized."

"I have no patience with Theresa's visionary fancies," said Gerald, petulently, as he glanced over this letter, "I really believe she prizes books and pictures, and her idle dreams, more than the hearts that love her."

I have lingered long over this recording of a childhood that lent my loneliness many pleasures; and I must trace more rapidly and briefly the sadder portion of my recollections. Over the next two years let us pass in silence; they saw the last shining of pleasure upon Theresa's experience; they were the resting-place between her young hopefulness and the perplexing cares and disappointments of her energetic and unsatisfied womanhood. Never afterward did life appear to her so rapturous a gift, and intellectual superiority so enchanting, but the hereafter grew silent with its promises, and her spirit weary with its cares.

It was not until some months afterward that the journal I am about to quote fell into my hands; but I copy some of its fragments, to portray its writer's feelings. Ah, me! such trustful hearts as hers are those experience depresses soonest.

"How happy I have been this summer! I believe those who have spent their childhood in seclusion, and formed their first associations from the lovely creations of nature, love home better than persons *can* do, who have been always encompassed by the excitements and artificial enjoyments of society. These lose individual consciousness amid the throng of recollections; they cannot trace the progress of their being, nor retain the self-portraying vividness of memory. I am sure that no dweller in cities can feel as I do, when I return to this tranquil village; I can almost imagine I have stepped back into my childhood. Yet, loving this place as I do, I am still anxious to leave it; home, and especially a quiet one, is no place for great successes. Too much of the childish past hangs over it, and discourages exertion, and those who have loved us best and earliest, know least of what we are capable. Every day intercourse fetters judgment, and thought *lives in the domestic circle with sealed lips*. My

kind friends do not comprehend my wishes or emotions; my mother deems them folly, and Gerald, instead of sympathy, tenders me only doubts and fears. But I repel silently such depressing influence; surely the motto of youth should be, *aide-toi, et Dieu t'aidera*. . . . I have been reading that fearful book, the Diary of an Ennuyé. What a vivid picture it presents of mental and physical suffering, too intense to be wholly conquered, yet half subdued by the strong power of a thoughtful will. Such depictions of sorrow must be exaggerated, there cannot be so much of grief in a world where hope still liveth.

. . . . I have been amusing myself this morning by scribbling verses, and as I gradually became absorbed in my employment, I felt I would willingly relinquish half the future in store for me, could I win a poet's fame. I have been endeavoring to determine which is the most desirable, the celebrity of a poet or a painter. Perhaps the distinction an artist obtains satisfies the mind more wholly, and it must be a more universal thing, than that of a writer. He appeals to the senses; his work is the visible presence of what is immaterial, the palpable creation of a thought. He gazes on his production, until his being revels in the witchery of his own reality; and the ideal that had haunted his spirit so long, smiles and blesses him from that glowing canvas. But the poet, he who from the well of thought hath drawn forth such golden truths; who heareth within his heart the echo of whatever is beautiful around him; he who is the interpreter of nature, and translateth into burning words whatsoever things are pure and lovely, ah! he liveth alone with his glorious images, and from his brilliant world of dream and vision, he walks abroad uncomprehended, a solitary being. Yet he, too, has his reward, though seldom the present one of popular approval; time is requisite for the appreciation of his imaginings; he would not, if he could, profane them by the breath of popular criticism. *His place is far away from common sight—a dwelling in pleasant thoughts; he is enthroned amid happy memories and early hopes; he is associated in our minds with forms of grace, and faces of beauty—with the light of stars, and the fragrance of flowers; with the pale hours of gloom his enchantments have chased away, and the green graves his heavenward words have hallowed. Which fame would I choose? Alas! for my craving nature, neither—but both!*"

Two years had glided by, and Theresa had returned to us. Her studies were completed, and she seemed to our fond hearts more than we ever hoped for, or dared to anticipate. She had certainly improved to the utmost the period of her absence; she was an admirable linguist, a good musician, and her talent for painting was pronounced by *connoisseurs* to be extraordinary. She possessed in a rare degree perfect consciousness of her powers, without a tinge of vanity; and she spoke of her acquirements and performances simply and candidly, as she would have dwelt on those of a stranger. Gerald was evidently surprised at her mental progress, and perhaps he felt it almost painfully, for he certainly was not in her

presence as natural and familiar as of yore. He would gaze on her long and fixedly, as if in being forced to admire, he hesitated how to love. I do not know whether Theresa perceived this change, and allowed it to influence her manner, or whether the natural timidity of one "on the eve of womanhood," rendered her also gentler and quieter than of old, but certain it is, that while to others they were the same as ever, for each other, they felt something they knew was not friendship, yet dared not think was love.

In the meantime Amy had grown into girlhood, and was, in truth, as beautiful as a poet's dream. She was timid, gentle, and silent; no strength of mind was enshrined in that faultless casquet; and her transparent, maidenly brow, was never shadowed by the conflict of thought. Her words were few and commonplace, but they were spoken by a voice exquisitely musical, and her surpassing personal loveliness disarmed mental criticism. Theresa would regard her in unutterable admiration, blending a sister's tenderness with all an artist's ecstacy. There was no repaying enthusiasm; Amy's affections were not impulsive, and she shared nothing of her sister's spontaneous, effervescent warmth. She was, however, kind and graceful, with that charm of manner common even in childhood to those on whom the gods have smiled, and who, from the consciousness of beauty, possess the certainty of pleasing. Like all visionaries, Theresa had many fancies, and strongest among them was her boundless admiration for loveliness. Living as she did in perpetual study of the beautiful, it appealed to her with that enchantment it only wears for the painter and the poet; and for her, who, in her dangerously endowed being, blended both, there was inexpressible fascination in all that reflected externally her radiant ideal. Gerald was a constant visitor at the cottage, and his undisguised admiration for Theresa's gifts deepened into lasting sentiment, what had hitherto been vague emotion. He sought her approval, solicited her opinions, and there was a tone of romantic reverence in his conduct toward her, which could not fail to interest one so young and sensitive. In many respects his character was far from equaling hers; ill-health had given peculiar fastidiousness to his tastes, and selfishness to his temper; but he was invested with the charms of pleasant memories, and that drapery which ever surrounds with grace those the heart loves first. I believe he never for an instant reflected on the effect his devoted attentions might produce, and, absorbed in the magic of his own rapturous thoughts, he had no time for calmer reasoning. Love is proverbially credulous; and although neither promise nor protestation had been spoken, Theresa never doubted what she hoped, and, perhaps, in her girlish faith, believed his feelings the deeper from their silence.

Thus the days wended on, and I had woven in my lonely simplicity many a bright tissue for future years to wear, when already the "cloud no bigger than a man's hand" had gathered on my favorite's horizon. Gerald and herself had walked one evening

to the parsonage, and were seated on one of the shaded seats in the old-fashioned garden attached to my home.

"Theresa, you have always been to me a sympathizing listener, and I have something to tell you now of more than ordinary interest—will you hear me patiently?" and as Gerald spoke, he looked up smilingly into his companion's face.

Why did Theresa's cheek flush at these simple words? I know not; I only know that it grew pale and ashy as Gerald proceeded to relate the story whose hearing he had solicited, and in the impassioned words of love to paint his devotion—not to her who sat beside him, but to the sister whose outward beauty had won more than all *her* gifts. He spoke of time to come, of being to her as a brother, of a home in common, and then he dwelt with a lover's rapture on the attractions of his promised bride, those charms she had often extolled to him with a poet's appreciation, and now heard praised in breathless agony. The bitterness, not of jealousy, but of despair, was in her soul—a pang for which there was no expression and no relief. Never more might she return to the hope his words had shattered, the trust she had indulged too long. All that had scattered her path with flowers, and thrown around her life's sweetest illusions was lost to her now; the confessions she had heard, raised a barrier not to be passed between herself and those she held dearest, and the sister for whom she would have laid down her life, claimed a sadder sacrifice, and glided a rival between her heart and its reliance. But to all his confidings she listened silently, and when he ceased to speak, she answered him kindly and gently. Love is selfish, and in the egotism of his own feelings, Gerald heeded not that his companion's voice faltered; and they parted without a suspicion in his mind of the suffering he had occasioned. Alas! such brief tragedies are acting every day in our household circles, and we note them not; bright eyes become tranquil, glowing cheeks look pale, and young hearts, once high with hope and energy, grow weary and listless; and we talk of illness, and call in science to name the disease, which is nothing but sorrow. There are, without doubt, solitary hours in human experience which do the work of years, forcing suspicion to dawn, and tempting despondency to deepen. Life should be measured by such hours, and they who feel most keenly are the ones who, in truth, live longest.

Certain it is that Theresa passed in those few moments to a new existence—to a being wholly different from her former self. The rainbow tints had faded from her sky, and the stars in her futurity had ceased to shine. What to her were all her mental gifts, when they had failed to win the love she valued? And now the nature so impulsive and ingenuous was impelled by the instinct of woman's pride to assume the mantle of concealment, to learn its task of suffering and silence. She could not, without betraying her true feelings, seem depressed, when all about her was happier than ever, and not a shadow rested on the hearts around her. Her mother was

constitutionally tranquil; and Amy, in the relying gladness of her early youth, saw nothing to fear, and all things to hope. It was a trying effort for Theresa to bury the conflict of her impetuous emotions in the stillness of her own bosom—the more trying because she had never before known cause for reserve; but the power of endurance in womanhood is mighty, and she did conceal even from my watchful eyes, the triumph of certainty over hope. I knew not then that the silver chord was already severed, and the veil lifted from the pale face of grief, never again in mercy to lend its secrecy.

The extreme youth of Amy alone delayed her marriage, and the following year was appointed as the time of its celebration. In the meanwhile the lovers would meet almost daily, and there seemed nothing but happiness before them. And she, the highly endowed, the richly gifted, what was to be her lot? Even now the mists were gathering around her; her faith in the hereafter was lessened; disappointment haunted her onward steps, and memory darkened to regret. Poor Theresa! there was many a pang in her experience then proudly hidden from all human gaze; and her suffering was not the less because she felt that it arose in part from self-deception, and from its very character was beyond the solace of sympathy.

A few evenings afterwards, I was sitting alone, when, with her light and eager step, Theresa entered my little study at the parsonage. Her cheek was flushed by her rapid walk, and her eyes sparkled as she laid before me a letter she had just received. I did not then comprehend the eagerness with which she grasped the refuge of excitement and change, but my heart sunk within me as I read the lines before me, for too well I foresaw the endless links of perplexity and misconstruction which would drag themselves, a dreary chain through the years to come. The letter was from the painter with whom she had studied his art, and was written with the kind feeling of one who, from the memory of his own aspirations, could sympathize with hers. He reminded her of a wish she had often expressed to practice her powers as a painter, and he said if that desire still continued, he could offer her a home in his household, and promise her success. His own professional attainments were great and popular, but his health was failing; and he declared it would be a pleasure and pride to him to direct her talents if she still wished to brave the perplexities of an artist's life. He dwelt on the subject with the fervor of a mind whose best faculties had been spent in the service of his art; but while he extolled its attractions and rewards, he concealed nothing of its cares and penalties. He concluded thus: "For me, the exercise of my glorious profession has been in all respects singularly fortunate; and in addition to the inexpressible gratifications attending its pursuit, it has won for me both popularity and wealth. But I would not mislead you, Theresa, nor conceal the difficulties which must inevitably, in such an attempt, harass a young and an enthusiastic woman. It is an unusual thing *for womanhood to worship art; you will have igno-*

*rance and prejudice against you, and I need not remind you that these are the most perplexing of obstacles. But still there are rewards they cannot touch, pleasures beyond their influence—and these I proffer you. The artist bears within his own soul the recompense for many sorrows; and if you can summon the moral fortitude to wait in patience, and toil in hope, I candidly believe that, with your endowments, success will be a certainty. You will be to us as a daughter; and our childless old age will be gladdened by the presence in our home of your bright young face."* Theresa had scanned my countenance eagerly while I perused this letter, as if to gather my impressions of the scheme; and she looked not a little disappointed when I gravely and silently refolded and returned the paper.

"I can divine your opinion," she said at last; "you disapprove of my plan."

"I do," was my reply. "I can discern no reason for your forsaking a tranquil home to brave so many certain annoyances."

"But, my friend," she answered, "you forget now the lesson you have often taught me, that we have no right to bury our talents, nor to shrink from the exercise of powers which were doubtless bestowed to be improved and employed. You will, perhaps, deem that my duty to my mother demands my presence here; but she has grown accustomed to my absence, and depends on me for none of her social comforts. Amy is far better fitted to be her companion, and I am sure that if I were to remain here, with the desponding conviction that my resources were useless, my acquirements thrown away; that knowledge would render me unhappy and throw a shadow over my home. Let me try this experiment for one year; if I fail, I will return satisfied that I have done my utmost; if I succeed, I can win for myself fame, and it may be peace."

She had spoken rapidly and earnestly, though I now know that her most powerful reasons for wishing to leave us, were left unuttered, and as she concluded her voice was tremulous. She impatiently awaited my answer; and I, with the folly of a fond old man, could not bear to dash away the cup that foamed so temptingly to her lips. Though fearful and unconvinced, I ceased to remonstrate. Many times since have I marveled at my own weakness, and lamented that I did not more decidedly condemn the young enthusiast's views; and yet what could I do? Had I more strenuously and successfully opposed the scheme, could I have borne to see my darling pine in the weariness of powers buried, and endowments wasted? Could I have recklessly sullied in their purple light the day-dreams of her yearning youth, have watched her, dispirited and dejected, ever turning from the gloom of the present to ponder on the radiant, haunting mystery of what she might have been?

To my surprise, Mrs. Germaine evinced none of the repugnance to the removal which I had anticipated; and, won over by Theresa's eagerness, and accustomed to be separated from her, she exerted no parental authority in the case. Her acquiescence, of

course, silenced my objections, and I could only grieve where I would have counseled. Gerald alone violently opposed her departure; but she replied to him with a firmness I did not expect, and which surprised me not a little. But the decision was made, and even while tenderly and anxiously beloved, the wayward and gifted one went forth alone into the world.

## CHAPTER IV.

Pale Disappointment! on whose anxious brow  
Expectancy has deepened into pain;  
Thou who hast pressed upon so many hearts  
The burning anguish of those words—*À l'adieu*;  
Thy gloom is here; thy shadowy presence lies  
Within the glory-light of those sad eyes!

Two years more had gone by since we glanced at Theresa last—years fraught to her with the fulfillment of ambition, and golden with the gifts of praise. Her name had become a familiar one to the lovers of art, and her society was eagerly sought for by the most intellectual men in one of our most refined cities. In the home of her artist friend she had been as a daughter, and cordially welcomed into the circles of talent and acquirement. It would have been well with her had that measure of success satisfied her, could she have returned then, without one hope turned into bitterness, to her early and tranquil home—but it was not so to be; and on the death of her friend, a year previous to this time, Theresa decided still to remain in the city, and follow alone the exciting glories of her art. In the meantime Amy's marriage had taken place; the cottage was deserted, and Mrs. Germaine found a home with her younger daughter. It was Gerald's wish that Theresa also should reside with them; but she had declined, affectionately, though positively; and she was now an exile from those who loved her best. Her engagements had proved profitable, she had acquired much more than was necessary for her simple wants; and all her surplus gainings were scrupulously sent to her mother. I, too, was frequently remembered in her generous deeds, and many a valuable book, far beyond my power to purchase, came with sweet words from the cheerer of my old age.

But this stage of things was too prosperous to last always—the crowd does not permit without a struggle the continuance of such prosperity. Gradually the tide of public approval changed; rivals spoke slightly of one who surpassed them; her impetuous words—and she was frank almost to a fault—were misrepresented, and envying lips whispered of the impropriety of her independent mode of life. Flatterers grew more cautious, professing friends looked coldly, and, one by one, her female acquaintances found various pretexts for withdrawing their attentions. Theresa was not suspicious; it was long before these changes were apparent to her, and even then she attributed them to accident. Confident in her own purity of motive, and occupied with her own engrossing pursuits, she had neither time nor inclination for disagreeable speculations. She felt her refuge was incessant employment; she dared not even yet allow herself leisure for contemplation and

memory. A volume of her poems had just been published—its destiny filled her thoughts—for who cannot imagine the trembling, fearing solicitude with which the young poet would send forth her visions to the world? Her engagements in her profession, too, were ceaseless, and her health began to fail under the effects of a mode of life so constant in its labors, and so apart from the refreshing influences usually surrounding girlhood. And was she happy? Alas! she had often asked herself that question, and answered it with tears; ambition has no recompense for tenderness, womanhood may not lay aside its yearnings. Her letters to us contained no word of despondency; she spoke more of what she thought than of what she felt. Her heart had learned to veil itself; and yet, as I read her notes to me, the suspicion would sometimes involuntarily come over me that she was not tranquil, that her future looked to her more shadowy; and I longed to clasp her once more to the bosom that had pillowed her head in childhood, and bid her bring there her board of trial and care. She was, by her own peculiar feelings banished from our midst; how could she return, to dwell in Gerald's home, she who for years had striven in solitude and silence to still memories of which *he* made the grief? But she was no pining, love-sick girl; the high and rare tone of her nature gave her many resources, and imparted strength to battle with gentler impulses. But it was a painful and unnatural conflict between an ingenuous character and a taunting pride—a war between thought and tenderness. Wo to the heart that dares such a struggle! Aspiration may bring a temporary solace, excitement a momentary balm; but never yet, in all the tear-chronicled records of genius, has woman found peace in praise, or compensation in applause. It is enough for her to obtain, in the dangerous arena of competition, a brief refuge, a transient forgetfulness; love once branded with those words—*in vain*, may win nothing more enduring this side of heaven.

It was the twilight of a winter evening; the lamps were just beginning to brighten the city streets, and the fire burned cheerfully in Theresa's apartment. Various paintings, sketches, and books, were scattered around, and on the table lay a miniature of Amy, painted from memory. It depicted her, not in the flush of her early womanhood, not in the gladness of her hope-tinted love, but as she was, years ago, in her idolized infancy. The lamp-light shone full upon that young, faultless face, brightening almost like life those smiling lips, and the white brow gleaming beneath childhood's coronet of golden hair.

The young artist was seated now in silent and profound abstraction—for twilight is the time the past claims from the present, and memory is summoned by silence. Theresa's feet rested on a low footstool, her hands were clasped lightly together on her lap, and she leaned back in the cushioned chair, in an attitude of perfect and unstudied grace she would have delightedly sketched in another. Have ever I described my favorite's appearance? I believe not; and yet there was much in her face and figure to arrest and enchant younger eyes than mine. I could



not, if I would, delineate her features, for I only recall their charm of emotion, their attractive variety of sentiment. Her eyes were gray, with dark lashes, and their expression was at once brilliant and melancholy, and the most spiritual I have ever seen. Her hair was long and fair, with a tinge of gold glancing through its pale-brown masses, as if sunbeams were woven in its tresses. She was not above the average height, but the proportions of her figure were peculiarly beautiful, and her movements and attitudes had the indescribable gracefulness whose harmony was a portion of her being. She looked even younger than she really was, and her dress, though simple, was always tasteful and attractive, for her reverence for the beautiful extended even to common trifles, and all about her bespoke the elevating presence of intellectual ascendancy. The glance that once dwelt on her returned to her face instinctively—so much of thought and feeling, of womanhood in its faculty to love and hope, of affection in its power to endure and triumph, so much of genius in the glory of its untested youth, lay written in lines of light on that pale, maidenly brow. Ah, me! that I should remember her thus! As Theresa sat there, she idly took a newspaper from the table to refold it, and as she did so, her own name attracted her attention. It headed a brief notice of her poems, which was doubtless written by some one her success had offended—there are minds that cannot forgive a fortunate rival. It was a cold, sarcastic, sneering review of her book, penned in that tone of contemptuous irony, the most profaning to talent, the most desecrating to beauty. There was neither justice nor gentleness in the paragraph, but it briefly condemned the work, and promised at some future period, a more detailed notice of its defects. It was the first time that Theresa had felt the fickleness of popular favor; and who does not know the morbid sensitiveness with which the poet shrinks from censure? To have her fair imaginings thus degraded, her glowing theories prostrated, the golden pinions of her fancy dragged to the dust—were these things the compensation for thought, and toil, and sacrifice? It was a dark wisdom to learn, one that would cast a shade over all future effort—and disappointed and mortified, Theresa threw down the paper, and wept those bitter tears which failure teaches youth to shed.

An hour of painful reverie had passed, when the door of the apartment was noiselessly opened, and with silent steps, the dark-robed figure of a woman entered and approached Theresa.

"I have intruded on you most unceremoniously," said the stranger, in a voice singularly soft and melodious, "and I have no apology to plead but the interest I feel in youth and genius, and this privileged garb;" and as Theresa glanced at her dress, she saw it was that of a Sister of Charity. It was an attire she had grown familiar with, during her abode at the convent, and the winning kindness usually distinguishing its wearers, had invested it in her mind with pleasant associations.

"You are welcome, nevertheless," replied The-

resa, "for I know that in admitting your sisterhood we often entertain angels unawares."

The new comer seated herself, and the young artist strove in vain to recall her features; they were those of a stranger.

"You are personally unknown to me, Theresa," said the lady, after a brief silence, "but your father was one of my earliest friends. Nay—it matters not to ask my name; the one I then bore, is parted with now, and I would not willingly speak it again; under a different appellation I have been lowlier and happier."

"You knew my father, then," rejoined Theresa, eagerly, "in his younger and more prosperous days. His loss I feel more keenly as my experience increases; for I was too young at his death to appreciate in reality, as I now do in memory, all his character's high, and generous, and spiritual beauty."

"We met often in the gay world," replied the guest—and her words were uttered less to Theresa than to herself—"and our acquaintance was formed under circumstances which ripened into intimacy what might otherwise have proved only one of those commonplace associations that lightly link society together; but it is of yourself I would speak. I have opportunities in the fulfillment of my duties of hearing and seeing much that passes in the busy world about me; and I have been prompted by the old memories still clinging around me, to proffer you the counsel of a friend. Will you forgive me, if I address you candidly and unreservedly?"

And then, as Theresa wonderingly granted the desired permission, she proceeded gently to detail some of the efforts of malice, and to utter words of kind warning to one who, enfolded within her own illusions, saw nothing of the shadows gathering about her path.

"You are not happy, Theresa!" continued the sister; "I know too much of woman's life to believe you are. I am aware of the motives from which you act; and while I reverence your purity of heart, and the pride which has tempted you to work out your own destiny, I easily trace the weariness your spirit feels. I, too, have had my visions; they are God's gift to youth, but I have lived sadly and patiently to watch dream after dream fade away. I see you have forgotten me, although I saw you frequently at the convent of —; but I am not surprised at your forgetfulness, for the nun's sombre veil shuts her out alike from hearts and memories."

"Are you, too, then unhappy?" asked Theresa, as the low and musical voice beside her trembled in its tone; you, whose footsteps are followed by blessings, whose life is hallowed by doing good? I have long ago learned to doubt the peace of the cloister, but I have ever loved to believe there was recompense in your more active career, and that if happiness exists on earth, the Sisters of Charity deserve and win it."

"In part, you are right," answered the nun, "but you have yet to realize that the penalties of humanity are beyond mortal control; that we cannot, by any mode of life, pass beyond their influence. All we

can do, is prayerfully to acquire patient forbearance and upward hope; many a heavy heart beats beneath a veil like this, and carries its own woes silently within, while it whispers to others of promise and rest." The visitor paused, and Theresa interrupted a silence that began to be painful to both.

"I feel," she said, "that I have acted injudiciously in braving remark, and in proudly dreaming I could shape out my own course. But you, who seem to have divined my thoughts so truly, doubtless read also the *one* reason which renders my return home most depressing."

"I know it well," was the reply; and the speaker pressed Theresa's trembling hand within her own, "but your prolonged stay here will be fraught with continually increasing evils; and if you expect repose, it cannot be here, where envy and detraction are rising against you. We cannot sway the prejudices of society, Theresa; and in some respects even the most gifted must submit to their decrees. And now," she said, as she rose to take leave, "I must bid you farewell. I have followed an impulse of kindness in undertaking the dangerous task to warn and counsel. If you will listen to one fatally versed in the world's ways, you will cease to defy public opinion, and amid the more tranquil scenes of your home, you will acquire a truer repose than ever fame bestowed. In all probability we shall meet no more, yet I would fain carry with me the consolation of having rescued from confirmed bitterness of spirit, the child of a faithful friend, and pointed a yearning heart to its only rest." And before Theresa could reply, the door had closed, and the visitor was gone.

#### TERESA'S LETTER.

"My friend! the credulity is ended, the illusion is over, and I shall return to you again. There are reasons I need not mention now, which would render a residence with my sister painful, and with my old waywardness I would come to you, the kind sharer of my young impulses, and to your home, the quiet

scene of my happiest days. I am listless and sick at heart; and the hopes that once made my future radiant, appear false and idle to my gaze. Success has bestowed but momentary satisfaction, while failure has produced permanent pain; and I would fain cease my restless strivings, and be tranquil once more. This is no hasty resolve; several weeks have elapsed since I was prompted to it first; and I believe it is wiser to submit than to struggle—to learn endurance, than to strive for reward. In a few days more I shall be with you, saddened and disheartened, and changed in all things but in love and gratitude."

She had, indeed, changed since I saw her last, nearly three years before. The world had wrought its work, hope had been crushed by reality. Her health was evidently fatally affected, and her voice, once so gay and joyous, was low and subdued. It was mournful to my loving eyes to mark the contrast between the sisters now; Amy, in the noiseless routine of domestic duties, found all her wishes satisfied; she was rendered happy by trifles, and her nature demanded nothing they could not offer. Without one rare mental endowment, or a single lofty trait, she had followed her appointed path, a serene and contented woman. A glance at the household circles around us, will prove this contrast a common one; the most gifted are not the most blessed—and the earth has no fulfillment for the aspirations that rise above it.

And what of Theresa, the richly and fatally endowed, she who, with all the faculties for feeling and bestowing gladness, yet wasted her youth away; she who sadly tested the beautiful combination of genius with womanhood, yet lavished her powers in vain—why need I trace the passing away of one beloved so well? My task is finished; and I willingly lay aside a record, written through tears. Wouldst thou know more? There is a grave in yonder churchyard that can tell thee all!

## SONNETS.

BY JAMES LAWSON.

### I.—HOPE.

I MARK, as April days serenely smile,  
Clouds heaped on clouds in mountain-like array,  
While radiant sunbeams with their summits play,  
Gilding with gorgeous tints the mighty pile;  
And earth partakes of every hue the while!  
Oft have I felt on such a day as this,  
The sudden shower down-pouring on my head,  
Though in the distance all is loveliness.  
Thither, in vain, with rapid step I've sped.  
I liken this to Hope: although with sorrow  
The heart is overcast, and dim the eye;  
Delusive Hope—not present, ever nigh,  
Preseges gladness on a coming morrow,  
And lures us onward, till our latest sigh.

### II.—A PREDICTION.

The day approaches, when a mystic power,  
Shall summon mute Antiquity, to tell  
The buried glories of the long lost hour,  
And she will answer the enchanter's spell—  
Then shall we hear what wondrous things befell  
When the young world existed in its prime.  
The truths revealed will turn the wisest pale,  
That ignorance so long abused their time.  
Vainly may Error blessed Truth assail  
With specious argument, and looking wise  
Exult, as millions worship at her shrine;  
Yet, in the time ordained, shall Truth arise  
And walk in beauty over earth and skies,  
While man in reverence bows before her power divine!

## PHANTASMAGORIA.

BY JOHN NEAL.

I don't believe in night-caps. That is, I don't believe in stopping the ears, in shutting the eyes, in sealing up the senses, nor in going to sleep in the midst of God's everyday wonders. We are put here to look about us. We are apprentices to Him whose workshop is the universe. And if we mean to be useful, or happy, or to make others happy, which, after all, is the only way of being happy ourselves, we must do nothing blindfold. Our eyes and our ears must be always open. We must be always up and doing, or, in the language of the day, *wide awake*. We must have our wits about us. We must learn to use, not our eyes and our ears only, but our understandings—our *thinkers*.

There is a diviner alchemy wanted, and there is room for a bolder and a more patient spirit of investigation, amid the drudgery and bustle of common life, than was ever yet employed, or ever needed, in ransacking the earth for gems and gold, or the deep sea for pearls. Would you shovel diamonds and rubies, or turn up "as it were fire," you have but to dig into and sift the rubbish that lies heaped up in your very streets—or to drive the ploughshare through the busiest places ever trodden by the multitude. You need not blast the mountains, nor turn up the foundations of the sea, nor smelt the constellations. You have but to open your eyes, and to look about you with a thankful heart; and you will find no such thing as worthless ore—no baseness unallied with something precious; with hidden virtue, or with unchangeable splendor.

The golden air you breathe toward evening, after a bright, rattling summer-shower—the golden motes you may see playing in the sunshine with clouds of common dust, if you but take the trouble to lift your eyes, when you are lying half asleep in your easy-chair, just after dinner—are part and parcel of the atmosphere and the earth; and yet have they fellowship with the stars, and with the light that trembleth forever upon the wing of the cherubim. Be ye of the towering and the steadfast upon earth, and these will be to you in the darkness of midnight as revelations from the sky; as unforgett'd glimpses of the Imperishable and the Pure that inhabit the Empyrean.

But, being one of those who go about the world for three score years and ten, with their night-caps pulled over their eyes—and ears—you do n't believe a word of this. And when you are told with all seriousness that there is room for more wonderful and comforting transmutations, of the baser earth just under your window, or just round the corner, than was ever dreamed of by the wisest of those who have grown old among furnaces and crucibles and retorts; wearing their lives away in a search after perpetual youth, and their substance in that

which sooner and more surely than "riotous living" impoverisheth a man—the transmutation of the baser metals into gold—you fall a whistling maybe—or beg leave to suggest the word *fudge*. If so, take my word for it, like a pretty woman with the small-pox, the probability is, you are very much to be *pitted*.

All stuff and nonsense! you say—downright rigmarole—can't for the life of you understand what the fellow's driving at.

Indeed.

As sure as you are sitting there.

Well, then, we must try to convince you. One of the pleasantest things for a man who *does* believe in night-caps, you will grant me, though, at the best, he may be nothing more than a bachelor, is to lie out in the open air, on a smooth sloping hill-side, when the earth is fragrant, and the wind south, on a long drowsy summer afternoon—with his great-coat under him if the earth is damp—and with the long rich grass bending over him, and the blossoming clover swinging between him and a clear blue sky, starred all over with golden dandelions, buttercups and white-weed—

Faugh!

One moment if you please—with golden dandelions, buttercups and white-weed!

Poh!—pish!—Why don't you say with the dent-de-lion, the ranunculus and the corymbium?

Simply because I prefer bumble-bees to humble-bees, and even to honey-bees, notwithstanding the dictionaries, and never lie down in the long rich grass, with a great-coat under me; and am not afraid of catching cold though I may sit upon damp roses, or tread upon the sweet-scented earth, or tumble about in the newly-mown hay—with my children about me.

Children!—oh!—ah!—might have known you were not one of us—only half a man therefore.

How so?

That you had a better-half somewhere, to which you belong when you are at home.

In other words you might have known that I was no bachelor.

Precisely.

Sir! you are very obliging. And now, perhaps, I may be allowed to finish the demonstration. I undertook to convince you, if you remember, that every human being, with his eyes about him, has, under all circumstances, and at all times, within his reach, and subject to his order, a heap of amusement, a whole treasury of unappropriated wisdom. And all I have asked of you thus far is to admit, that if a man will but go forth into the solitary place and lie down, and stretch himself out, and look up into the sky, and watch the flowers and leaves pictured and

here—provided he be not more than half-id has a duffel great-coat under him, waters and a snug umbrella within reach, and the rheumatism; he may find it one of the best things in the world; though it may happen he has no idea of poetry, and cares for no earth beyond a pair of embroidered slippers, padded, comfortable dressing-gown, or a red cigar if at home; or a fishing-rod, a sky, and a bit of a brook, all to himself, is out in the open air. And in short, for I come to the point, (in these matters,) all I am, being a bachelor, is to admit—  
 "I'll stop there."

You admit, then, that an old bachelor, trout-fishing and tobacco-smoke; familiar with whist, yarn stockings, flannels and socks; without the least possible relish for color, for the twittering of birds, or humming of bumble-bees and forest-leaves; devoid of poetry, and a mortal hatred of rig-a-jay nevertheless and notwithstanding—  
 "I'll stop there."

Notwithstanding and nevertheless, I say, find it worth looking at, on a warm summer day though he be lying half asleep on his back, with clover-blossoms and buttercups nodding to say nothing of thistle-tops, dandelions and  
 "I'll stop there."

do!—I'll admit any thing, as I told you

men—in that case—I do not see what difficulty would be in supposing that *any* man would be something to be good-natured with *any-*

fast, if you please. Would you have it because an old bachelor, whose comforts and *far* between!—and whose habits—and are fixed forever, could put up with Nashort summer afternoon, under the circumstance—mention—with a great-coat under him, a reasonable share of other comforts within, therefore, anybody on earth, a married example, should find it a very easy thing *any* where, under *any* circumstances? home now, for instance, with his wife and out him?

And now, sir, to convince you. If you place yourself at an open window in the month of June," and watch the play of her eyes upon the busy countenances of men, as in some of our eastern cities, and in most places all over the country, where the trees are in blossom, and the boys and the girls have gathered together, playfellows from the beginning of the year with every thing that lives and in the neighborhood; or if you will but be you are, and look up into the blue sky, the clouds that are *now* drifting, as before the wind, over the driest and busiest thoroughfare crowded city; changing from shadow to sun, and from sunshine to shadow, every minute over which they pass, you will

find yourself at the very next breath a wiser, a better, and a happier man. You will undergo a transfiguration upon the spot? You will see a mighty angel sitting in the sun. You will hear the rush of wings overshadowing the whole firmament. And, take my word for it, you will be *so* much better satisfied with yourself! But mind though—never do this in company.

Beware lest you are caught in the fact. They will set you down for a lunatic, a contributor to the magazines, or a star-gazer—if you permit them to believe that you can see a single hairbreadth beyond your nose, or a single inch further by lifting your eyes to Heaven than by fixing them steadfastly upon the earth. One might as well be overheard talking to himself; or be caught peeping into a letter just handed him by a sweet girl he has been dying to flirt with; but, for reasons best known to himself—and his wife—durst not, although perfectly satisfied in his own mind, from her way of looking at him, when she handed him the letter, that she would give the world to have him see it without her knowledge; and that either she did not know he was a married man—or was willing to overlook that objection.

Tut, tut! my boy—you will never coax me into the trap, though I admit your cleverness, by contriving to let me understand, as it were by chance, what are regarded everywhere as the privileges of the married.

Permit me to finish, will you?

With all my heart!

But pleasant as all these things are—the green fields and the blue sky, the ripple of bright water, and the changeable glories of a landscape in mid-summer; or the upturned countenances of men, looking for signs in the heavens, when they have ships at sea—or wives and children getting ready for a drive—or new hats and no umbrellas—or houses afire, which may not happen to be over-insured—a pleasanter thing by far it is to sit by the same window, when the summer is over, and the clouds have lost their transparency, and go wandering heavily athwart the sky, and the green leaves are no more, and the songs of the water are changed, and the very birds have departed, and watch by the hour together whatever may happen to be overlooked by all the rest of the world; the bushels of dry leaves that eddy and whirl about your large empty squares, or huddle together in heaps at every sheltered corner, as if to get away from the wind; the changed livery of the shops—the golden tissues of summer, the delicately-tinted shawls, and gossamer ribbons, and flaunting muslins, woven of nobody knows what—whether of "mist and moonlight mingling fitfully," or of sunset shadows overshot with gold, giving way to gorgeous velvet, and fur, and sumptuous drapery glowing and burning with the tints of autumn, and, like distant fires seen through a fall of snow in mid-winter, full of comfort and warmth; and all the other preparations of double-windows and heavy curtains, and newly invented stoves, that find their own fuel for the season and leave something for next year; and porticoes that come and go with the cold weather,

blocking up your path and besetting your eyes at every turn, with signs and hints of "dreadful preparation."

Go to the window, if you are troubled in spirit; if the wind is the wrong way; if you have been jilted or hen-pecked—no matter which—or if you find yourself growing poorer every hour, and all your wisest plans, and best-considered projects for getting rich in a hurry turned topsy-turvy by a change in the market-value of bubbles warranted never to burst; or if you have a note to pay for a man you never saw but once in your life, and hope never to see again—to the window with you! and lean back in your chair with a disposition to be pleased, and watch the different systems of progression—or, in plain English, the *walk* of the people going by. A single quarter of an hour so spent will put you in spirits for the day, and furnish you with materials for thought, which, well-husbanded, may last you for a twelvemonth; yea, abide with you for life, like that wisdom which is better than fine gold, and more precious than rubies.

Well, you have taken my advice; you are at the window. Now catch up your pen and describe what you see, *as you see it*; or take your pencil if you are good for any thing in that way, and let us see what you can do. A free, bold, happy and *faithful* sketch of that which in itself would be worthless, or even loathsome, shall make your fortune. Morland's pigs and pig-styes, on paper or canvas, were always worth half a hundred of the originals. One of Tenier's inside-out pictures of a village feast, with drunken boors—not worth a groat apiece when alive—would now fetch its weight in gold three times over.

Look you now. There goes a man with a large bundle under his arm, tied up in a yellow bandanna handkerchief, faded and weather-worn, and looking as if ready to burst—the bundle I mean. What would you give to know the history of that bundle and what there is in it? Observe the man's eye, the swing of his right arm—the carriage of his body—the dip of his hat. You would swear, or might if your conscience, or your habits as a gentleman, would let you, that he was a proud and a happy fellow, though you never saw his face before in all your life. The tread of his foot is enough—the very swing of his coat-tail as he clears the corner. It is Saturday night, and he is carrying the bundle home to his own house—of that you may be sure. And you may be equally sure that whatever else there may be in it, there is nothing for him to be ashamed of, and *therefore* nothing for the man himself. My notion is, that he has bought a ready-made cloak for his wife, without her knowledge, or got a friend to choose the cloth and be measured for it, who will be found at his fire-side when he gets home, holding forth upon the comfort of such an outside garment in our dreadful winters, with a perseverance which leads the good woman of the house to suspect her neighbor of being better off than herself, in one particular at least, for the coming Sabbath. But just now the door opens—the gossiping neighbor springs up with a *laugh*—the bundle is untied—the children scream,

and the wife jumps about her husband's neck as if he had been absent a twelvemonth.

Where!—where!

Can't you see them for yourself! Can't you see the fire-light flash over the newly-papered walls! can't you hear the children laugh as mother swings round with her new cloak—scattering the ashes, and almost puffing out their only lamp, which she has set upon the floor to see how the garment hangs! and now she drops into a chair. Take my word for it, sir, that is a very worthy woman—and the man himself is a Washingtonian.

What man?

What man! Why the man that just turned the corner, with a great yellow bundle under his arm.

Indeed! you know him then?

Never saw his face in all my life. But stay—what have we here? Get your paper ready! Here comes a thick-set fellow, in a blue round-about, with his hat pulled over his eyes, and one hand in his trousers' pocket—poor fellow! There he goes! But why one hand? He had his reasons for it, I'll warrant ye, if the truth were known. He walked by with bent knees, you observed, and with a most unpromising stoop. He was feeling for his last fourpence; and found a hole in his pocket. Can't you read the whole story in the man's gait?—in the slow, sullen footfall—in the clutch of his fingers—in the stiffened elbow, and the bent knees?

Another Washingtonian, perhaps?

No indeed! nothing of the sort. Had he been a Washingtonian, he would have found something more than a hole in his pocket when he had got through his week's work, and was beginning to find his way back to his little ones.

Well, well, have it so, if you like; but what say you to the couple you see there?

Stop!—that large woman, leading a child with a green veil—and the other passing her in a hurry without lifting her eyes, and the moment she has got by turning and looking after her, as if there were something monstrous in the cast of that bonnet—a very proper bonnet of itself—or in the color of that shawl—of gold and purple and scarlet and green—both were but just entering upon the field of vision as you spoke, and now both have vanished forever! And lo! a tall man of a majestic presence, with a little black dog at his heels—the veriest cur you ever saw! What must be the nature of such companionship? Look! look! there goes another—a fashionably dressed young man—followed by two or three more—intermixed with women and children—and now they go trooping past by dozens! leaving you as little time to note their peculiarities as you would have before the table of a camera obscura, set up in the middle of Broadway at the busiest season of the year. Let us breathe a little. And now the current changes—the groups are smaller—the intervals longer—and if we can do nothing else, we may watch their step and carriage, the play of colors, and the whimsical motion of their arms and legs while they go hurrying by, these phantoms of the hour. And then, what a world of enjoyment just for the mere

trouble of looking out of a window! Can it be a matter of surprise that, in countries where it is not permitted to women to look at the show in this way, or even to appear at the window, a substitute should be found by so arranging mirrors as to represent within their very bed-chambers whatever happens in the street below?

But the business of the day is nearly over. The chief thoroughfare is well nigh deserted and we may now begin to dwell upon the peculiarities of here and there one, as the laggards go loitering by, some nearer and some further off, but all with a look of independence and leisure not to be mistaken. And why? They have money in their purses—the happy dogs—or what is better than money, character and credit, or experience, or health and strength, and a willingness to oblige.

Not so fast, if you please. What say you to that man with the pale face and coal-black hair?

Let me see. What do I say of that man? Do you observe that slouched hat, and old coat buttoned up to the chin?—the dangling of that old beaver glove, and the huge twisted club—the slow and stately pace, and the close fitting trousers carefully strapped down over a pair of well blacked shoes without heels, and therefore incapable of being mistaken for boots.

There is no mistaking that man. He has seen better days; the world has gone hard with him of late, and he is a—Ah! that lifting of the head as he turns the corner! that gleam of sunshine, as he recovers and touches his hat, after bowing to that fine woman who just brushed him in passing, shows that he is still a gentleman; and, of course, can have nothing to fear, whatever may happen to the rest of the world. Fifty to one, if you dare, that he has just bethought himself of the bankrupt law, of a bad debt which he begins to have some hope of, or of the possibility of making up by his knowledge of the world for what he wants in youth, should he think it worth his while to follow up the acquaintance. Ah!—gone! He disappeared, adjusting his neckcloth, and smiling and looking after the handsome widow, as if debating within himself whether the advantage he had obtained by that one look were really worth pursuing.

What ho! another! A vulgar phantom this—a fellow that has nothing to do. After hurrying past a couple of women, hideously wrapped up, and beyond all doubt, therefore, uglier than the witches of Macbeth, he stops and leers after them—not stopping altogether, but just enough to keep his head turned over his right shoulder—and then walks away, muttering to himself so as to be heard by that ragged boy there, who stands staring after him with both hands grasping his knees, and with *such* a look!

Another yet—and yet another shape! and both walking with their legs bent; both taking long strides, and both finding their way, with the instinct of a blood-hound, never looking up, nor turning to the right or left in their course. Are they partners in trade, or rivals? Do they follow the same business, or were they school-fellows together, some fifty years ago; and are they still running against each

other for a purse they will never find till they have reached the grave together. See! they have cleared that corner, side by side; and now they are stretching away at the same killing pace, neck and neck, toward the Exchange. Of course, they live in the same neighborhood; they are fellow-craftsmen, they have reputations at stake, and are determined never to yield an inch—whatever may happen. But why wouldn't they look up? Was there nothing above worth minding—nothing on the right hand nor on the left of their course, worthy a passing thought? *Whither are they going?* And what will they have learnt or enjoyed, and what will they have to say for themselves when they reach the end of their course?

And that other man, with arms akimbo, a dollar's worth of flour in a bag, slung over his shoulder—why need he strut so—and why does n't he walk faster? Has he no sympathy for the rest of the world, not he; or does he only mean to say, in so many words, *that* for such weather! and *that* for every fellow I see, who is n't able to carry home a dollar's worth of flour to his family every Saturday night! Does he believe that nobody else understands the worth and sweetness of a home-baked loaf?

And that strange looking woman there, with her muff and parasol, her claret-colored cloak, with a huge cape, and that everlasting green veil! What business, now, has such a woman above ground—at this season of the year? Would she set your teeth chattering before the winter sets in? And what on earth does she carry that sun-shade for, toward nightfall, about the last of October—is the woman beside herself?

But she is gone; and in her stead appear three boys, who, but for the season of the year, might be suspected of birdnesting. They are all of a size—all of an age, or thereabouts—and all dressed alike, save that one wears a cloth cap, and the others fur. Yet, like as they are in age and size, and general appearance, anybody may see at a glance that one is a well-educated boy, and a bit of a gentleman—perhaps with spending money for the holidays, while the other two are clumsy scapegraces. Watch them. Observe how the two always keep together, and how, as they go by the windows of that confectionary-shop, first one lags a little in the rear, and then the other, till they have stopped and wheedled their companion into a brief display of his pocket-money. The rogues!—how well they understand his character! See! he has determined to have it all his own way, in spite of their well-managed remonstrances and suggestions; and now they all enter the shop together—he foremost, of course, with a swagger not to be misunderstood for a moment. And now they have sprung the trap! and the poor boy is a beggar!

But who are they? Judge for yourself? Do they not belong, of course, to the same neighborhood? Have they not an air of good-fellowship, which cannot be counterfeited—a something which explains why they are always together, and why they are all dressed alike? How they loiter along, now that they

have squeezed him as dry as an orange, as if they were just returning from a long summer-day's tramp in the wilderness after flowers and birds-nests—the flowers to tear to pieces, and the birds-nests to set up in the school for other boys to have a *sky* at. By to-morrow, they will be asunder for months—he at school afar off, and they at leap-frog or marbles. And after a few years, they will be forgotten by him, and he remembered by them—such being the difference in their early education—as the boy they were allowed to associate with, and to fleece at pleasure when he was nobody but Tom, Dick, or Harry, and thought himself no better than other folks.

But enough—let us leave the win'ow. It is growing dark; and if you are not already satisfied, nothing ever will satisfy you, that the great mass of man-

kind have ears, but they hear not; and eyes, but they see not—and go through the world with their night-caps pulled over both. Poor simpletons!—what would they think of a man who should run for a wager with both feet in one shoe. Are you satisfied?

I am—of one thing.

And what is that?

Why, that a magazine-writer may coin gold out of any thing—out of the golden atmosphere of a summer-evening—or the golden notes he sees playing in the sunshine, on the best possible terms, with the common dust of the trampled highway—or the golden blossoms that fill the hedges—in a word, that with him it should be mere child's play to “extract sunshine from cucumbers.”

## THE OAK-TREE.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

### I.

BEAUTIFUL oak-tree! near my father's dwelling,  
Alone thou standest on the sloping green;  
In size, in strength, all other trees excelling—  
The noblest feature of the rural scene.

Whether with foliage crowned in Summer's glory,  
Or stripped of leaves in winter's icy reign,  
Grandly thou speakest an unchanging story  
Of power and beauty, not bestowed in vain.

I looked upon thee with deep veneration,  
When first my soul acknowledged the sublime,  
And felt the might and grandeur of creation,  
In all that longest braves the shock of Time.

Centuries ago, an acorn, chance-directed,  
Fell on the spot, and then a sapling sprung,  
From driving winds and beating storms protected  
By that kind Heaven which guards the frail and young.

And prouder height with greater age acquiring,  
Fair as when suns on thy first verdure smiled,  
Thou standest now, a forest lord, aspiring  
O'er all thy peers from whom thou art exiled.

Beautiful oak-tree! my most pleasant gambols  
Were, with my dear companions, always played  
Beneath thy branches, and from farthest rambles  
Wearied, we came and rested in thy shade.

Morning and evening, Falls, and Springs, and Summers,  
Here was our Freedom, here we romped and sported;  
And here by moonlight, happiest of all comers,  
In thy dark shadow lovers sat and courted.

And here, when snow in frozen billows bound thee,  
Like a white ocean deluging the land,  
And smaller trunks, or near or far, were round thee  
Like masts of vessels sunken on the strand,

We climbed high up thy naked boughs, enchanted,  
Shaking whole sheets of spotless canvas down,  
And, by keen frosts and breezes nothing daunted,  
Hailed the slow sledges from the neighboring town.

Ah! flown delights! ah! happiness departed!  
What have I known like you, since, light and free,  
And undefiled, and bold and merry-hearted,  
I used to frolic by the old oak-tree!

### II.

Long years ago I left my father's mansion,  
Through many realms, in various climates roamed,  
Speeding away o'er all Earth's wide expansion,  
Where icebergs glittered, and where torrents foamed.

From pole to pole, across the hot Equator,  
Restless as sea-gulls whirling o'er the deep;  
From Snowden's crown to Atna's fiery crater,  
From Indian valley to Caucasian steep;

From Chimborazo, loftiest of all mountains  
Trod by man's foot, to Nova Zembla's shore;  
From Iceland Hecla's ever-boiling fountains,  
To where Cape Horn's incessant surges roar;

From France's vineyards to Antarctic regions,  
From England's pastures to Arabia's sands,  
From the rude North, with her unnumbered legions,  
To the sweet South's depopulated lands;

O'er all those scenes, or beautiful or splendid,  
Which man risks wealth, and peace, and life to see,  
I roved at will—but all my journeys ended,  
Returned to gaze upon the old oak-tree.

But, ah! beneath those broad, outreaching branches,  
What other forms, what different feet had strayed,  
Since I, a youth, went forth to dare the chances  
Which adverse Fortune in my path had laid.

Past my meridian, sinking toward the season  
When Hope's horizon is with clouds o'ercast,  
When sportive Fancy yields to sober Reason,  
I came and questioned the remembered Past.

I came and stood by that oak-tree so hoary,  
Forgetting all the intervening years,  
Stood on that turf, so blent with childhood's story,  
And poured my heart out in one gush of tears.

I had returned to claim my father's dwelling,  
Borne like a walf on Time's returning tide—  
Summoned I came, by one brief missive telling  
That all I left behind and loved had died.

Wiser and sadder than in life's bright morning,  
As softly fall the sun's last rays on me,  
As when I saw their early glow adorning  
The emerald foliage of this old oak-tree.

## PAULINE GREY. OR THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "AARON'S ROD," "TELLING SECRETS," ETC.

(Concluded from page 233.)

THE result of Mr. Grey's investigations *was* decidedly unfavorable. He had much difficulty, in the first place, in obtaining any distinct information at all, most people hating to commit themselves in such a matter. He was generally answered evasively, and one or two merely said, "they knew no good of him."

A friend, however, undertook to make the inquiries, and with much better success than Mr. Grey could do; and he learnt "that young Wentworth was wild, very wild—much in debt, with no business habits; and, in short, that there was not a father in town who would be willing to give his daughter to him."

Mr. Grey, of course, considered this information as decisive, and communicated it to his wife. She received it with mingled feelings of relief and apprehension. There was no danger now of Pauline's having him, but she dreaded telling her so; not that she for a moment doubted Pauline's acquiescence in the decision, about which she herself supposed there could be no two opinions, but only the burst of grief with which she would receive it.

But never was Mrs. Grey more mistaken. Pauline saw nothing in the information that her father had received to change her opinions or feelings at all; "that he was wild—she knew that—he had told her so himself. He had been very wild before he knew her—and in debt—yes, he had told her that too. He had never had any motive to apply himself to business before," and Pauline seemed to think his not having done so as a matter of choice or taste, only showed his superior refinement. In short, she adhered as resolutely to her determination as ever.

What ideas did she, poor girl, attach to the word "wild;" something very vague, and not disgraceful at all. Perhaps a few supper parties, and a little more champagne than was quite proper. She did not know, could not know, the bearing of the term; and as to being in debt, that conveyed little more to her mind. If he owed money it could easily be paid. She knew no more of the petty meanness of small sums borrowed, and little debts contracted every where, than she knew of the low tastes involved in the word "wild."

Mrs. Grey was in despair. But here Mr. Grey interposed. He had never exerted his authority before, but never doubted he had the power when he had the will. He forbade Pauline to think of him.

He might as well have forbade the winds to blow. Pauline vehemently declared she would marry him, and wept passionately; and finally exhausted by the violence of her emotions, went to bed sick.

She kept her room for the next week, wept incessantly, refused to eat, except when absolutely forced to, and gave way to such uncontrolled passion, as soon told upon her slight frame, always delicate.

Mrs. Grey was alarmed; but Mr. Grey, not having seen Pauline since his decision had been communicated to her, was very firm.

"After the first burst was over, Pauline," he said, "would return to her senses."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Grey, "go up stairs and see her yourself; perhaps you can induce her to listen to reason."

And Mr. Grey went to Pauline. He had been prepared to see her looking pale and sad, but he was not prepared for the change that a week's strong excitement had wrought in Pauline's appearance. Her large, black eyes looked larger, and her face smaller from the deadly paleness of her fair skin. Mr. Grey was, indeed, shocked; and either a slight cold, or the nervousness induced by weakness, had brought on the little hacking cough they always so dreaded to hear.

He was much moved. He could not see his child die before his eyes; and it ended in Pauline's tears prevailing, and bringing him to listen to her views, instead of his inducing her to listen to reason. He promised he would do what he could—and once having been brought to hesitate, the natural impatience and decision of his character led him to the very point Pauline desired, of settling the matter as fast as possible; for "if it was to be, let it be done at once," he said.

Mr. Wentworth was recalled. He was all protestations and promises; and Mr. Grey, with a heavy heart, "hoped it might turn out better than they anticipated."

Pauline, at any rate, was restored to present happiness, and her doating parents had the immediate satisfaction of seeing her once again her radiant self, full of joy and gratitude, and confident of the future as secure of the present.

The gay world in which they lived were very much surprised at the announcement of the engagement; at Mr. and Mrs. Grey's consenting to it; and even confounded at hearing that a day—and an early day, too—was actually named for the marriage.

"Is not that extraordinary?" said Mrs. Livingston. "One would really think they were afraid the young man would slip through their fingers. How anxious some people are to marry their daughters!"

"How absurd!" said another; "for I am told they do n't like it, as, of course, they cannot. And she is



so young, that if they delayed it a little while, another season, with the admirers she is sure to have, would put it out of her head."

Lookers on are very wise; and it's a pity actors cannot be equally so. No doubt this would have been the right, and probably the successful course. But Mrs. Grey had no longer any spirit to oppose Pauline, and Mr. Grey, in his impatient agony, seemed to think the sooner it was over the better.

Foolish, unhappy father. He was only riveting his own misery.

But Pauline was radiant. Deep in the excitement of wedding preparations and invitations—for her parents listlessly acquiesced in every thing she asked; and she meant to be married "in pomp, in triumph, and in revelry."

The mornings were spent in shopping, and one could scarcely go into a store where they did not meet Mrs. Grey and Pauline looking over delicate laces, exquisite embroidery, and expensive silks, Pauline's bright face looking brighter than ever, and her youthful voice musical in its gay happiness; and Mrs. Grey looking so dejected, and speaking in the lifeless tones of one who has a heavy sorrow settled on her heart.

Two short months were rapidly consumed in all the arrangements usually made on such occasions—and the wedding day arrived.

Never had Pauline looked so beautiful. The emotions called up by the occasion softened without dimming the brilliancy of her usual beauty. The veil of finest lace, the wreath of fresh and rare exotics, the jeweled arms, all lent their aid to render her surpassingly lovely.

"Pray God it turn out better than we can hope!" was all Mr. Grey could say, to which his wife replied by a sigh, which seemed the fitting response to a prayer uttered with so little hope.

### CHAPTER III.

Mr. and Mrs. Grey had made it a condition with Mr. Wentworth that they were not to lose Pauline, and consequently it was arranged that the young couple were to live at home.

Scarcely were the wedding festivities over before Mrs. Grey remarked that Pauline was nervous when her husband was alone with her father and herself; and that when he entered into conversation, she always joined in hastily, and contrived to engross the greater part of it herself. She evidently did not want him to talk more than could be helped. But much as she shielded him, the truth could not be concealed. Little as Mr. and Mrs. Grey had expected from Wentworth, he fell painfully below their expectations. He was both weak and ignorant—ignorant to a remarkable degree, for one occupying his position in society. It only showed how he had turned from every advantage offered him by education. His sentiments, too, were common; every thing stamped him as a low-minded, coarse-feeling young man—at least they feared so. He might improve. Pauline's influence might do something.

But was Pauline beginning to be at all alive to the truth as it was?

Mrs. Grey feared so; but she could not ascertain. Pauline was affectionate and tender, but not frank with her mother. Mrs. Grey, like most mothers, who, to tell the truth, are not very judicious on this point, would have led Pauline to talk of her husband; but here, she knew not how, Pauline baffled her. She always spoke, and spoke cheerfully and respectfully, of Mr. Wentworth, but in such a general manner, that Mrs. Grey could come to no satisfactory conclusion either way.

The truth was that though Pauline was very young, her character was developing fast. Her heart and her mind were now speaking to her trumpet-tongued—and their voice was appalling.

Her husband was daily revealing himself in his true character to her; and the idol of her imagination was fast coming forth as an idol of clay. But though Pauline was willful, she had other and great and noble qualities. An instinct told her at once that no complaint of her husband must pass her lips. Pride whispered that she had chosen her own lot, and must bear it, and love still murmured, "Hope on—all is not yet lost." But she grew pale and thin, and though she was animated, and talked, perhaps, more than ever, Mrs. Grey imagined, for she could not tell to a certainty, that her animation was forced, and her conversation nervous.

Mr. Wentworth seemed soon to weary of the calm quiet of the domestic circle, for of an evening he was beginning to take his hat and go to the club, staying at first but for an hour or so, and gradually later and later.

"I am not going up stairs yet, mamma," said Pauline, "I will sit up for Mr. Wentworth."

"Robert will let him in, Pauline," replied Mrs. Grey, anxiously. "You are looking pale, my child—you had better go up."

"Very well," answered Pauline, quietly; and her mother satisfied, retired to her own room, supposing Pauline had done the same. But Pauline had let the man sit up for her husband the night before; and she had heard her mother, as she happened to be passing in the hall when Mrs. Grey did not see her, finding fault with him for being late in the morning; to which the servant answered, in extenuation, that he had been up so late for Mr. Wentworth that he had overslept himself.

"How late was it, Robert?" asked Mrs. Grey, in a low voice.

"Near two, ma'am," replied the man.

"Near two!" repeated Mrs. Grey, as if to herself—and a heavy sigh told Pauline better than any comments could have done what was passing in her mother's mind. She determined that henceforth no servant should have her husband in his power again. So when she had heard her mother's door close for the night, she rang for the man and said,

"Robert, you can go to bed now, I will sit up for Mr. Wentworth."

"My child, how thin and pale you grow," Mrs. Grey would say, anxiously; "and that little cough

of yours, too, Pauline—how it distresses me. What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing, mother," Pauline would reply, cheerfully; "I always cough a little, you know, if I am not well. And if I am looking paler and thinner than usual, that is to be expected—is it not?"

"I suppose so," Mrs. Grey would reply, half satisfied for the present that perhaps Pauline had truly accounted for her wan looks.

Ah! little did she know of the late hours of harassing watching that, night after night, Pauline spent waiting the coming in of her truant husband; and less did she know of the agonized feelings of the young wife, as she read in the glassy eye and flushed brow of her husband, the meaning of that once insignificant word "wild," which now she was beginning to apprehend in all its disgusting reality.

Pauline's spirit sometimes rose, and she remonstrated with Wentworth; but his loud tones subdued her at once. Not that she yet feared him, but dreaded lest those tones should reach her mother's ear. The one absorbing feeling, next to bitter disappointment, was concealment.

"Mother," she said, one day, "I want you to listen to what I have to say—and do not reject my proposition until you have fully considered it. Mr. Wentworth wants to go to housekeeping."

"To housekeeping, Pauline!" exclaimed Mrs. Grey. "Why, Pauline, Mr. Wentworth promised to remain with us—"

"Yes, mother," interrupted Pauline, "and will keep his promise if you say so. But what I wish is, that you should not oppose it."

"What is there, my child," said Mrs. Grey, "that he has not, or that you have not here, that you can have in your own house. Only say it, Pauline, and any thing, every thing either you or he wish, shall be done."

Pauline was affected to tears by her mother's tone and manner, and she said,

"Dearest mother, there is nothing that love and tenderness can do, that you and my father have not done. Do not think that I am insensible or ungrateful. Oh, no! never was your love so important to me as now—" she here checked herself. "But, mother, what I would say—what I think, is, that Mr. Wentworth, that no man can feel perfectly at ease in another's house; and that a young man, perhaps, hardly feels his responsibility as the head of a family, while living at home; that his respectability before the world—in short, I think, I *feel*, that it would be better for Mr. Wentworth if he were in his own house."

And beyond this last intimation Pauline could not be drawn, although Mrs. Grey did her best to pursue the theme and draw her out. She only said, "Well, mother, think it over, and talk to father about it."

And Mrs. Grey did talk to her husband, and found, to her surprise, that he agreed with Pauline.

"I believe she is right," he said. "Wentworth and ourselves cannot live much longer together. I believe it will be for our mutual happiness that we be partially separated."

"If I were only satisfied that she is satisfied," urged Mrs. Grey. "But Pauline is so reserved about her husband."

"And Pauline is right, my dear," replied Mr. Grey, with deep emotion. "I honor her for it. My poor child has drawn a sad lot, and nobly is she bearing it. We must aid her and comfort her as we can, Alice; and if she wills that we be deaf and blind, deaf and blind we must be. God bless her!" he added, fervently. "My angel daughter."

And so arrangements on the most liberal scale were made for Pauline's separate establishment; for, to tell the truth, it was rather Pauline's wish than her husband's. She thought that if they were alone, she could exert some influence over him, which now she was afraid of attempting lest it might bring exposure with it. Pauline had borne much, but not from fear. She had a brave, high spirit. She did not tremble before Wentworth; but both pride and love—yes, love even *for him*, and deep, surpassing love for her parents, led her to adopt her present course.

Poor child! she did not know she was only withdrawing herself from their protection.

Pauline had not been long at housekeeping before she found it involved with it a source of domestic unhappiness she had not anticipated; and that was in the character and manners of the associates who her husband now brought home with him, and who at her father's house she had been protected from seeing.

Wentworth had the outward appearance and manner of a gentleman, whatever he might be in point of fact; but there were those among his friends, and one in particular, a Mr. Strickland, from whom Pauline instinctively shrank, as being neither a gentleman nor a man of principle. She looked upon him, too, as leading Wentworth astray; and at any rate felt he was a person her husband had no right to bring into her presence. She remonstrated with him more than once on the subject, and he warmly defended his friend, and said her suspicions were as unfounded as unwarrantable, and finally got in a passion, and declared he would bring whom he chose to his own house. Pauline firmly declared that he might do that, but that *she* was equally mistress of her own actions, and would *not* receive Mr. Strickland as an acquaintance. If he chose to ask him there, she would retire as he entered.

Wentworth was very angry—quite violent in fact; but Pauline remained unshaken—and he left the house in great displeasure.

He did not return until late. Pauline had given him up, and just ordered dinner when he entered. As he came in he said loudly, "Walk in, Strickland;" and there was something in the eye of both, as they entered, that told Pauline that their quarrel had been communicated by her husband to his friend, for Strickland's expression was both foolish and insolent; and Wentworth evidently had been put up to brave it out.

Pauline colored deeply, and rose to leave the

room just as the folding-doors of the dining-room were thrown open. Wentworth hastily stepped forward, and taking her arm with a grasp, the firmness of which he himself was unaware at the time, said, "Take your place at the table."

The print of his fingers was left on her delicate wrist as he withdrew his hand; but Pauline was too proud to subject herself to further indignity in the presence of a stranger; and though she read triumph in his insolent eye, she took her place silently at the head of the table.

Wentworth drank freely of wine, for he was evidently laboring under both embarrassment and excitement. The conversation was such as to cause the blood to mount to Pauline's temples more than once, but she firmly kept her seat until the cloth was removed and the servants withdrew, and then she rose.

Wentworth said, "You ~~are~~ not going yet!" but there was a look in her eyes, ~~was~~ she turned it on him, that silenced all further remonstrance on his part. A coarse laugh she heard as she closed the door, whether of derision or triumph she could not tell; but she went to her own room, and double-locked the doors, and paced the floor in great excitement until she heard the offending stranger leave.

Then she descended to the parlor, looking pale, but her bright eyes clear, and resolve in every lineament. Wentworth was alone, standing on the rug, with his back to the fire as she entered.

He evidently quailed as he encountered her full glance, but instantly made an effort, and attempted to bluster it out.

She approached close up to him before she spoke, and then said in a clear, low voice.

"I am not come to reproach or to listen to recriminations, but to tell you I never will submit to such insult again." And baring her delicate wrist where the mark of his fingers was now turning black, said, "Should my father see that, you well know the consequence. I have nothing more to say, but remember it," and passing through the room, she left him speechless with contending feelings, shame predominating perhaps over the others, and retired once more to her room.

Mr. and Mrs. Grey dined with Pauline the next day, and Wentworth did his best to behave himself well. He was attentive and respectful to them, affectionate to Pauline.

She looked very pale, however, though she made an effort to be cheerful and animated. At dinner the loose sleeve of her dress falling back as she raised her hand, her mother exclaimed, "Oh, Pauline, what is the matter with your wrist?"

Glancing slightly at her husband, who obviously changed color and looked uneasy, she said quietly, as she drew her bracelet over the dark stains, "I struck it and bruised it." Wentworth's brow cleared, and there was a look of grateful affection in his eye which Pauline had not seen for many a day.

Mr. and Mrs. Grey returned home better satisfied with their son-in-law than they had been almost since his marriage. So little often do the nearest friends

know of what is going on in the hearts of those dearest to them.

We will not trace Mr. Wentworth's career more closely. It is a common one—that of a "wild" young man settling into a dissipated one. Mr. Grey heard occasionally who his associates were; and he knew them to be men without character, a kind of gentlemen "blacklegs." He heard intimations, too, of his habits, and intemperance was leaving its traces in his once rather handsome countenance.

But from Pauline came no murmur. And soon the birth of a daughter seemed to absorb all her feelings, and opened, they trusted, an independent source of happiness for their unhappy child.

Pauline had hoped that the birth of her infant might effect some favorable change in her husband's conduct. But here again she was open to a new disappointment. "He hated girls," he said. "If it had been a fine boy, it would not have been so bad."

Pauline sighed, and as she pressed her darling to her heart, thanked God in silence that it was not a son, who might by a possibility resemble his father.

The child was a delicate infant from its birth; and whether it was the constant sound of its little wailing cries, or that Wentworth was jealous of the mother's passionate devotion to the little creature, or perhaps something of both, but he fairly seemed to hate it as the months went on. But rude and even brutal though he might be, he could not rob Pauline of the happiness of her deep love. She turned resolutely from her husband to her child. What comfort earth had left for her, she would take there.

The long summer months and the infant pined away, and the beautiful mother seemed wasting with it. Mr. and Mrs. Grey were out of town for a few weeks, during which the child became alarmingly low. The physician gave Pauline little hope. It was too weak to be removed for change of air. Nature might rally, but nothing more could be done for it. Pauline attempted to detain her husband by her side, but he shook her rudely off, saying, "Nonsense, you are always fancying the brat ill!" and the young mother was left desolate by the little bed of her dying baby.

We will pass over those hours of agony, for there are no words that can describe them; but by midnight its young spirit had winged its flight to Heaven, and the heart-broken mother wept over it in an anguish few even of parents ever knew.

"That's Mr. Wentworth's step," said the nurse in a low voice to her, as he passed the nursery door.

"Shall I go to him, ma'am?"

"No," said Pauline, "I will go. Do you stay here." And rising firmly, she went to her husband's room.

He was lying dressed on the bed as she approached. She laid her hand on his shoulder. He opened his eyes and looked stupidly at her. She told him their child was dead—and he laughed a stupid, brutal laugh—the laugh of intoxication.

Pauline shuddered from head to foot, and returned to the bed of her dead child; and when Mr. and Mrs. Grey, who had been sent for, arrived in the morning,

they found her as she had lain all night, her arms clasped round the infant, and moaning wildly, as one who has no hope on earth.

"Take me—take me home!" she said, as she threw herself into her mother's arms.

"Never, my child, to be parted from us again," said her father, as he pressed her passionately to his heart.

They understood each other, and when the funeral was over, without one word to Wentworth—for Pauline could bear nothing more—Mr. Grey took Pauline home.

That night she was in a high fever, and for two or three days she continued alarmingly ill—but at the end of that time she was enabled to sit up.

Mr. Grey had, meanwhile, seen Wentworth; but the nature of their conversation he did not repeat to his daughter.

One afternoon, however, he came into her sick room, and said,

"Pauline, are you strong enough to see your husband. He entreats to see you, if but for a few minutes." Pauline murmured an acquiescence.

"My dear," said Mr. Grey, "you must leave them—I have promised it; but Mrs. Granger (the nurse) will remain."

Wentworth presently entered. He seemed calm, for the nurse's eye was upon him; asked her how she was, and talked for a few minutes, and then getting up, as if to take Pauline's hand for farewell, he approached his lips close to her ear, said some low muttered words, and left the room.

Pauline did not speak for some time after he had withdrawn, and the nurse receiving no answer to some question she had asked her, went up to her, and found she had fainted.

Shivering succeeded to fainting fits—faintings to shivering; they thought that night that she was dying.

A few days after she said, in a quick, low, frightened voice to her mother,

"Lock the doors mother, quick!"

Much startled, Mrs. Grey did instantly as Pauline requested, and then her ear, less fine than the sensitive organ of her unhappy daughter, caught the sound of Wentworth's voice in the hall below.

"Fear not, my Pauline," she said, as she took her in her arms, "your father will protect you;" but no sound escaped Pauline's lips. She was evidently intently listening. Soon loud voices were heard, doors shutting—and then the street door with a bang.

Presently Mr. Grey's measured tread was heard coming up stairs, and next his hand was on the lock.

"Is he alone?" were the first words Pauline had uttered since she had heard her husband's voice.

"He is, my child."

"Pauline, fear not, you shall never see him again," were the words of her father, uttered in a calm but deep voice.

That night Pauline slept tranquilly, for the first time almost since she had known Wentworth.

She seemed revived in the morning, and Mrs. Grey's hopes rose again, but only to be dashed once more forever.

The iron had eaten too deeply in her soul. Pauline's slight frame had no power of renovation. The spirit seemed to grow brighter and brighter as she wasted away. Unutterable love and gratitude looked out from her eyes, as she turned them from her father and mother, alternately; but she was too weak to say much, and gently thus she faded away to fall asleep upon earth, awakening a purified and regenerated spirit in heaven.

Her's was "a broken and a contrite heart," and of such is the kingdom of heaven.

—  
Could mortal agony such as Mr. Grey's be added to, as he followed his idolized child to the grave?

Yes—even there something was to be added—for Wentworth, as chief mourner, stepped forward and offered his arm to the unhappy father, which, even at that moment, and in that presence, Mr. Grey could not help shaking off.

—  
And what have this childless, broken-hearted couple left of their beautiful daughter?

A picture—delicate and lovely in its lineaments, but "To those who see thee not, my words are weak, To those who gaze on thee, what language could they speak."

The canvas must fail in the life-speaking eye; and exquisite though the pictured image be, oh! how cold to those who knew and idolized the beautiful original.

Heaven help you, unhappy parents! Your all was wrecked in that one frail bark. Though friends may sympathize at first, yet they will grow weary of your grief—for such is human nature. God comfort you! for there is no earthly hope for those who have lost their only child.

## SONNET.—TO A MINIATURE.

IMAGE of loveliness! in thee I view

The bright, the fair, the perfect counterpart,  
Of that which love hath graven on my heart.

In every lineament, to nature true,

Methinks I can discern *her* spirit through

Each feature gleaming; soft, serene and mild,

And gentle as when on me first she smiled,

23\*

Stirring my heart with passions strange and new.

Would that my tongue could celebrate the praise

Of thy divine original, or swell

The general chorus, or in lofty lays

Of her celestial grace and beauty tell,

But fancy flutters on her unplumed wing,

None but an angel's harp, an angel's praise should sing.

C. R. T.

## WHORTLEBERRYING.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

ABOUT the middle of August, the village was honored by repeated visits from the little ragged population of "Barlow's Settlement," on the "Barrens," with quantities of whortleberries for sale. "Want any huckleberries to-day?" was heard all over. You could n't stir abroad without some urchin with a smirched face—a tattered coat, whose skirts swept the dust, showing, evidently, its paternal descent, and pantaloons patched in the most conspicuous places, more picturesque than decent—thrusting a basket of the rich fruit into your very face, with an impudent yell of "huckleberries, sir?" or some little girl, the edges of whose scanty frock were irregularly scalloped, making a timid courtesy, saying meekly, "Don't you want some berries to-day, sir? nice berries, sir, just picked!"

At length Bill Brattle, who is a resident of the settlement, came into the village, and said in Wilson's bar-room, "that he 'd lived on the Barrens nigh on six years, and he 'd *never* in all that 'ere time seed sich an all-fired grist of huckleberries. Why there was acres on acres on 'em, and he did n't tell no lie when he said that the airth was perfectly blue with 'em."

This soon got about, and the consequence was a whortleberry party the very next day. A number of the young people, of both sexes, started in several conveyances, and about noon found themselves, after rumbling through the covered bridge on the Neversink River, climbing slowly up the steep winding hill that ascends from the east bank of the stream, and whence was a beautiful view of the valley below.

Now there are many fine views in Sullivan. It is an exceedingly picturesque county. It has all the charms of precipitous hills, winding valleys, dark wooded gorges, lovely river-flats, and meandering streams. It is sufficiently cultivated to have the beauty of rural landscape softening the forest scenery, without disturbing to any great degree its wildness and grandeur.

This Neversink valley river, although not among the finest, is nevertheless a very lovely one—

Beneath—the clear placid stream comes coursing from the north, through narrow but beautiful flats, in all the pomp of rural wealth, wrinkled with corn-fields, bearded with rye, and whitened with buck-wheat, imaging old age rejoicing amongst its blessings. Opposite, rise steep hills in all the stages of cultivation—the black logging—the grain waving amidst stumps—and the smooth grassy meadow—whilst at the south, where the little river makes a bold turn, the sweet landscape is lost in the deep mantle of the aboriginal forest.

Mastering the hill, the whole cavalcade was soon turning into a stony, root-tangled, miry road, leading

from the turnpike into the heart of the "Barrens," the territory of the desired fruit. After sinking and jolting for some little distance, we came to a part of the track which had been laid over with small parallel logs, close to each other, and forming what is called in country parlance "a corduroy road." We "bumped along" (as Jim Stokes, one of our party, a plain young farmer, expressed it) over this railway of the woods, until our bones seemed so loose we thought we could hear them rattle at every jolt; and at last stopped at a large log cabin which had been fitted up as a tavern.

A fierce eagle, with his head nearly all eye, one striped claw grasping a bundle of arrows, and the other the American flag, served for the sign, and was elevated upon a tall hickory sapling, with the ambitious legend of "Eagle Hotel; by A. Pritchard," flaunting in a scroll from the ferocious bird's mouth.

A smaller log structure, with one large door, and a square opening over it, through which a haymow seemed thrusting its brown head, as if to look abroad, with a warm glow of sunshine upon it, told plainly that our horses at all events would not suffer.

In a short time we scattered ourselves over the ground in the vicinity, in search of our fruit. The appearance of things around was quite characteristic of the region generally. The principal growth were a dwarf species of oak, called in the language of the country "scrub-oak"—low shaggy spruces—stunted gnarled pines, and here and there, particularly in low places, tall hemlocks. The earth was perfectly bestrewn with loose stones, between which, however, the moss showed itself, thick and green, with immense quantities of that beautiful creeping plant called the "ground pine," winding and twining its rich emerald branching fingers in every direction. Scores of cattle-paths were twisting and interlacing all around us, giving, in fact, to the scene, notwithstanding its barrenness, a picturesque appearance. There were stone-fences also intersecting each other every where, erected for no earthly purpose, as I could perceive, but to make way with some part of the vast quantities of stone scattered about; for as to cultivating the lots, that was entirely out of the question.

There was some little pasturage, however, and the bells of the browsing cows were heard tinkling in a pleasing manner, and giving somewhat of a social character to the desolate landscape.

We were all soon immersed in our search. The bushes were crouching all around us, bearing their rich clusters of misty blue berries, covered with the soft beautiful down that vanished at the touch leaving the berry dark and glittering as the eye of a squirrel. How like is the down of the fruit to the first gossamer down of the heart—and ah! how soon

the latter also vanishes at the rude touch of the world. The pure virgin innocence with which God robes the creature when fresh from His holy hand! why cannot it stay! why, oh why, does it so soon depart and leave the soul disrobed of its charm and loveliness. Harsh world, bad world! it destroys all it touches.

Ahem! we'll return.

Merry laughter breaks out from the girls, and playful scrambles occur amongst them as to who should secure the most fruit. The berries pour in handfuls in the baskets, which show in some cases signs of plethora. I tell you what it is, reader, there is sport in picking whortleberries. Strawberries pout their rich mouths so low that it gives a sore temptation to the blood to make an assault upon the head, causing you, when you lift it, to look darkly upon various green spots dancing about your eyes. Raspberries again, and blackberries, sting like the dev—I beg pardon, making your hands twitch up like a fit of St. Vitus' dance. But picking whortleberries is all plain sailing. Here are the berries and there are your baskets; no getting on your knees, (although it must be confessed the bushes are somewhat low,) and no pricking your fingers to the verge of swearing.

We all hunt in couples—a lover and his sweet-heart—and take different paths. My companion was a tall black-eyed girl, the sight of whom always made my heart beat quicker, in those unsophisticated days. Rare sport we had, and so, doubtless, had the rest. Pick, pick, pick went the fingers—and rattle, rattle, rattle in the baskets ran the berries. Glorious sport! glorious times! We talked, too, as we picked—indeed why should we not—we had the whole English language to ourselves, and no one to disturb us in it—and I tell you what it is—if people can't talk they had better sell their tongue to the surgeons and live only through their eyes. What's the use of existing without talk—ay, and small talk too. Small talk is (as somebody I believe says, although I am not certain, but no matter) the small change of society, and who has n't the small change, ten chances to one has n't the large. However, we'll change the theme.

We hear in the distance the hum of male voices, and the light silvery tones of female, broken in upon by frequent laughter and the music of the cow-bells, tingle lingle, tink clink—here—there—far off and near.

All of a sudden, as I part a large thick cluster of whortleberry bushes, I hear an indescribably quick rattle, amounting to a hum as it were—fearful and thrilling in the extreme. I start back, but as I do so I see in the gloom of the bushes two keen blazing orbs, and a long scarlet tongue quivering and dancing like a curl of fire. "A rattlesnake—a rattlesnake," I cry involuntarily—my companion gives a little shriek, and in a moment several of our company, of both sexes, are hastening toward us. It is a peculiarity or want of ability in the reptile to dart only its length, and my first recoil had placed me, I knew, beyond its reach. But there stood the leafy

den, studded all over with a profusion of beautiful gems, and although the rattle had ceased, there to a certainty was the enraged monster, swelling doubtless in his yellow venom; for it is another trait of the crawling, poisonous demons never to desert their post, (rather a good trait, by the way, not always possessed by those erect rattlesnakes, men,) and we must get rid of the dragon before we could come at the fruit. Well! what was to be done! We couldn't think of leaving the field—that would be too bad—to be driven off by a snake, and before the eyes of our Dulcineas too—it could n't be thought of! So one of us cuts a pole with a crotch at the end—the rest of us arm ourselves with stones and sticks, and then the poleman commences his attack upon the bush. Ha! that was a thrust, well aimed! hear him rattle, hum-m-m—how the bush flutters! he sprang then! That was a good thrust! Jupiter, how he rattles! see, see, see, there are his eyes! ugh! there's his tongue! now he darts out his head and neck! Heavens! what malignant rage and ferocity. Keep back, girls! don't be too curious to see! Thrust him again! How he makes the bush flutter! how his eyes shoot around! how his tongue darts in and out—and whirr-r-r-r-r—how his rattles shake. Now he comes out, head up, tongue out, eyes like coals of fire—give him the stones now—a full battery of them! Halloo! what's Sloan about there with his crotched pole. Well planted, by Jupiter! right around his neck. Ha! ha! ha! how he twists and turns and writhes about—how he would like to bite! how he would like to strike some of that tawny poison of his into our veins! Yes, yes, your snakeship! but it won't do! "you can't come it," as Loafing Jim says, "no how you can fix it."

He's a tremendous snake though—full four feet! u-g-h! only think of his crawling around and catching hold of the calf of your leg! Not so pleasant as picking whortleberries, to say the least of it. See his gray mottled skin! though it looks beautiful, flashing in the rays of the sun—and then the ribbed white of his undershape! However, what shall we do with him! Sloan, hold him tight now, and I'll aim at his head. Good sharp stone this—whew—well aimed, although I say it—I think he must have felt it this time. Halloo! another stone—from Weacott. I fancy that made his head ache! And that one has crushed it as flat as a—griddle-cake.

We again, after this terrific battle, (a dozen against one though I must confess,) scatter among the bushes. Awful onslaughts are again made amongst the berries, and our baskets (those at all events in sight) are plumping up with the delicious, ripe, azure balls. I have forgotten to mention, though, that it is a very warm day. The sky is of a pale tint, as if the bright, pure, deep blue had been blanched out by the heat; and all around the horizon are wan thunder-caps thrusting up their peaks and summits. It looks decidedly thunderish.

What's that again! another alarm? How that girl does scream out there! What on earth is the matter! We rush around a sand-bank, looking warm and yellow in the sun, and we see the cause of the out-

break. There is Caroline G. shrinking back as if she would like to evaporate into thin air, and executing a series of shrieks, with her open mouth, of the most thrilling character. Young Mason is a little in front, with a knotted stick, doubtless just picked up, whilst some ten or twelve rods in advance is a great shaggy black bear, very coolly helping himself to the contents of the two baskets hitherto borne by the couple, giving himself time, however, every now and then to look out of his little black eyes at the rightful owners, with rather a spiteful expression, but protruding at the same time his red tongue, like a clown at the circus, as if enjoying the joke of their picking and he eating. Afterward I learned that they had deposited their baskets on the ground under a loaded bush, for greater facility in securing the fruit, when suddenly they heard a blow and a snort, and looking where the queer sounds came from, they saw his Bruinship's white teeth and black phiz within a foot or two of them, directly over the bush. Abandoning their baskets, they retreated in double quick time, and while Mason sought and found a club for defence, Caroline made haste to clear her voice for the most piercing efforts, and succeeded in performing a succession of sustained vocal flights, that a steam whistle could n't much more than match. The sight as we came up was in truth somewhat alarming, but Bruin did n't seem disposed to be hostile except against the whortleberries, which he certainly made disappear in the most summary manner; so we, after hushing with difficulty Caroline's steam whistle, (I beg her pardon,) stood and watched him. After he had discussed the contents of the baskets, he again looked at us, and, rearing himself upon his hind legs, with his fore paws hanging down like a dancing Shaker, made two or three awkward movements, as if dancing an extempore hornpipe, either in triumph or to thank us for his dinner; he next opened his great jaws in resemblance to a laugh, again thrust out his tongue, saying plainly by it, "had n't you better pick some more whortleberries," then deliberately fell upon his fore feet and stalked gravely and solemnly away. As for ourselves, we went where he did n't.

It wanted now about an hour to sundown, and this was the time agreed upon by all of us to reunite at Pritchard's and start for home. The beautiful charm of light and shade cast by the slanting rays already began to rest upon the scene. The small oaks were glowing through and through—the thick spruces were kindled up in their outer edges—the patches of moss looked like carpets of gold spread by the little genii of the woods—the whortleberry bushes were drenched in rich radiance, the fruit seeming like the concentrated radiance in the act of dropping—whilst the straggling, tall, surly grenadiers of hemlocks had put on high-pointed yellow caps, with rays streaking through their branches like muskets. The cow-bells were now tinkling everywhere, striking in an odd jumble of tones—tinkle ling, tingle ling tingle— as their owners collected together to eat their way to their respective milking places—and all told us *that the day was drawing to a close*. Independently

of this, a dark crag of cloud was lifting itself in the southwest, with a pale glance of lightning shooting out of it occasionally, hinting very strongly of an approaching thunder-storm.

In about half an hour we were all re-assembled at Pritchard's. I believe I have not described the scenery around this little log tavern. There was a ravine at some little distance from it, densely clothed with forest. Through it a stream found its way. Directly opposite the side porch, the ravine spread widely on each side, shaping a broad basin of water, and then, contracting again, left a narrow throat across which a dam had been thrown. Over this dam the stream poured in a fall of glittering silver, of about ten feet, and then, pursuing its way through the "Barrens," fell into the Sheldrake Brook several miles below. Here, at the fall, Pritchard had erected a saw-mill.

Now people don't generally think there is any thing very picturesque about saw-mills, but I do. The weather-beaten boards of the low structure, some hanging awry, some with great knot-holes, as if they were gifted with orbs of vision, or were placed there for the mill to breathe through, some fractured, as if the saw had at times become outrageous at being always shut up and made to work there for other people, and had dashed against them, determined to gain its liberty—whilst some seem as if they had become so tantalized by the continual jar of the machinery, that they had loosened their nails, and had set up a clatter and shake themselves in opposition—these are quite picturesque. Then the broad opening in front, exposing the glittering saw bobbing up and down, and pushing its sharp teeth right through the bowels of the great peeled log fastened with iron claws to the sliding platform beneath—the gallows-like frame in which the saw works—the great strap belonging to the machinery issuing out of one corner and gliding into another—the sawyer himself, in a red shirt, now wheeling the log into its place with his handspike and fastening it—and now lifting the gate by the handle protruding near him—the axe leaning at one side and the rifle at the other—the loose floor covered with saw-dust—the stained rafters above with boards laid across for a loft—the dark sloping slab-roof—the great black wheel continually at war with the water, which, dashing bravely against it, finds itself carried off its feet into the buckets, and whirled half around, and then coolly dismissed into the stream below—the long flume through which the water rushes to the unequal fray, and—what next!

Then the pond, too, is not to be overlooked. There are generally some twenty or thirty logs floating in one corner, close to each other, and breaking out into great commotion every time the gate is hoisted—the otter is now and then seen gliding in the farther nooks—and a quick eye may catch, particularly about the dam, where he generally burrows, a glimpse of the musk-rat as he dives down. Now and then too the wild duck will push his beautiful shape with his bright feet through it—the snipe will alight and "teer," as the children say, along the

anks—the woodcock will show his brownish red osom amongst the reeds as he comes to stick his ong bill into the black ooze for sucking, as dock- oys stick straws into molasses hogheads—and once a great while, the sawyer, if he's wide awake, will see, in the Spring or Fall, the wild goose leav- ing his migrating wedge overhead, and diving and uttering about in it, as a momentary bathing place, and to rest for a time his throat, hoarse with uttering is laughably wise and solemn “honk, honk.” Nor must the ragged and smirched-faced boys be forgot- en, eternally on the logs, or the banks, or in the rky scow, with their twine and pin-hooks catching spawney-cooks,” and “bull-heads” as worthless as themselves, and as if that were their only business a life. And then the streak of saw-dust running long in the midst of the brook below, and forming elbow nooks to imprison bubbles and sticks and waves and what not, every now and then making a t outward and joining the main body—and lastly the aw-mill yard, with its beards, white, dark and olden, piled up in great masses, with narrow lanes unning through—and gray glistening logs, with their ark coats off, waiting their turn to be “boarded.”

The cloud had now risen higher, with its ragged ointed edges, and murky bosom—sharper lightning asbed athwart it, sometimes in trickling streaks, nd sometimes in broad glances, whilst low growls f thunder were every now and then heard. The un was already swallowed up—and a strange, un- atural, ghastly glare was upon every object. The tmosphere was motionless—not a stir in the thickets round, not a movement in the forest at the ravine. hrough the solemn silence the crash of the falling ater came upon the ear, and its gleam was caught gainst the black background of the cloud. It really eemed as if Nature held her breath in anticipating rror. Higher and higher rose the cloud—ficer nd fiercer flashed the lightning, sterner and sterner ame the peals of the solemn thunder. Still Nature eld her breath, still fear deep and brooding reigned. he wild tint still was spread over all things—the ines and hemlocks near at hand seeming blanched rish affright beneath it. Suddenly a darkness smote e air—a mighty rush was heard—the trees seemed lling upon their faces in convulsions, and with a ock as if the atmosphere had been turned into a recipitated mountain, amidst a blinding flash and aring, splitting roar, onward swept the blast. An- ther flash—another roar—then tumbled the great eeted rain. Like blows of the hammer on the rvil beat it on the water—like the smittings of a ounted host trampled it upon the roof—like the ay flying from the cataract smoked it upon the

earth. The fierce elements of fire and air and water were now at the climax of their strife—the dark blended shadow of the banners under which they fought almost blotting out the view. Occasionally glimpses of writhing branches could be seen, but only for a moment—all again was dim and obscure, with the tremendous sights and sounds of the storm dazzling the eye and stunning the ear. The lightning would flash with intolerable brilliancy, and immediately would follow the thunder with a rattling leap as if springing from its lair, and then with a deafen- ing, awful weight, as if it had fallen and been splin- tered into pieces in the sky. Then would re-open the steady deep boom of the rain, and the stern rush- ing of the chainless wind. At length the air became clearer—the lightning glared at less frequent intervals—the thunder became more rolling and distant, and the tramp of the rain upon the roof less violent. The watery streaks in the atmosphere waxed finer—out- lines of objects began to be defined—till suddenly, as a growl of thunder died away in the east, a rich thread of light ran along the landscape, that looked out smiling through its tears; and thronging out into the damp fresh, sweet air, where the delicate gauze- like rain was glittering and trembling, we saw on one hand the great sun looking from a space of glow- ing sky upon the scene, and dashing upon the part- ing clouds the most superb and gorgeous hues— whilst on the other smiled the lovely rainbow, the Ariel of the tempest, spanning the black cloud and soaring over the illuminated earth, like Hope spread- ing her brilliant halo over the Christian's brow, and brightening with her beautiful presence his impend- ing death.

We all concluded to wait for the moon to rise be- fore we started for home, and in the meanwhile an- other cloud arose and made demonstration. This storm, however, was neither so long nor so violent as the first, and we found attraction in viewing the lightning striking into ghastly convulsions the land- scape—so that the falling rain—the bowed trees—the drenched earth—the streaked mill, and the gleam- ing water-fall were opened to our view for an instant, and then dropped as it were again into the blackness. But after a while the sky cleared its forehead of all its frowns—the broad moon wheeled up—and in her rich glory we again moved slowly along the rough road, until we came to the smooth turnpike, where we dashed along homeward, with the cool, scented air in our faces, and the sweet smile of the sun's gentle and lovely sister resting all about us, making the magnificent Night appear like Day with a veil of softening silver over his dazzling brow.

## STANZAS.

Be firm, and be cheerful. The creature who lightens  
The natural burdens of life when he may,  
Who smiles at small evils, enhances and brightens  
The pleasures which Heaven has spread in his way.

Then why yield your spirits to care and to sorrow?  
Rejoice in the present, and smile while you may;  
Nor, by thinking of woes which may spring up to-morrow,  
Lose the blessings which Heaven has granted to-day.



## EURYDICE.

BY FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

With heart that thrilled to every earnest line,  
I had been reading o'er that antique story,  
Wherein the youth half human, half divine,  
Of all love-lore the Eidolon and glory,  
Child of the Sun, with music's pleading spell,  
In Pluto's palace swept, for love, his golden shell!

And in the wild, sweet legend, dimly traced,  
My own heart's history unfolded seemed:—  
Ah! lost one! by thy lover-minstrel graced  
With homage pure as ever woman dreamed,  
Too fondly worshiped, since such fate befell,  
Was it not sweet to die—because beloved too well?

The scene is round me!—Throned amid the gloom,  
As a flower smiles on Ætna's fatal breast,  
Young Proserpine beside her lord doth bloom;  
And near—of Orpheus' soul, oh! idol blest!—  
While low for thee he tunes his lyre of light,  
I see thy meek, fair form dawn through that lurid night!

I see the glorious boy—his dark locks wreathing  
Wildly the wan and spiritual brow,  
His sweet, curved lip the soul of music breathing;  
His blue Greek eyes, that speak Love's loyal vow;  
I see him bend on *thee* that eloquent glance,  
The while those wondrous notes the realm of terror  
trance!

I see his face, with more than mortal beauty  
Kindling, as armed with that sweet lyre alone,  
Pledged to a holy and heroic duty,  
He stands serene before the awful throne,  
And looks on Hades' horrors with clear eyes,  
Since thou, his own adored Eurydice, art nigh!

Now soft and low a prelude sweet uprings,  
As if a prisoned angel—pleading there  
For life and love—were fettered 'neath the strings,  
And poured his passionate soul upon the air!  
Aton, it clangs with wild, exultant swell,  
Till the full pean peals triumphantly through Hell!

And thou—thy pale hands meekly locked before thee—  
Thy sad eyes drinking *life* from his dear gaze—  
Thy lips apart—thy hair a halo o'er thee,  
Trailing around thy throat its golden maze—  
Thus—with all words in passionate silence dying—  
Within thy soul I hear Love's eager voice replying—

“Play on, mine Orpheus! Lo! while these are gazing,  
Charmed into statues by thy God-taught strain,  
I—I alone, to thy dear face upraising  
My tearful glance, the life of life regain!  
For every tone that steals into my heart  
Doth to its worn, weak pulse a mighty power impart.

Play on, mine Orpheus! while thy music floats  
Through the dread realm, divine with truth and grace  
See, dear one! how the chain of linked notes  
Has fettered every spirit in its place!  
Even Death, beside me, still and helpless lies;  
And strives in vain to chill my frame with his cold eyes.

Still, mine own Orpheus, sweep the golden lyre!  
Ah! dost thou mark how gentle Proserpine,  
With clasped hands, and eyes whose azure fire  
Gleams through quick tears, thrilled by thy lay, doth  
Her graceful head upon her stern lord's breast, [lean  
Like an o'erwearied child, whom music lulls to rest?

Play my proud minstrel! strike the chords again!  
Lo! Victory crowns at last thy heavenly skill!  
For Pluto turns relenting to the strain—  
He waves his hand—he speaks his awful will!  
My glorious Greek! lead on; but ah! *still* lead  
Thy soul to thy sweet lyre, lest yet thou lose thy friend!

Think not of me! Think rather of the time,  
When moved by thy resistless melody,  
To the strange magic of a song sublime,  
Thy argo grandly glided to the sea!  
And in the majesty Minerva gave,  
The graceful galley swept, with joy, the sounding wave!

Or see, in Fancy's dream, thy Thracian trees,  
Their proud heads bent submissive to the sound,  
Swayed by a tuneful and enchanted breeze,  
March to slow music o'er th' astonished ground—  
Grove after grove descending from the hills,  
While round thee weave their dance the glad, harmonious  
rills.

Think not of me! Ha! by thy mighty sire,  
My lord, my king! recall the dread behest!  
Turn not—ah! turn not back those eyes of fire!  
Oh! lost, forever lost! undone! unblest!  
I faint, I die!—the serpent's fang once more  
Is here!—nay, grieve not thus! Life but *not* Love is o'er

## THE VOICE OF THE NIGHT WIND.

BY H. CURTISS HIXE, U. S. N.

When the day-king is descending  
On the blue hill's breast to lie,  
And some spirit-artist blending  
On the flushed and bending sky  
All the rainbow's hues, I listen  
To the breeze, while in my eye  
Tears of bitter anguish glisten,  
As I think of days gone by.

Change, relentless change is lighting  
On the brow of young and fair,  
And with iron hand is writing  
Tales of grief and sorrow there.

On life's journey friends have faltered,  
And beside its pathway lie,  
But that breeze, with voice unaltered,  
Sings as in the days gone by.

Sings old songs to soothe the anguish  
Of a heart whose hopes are flown;  
Cheering one condemned to languish  
In this weary world alone;  
Tells old tales of loved ones o'er me,  
Dearest ones, remembered well,  
That have passed away before me,  
In a brighter land to dwell.

## MAJOR-GENERAL WORTH.

BY PAYETTE ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES," ETC.

ALL persons naturally exhibit a great desire to become acquainted with the events of the lives of those individuals who have made themselves or their country illustrious. It is very pleasant to inquire into the nature of the studies which matured their minds, to examine the incidents of their early career, and follow them through the obscurer portions of their lives for the purpose of ascertaining if the man corresponds with the idea we have formed of him.

Gen. Worth has recently attracted so much attention, and the events of his whole life have been so stirring, that this is peculiarly the case with him. No one can think without interest of one who, while a boy almost, opposed the British veterans at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, and in his manhood won a yet higher reputation amid the hamacs of Florida, and in front of the batteries of Molino del Rey and Monterey. It is, however, a matter of much regret that of Worth's early history and family annals but little is known. It is true, no man in the army has been the theme of so much camp-fire gossip, or the hero of so many gratuitous fabrications; but we are able to learn nothing of him previous to his entry into the service. A thousand anecdotes without any basis in truth have been told of him, altogether to no purpose; for one who has so many real claims to distinction need never appeal to factitious honors.

Gen. Worth, at the commencement of the last war with Great Britain, is said to have been a resident of Albany, N. Y., and to have been engaged in commercial pursuits. Animated by the feeling of patriotism which pervaded the whole people, he left the desk and ledger, and is said to have enlisted in the 2nd regiment of artillery, then commanded by Col. Inard, afterward a general officer of distinction. The lieutenant colonel of one of the battalions of this regiment was Winfield Scott, the attention of whom Worth is said soon to have attracted. Col. Scott is said to have exerted himself to procure him a commission, and to have taken care of his advancement. This may or may not be true; it is sure, however, that Worth first appears in a prominent position in the military annals of the United States as the aid-de-camp and protégé of General Scott, at the battle of Chippewa, where Scott was a brigadier. Worth was his aid, having in the interim become a first lieutenant.

No man in America is ignorant of the events of that day, which retrieved the disgrace of Hull's surrender, and reflected the greatest honor on all the participants in its events. For his gallantry and good conduct, Mr. Madison bestowed on Lieut. Worth the brevet of captain; and he was mentioned in the highest terms in the general orders of the officers under whom he served. The brevet of Worth was announced to the army and nation in the same order which told of the promotion of McNeil, Jessup, Towson, and Leavenworth. Strangely enough, though death has been busy with the officers of the last war, all who were breveted for their services on

that occasion, with one or two exceptions, are now alive. The battle of Chippewa occurred on the 5th of July, 1814, and was the date of Worth's first brevet.

Though a brevet captain, Worth continued with Scott in the important position of aid-de-camp, and served in that capacity at Lundy's Lane, in the battle of July 25th, 1814. On that occasion he distinguished himself in the highest degree, and won the reputation his whole subsequent career has confirmed, of coolness, decision, and activity. During this engagement the whole British force was thrown on the 9th foot, commanded by the veteran Lieut. Col. Leavenworth. This officer sent for aid to Gen. Scott, who on that occasion gave Gen. Taylor the example after which that gallant general acted at Buena Vista. He repaired to the menaced point with the strong reinforcement of his own person and aid, and had the proud satisfaction of seeing the attacking column beaten back, and the general who led it made prisoner. At the moment of success, however, both Scott and Capt. Worth fell wounded severely. The country appreciated their services, and each received from Mr. Madison the brevet of another grade, with date from the day of the battle. Major Worth soon recovered, but, attached to Gen. Scott's person, accompanied him southward, as soon as the wound of the latter enabled him to bear the fatigue of travel.

When peace came Worth was a captain in the line and a major by brevet, with which rank he was assigned to the military command of the corps of Cadets at West Point. This appointment, ever conferred on men of talent, is the highest compliment an officer of the service of the United States can receive in time of peace. To Worth it was doubly grateful, because he was not an *élève* of the institution. Ten years after the battle of Niagara, Major Worth was breveted a lieutenant colonel, and when in 1832 the ordnance corps was established, he became one of its majors. In July, 1832, on the organization of the 8th infantry, Lieut. Col. Worth was appointed to its colonelcy.

Hitherto we have seen Worth in a subordinate position, where he was unable to exhibit the highest qualification of a soldier, that of command. Since his entry into the service he had been either an officer of the staff, or separated from troops. He was now called on to participate in far more stirring scenes. The war against the Seminoles in Florida had long been a subject of great anxiety to both the government and the people, and thither Worth was ordered, after a brief but effective tour of service on the northern frontier, then infested by the Canadian insurgents. At first he acted subordinately to the late Gen. Armistead, but, on the retirement of that officer, assumed command. The war was prosecuted by him with new vigor, and the Indians defeated ultimately at Pinalakaha, near the St. John, April 17,

1842. This fight was virtually the termination of the war, the enemy never again having shown himself in force. Gen. Worth was highly complimented for his services on this occasion, and received the brevet of brigadier general.

During the season of peace which followed Gen. Worth remained almost constantly with his regiment, which more than once changed its station; and when the contest with Mexico began, reported to Gen. Taylor at Corpus Christi. His situation here was peculiar, and he became involved in a dispute in relation to precedence and command with the then Col. Twiggs, of the 2nd dragoons. The latter officer was by several years Worth's senior in the line, and, according to the usual opinion in the army, entitled to command, though many of the most accomplished soldiers of the service thought the brevet of Worth, on this occasion at least, where the *corps d'armée* was made up of detachments, valid as a commission. This dispute became so serious that Gen. Taylor interfered, and having sustained Col. Twiggs, Gen. Worth immediately tendered his resignation to the President.

There is no doubt but that the decision in favor of Gen. Twiggs was correct, and that Worth was radically wrong in his conception of the effect of his brevet. He, however, had been brought up under the eye of Gen. Scott, who entertained the same ideas on this subject, and who, years before, under precisely similar circumstances, had resigned his commission. Gen. Worth having proceeded from the Rio Grande to Washington, the President refused to accept his resignation, and he returned at once to the army.

The resignation of Worth was a most untoward circumstance, for during his absence from the army hostilities commenced, and he lost all participation in the battles of Palo Alto and La Resaca.

When, after the capture of Matamoras, the army again advanced, Worth had resumed his post, and acquiesced cheerfully in the decision which had been given against him. The laurels he had not grasped on the Rio Grande were won in front of the batteries of *La Loma de la Independencia*, and in the streets of Monterey. Amid the countless feats of daring recorded by military history, none will be found to surpass his achievements in the slow, painful, but bold entry effected through a city swarming with defenders, to the very *plaza*. For his gallantry on this occasion he received the brevet of major general, and, with the exception of Generals Scott and Taylor, is believed to be the only officer in the service who

has received three war-brevets. Gen. Worth from this time became one of the national idols.

When Gen. Scott assumed command of the expedition against Vera Cruz and the capital, one of his first acts was to order Gen. Worth and the remnant of his division to join him. The general-in-chief remembered the events, on the northern frontier, of 1814, and anticipated much in Mexico. He was not disappointed in this expectation, for at Vera Cruz and in the valley of Mexico, his old aid did not disappoint him, and proved that service had but matured the judgment of the soldier of Chippewa and Niagara.

It was at *Molino del Rey* that Worth displayed his powers with most brilliancy. When it became evident that the city of Mexico must be taken by force, a prominent position was assigned to Gen. Worth, who, with his division and Cadwallader's brigade, was ordered to carry the strong position of Molino del Rey, and destroy its defences. This spot is famous in Mexican history as *Casas Matas*, and is the scene of the famous *plan*, or revolution, of Feb. 2, 1823, by virtue of which a republican form of government may be said to exist in Mexico. It lies westward of Chapultepec, the old palace of the Aztec kings, and from the nature of its position, and the careful manner in which it was fortified, was a position of great strength. It lay at the foot of a rapid declivity, enflamed by the fire of Chapultepec, and so situated, that not a shot could be discharged but must fall into an assailing column.

Under these great difficulties the works were carried, Worth all the while marching with the column, and directing the operations of the horse artillery and infantry of which it was composed. In respect to this part of the operations in front of Mexico Gen. Scott adopted, without comment, the report of Gen. Worth. This is a rare compliment, and proceeding from such a person as Scott should be highly estimated.

After the capture of the city of Mexico, difficulties occurred between Gen. Worth and the general-in-chief, and a friendship of thirty-five years was apparently terminated. The matter is now the subject of consideration before a competent tribunal, and *non nobis tantas componere lites*.

Gen. Worth is yet in Mexico. His age is about fifty-six or eight, and in his personal appearance are mingled the bearing of the soldier and of the gentleman. The excellent portrait given of him is from a Daguerreotype by Mr. Clarke, of New York.

## ENCOURAGEMENT.

WHEN first peeps out from earth the modest vine,  
Asking but little space to live and grow,  
How easily some step, without design,  
May crush the being from a thing so low!  
But let the hand that doth delight to show  
Support to feebleness, the tendril twine  
Around some lattice-work, and 't will bestow

Its thanks in fragrance, and with blossoms shine.  
And thus, when Genius first puts forth its shoot—  
So timid, that it scarce dare ask to live—  
The tender germ, if trodden under foot,  
Shrinks back again to its undying root;  
While kindly training bids it upward strive,  
And to the future flowers immortal give. E. C. KIRBY.

## THE CHANGED AND THE UNCHANGED.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

### CHAPTER I.

"REPORT says that my queenly cousin is to lay aside her absolute sceptre, and submit to a lord and master," said George Mason, to his cousin, Emily Earl, as she took his arm for an evening walk.

"If you mean that I am to be married, that is a report which truth does not require me to contradict," said the young lady, in a tone adapted to repress the familiar manner of her companion. He had just returned from a long absence in a foreign land. His early youth had been passed in his uncle's family. He left his cousin a beautiful girl. He found her on his return a still more beautiful woman.

"I am very anxious," said he, with a slight change of manner, "to see the man who has drawn so splendid a prize. Is he like the picture you drew of the man you would marry, as we sat by the willow brook from the rising of the moon to its meridian? You remember that most beautiful night?"

"It is not desirable to remember all the follies of childhood," said Emily, coldly. Mason was silent. It was plain that they were no longer what they had been, brother and sister.

After walking for some distance in silence, Emily remarked, in a tone inviting conversation, "You must have seen a great deal of the world."

"I have had some means of observation," he replied, "but I have seen nothing to wean me from this spot, and from my friends here."

"Your friends are obliged to you for the compliment."

"I did not intend the remark as a compliment." Again there was an interval of silence. "I have been absent four years," said Mason, as though speaking to himself, "and I am not conscious of any change, so far as my feelings are concerned. The same persons and things which I then loved, I love now. The same views of life which I then cherished I cherish now."

"Experience and knowledge of the world," said Emily, "ought to give wisdom."

"I am so perverse as to regard it as wisdom to hold on to the dreams of our early days."

"Our views ought, it seems to me, to change as we grow older."

"I am not sure that we ought to grow old, so far as our feelings are concerned."

"You would engage in the vain effort to retain the dews and freshness of morning, after the sun has arisen with a burning heat."

"I believe the dew of our youth may be preserved even until old age."

"I am surprised that acquaintance with the world has not corrected your views of life. One would think that you had lived in entire seclusion."

"I am surprised that the romantic, warm-hearted Emily Earl should become the worldly-wise lecturer of her cousin."

"We had better speak upon some other subject. Had you a pleasant voyage homeward?"

"Yes. It could not be otherwise, when my face was toward 'my own, my native land,' and the friends so fresh in my remembrance."

A slight shade of displeasure flitted across Emily's features. She made no remark.

"Where is Susan Grey?" said Mason.

"She is dead."

"Indeed! She was just my own age. She was a single-hearted girl."

"She often inquired for you. You never fancied yourself in love with her?"

"No. Why that question?"

"She was under the impression that we were engaged, and seemed quite relieved when I informed her that she was mistaken."

"What has become of Mary Carver?"

"She is married, and lives in that house," pointing to a miserable hut near at hand.

"Is it possible?"

"Her husband is intemperate. It was a clandestine marriage—a love match, you know."

"Was her husband intemperate when she married him?"

"Not habitually so. He was so very romantic and devoted to her, so that, I suppose, she thought she could reform him."

"What has become of Mr. Ralston, your old friend?" admirer, he would have said, but he deemed it unwise.

"He is a lawyer here, in a small way. I believe they think of sending him to Congress."

"Is he married?"

"No."

"I thought he seemed to be attached to you; at least I hoped that he would become my cousin."

"I will answer your questions in regard to others—my own affairs do not require remark."

This rebuke, so unlike any thing he had ever received from his cousin, led him to fix his gaze upon her countenance, as if to make sure of her identity. There could be no mistake. There was the same brilliant eye, the same faultless features on which he had gazed in former years. A conciliating smile led him to resume his inquiries.

"Is Eliza Austin married?" His voice, as he asked this question, was far from natural, perhaps in consequence of the agitation which the rebuke just spoken of had occasioned.

"No; she lives somewhere in the village, I do not know exactly where."

"Do you ever see her?"

"Yes; she lives with her aunt, who sometimes washes for us, so that I see her niece occasionally."

"Why does she live with her aunt?"

"Her mother died soon after you went away."

"Eliza still lives in the village, then?" To this very unnecessary question his cousin bowed in reply. Few words more passed between them during the remainder of their walk.

"You do not stay out as late as you used to do," said Mrs. Earl, as they entered the parlor.

"We are no longer children," said Emily. Mason could scarcely repress an audible sigh, as those words fell from her lips. At an early hour, he repaired to his chamber.

## CHAPTER II.

George Mason was left an orphan in his early youth. He then became a member of his uncle's family, and the constant companion of his cousin Emily. He desired no society but hers. Her slightly imperious temper did not interfere with the growth of his affection. She had a sister's place in his glowing heart. He was in some sense her teacher, and she caught something of his romantic nature. Of the little circle of her associates, he was the idol.

At the age of fourteen he left home to pursue his studies for two years at a public institution. At the end of that period he became a clerk in a large commercial establishment in the city. At the close of the first year he accompanied one of the principals abroad, and remained there in charge of the business for nearly four years. He was now on the high road to wealth.

Soon after George Mason had gone abroad, Emily Earl went to the city to complete her education. She was in due time initiated into the mysteries of fashionable life. Introduced to *society* by a relative of unquestionable rank, her face and form presented attractions sufficient to make her the object of attention and flattery. Four successive winters were passed in the city. She was the foremost object of all "who flattered, sought, and sued." Is it strange that her judgment was perverted, and her heart eaten out? Is it strange that her cousin found her a changed being?

She had engaged to marry one whose claim to her regard was the thousands he possessed, and the eagerness with which he was sought by those whose chief end was an establishment in life. She had taught herself to believe that the yearnings of the heart were to be classed with the follies of childhood.

Henry Ralston was the son of a small farmer, or rather of a man who was the possessor of a small farm, and of a large soul. Henry was modest, yet aspiring; gentle, yet intense in his affections. The patient toil and rigid self-denial of his father gave him the advantage of an excellent education. In childhood he was the frequent companion of George and Emily. Even then an attachment sprang up in his heart for his fair playmate. This was quietly cherished; and when he entered upon the practice of the law in his native village, he offered Emily his

hand. It was, without hesitation or apparent pain, rejected. Thus she cast away the only true heart which was ever laid upon the altar of her beauty. He bore the disappointment with outward calmness, though the iron entered his soul. He gave all his energies to the labors of his profession. Such was the impression of his ability and worth, that he was about to be supported, apparently without opposition, for a seat in the national councils.

Eliza Austin was the daughter of a deceased minister, who had worn himself out in the cause of benevolence, and died, leaving his wife and daughter penniless. She was several years younger than George and Emily; but early trials seemed to give an early maturity to her mind. She was seldom their companion, for her young days were spent in toil, aiding her mother in her efforts to obtain a scanty subsistence. Her intelligence, her perception of the beautiful, and her devotion to her mother made a deep impression upon George, and led him to regard her as he regarded no other earthly being. Long before the idea of love was associated with her name, he felt for her a respect approaching to veneration. He had often desired to write to her during his absence, but his entire ignorance of her situation rendered it unwise.

The waters of affliction had been wrung out to her in a full cup. The long and distressing sickness of her mother was ended only by the grave. She was then invited to take up her abode with her father's sister, whose intemperate husband had broken her spirit, but had not exhausted her heart. It was sad for Eliza to exchange the quiet home, the voice of affection, of prayer, and of praise, for the harsh criminations of the drunkard's abode. She would have left that abode for service, but for the distress it would have given her aunt.

Death at length removed the tormentor, and those who had ministered to his appetite swept away all his property.

The mind of Aunt Mary, now more than half a wreck, utterly revolted at the idea of separation from her niece. Eliza could not leave her. Declining an eligible situation as a teacher in a distant village, she rendered her aunt all the assistance in her power in her lowly employment—believing that the path dictated by affection and duty, though it might meet with the neglect and the scorn of men, would not fail to secure the approbation of God.

## CHAPTER III.

"Well, George," said Mr. Earl, as they were seated at the breakfast-table, "how do you intend to dispose of yourself to-day?"

"I have a great many old friends to visit, sir."

"It may not be convenient for some of them to see you early in the morning."

"Some of them, I think, will not be at all particular respecting the time of my visits. There is the white rock by the falls which I must give an hour to; and I must see if the old trout who lived under it has taken as good care of himself during my absence as he did before I went away. And there

is the willow grove, too, which I wish very much to see."

"It has been cut down."

"Cut down!—what for?"

"Mr. Bullard thought it interfered with his prospect."

"Why did you not interfere, cousin?" turning to Emily.

"It was nothing to me what he did with his grove," said Emily.

"Oh, I had forgotten—" George did not finish the sentence. He turned the conversation to some of the ordinary topics of the day.

After breakfast, he set out for Willow Brook, and seated himself upon the white rock. The years that had passed since in childhood he sat upon that rock, were reviewed by him. Though he had met with trials and temptations, yet he was thankful that he could return to that rock with so many of the feelings of childhood; that his heart's best emotions had not been polluted by the world, but were as yet pure as the crystal stream before him.

When he rose from that rock, instead of visiting the other haunts of his early days, he found himself moving toward the village. Now and then a familiar face was seen. By those who recognized him, he was warmly greeted. It was not until he met a stranger that he inquired for the residence of the widow and her niece. He was directed to a small dwelling in a narrow lane. He knocked at the open door. The widow, who was busily employed in smoothing the white linen before her, bade him enter, but paused not from her work.

"Is Eliza at home?" said Mason.

"Who can you be that want to see Eliza?" said the poor woman, still not lifting her eyes from her work.

"I am an old friend of hers," said Mason.

"A friend! a friend!" said she, pausing and looking upward, as if striving to recall the idea belonging to the word. "Yes, she had friends once—where have they gone?"

Again she plied her task, as if unconscious of his presence. He seated himself and watched her countenance, which revealed so sad a history. Her lips kept moving, and now and then she spoke aloud. "Poor girl! a hard life has she had—it may all be right, but I can't see how; and now she might be a lady if she would leave her poor, half-crazy aunt." Her whispers were then inaudible. Soon she turned to Mason and said, as if in reply to a question, "No, I never heard her complain. When those she used to visit don't know her, and look the other way when they meet her, she never complains. What will become of her when her poor old aunt is gone? Who will take care of her?"

"I will," said Mason.

"Who may you be?" said she, scanning his countenance as if she had now seen him for the first time.

"A friend of her childhood."

"What is your name?"

"George Mason."

"George Mason! George Mason!—I have heard

that name before. It was the name she had over so often when she had the fever, poor thing! I did not know what she said, though she did not say a word during the whole time that would not look well printed in a book. Did you use to live in the big white house?"

"Yes, I used to live with my Uncle Earl."

"And with that *lady*," laying a fierce emphasis upon the word, "who never speaks to Eliza now, though Eliza watched night after night with her when she was on the borders of the grave. Are you like her?" observing him to hesitate, she asked in a more excited manner, "are you like Emily Earl?" Fearing that her clouded mind might receive an impression difficult to remove, he promptly answered "No."

"I am glad of it," said the widow, resuming her work.

The last question and its answer was overheard by Eliza, as she was coming in from the garden where she had been attending to a few flowers. She turned deadly pale as she saw Mason, and remained standing in the door. He arose and took her hand in both of his, and was scarcely able to pronounce her name. The good aunt stood with uplifted hands, gazing with ludicrous amazement at the scene. Eliza was the first to recover her self-possession. She introduced Mason to her aunt as an old friend.

"Friend!—are you sure he is a friend?"

"He is a friend," said Mason, "who is very grateful to you for the love you have borne her, and the care you have taken of her."

"There," said she, opening a door which led to a parlor, perhaps ten feet square, motioning to them to enter. Mason, still retaining her trembling hand, led Eliza into the room, and seated her on the sofa, the chief article of furniture it contained. Her eyes met his earnest gaze. They were immediately filled with tears. His own overflowed. He threw his arm around her, and they mingled their tears in silence. It was long ere the first word was spoken. Eliza at length seemed to wake as from a dream.

"What am I doing?" said she, attempting to remove his arm, "we are almost strangers."

"Eliza," said he, solemnly, "do you say what you feel?"

"No, but I know not—" she could not finish the sentence.

"Eliza, you are dearer to me than any one upon earth." She made no efforts to resist the pressure of his arm. There were moments of eloquent silence.

"Eliza, will you become my wife?"

"Do you know how utterly destitute I am?"

"That has no connection with my question."

"If you are the same George Mason you used to be, you wish for a direct answer. I will." It was not till this word was spoken that he ventured to impress a kiss upon her cheek.

"I have not done right," said Eliza; "you can never know how much I owe to that dear aunt. I ought not to engage myself without her consent—I can never be separated from her."

"You cannot suppose that I would wish you to be separated."

"You are the same—" she was about to add some epithets of praise, but checked herself. "How is it that you have remained unchanged?"

"By keeping bright an image in my heart of hearts."

With some difficulty Eliza rose, and opening the door, spoke to her aunt. She came and stood in the door.

"Well, ma'am," said Mason, "I have gained Eliza's consent to change her name, if you will give your consent." She stood as one bewildered. The cloud which rested on her countenance was painful to behold. It was necessary to repeat his remark before she could apprehend it.

"Ah, is it so? It has come at last. He doeth all things well. I had n't faith to trust Him. He doeth all things well."

"We have your consent?"

"If she is half as loving to you as she has been to me, you will never be sorry. But what will become of me?"

"We have no idea of parting with you. She has given her consent only on condition that you go with us." The old lady fixed her gaze upon her niece. It was strange that features so plain, so wrinkled by age and sorrow, could beam with such affection. She could find no words to express her feelings. She closed the door, and was heard sobbing like a child.

Hour after hour stole away unnoted by the lovers. They were summoned to partake of the frugal meal spread by Aunt Mary's hands, and no apologies were made for its lack of store. Again they retired to the little parlor, and it was not till the sun was low in the west, that he set out on his return to the "white house."

"We conclude that you have passed a happy day," said Mrs. Earl, "at least your countenance says so. We began to feel anxious about you."

"I went to the brook first, and then to the village."

"Have you seen many of your old friends?"

"Several of them."

Mason was released from the necessity of answering further questions by the arrival of a carriage at the door. Mr. Earl rose and went to the window. "Mr. Benfield has come," said he. Emily arose and left the room to return in another dress, and with flowers in her hair.

Mr. Benfield was shown to his room, and in a few moments joined the family at the tea-table. Emily received him with a smile, which, however beautiful it may have been, was not like the smile of Eliza Austin. Mason saw that Mr. Benfield belonged to a class with which he was perfectly well acquainted. "It is well," thought he, "that she has filed down her mind, if she must spend her days with a man like him." Mason passed the evening with his uncle, though he was sadly inattentive to his uncle's remarks. Emily and Mr. Benfield took a walk, and on their return did not join the family. Benfield's object in visiting the country at this time was to fix a day for his marriage. The evening was spent by them in discussing matters pertaining to that event.

*It was necessary for Mr. Benfield to return to the*

city on the afternoon of the following day. Mason, for various reasons, determined to accompany him. Part of the morning was spent with Eliza, and arrangements for their union were easily fixed upon. No costly preparations for a wedding were thought to be necessary.

Emily devoted herself so entirely to Mr. Benfield that Mason had no opportunity of informing her respecting the state of his affairs.

He sought his uncle, expressed to him his gratitude for his kindness, informed him of the state of his pecuniary affairs, and of his affections, and asked his approbation of his intended marriage.

"I can't say, George," said the old gentleman, "but that you have done the wisest thing you could do. Emily may not like it. I have nothing to say against it. I did n't do very differently myself, though it would hardly do to say so aloud now. Emily is to be married in three weeks. You must be with us then."

"Suppose I wish to be married myself on the same evening?"

"Well, I do n't know. I think you had better be with us, then make such arrangements as you please, and say nothing to us about it. It may make a little breeze at first, but it will soon blow over. Nobody will like you the worse for it in the end." Heartily thanking his uncle for his frankness and affection, and taking a courteous leave of Emily, he took his departure, with Mr. Benfield, for the city.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The white house was a scene of great activity as the wedding-day drew near. Aunt Mary's services were put in requisition to a much greater extent than usual. When she protested that she could do no more, Mrs. Earl suggested that her niece would help her. Aunt Mary could not help remarking that Eliza might have something else to do as well as Miss Emily.

It was understood that a large number of guests were to be invited.

Many dresses were ordered in anticipation of an invitation. The services of the village dress-maker were in great demand. Eliza ordered a plain white dress—a very unnecessary expenditure, it was thought, since it was certain that she would not receive an invitation. It was a pity that she should thus prepare disappointment for herself, poor thing!

Benfield and Mason arrived together on the appointed day. All things were in order. The preparations were complete. The guests assembled—the "big white house" was filled as it never had been filled before. Suddenly there is a *hush* in the crowd—the folding-doors are thrown open—the bride and bridegroom are seen, prepared for the ceremony that is to make them one—in law. The words are spoken, the ceremony is performed, the oppressive silence is removed—the noise and gayety common to such occasions take place.

After a time, it was noticed by some that the pastor, and Mason, and Esq. Ralston had disappeared. They repaired to Aunt Mary's, where a few tried

friends had been invited to pass the evening. These friends were sorry that Eliza had not been invited to the wedding, but were pleased to find that she did not seem to be disappointed—she was in such fine spirits. She wore her new white dress, and a few roses in her hair.

The entrance of the pastor, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Ralston, seemed to cause no surprise to Aunt Mary, though it astonished the assembled guests. After a kind word from the pastor to each one present, for they were all members of his flock, Mason arose, and taking Eliza by the hand, said to him, "We are ready." Prayer was offered, the wedding-vows were spoken, and George Mason and Eliza Austin were pronounced husband and wife.

Joy seemed to have brushed away the clouds from Aunt Mary's mind. She conversed with the intelligence of her better days. The guests departed, and

ere the lights were extinguished in the parlors of the white house, it was known throughout the village that there had been two weddings instead of one.

Early in the morning, before the news had reached them, Mr. and Mrs. Benfield set out upon their wedding tour. Emily learned her cousin's marriage from the same paper which informed the public of her own.

George Mason had no time for a wedding tour. He removed his wife and her aunt immediately to the city, and at once resumed the labors of his calling.

Emily did not become acquainted with Mrs. Mason, until Mr. Benfield had failed in business, and was enabled to commence again, with capital furnished by her cousin, who had become the leading member of his firm.

## THE DAYSPRING.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

MOURNER, bending o'er the tomb  
Where thy heart's dear treasure lies,  
Dark and dreary is thy gloom,  
Deep and burdened are thy sighs:  
From thy path the light, whose rays  
Cheered and guided thee, is gone,  
And the future's desert waste  
Thou must sadly tread alone.

'Neath the drooping willow's shade,  
Where the mourning cypress grows,  
The beloved and lost is laid  
In a quiet, calm repose.  
Silent now the voice whose tones  
Wakened rapture in thy breast—  
Dull the ear—thy anguished groans  
Break not on the sleeper's rest.

Grace and loveliness are fled,  
Broken is the "golden bowl,"  
Loosed the "silver chord," whose thread  
Bound to earth th' immortal soul.  
Closed the eyes whose glance so dear  
Once love's language fond could speak,  
And the worm, foul banqueter,  
Riots on that matchless cheek.

And the night winds, as they sweep  
In their solemn grandeur by,  
With a cadence wild and deep,  
Mournfully their requiem sigh.

And each plant and leaf and flower  
Bows responsive to the wail,  
Chanted, at the midnight hour,  
By the spirits of the gale.

Truly has thy sun gone down  
In the deepest, darkest gloom,  
And the fondest joys thou 'st known  
Buried are within that tomb.  
Earth no solace e'er can bring  
To thy torn and bleeding heart—  
Time nor art extract the sting  
From the conqueror's poisoned dart.

But, amid thy load of woe,  
Turn, thou stricken one, thine eyes  
Upward, and behold that glow  
Spreading brightly o'er the skies!  
'T is the day-star, beaming fair  
In the blue expanse above;  
Look on high, and know that there  
Dwells the object of thy love,

Life's bright harp of thousand strings  
By the spoiler's hand was riven,  
But the realm seraphic rings  
With the victor notes of heaven.  
Over death triumphant—lo!  
See thy cherished one appear!  
Mourner, dry thy tears of woe,  
Trust, believe, and meet her there!

## SONNET.—CULTIVATION.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

WREDS grow unasked, and even some sweet flowers  
Spontaneous give their fragrance to the air,  
And bloom on hills, in vales and everywhere—  
As shines the sun, or fall the summer showers—  
But wither while our lips pronounce them fair!  
Flowers of more worth repay alone the care,  
The nurture, and the hopes of watchful hours;

24\*

While plants most cultured have most lasting powers.  
So, flowers of Genius that will longest live  
Spring not in Mind's uncultivated soil,  
But are the birth of time, and mental toil,  
And all the culture Learning's hand can give:  
Fancies, like wild flowers, in a night may grow;  
But thoughts are plants whose stately growth is slow.



# FIRST LOVE.

## OR LILLIE MASON'S DEBUT.

BY ENNA DUYAL.

Maybe without a further thought,  
It only pleased you thus to please,  
And thus to kindly feelings wrought  
You measured not the sweet degrees;  
Yet though you hardly understood  
Where I was following at your call,  
You might—I dare to say you should—  
Have thought how far I had to fall.  
And even now in calm review  
Of all I lost and all I won,  
I cannot deem you wholly true,  
Nor wholly just what you have done. MILNES.

There is none  
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount  
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within  
A mother's heart. HERMAN.

On paying a visit to my friend Agnes Mason one morning, the servant told me his mistress would be pleased to see me in her dressing-room. Thither I repaired, and found her, to my surprise, surrounded by all sorts of gay, costly articles, appertaining to the costume of a woman of the world. To my surprise, I say, for Agnes has always been one of the greatest home-bodies in the whole circle of my acquaintances. A party, or a ball she has scarcely visited since the first years of her marriage, although possessing ample means to enjoy every gayety of fashionable life.

Over the Psyche glass was thrown a spotless *crêpe* dress, almost trembling with its rich embroidery; and near it, as if in contrast, on a dress-stand, was a velvet robe, falling in soft, luxurious folds. Flowers, caps, *coiffures* of various descriptions, peeped out of sundry boxes, and on a *commode* table was an open *écrin* whose sparkling, costly contents dazzled the eyes.

"Hey-day!" I exclaimed to my friend, as she advanced to meet me, "what's the meaning of all this splendor?"

"I was just on the point of sending for you," she replied laughingly—"Madame M— has sent home these lovely things for Lillie and I—and I want your opinion upon them."

"And you are really going to re-enter society?" I asked.

"Lillie is eighteen this winter, you know," was my gentle friend's reply. "Who would have thought time could have flown around so quickly. Mr. Mason is very anxious she should make her *entrée* this season. You can scarcely fancy how disagreeable it is to me, but I must not be selfish. I cannot always have her with me."

"And you, like a good mother," I said, "will throw aside your love for retirement and accompany her?"

"Certainly," replied Agnes eagerly, and she added with a slight expression of feeling which I well understood—"I will watch over her, for she will need my careful love now even more than in childhood."

"Where is the pretty cause of all this anxiety and attention?" I inquired.

"Charlie would not dress for his morning walk," answered the mother, "unless sister Lillie assisted in the robing of the young tyrant, so she is in the nursery."

We inspected the different robes and gay things spread out so temptingly before us, and grew femininely eloquent over these beautiful trifles, and were most earnestly engaged in admiring the *parure* of brilliant diamonds, and the spotless pearls, with which the fond, proud father and husband had presented them that morning, when a slight tap was heard at the door, and our pet Lillie entered. A bright-eyed, light-hearted creature is Lillie Mason—a sunbeam to her home. She ran up to me with affectionate greetings, and united in our raptures over the glittering *bijouterie*.

"How will you like this new life, Lillie?" I asked, as the lovely girl threw herself on a low *marchepied* at our feet, as if wearied of the pretty things.

"I can scarcely tell," she replied, and she rested her head on her mother's lap, whose hand parted the clustering ringlets on the fair, smooth brow, while Lillie's eyes looked up most lovingly to that beloved mother, as she added—"How we shall miss the quiet reading hours, mother, darling. What time shall we have during our robing and unrobing for 'the gentle Una and her milk-white lamb,' and 'those bright children of the bard, Imogen, the fair Fidele and lovely Desdemona?' What use is there in all this decking and adorning? Life is far happier spent in one's own home."

"I fear," said Agnes, as she fondly caressed her

daughter, "that I have made my Lillie too much of a household darling; but I have done it to avoid a greater evil. We women must love something—such a wealth of affection is stored within our hearts, that we are rendered miserable if it is poured out upon one human being, after being pent up within bounds, during childhood and girlhood up to womanhood. Should my Lillie be unfortunate in her love—I mean her wedded love—the misery will not be half so intense, for her heart belongs, at least two-thirds, to her family and mother, and no faithless lover can ever boast the possession of the whole of it.

"No, indeed," exclaimed the dear girl, drawing her mother's face down to hers—"my whole heart is yours, *chère maman*, and yours it shall always be."

With what rapture gleamed the mother's eyes, as she returned the daughter's fond caresses. Some day, dear reader, I may tell you what happened to Lillie Mason's heart, but now my thoughts are o'erhung with the dark mantle of the past, and I can only think of the mother's former life.

Agnes Howell was a beautiful girl—there was so much purity in her appearance. The gentle beam of her blue eye was angelic, and her auburn ringlets hung over her clear fair brow and soft cheek as if caressing that lovely face. Then she was such a contrast to her family—an only daughter among a troop of strong, stout clever brothers—merry healthy-minded boys were they, but the gentle Madonna sister in their midst seemed an "angel unawares." Agnes' mother was an excellent woman, strong-minded, pains-taking, but a little hard and obtuse in feeling. She no more understood the gentle spirit and deep heart-yearnings of the daughter God had given her than she did the mystery of life. She loved her with all the strength of her nature, but she made no companion of the quiet girl, and thought if she kept her wardrobe in good order, watched her general health, and directed her serious reading, she did all that was required of her. Agnes grew up a dreamer, an enthusiast; quiet and self-possessed her home training had made her, and a stranger would have wondered at the tide of deep feeling that ebbed and flowed within the breast of that gentle, placid girl. She shrunk from the rude *badinage* of her boisterous brothers, and finding that little was required of her in the *heart-way* from her matter-of-fact mother and good-natured, easy father, she lavished the wealth of her love upon an ideal. A woman soon finds, or fancies she finds, the realization of her ideal. Chance threw in Agnes' path one who was superior enough in mind and person to realize any image of a romantic girl's fancy.

I remember well the time Agnes first met Mr. Preston. We were on a visit one summer to some friends together, and while there we met with this accomplished gentleman. How delighted were we both with him, and how enthusiastically did we chant to each other his praises, when in our own room we assisted each other in undressing for the night, or decking ourselves for the gay dinner or evening party. We met with many other gentlemen, and agreeable ones too, on this eventful visit,

but Mr. Preston was a star of the first magnitude. I was a few years Agnes' junior, and well satisfied with the attentions I received from the other gentlemen, who deigned to notice so tiny a body as I was; but Mr. Preston soon singled out Agnes. He walked, rode and drove with her: hung over her enraptured when she sung, and listened with earnestness to every word that fell from her lips. She was "many fathom deep in love" ere she knew it—poor girl!—and how exquisitely beautiful did this soul's dawning cause her lovely face to appear. The wind surely was not answerable for those burning cheeks and bright, dancing eyes, which she bore after returning from long rides, during which Mr. Preston was her constant companion—and the treasured sprigs of jessamine and verveine which she stored away in the leaves of her journal, after a moonlight ramble in the conservatory, with the same fascinating attendant—did not love cause all this? Naughty love, can the moments of rapture, exquisite though they be, which thou givest, atone for the months and years of deep heart-rending wretchedness which so often ensues?

During the six weeks of that happy visit, Agnes Howell lived out the whole of her heart's existence. Blissful and rapturous were the moments, sleeping or waking, for Hope and Love danced merrily before her. But, alas! while it was the turning point—the event of her life—"it was but an episode" in the existence of the one who entranced her—"but a piping between the scenes." I do not think Mr. Preston ever realized the mischief he did. He was pleased with her appearance. Her purity and *naïveté* were delightful to him. Her ready appreciation of the true and beautiful in nature and art, interested him; and he sought her as a companion, because she was the most congenial amongst those who surrounded him. He was a man of society, and never stopped to think that the glowing, enthusiastic creature, whose eyes gazed up so confidently to him, as he conversed of literature and poesy, or whose lips overflowed with earnest, eloquent words, was an innocent, guileless child, into whose Undine nature he had summoned the soul. He had been many years engaged, heart and hand, to another; and circumstances alone had delayed the fulfillment of that engagement. This Agnes knew nothing of, and surrendered herself up, heart and soul, to him, unasked, poor girl! He regarded her as an interesting, lovely girl, but he attributed the enthusiasm and feeling which he unconsciously had called into birth, to the exquisite formation of her spirit, and thought her a most superior creature. No one marked the *affaire* as I did, for we were surrounded by those who knew of Mr. Preston's situation in life, and his engagement, and who, moreover, regarded Agnes as a child in comparison to him—an unformed woman, quite beneath the choice of one so *distingué* as was Mr. Preston.

Our visit drew near to a close; the evening before our departure I was looking over some rare and beautiful engravings in the library. A gay party were assembled in the adjoining apartments, and Mr. Preston had been Agnes' partner during the quad-

rilles and voluptuous waltz. I had lingered in the library, partly from shyness, partly from a desire to take a farewell of my favorite haunt, and look over my pet books and pictures, while the rich waves of melody floated around my ears. At the close of a brilliant waltz, Mr. Preston and Agnes joined me, and I found myself listening with as much earnestness as Agnes to the mellow tones of his voice, while he pointed out to us beauties and defects in the pictures, and heightened the interest we already took in them by classical allusion or thrilling recital. If the subject of a picture was unknown, he would throw around it the web of some fancied story, improvised on the instant. I listened to him with delight; every thing surrounding us tended to increase the effect of the spell. Music swelled in voluptuous cadences, merry voices, and the gushing sound of heart-felt laughter greeted our ears. Opposite the table over which we were leaning was a door, which opened into a conservatory, through whose glasses streamed the cold, pure moonlight, beaming on the exotics that in silence breathed an almost overpowering odor; and my eyes dwelt upon that quiet, cool spot, while the soft, harmonious conversation of my companions, and the merry, joyous sounds of the ball-room, blended half dreamily in my ears.

"You are wishing to escape into that conservatory, Miss Duval," said Mr. Preston to me suddenly.

A warm blush mantled my face, for I fancied he thought I was weary of his conversation. I stammered out some reply, I scarce knew what, which was not listened to, however, for Agnes, catching sight of an Ethiopian gypsy flower at the far end of the conservatory, expressed a wish to see it. Mr. Preston with earnestness opposed the change—the atmosphere there, he feared, was too chilling; but as she rested her hand on his, with childish confidence, to prove to him the excitement and flush of the gay waltz had passed, and looked up with such beaming joyfulness out of her dark, violet eyes, he smilingly yielded; but first wrapped around her shoulders, with affectionate solicitude, an Indian *cripe* shawl, that hung near him on a chair. "*Poor little me*" was not thought of; I might take cold if I could, he would not have noted it; but I ejaculated to myself, "If I am too young for Mr. Preston to feel any interest in, a few years will make a vast difference, and maybe in the future I shall be an object of care to some one."

We reached the beautiful flower, over which Agnes hung; and as she inhaled its fragrance, she murmured in low words, which Mr. Preston bent his tall, graceful form to hear,

"Thou dusky flower, I stoop to inhale  
Thy fragrance—thou art one  
That wooeth not the vulgar eye,  
Nor the broad-staring sun.

"Therefore I love thee! (selfish love  
Such preference may be,  
That thou reservest all thy sweets,  
Coy thing, for night and me."

"This flower must be mine, Miss Agnes," said Mr. Preston, with gallantry; "and when I look on it, it will tell me of the delicate taste and pure spirit of one who has rendered six weeks of my cheerless life bright."

The chill moonlight shone down on Agnes, and its rays nestled between the ringlets and her downy cheek, but its cold beams could not blench the rosy hue, that mounted to her blue veined temples, as Mr. Preston severed the fragrant exotic from its stem, and carefully pressed it between the leaves of his tablets. Many such words followed, and I walked unheeded beside them, as they lingered in this lovely place. Pity that such blessed hours should ever be ended—that life's lights should need dark shadows. Midnight swept over us ere good-night was said; and in a half-dreamy state of rapture, Agnes rested her head on her pillow. Nothing had been said; no love had been actually expressed, in the vulgar sense of the word, and according to the world's view of such matters, Mr. Preston was entirely guiltless of the dark, heavy cloud that hung over the pathway of that young creature from that night.

We returned to our homes; I benefited by my visit, for my mind had been improved by the association with older and superior persons—and I returned with renewed zeal to my studies and reading, that I might understand that which had appeared but "darkly to my mind's eye." But Agnes found her companionless home still more cheerless. The bustling, thrifty mother, and hearty, noisy brothers, greeted her with earnest kindness; but after a few weeks had passed, her spirit flagged. She lived for awhile upon the recollection of the past, and that buoyed her up; but, as day after day went noiselessly and uneventfully by, her heart grew weary of the dear "hope deferred," and a listlessness took possession of her. Poor girl! the rosy hue of her cheek faded, and the bright light of her eye grew dim. Her bustling, active family did not take notice of the change in her appearance and spirits; but I, thrown daily with her, noted it with anxiety. I sought to interest her in my studies, and asked her assistance in my music. With labor she would exert herself to aid me; and at times her old enthusiasm would burst forth, but only as the gleams of an expiring taper; every thing seemed wearisome to her.

One morning I heard that she had been seized with a dangerous illness, and I hastily obeyed the summons which I had received from her mother. What a commotion was that bustling family thrown into. The physicians pronounced her sickness a brain fever. When I reached her bedside, she was raving, and her beautiful eyes gazed vacantly on the nearest and dearest of her friends; even the mother that bore her hung over her unrecognized. She had retired as usual the night before, her mother said, apparently well; but at midnight the family had been awakened by her shrieks and cries. I watched beside her bed weepingly, for I never hoped to see her again in health. The dark wing of Death I felt already drooping over her; and with anguish I listened to the snatches of poetry and song that fell in fragments from her lips. As I was placing a cup on a table in her room, during the day, my eye caught sight of two cards tied with white satin ribbon, and on them I read the names of Mr. Ralph Preston and his bride, with these words hastily written in pencil in Mr.

Preston's handwriting on the larger of the two cards,

"You will, my lovely friend, rejoice in my happiness, I am sure. Short was our acquaintance, but with the hope that I am not forgotten, I hasten to inform you that the cheerless life-path you deigned to brighten for a few short hours by your kind smiles, is now rendered calm and joyous. I am at last married to the one I have secretly worshiped for years. We both pray you may know happiness exquisite as ours."

How quickly I divined the cause of my friend's illness; no longer was it a mystery to me as it was to her family. Those silent cards had been the messengers of evil, and had been mute witnesses of the bitter anguish that had wrung her young heart. There, in the silent night, had she struggled with her agony; and I fancied I heard her calling on Heaven for strength—that Heaven to which we only appeal when overwhelmed by the sad whirlwind caused by our errors or passions. But strength had been denied, and her spirit sank fainting.

For weeks we watched the fluttering life within her, at times giving up all hope; but youth and careful nursing aided the struggle of Nature with Death, and at last Agnes opened her languid eyes upon us, and was pronounced out of immediate danger. The sickening pallor that overspread her face an instant after her returning consciousness, I well understood; the thought of her heart's desolation came to her memory, and I fear life was any thing but a blessing to her then. Her health continued delicate; and at last it was deemed advisable to take her to a more genial climate—that change of scene and air might strengthen her constitution, and raise her spirits, depressed, the physician said, by sickness. I knew better than the wise Esculapius; but my knowledge could not restore her. Her father was a man of considerable wealth, therefore no expense was spared for her benefit. They resided some years in Europe, and the letters I received from Agnes proved that the change had, indeed, been of benefit. New associations surrounded her, and dissipated the sad foreboding thoughts, bringing her to a more healthy state of mind. I was a little surprised, however, when I heard of her approaching marriage with Mr. Mason. Had I been as old as I am now, I would not have felt that wonder; but I was still young and sentimental enough to fancy the possibility of cherishing an "unrequited, luckless love, even unto death." Agnes had never spoken openly to me of her unfortunate attachment, but there was always a tacit understanding between us. She was too delicate and refined, too sensitive to indulge in the eager confidence which a coarser mind would have luxuriated in; but in writing to, or talking with me, she many times expressed herself in earnest, feeling words, that to a stranger would have seemed only as "fine sentiments," while to me, who knew her sad history, they bore a deeper meaning; therefore, the letter I received from her, on her marriage, was well understood, and quietly appreciated by me.

"I wonder if you will be surprised, my dear Enna,"

she wrote, "when you hear that I am married? A few years ago it would have surprised me, and I should have thought it impossible. Moreover, I am marrying a man for whom I do not entertain that 'rapturous, soul-engrossing, enthusiastic love' which we have always deemed so necessary in marrying, and which, Heaven knows, I was once capable of bestowing on a husband. Mr. Mason, whom I am about to marry, is not a man who requires such love. The calm, quiet respect and friendship I entertain for him, suits him far better. He is matter-of-fact—think of that, Enna—not at all like the imaginary heroes of love we have talked of together. But he is high-minded, and possesses much intelligence and cultivation. We have been friends a long while, and I am confident that, if life and health are spared, happiness will result to both from our union."

She did not return to her country for many years after her marriage; and when I again saw her, she presented a strong contrast, in appearance, to the pale, heart-broken creature I had parted with ten years before. She was more beautiful even than in her youth—still delicate and spiritual in appearance; and the calm, matronly dignity that pervaded her manner rendered her very lovely. Several children she had—for our Lillie can boast a Neapolitan birth; but in her whole troop she has but this one darling girl. Calm and quiet is Agnes Mason in her general deportment; but her intercourse with her children presents a strong contrast—then it is her "old enthusiasm" bursts forth. She has been a devoted mother; and her children think her the most perfect creature on earth. The intercourse between Agnes and Lillie is, indeed, interesting. On the mother's part there is intense devotion, which is fully returned by the daughter, blended with reverential feelings. She has superintended her education, and rendered what would have been wearisome tasks, "labors of love." How often have I found them in the library with heads bent over the same page, and eyes expressive of the same enthusiasm; or at the piano, with voices and hands uniting to produce what was to my ears exquisite harmony. Agnes' love-requiring heart, "like the Deluge wanderer," has at last found a resting-place, and on her daughter, and on her noble, beautiful boys, the whole rich tide of her love has been poured.

Lillie Mason, with all her beauty and wealth, will never be a belle, as her mother says she has been made too much of "a household darling." I watched her one evening, not a long while since, at a gay ball, where her mother and I sat as spectatrices. She had been persuaded from our side by a dashing *distingué* youth, and was moving most gracefully with him through a quadrille. In the pauses of the dance he seemed most anxious to interest her, and I saw his fine, dark eyes bend on her very tender glances. Her *bouquet* seemed to him an object of especial attention, and though a graceful dancer himself, he seemed so wrapped up in his notice of these fragrant flowers as to derange the quadrille more than once. I drew Agnes' attention to this.

"But see," said Agnes, "how coolly and calmly

Lillie draws his attention to the forgotten figures. I'll answer for it, she spoils many of that youth's fine sentiments."

"I wonder," said Lillie, with a half-vexed air, after her partner had placed her beside her mother, while he hastened to procure some refreshments for us, "I wonder what Mr. Carlton dances for. I would not take the trouble to stand up in a quadrille, if I were in his place. He always talks so much as to quite forget the movements of the dance. He renders me more nervous than any partner I ever have, for I dislike to see my *vis-a-vis* so bored. Just now he went through the whole "language of flowers" in my bouquet, which would have been interesting elsewhere, for he quotes poetry right cleverly; but it was a little out of place where the bang of the instruments, and the *chazzez* and the *balancez* made me lose one half of his pretty eloquence. Quadrilles are senseless things any how;" and our pretty Lillie actually yawned as she begged to know if it was not

time to go. "You know, dear mamma," she said, "that I have to arise very early to-morrow morning, to help Tom in that hard lesson he groaned so painfully over to-night."

As we left the ball-room, and were making our adieux to the fair hostess, I overheard young Carlton say reproachfully to Lillie,

"And so you are going to leave without dancing that next quadrille with me. I know my name is on your tablets. This is too unkind, Miss Mason."

Young Carleton is very devoted; but if his devotion is only a passing caprice, our Lillie will not be injured by it. There is no danger of her "falling in love" hastily, even if the lover be as handsome and interesting as the one in question. Luckily for her happiness, her mother, profiting by her own sad experience, has cultivated the sweet blossoms of domestic love, and, as she says, "My Lillie's heart will always belong, at least two-thirds, to her mother and family."

## MIDNIGHT.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE moon looks down on a world of snow,  
And the midnight lamp is burning low,  
And the fading embers mildly glow  
In their bed of ashes soft and deep;  
All, all is still as the hour of death—  
I only hear what the old clock saith,  
And the mother and infant's easy breath,  
That flows from the holy land of Sleep.

Or the watchman who solemnly wakes the dark,  
With a voice like a prophet's when few will hark,  
And the answering hounds that bay and bark  
To the red cock's clarion horn—  
The world goes on—the restless world,  
With its freight of sleep through darkness hurled,  
Like a mighty ship, when her sails are furled,  
On a rapid but noiseless river borne.

Say on old clock—I love you well,  
For your silver chime, and the truths you tell—  
Your every stroke is but the knell  
Of Hope, or Sorrow buried deep;

Say on—but only let me hear  
The sound most sweet to my listening ear,  
The child and the mother breathing clear  
Within the harvest-fields of Sleep.

Thou watchman, on thy lonely round,  
I thank thee for that warning sound—  
The clarion cock and the baying hound  
Not less their dreary vigils keep;  
Still hearkening, I will love you all,  
While in each silent interval  
I can hear those dear breasts rise and fall  
Upon the airy tide of Sleep.

Old world, on Time's benighted stream  
Sweep down till the stars of morning beam  
From orient shores—nor break the dream  
That calms my love to pleasures deep;  
Roll on and give my Bud and Rose  
The fullness of thy best repose,  
The blessedness which only flows  
Along the silent realms of Sleep.

## A VISION.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I saw the Past, in heaven a mighty train,  
A countless multitude of solemn years,  
Standing like souls of martyred saints, and tears  
Ran down their pallid cheeks like summer rain;  
They clasped and wrung their white hands evermore,  
Waiting, demanding vengeance on the world:  
And Judgment, with his garments sprinkled o'er

With guilty blood, and dusky wings unfurled,  
And sword unsheathed, expectant of His nod,  
Stood waiting by the burning throne, and God  
Rose up in heaven in ire—but Mercy fair,  
A piteous damsel clad in spotless white,  
In supplication sweet and earnest prayer  
Knelt at his feet and clung around his robe of light.

# THE NEW ENGLAND FACTORY GIRL.

## A SKETCH OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

For naught its power to STRENGTH can teach  
Like EMULATION—and ENDEAVOR. SCHILLER.

### CHAPTER I.

#### HOPING AND PLANNING.

THE family of Deacon Gordon were gathered in the large kitchen, at the commencement of the first snow-storm of the season. With what delight the children watched the driving clouds—and shouted with exultation as they tried to count the fleecy flakes floating gently to the earth—nestling upon its bleak, bare surface as if they would fain shield it with a pure and beautiful mantle. Faster and faster came the storm, even the deacon concluded that it would amount to something, after all; perhaps there might be sleighing on Thanksgiving-day; though he thought it rather uncertain. His wife did not reply, she was bidding the children be a little less noisy in their mirth.

"We can get out our sleds in the morning, can't we, Mary?" said Master Ned. "I'm so glad you finished my mittens last Saturday. I told Tom Kelly I hoped it would snow soon, for I wanted to see how warm they were. Wont I make the ice-balls fly!"

Ned had grown energetic with the thought, and seizing his mother's ball of worsted aimed it at poor puss, who was sleeping quietly before the blazing fire. Alas! for Neddy—puss but winked her great sleepy eyes as the ball whizzed past, and was buried in the pile of ashes that had gathered around the huge "back-log." His mother did not scold; she had never been known to disturb the serenity of the good deacon by an ebullition of angry words. Indeed, the neighbors often said she was *too* quiet, letting the children have their own way. Mrs. Gordon chose to rule by the law of love, a mode of government little understood by those around her. Could they have witnessed Ned's penitent look, when his mother simply said—"Do you see how much trouble you have given me, my son?" they would not have doubted its efficacy.

The deacon said nothing, but opened the almanac he had just taken down from its allotted corner, and thought, as he searched for "Nov. 25th," that he had the best wife in the world, and if his children were not good it was their own fault. The great maxim of the deacon's life had been "let well enough alone"—but not always seeing clearly what was "well enough," he was often surprised when he found matters did not turn out as he had expected. This had made him comparatively a poor man, though the fine farm he had inherited from his father

should have rendered him perfectly independent of the world. Little by little had been sold, until it was not more than half its original size, and the remainder, far less fertile than of old, scarce yielded a sufficient support for his now numerous family. He had a holy horror of debt, however—and with his wife's rigid and careful economy, he managed to balance accounts at the end of the year. But this was all—there was nothing in reserve—should illness or misfortune overtake him, life's struggle would be hard indeed for his youthful family.

The deacon was satisfied—he had found the day of the month, and in a spirit of prophecy quite remarkable, the context added, "Snow to be expected about this time."

"It's late enough for snow, that's true," said he, as he carefully replaced his "farmer's library," then remarking it was near time for tea, he took up his blue homespun frock, and went out in the face of the storm to see that the cattle were properly cared for. The deacon daily exemplified the motto—"A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

"Father is right," said Mrs. Gordon, using the familiar title so commonly bestowed upon the head of the family in that section of country. "Mary, it is quite time you were busy, and you, James, had better get in the wood."

The young people to whom she spoke had been conversing apart at the furthest window of the room. Mary, a girl of fifteen, James, scarce more than a year her senior. They started at their mother's voice, as if they had quite forgotten where they were, but in an instant good-humoredly said she was right, and without delay commenced their several tasks. James was assisted by Ned, who, since he had come into possession of his first pair of boots—an era in the life of every boy—had been promoted to the office of chip-gatherer; and Sue, a rosy little girl of eight or nine, spread the table, while her sister prepared the tea, cutting the snowy loaves made by her own hand; and bringing a roll of golden butter she herself had moulded, Mrs. Gordon gave a look of general supervision, and finished the preparations for the evening meal by the addition of cheese—such as city people never see—just as Mr. Gordon and James returned, stamping the snow from their heavy boots, and sending a shower of drops from the already melting mass which clung to them.

Never was there a happier group gathered about a farmer's table, and when, with bowed head and

solemn voice, the father had begged the blessing of Heaven upon their simple fare, the children did ample justice to the plain but substantial viands. Mrs. Gordon wondered how they found time to eat, there was so much to be said on all sides; but talk as they would—and it is an established fact that the conversational powers of children are developed with greater brilliancy at table than elsewhere—when the repast was finished there was very little reason to complain on the score of bad appetites.

Then commenced the not unpleasant task of brightening and putting away the oft used dishes. Mary and Sue were no loiterers, and by the time their mother had swept the hearth, and arranged the displaced furniture, cups and plates were shining on the dresser, as the red fire-light gleamed upon them. The deacon sat gazing intently upon the glowing embers—apparently in deep meditation, though it is to be questioned whether he thought at all. Mrs. Gordon had resumed her knitting, while Sue and Ned, after disputing some time whose turn it was to hold the yarn, were busily employed in winding a skein of worsted into birds-nest balls.

"Seven o'clock comes very soon, don't it Eddy?" said Sue, as their heads came in contact at the unraveling of a terrible "tangle"—I wish it would be always daylight, and then would n't we sit up a great many hours? I'd go to school at night instead of the daytime, and do all my errands, and go to meeting too—then we should have all day long to play in, and if we got tired we could lie down on the grass in the orchard and take a little nap, or here before the fire if it was winter. Oh, dear! I'm sure I can't see why there's any dark at all!"

"You girls don't know any thing," answered Master Ned, with the inherent air of superiority which alike animates the boy and the man, where women are concerned—"If there was no night what would become of the chickens? They can't go to sleep in the daylight, can they, I'd like to know? And if they did n't go to sleep how would they ever get fat, or large; and maybe they would n't have feathers; then what would we do for bolsters, and beds, and pillows? You did n't think of that, I guess, Susy."

Ned's patronizing air quite offended his sister, but she did not stop to show it, for she had, as she thought, found an admirable plan for the chickens.

"Well," said she slowly, not perceiving in her abstraction that the skein was nearly wound, "we could make a dark room in the barn for the biddies, and they could go in there when it ought to be sundown. I guess they'd know—" but here there came an end to the skein and their speculations, for seven o'clock rung clearly and loudly from the wooden time-piece in the corner, and the children obeyed the signal for bed, not without many "oh, dears," and wishes that the clock could not strike.

"James," said his elder sister, as their mother left the room with the little ones, "let us tell father and mother all about it to-night. They might as well know now as any time; and Stephen will be back in the morning."

"Don't speak so loud," whispered the boy, "father

will hear you. I suppose we might as well; but I do so dread it, I'm sure it would kill me if they were to say no, and now I can hope at least."

"I know it all," said his stronger minded adviser, "but I shall feel better when they are told. I know mother wonders what we are always whispering about; and it does not seem right to hide any thing from her. Here she is, and when we've got father's cider and the apples, I shall tell them if you don't."

Poor James! it was evident that he had a cherished project at stake. Never before had he been so long in drawing the cider. Mary had heaped her basket with rosy-cheeked apples before he had finished; and when at length he came from the cellar, his hand trembled, so that the brown beverage was spilled upon the neat hearth.

"You are a little careless," said his mother; but the boy offered no excuse; he cast an imploring glance at his sister, and walked to the window, though the night was dark as Erebus, and the sleep struck sharply against the glass.

"James and I want to talk with you a little while father and mother, if you can listen now," said Mary boldly; and then there was a pause—for she had dropped a whole row of stitches in her knitting, and numberless were the loops which were left, as she took them up again.

Her father looked at her with a stare of astonishment, or else he was getting sleepy, and was obliged to open his eyes very widely, lest they should close without his knowledge.

"Well, my child," said Mrs. Gordon, in a gentle tone of encouragement—for she thought, from Mary's manner, that the development of the confidential communications of the brother and sister was at hand.

"We have been making a plan, mother—" but James could go no further, and left the sentence unfinished. "Mary will tell you all," he added, in a choking voice, as he turned once more to the window.

Mary did tell all, clearly, and without hesitation: while her mother's pride, and her father's astonishment increased as the narrative progressed. James, young as he was, had fixed his heart upon gaining a classical education—a thing not so rare in the New England States as with us, for there the false idea still prevails, that a man is unfit to enter upon a profession until he has served the four years' laborious apprenticeship imposed upon all "candidates for college prizes." With us, the feeling has almost entirely passed away; a man is not judged by the number of years he is supposed to have devoted to the literature of past ages—the question is, what does he know? not, how was that knowledge gained? But in the rigid and formal atmosphere by which it was the fortune of our little hero to be surrounded, the prejudice was strong as ever; and the ambitious boy, in dreaming out for himself a life of fame and honor, saw before him, as an obstacle hardly possible of being surmounted, a collegiate education.

For months he had kept the project a secret in his own heart, and had daily, and almost hourly, gone over and over again, every difficulty which presented itself. He saw at once that he could expect no aid

from his father, for he knew the constant struggle going on in the household to narrow increasing expenses to their humble means. His elder brother, Stephen, would even oppose the plan—for, he being very like their father, was plodding and industrious, content with the present hour, and heartily despised books and schools, as being entirely beneath his notice. His mother would, he hoped, aid him by her approval and encouragement—this was all *she* could bestow; and Mary, however willing, had not more to offer. At length he resolved to tell his sister, who had ever been his counsellor, the project which he had so long cherished.

"I am not selfish about it," said he, as he dilated upon the success which he felt sure would be his, could this first stumbling-block but be removed. "Think how much I could do for you all. Father would be relieved from the burden of supporting me, for he does not need my assistance now, the farm is so small, and Ed is growing old enough to do all my work. Then you should have a capital education, for you ought to have it; and you could teach a school that would be more to the purpose than the district school. After I had helped you all, then I could work for myself; and mother would be so proud of her son. But, oh! Mary," and the boy's heart sank within him, "I know it can never be."

The two, brother and sister, as they sat there together, were a fair illustration of the "dreamer and the worker." Mary was scarce fifteen, but she was thoughtful beyond her years, yet as hopeful as the child. "Yes, I could keep school," thought she, as she looked into her brother's earnest eyes. "What can hinder my keeping school now; and the money I can earn, with James having his vacations to work in, might support him."

But with this thought came another. She knew that the pay given to district school teachers—women especially—was at best a bare pittance, scarce more than sufficient for herself—for she could not think of burdening her parents with her maintenance when her time and labor was not theirs; and she knew that her education was too limited to seek a larger sphere of action. So she covered her bright young face with her hands, and it was clouded for a time with deep thought; then looking suddenly up, the boy wondered at the change which had passed over it, there was so much joy, even exultation in every feature.

"I have it," said she, throwing her arms fondly about his neck. "I know how I can earn a deal of money, more than I want. If mother will let me, I can go to Lowell and work in a factory. Susan Hunt paid the mortgage on her father's farm in three years; and I'm sure it would not take any more for you than she earned."

At first the boy's heart beat wildly; for the moment it seemed as if his dearest wishes were about to be accomplished. Then came a feeling of reproach at his own selfishness, in gaining independence by dooming his fair young sister to a life of constant labor and self-denial; wasting, or at least passing the bright hours of her girlhood in the midst of noise and heat,

with rude associations for her refined and gentle nature.

"Oh! no, Mary," said he, passionately—"never, never! You are too good, too generous!" yet the wish of his life was too strong to be checked at once; and when Mary pleaded, and urged him to consent to it, and gave a thousand "woman's reasons" why it was best, and how easy the task would be to her, when lightened by the consciousness that she was aiding him to take a lofty place among his fellow-men, he gave a reluctant consent to the plan, ashamed of himself the while, and dreading lest his parents should oppose what would seem to their calmer judgment an almost impossible scheme.

Day after day he had begged Mary to delay asking their consent, though the suspense was an agony to the enthusiastic boy. Mary knew the disappointment would be terrible; yet she thought if it was to come, it had best be over with at once; and, beside, she was more hopeful than her brother, for she had not so much at stake. Was it any wonder, then, that James could scarce breathe while his sister calmly told their plans, and that he dared not look into his mother's face when the recital was ended.

There was no word spoken for some moments—the deacon looked into his wife's face, as if he did not fully understand what he had been listening to, and sought the explanation from her; but she gazed intently at the fire, revealing nothing by the expression of her features until she said, "Your father and I will talk the matter over, children, and to-morrow you shall hear what we think of it." Without the least idea of the decision which would be made, James was obliged to subdue his impatience; and the evening passed wearily enough in listening to his father's plans for repairing the barn, and making a new ox-sled. Little did the boy hear, though he seemed to give undivided attention.

"Have you well considered all this, my child," said Mrs. Gordon, as she put her hand tenderly upon her daughter's forehead, and looked earnestly into her sweet blue eyes. "James is in his own room, so do not fear to speak openly. Are you not misled by your love for him, and your wish that he should succeed?"

"No, mother, I have thought again and again, and I know I could work from morning till night without complaining, if I thought he was happy. Then it will be but three or four years at the farthest, and I shall be hardly nineteen then. I can study, too, in the evenings and mornings, and sometimes I can get away for whole weeks, and come up here to see you all; Lowell is not very far, you know."

"But there is another thing, Mary. Do you not know that there are many people who consider it as a disgrace to toil thus—who would ridicule you for publicly acknowledging labor was necessary for you; they would perhaps shun your society, and you would be wounded by seeing them neglect, and perhaps openly avoid you."

"I should not care at all for that, mother. Why is it any worse to work at Lowell than at home; and you tell me very often that I support myself now."



People that love me would go on loving me just as well as ever; and those who don't love me, I'm sure I'm willing they should act as they like."

"I think myself," replied her mother, pleased at the true spirit of independence that she saw filled her daughter's heart, "that the opinion of those who despise honest labor, is not worth caring for. But you are young, and sneers will have their effect. You must remember this—it is but natural. There is one thing else—we may both be mistaken about James' ability; he may be himself—and you could not bear to see him fail, after all. Think, it may be so; and then all your time and your earnings will be lost."

"Not lost, mother," said the young girl, her eyes sparkling with love and hope, "I should have done all I could to help James, you know."

Mrs. Gordon kissed her good-night with a full heart. She was proud of her children; and few mothers have more reason for the natural feeling. "I cannot bear to disappoint her," thought she, yet the scheme seemed every moment more childish and impracticable.

James rose, not with the sun, but long before it; and when his father came down, he was already busily employed in clearing a path to the well and the barn—for the snow had fallen so heavily, that the drifts gathered by the night wind, in its rude sport, were piled to the very windows, obscuring the misty light of the winter's morn. How beautiful were those snow-wreaths in their perfect purity! The brown and knotted fences, the dingy out-buildings, were all covered with dazzling drapery; and the leafless trees were bowed beneath the weight of a fantastic foliage that glittered in the clear beams of the rising sun with a splendor that was almost painful to behold.

"It won't last long with this sun," said the deacon, as he tied a 'comforter' about his throat; "but perhaps you'll have time to give Mary and the children a ride before the roads are bare again. Mary must do all her sleighing this winter, for she won't have much time if she goes to the factory, poor child!"

The deacon passed on with heavy strides to the barn-yard, and left James to hope that their petition was not rejected. It was not many minutes after that Mary came bounding down the stone-steps, heedless of the snow in which she trod; and the instant he looked upon her face he was no longer in doubt.

"Isn't mother good, James! She just called me into her room, and told me that father and she have concluded we can try it at least; and Stephen is not to know any thing about it until next April, when I am to go. We must both of us study very hard this winter, and I shall have such a deal of sewing to do."

Mary spoke with delighted eagerness. One would have thought, beholding her joy, that it was a pleasant journey which she anticipated, or that a fortune had unexpectedly been left to her; and yet the spring so longed for, would find her among strangers, working in a close and crowded room through the bright days. *But a contented spirit hath its own sunshine; and the*

dearest pleasure that mankind may know, is contributing to the happiness of those we love. The less selfish our devotion to friends, the more sacrificing our self-denial in their behalf, the greater is the reward; so Mary's step was more elastic than ever, and her bright eyes shone with a steady, cheerful light, as she went about her daily tasks.

As she said, it was necessary that they should both be very busy through the winter, for James hoped to be able to enter college in August; and Mary, who had heretofore kept pace with him in most of his studies, though she did stumble at "tupto, tupo, tetupha," and vow that Greek was not intended for girls, did not wish to give up her Latin and Geometry. They had such a kind instructor in Mr. Lane, the village lawyer, that an ambition to please him made them at first forget the difficulties of the dry rudiments; and then it was that James first began to dream of one day being able to plead causes himself—of studying a profession. Mr. Lane, unconsciously, had encouraged this, by telling his little pupils, to whom he was much attached, the difficulties that had beset his youthful career, and how he had gained an honest independence, when he had at first been without friends or means. Then he would look up at his pretty young wife, or put out his arms to their little one, as if he thought, and is not this a sufficient reward for those years of toil and dependence. James remembered, when he was a student, teaching in vacations to aid in supporting himself through term time. He had boarded at Mr. Gordon's, and when he came to settle in the village, years after, he had offered to teach James and Mary, as a slight recompense for Mrs. Gordon's early kindness to the poor student. Two hours each afternoon were passed in Mr. Lane's pleasant little study; and though Stephen thought it was time wasted, he did not complain much, for James was doubly active in the morning. Mary, too, accomplished twice as much as ever before; and after the day's routine of household labor and study were over, her needle flew quickly, as she prepared her little wardrobe for leaving home. March was nearly through before they felt that spring had come; and though Mary's eyes were sometimes filled with tears at the thought of the coming separation, they were quickly dried, and the first of April found her unshaken in her resolution.

## CHAPTER II.

### LEAVING HOME—FACTORY LIFE.

"To-morrow will be the last day at home," thought Mary, as she bade her mother good-night, and turned quickly to her own room to conceal the tears that would start; and, though they fringed the lashes of the drooping lid when at last she slept, the repose was gentle and undisturbed—and she awoke at early dawn content, almost happy. The morning air came freshly to her face as she leaned out of the window to gaze once more on the extended landscape. Far away upon the swelling hill-side, patches of snow yet lingered, while near them the fresh grass was

springing; and the old wood, at the back of the house, was clothed anew in emerald verdure. The sombre pines were lighted by the glittering sunlight, as it lingered lovingly among their dim branches ere bursting away to illumine the very depths of the solitude with smiles. A pleasant perfume was wafted from the Arbutus, just putting forth its delicate blossoms from their sheltering covert of dark-green leaves, mingled with the breath of the snowy-petaled dogwood, and the blue violets that were bedded in the rich moss on the banks of the little stream. The brook itself went singing on its way as it wound through the darksome forest, and fell with a plash, and a murmur, over the huge stones that would have turned it aside from its course.

It was the first bright day of spring; and it seemed as if nature had assumed its loveliest dress to tempt the young girl to forego her resolve. "Home never looked so beautiful," thought she, turning from the window; and her step was not light as usual when she joined the family. Mrs. Gordon was serene as ever; no one could have told from her manner that she was about to part with her daughter for the first time; but the children were sobbing bitterly—for they had just been told that the day had come when their sister was to leave them. They clung to her dress as she entered, and begged her not to go.

"What shall we do without you, Mary?" said they; "the house will be so lonesome."

Even Stephen, although when the plan was first revealed to him had opposed it obstinately, was melted to something like forgiveness when he saw that nothing could change her firm determination.

"I suppose we must learn to live without you, Molly," said he; "take good care of yourself, child—but let's have breakfast now."

The odd combination, spite of her sadness, brought the old smile to Mary's lip; and when breakfast was over, and the deacon took the large family Bible from its appointed resting-place, and gathered his little flock about him, they listened quietly and earnestly to the truths of holy writ. That family Bible! It was almost the first thing that Mary could recollect. She remembered sitting on her father's knee, in the long, bright Sabbath afternoons, and looking with profound awe and astonishment into the baize-covered volume, at the quaint unartistic prints that were scattered through it. She recalled the shiver of horror with which she looked on "*Daniel in the den of lions*," the curiosity which the picture of the Garden of Eden called forth, and the undefined, yet calm and placid feeling which stole over her as she dwelt longest upon the "Baptism of our Savior." Then there was the family record—her own birth, and that of her brothers and sisters, were chronicled underneath that of generations now sleeping in the shadow of the village church. But this train of thought was broken, as they reverentially knelt when the volume was closed, and listened to their father's humble and fervent petition, that God would watch and guard them all, especially commending to the protection of Heaven, "the lamb now going out from their midst."

There were tears even upon Mrs. Gordon's face when the prayer was ended, but there was no time to indulge in a long and sorrowful parting. The trunks were standing already corded in the hall; the little traveling-basket was filled with home-baked luxuries for the way-side lunch; and Mary was soon arrayed in her plain merino dress and little straw bonnet. There are some persons who receive whatever air of fashion and refinement they may have from their dress; others who impart to the coarsest material a grace that the most *recherché* costume fails to give. Our heroine was one of the last—and never was Chestnut street belle more beautiful than our simple country lassie, as she stood with her mother's arm twined about her waist, receiving her parting counsel.

The last words were said—James, in an agony of grief, had kissed her again and again, reproaching himself constantly for his selfishness in consenting that she should go. The children, forgetting their tears in the excitement of the moment, ran with haste to announce that the stage was just coming over the hill. Yes, it was standing before the garden-gate—the trunks were lifted from the door-stone—the clattering steps fell at her feet—a moment more and Mary was whirled away from her quiet home, with her father's counsel, and her mother's earnest "God bless you, and keep you, my child!" ringing in her ears.

It was quite dark ere the second day's weary journey was at an end. Mary could scarce believe it possible that she had, indeed, arrived in the great city, until the confused tumult that rose everywhere around—the endless lines of glittering lamps that stretched far away in the darkness, and the rough jolting of the coach over the hard pavements, told too plainly that she was in a new world, surrounded by a new order of things. As they drove rapidly through the crowded streets, she caught a glance at the brilliantly lighted stores, and the many gayly-dressed people that thronged them. Again the scene changed, and she looked upon the dark-brick walls that loomed up before her, and knew that in one of those buildings she was destined to pass many sad and solitary days. How prison-like they seemed! Her heart sunk within her as she gazed; the lights—the confusion bewildered her already wearied brain; and as she sunk back into the corner of the coach, and buried her face in her hands, she would have given worlds to have been once more in her still, pleasant home. The feeling of utter desolation and loneliness overcame completely, for the time, her firm and buoyant spirit.

She was roused from her gloomy reverie as the stage stopped before the door of a small but very comfortable dwelling, at some distance from the principal thoroughfares. This was the residence of a sister of Mrs. Jones, to whom she had a letter, and who was expecting her arrival. She met Mary upon the step with a pleasant smile of welcome, not at all as if she had been a stranger; and her husband assisted the coachman to remove the various packages to a neat little room into which Mary was ushered by her kind hostess, Mrs. Hall. She was

very like her sister, but older and graver. Mary's heart yearned toward her from the moment of kindly greeting; and when they entered the cheerful parlor together, the young guest was almost happy once more. The children of the family, two noisy little rogues, who were very proud of a baby sister, came for a kiss, ere they left the room for the night; and then, with Mrs. Hall's piano, and her husband's pleasant conversation, Mary forgot her timidity and her sadness as the evening wore away.

"Mr. Hall will go with you to-morrow to the scene of your new life," said her hostess, as she bade her young charge good-night. "We have arranged every thing, and I trust you may be happy, even though away from your friends. We must try to make a new home for you."

Mary "blessed her unaware" for her kindness to a stranger; and though nearly a hundred miles from those she loved, felt contented and cheerful, and soon fell asleep to dream that she was once more by her mother's side.

Again that feeling of desolation returned, when, upon the morrow, leaning upon the arm of Mr. Hall, she passed through the crowded streets, and shrank back as the passing multitude jostled against each other. It seemed as if every one gazed curiously at her, yet, perchance, not one amid the throng heeded the timid little stranger. She was first conducted to the house they had chosen for her boarding-place, and though the lady at its head received her kindly, she felt more lonely than ever, as she passed through the long halls, and was regarded with looks of curiosity by the groups of young girls who were just leaving the house to enter upon their daily tasks. They were laughing and chatting gayly with each other; and poor Mary wondered if she should ever feel as careless and happy as they seemed to be.

Then they turned toward the "corporation," or factory, in which a place had been engaged for her. Oh, how endless seemed those long, noisy rooms; how weary she grew of new faces, and the strange din that rose up from the city. "I never shall endure this," thought the poor girl. "I shall never be able to learn my work. How can they go about so careless and unconcerned, performing their duties, as it were, mechanically, without thought or annoyance. But for poor Jamie I would return to-morrow;" and with the thought of her brother came new hope, new energy—and she resolved to enter upon her task boldly, and without regret.

Yet for many days, even weeks, much of her time was spent in sadness, struggle as she would against the feeling. The girls with whom she was called daily to associate, were, most of them, kind and good tempered: and though her instructors did laugh a little at her awkwardness at first, she had entered so reso-

lutely upon her new tasks that they soon became comparatively easy to her; and she was so indefatigable and industrious, that her earnings, after a time, became more even than she had hoped for.

Still she was often weary, and almost tempted to despond. The confinement and the noise was so new to her, that at first her health partially gave way, and for several weeks she feared that after all she would be obliged to return to the free mountain-air of her country home. At such times she went wearily to her labors, and often might have uttered Miss Barret's "Moan of the Children," as she pressed her hands upon her throbbing temples.

"All day long the wheels are droning, turning,  
Their wind comes in our faces;  
Till our hearts turn, and our heads with pulses burning;  
And the walls turn in their places!  
Turns the sky in the high window, blank and reeling;  
Turns the long light that droopeth down the wall;  
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling—  
All are turning all the day, and we with all.  
All day long the iron wheels are droning,  
And sometimes we could pray,  
'Oh, ye wheels,' (breaking off in a mad moaning)  
Stop! be silent for to-day!"

Then, when despondency was fast crushing her spirit, there would, perhaps, come a long hopeful letter from her brother, who was studying almost night and day, and a new ambition would rise in her heart, a fresh strength animate her, until at last, in the daily performance of her duties, in the knowledge of the happiness she was thus enabled to confer upon others, her mind became calm and contented, and her health fully restored.

Thus passed the first year of her absence from home. She had become accustomed to the habits and manners of those around her; and though some of the girls called her a little Methodist, and sneered at her plain economical dress, even declaring she was parsimonious, because they knew that she rigidly limited her expenses to a very small portion of her earnings, there were others among her associates who fully appreciated the generous self-sacrificing spirit which animated her, and loved her for the gentleness and purity, which all noticed, pervaded her every thought and act.

Then, too, Mrs. Hall was ever her steadfast friend. One evening in every week was spent in that happy family circle; and there she often met refined and agreeable society, from which she insensibly took a tone of mind and manner, that was far superior to that of her companions. Mrs. Hall directed her reading, and furnished many books Mary herself was unable to procure. Thus month after month slipped by, and our heroine had almost forgotten she was among strangers, until she began to look forward to a coming meeting with those she loved in her own dear home.

[To be concluded in our next.

## REVOLUTION.

"Anger is madness," said the sage of old;  
And 'tis with nations as it is with man,  
Their storms of passion scatter illa untold—  
Thus 't is, and has been, since the world began.

Change, to be blessed, must be calm and clear,  
Thoughtful and pure, sinless, and sound of mind;  
Else power unchained and change are things of fear—  
Let not the struggling to this truth be blind.—A. M. L.

# FAIR MARGARET.

## A LEGEND OF THOMAS THE RHYMER.

BY WILLIAM H. C. ROSEMER.

OLD yews in the church-yard are crumbled to dust  
Deep shade on her grave-mound once flinging;  
But oral tradition, still true to its trust,  
Her name by the hearth-stone is singing;  
For never enshrined by the bard in his lay  
Was a being more lovely than Margaret Gray.

Her father, a faithful old tenant, had died  
On lands of Sir Thomas the Seer—  
And the child who had sprung like a flower by his side,  
Sole mourner, had followed his bier;  
But Ercildoun's knight to the orphan was kind,  
And watched like a parent the growth of her mind.

The wizard knew well that her eye was endowed  
With sight mortal vision surpassing—  
Now piercing the heart of Oblivion's cloud,  
The Past, in its depths, clearly glassing;  
Now sending glance through that curtain of dread  
Behind which the realm of the Future lies spread.

He gave her a key to decipher dim scrolls,  
With characters wild, scribbled over;  
And taught her dark words that would summon back souls  
Of the dead round the living to hover;  
Or oped, high discourse with his pupil to hold,  
Old books of enchantment with clasps of bright gold.

The elf queen had met her in green, haunted dells  
When stars in the zenith were twinkling,  
And time kept the tramp of her palfry to bells,  
At her bridle rein merrily tinkling;  
By Huntley Burn oft, in the gloaming, she strolled  
Weird shapes, that were not of this earth, to behold.

One eve came true Thomas to Margaret's bower,  
In this wise the maiden addressing—  
"No more will I visible be from this hour,  
Save to those sight unearthly possessing;  
But when I am seen at feast, funeral or fair  
Let the mortal who makes revelation beware!"

Long years came and passed, and the Rhymer's dread seat  
Was vacant the Eildon Tree under,  
And oft would old friends by the ingle-side meet,  
And talk of his absence in wonder:  
Some thought that, afar from the dwellings of men,  
He had died in some lone Highland forest or glen:

But others believed that in bright fairy land  
The mighty magician was living—  
That newness of life to worn heart and weak hand,  
Soft winds and pure waters were giving;

That back to the region of heather and pine  
Would he come unimpaired by old age or decline.

Astir was all Scotland! from mountain and moor,  
With banner folds streaming in air,  
Proud lord and retainer, the wealthy and poor,  
Thronged forth in their plaids to the fair;  
Steeds, pricked by their riders, loud clattering made,  
And, cheered by his clansmen, the bag-piper played.

Gay lassies with snoods from the border and hills  
In holyday garb hurried thither,  
With eyes like the crystal of rock-shaded rills,  
And cheeks like the bells of the heather;  
But fairest of all, in that goodly array,  
Was the Lily of Bemerside, Margaret Gray.

While Ayr with a gathering host overflowed,  
She marked with a look of delight  
A white-bearded horseman who gallantly rode  
On a mettlesome steed black as night,  
And cried, forcing wildly her way through the throng,  
"O! master, thy pupil hath mourned for thee long!"

Then, checking his courser, the brow of the seer  
Grew dark, through its locks long and frosted,  
And making a sign with his hand to draw near,  
Thus the lovely offender accosted—  
"By which of thine eyes was thy master desecrated?"  
"With my left I behold thee!" the damsel replied

One moment he gazed on the beautiful face,  
In fondness upturned to his own,  
As if anger at length to relenting gave place,  
Then fixed grew his visage like stone:—  
On the violet lid his cold finger he laid,  
And extinguished forever the sight of the maid.

### NOTE.

I am indebted to Hugh Cameron, Esquire, of Buffalo, N. Y., for this strange and strikingly beautiful legend. Mr. C. informs me that it has long formed a part of the fire-side lore of his own clan; and, from a remote period, has lived in the memory of Scotland's peasantry.

He expressed surprise that men of antiquarian taste, in compiling border ballads, and tales of enchantment, had not given "Fair Margaret" a conspicuous place in their pages; and at his suggestion I have attempted to clothe the fanciful outlines of the original in the drapery of English verse.

The Eildon tree referred to in the poem was the favorite seat of Thomas the Rhymer, and there he gave utterance to his prophecies.

## STANZAS.

The rain-bird shakes her dusty wings  
And leaves the sunny strand,  
For mossy springs, and sweetly sings,  
To greet her native land.

The camel in the desert heeds  
Where distant waters lay,  
And onward speeds, to flowery meads,  
And fountains far away.

The freshest drops will Beauty choose  
To keep her floweret wet,  
The purest dews, to save its hues—  
Her gentle violet.

So—may sweet Grace our hearts renew  
With waters from above,  
So—keep in view what Mercy drew  
From this deep well of love. W. H. DEWEY.

## THE LONE BUFFALO.

BY CHARLES LANMAN, AUTHOR OF "A SUMMER IN THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

Among the many legends which the traveler frequently hears, while crossing the prairies of the Far West, I remember one, which accounts in a most romantic manner for the origin of thunder. A summer-storm was sweeping over the land, and I had sought a temporary shelter in the lodge of a Sioux Indian on the banks of the St. Peters. Vividly flashed the lightning, and an occasional peal of thunder echoed through the firmament. While the storm continued my host and his family paid but little attention to my comfort, for they were all evidently stricken with terror. I endeavored to quell their fears, and for that purpose asked them a variety of questions respecting their people, but they only replied by repeating, in a dismal tone, the name of the Lone Buffalo. My curiosity was of course excited, and it may be readily imagined that I did not resume my journey without obtaining an explanation of the mystic words; and from him who first uttered them in the Sioux lodge I subsequently obtained the following legend:

There was a chief of the Sioux nation whose name was the Master Bear. He was famous as a prophet and hunter, and was a particular favorite with the Master of Life. In an evil hour he partook of the white-man's fire-water, and in a fighting broil unfortunately took the life of a brother chief. According to ancient custom blood was demanded for blood, and when next the Master Bear went forth to hunt, he was waylaid, shot through the heart with an arrow, and his body deposited in front of his widow's lodge. Bitterly did the woman bewail her misfortune, now mutilating her body in the most heroic manner, and anon narrating to her only son, a mere infant, the prominent events of her husband's life. Night came, and with her child lashed upon her back, the woman erected a scaffold on the margin of a neighboring stream, and with none to lend her a helping hand, enveloped the corpse in her more valuable robes, and fastened it upon the scaffold. She completed her task just as the day was breaking, when she returned to her lodge, and shutting herself therein, spent the three following days without tasting food.

During her retirement the widow had a dream, in which she was visited by the Master of Life. He endeavored to console her in her sorrow, and for the reason that he had loved her husband, promised to make her son a more famous warrior and medicine man than his father had been. And what was more remarkable, this prophecy was to be realized within the period of a few weeks. She told her story in the village, and was laughed at for her credulity.

On the following day, when the village boys were throwing the ball upon the plain, a noble youth sud-

denly made his appearance among the players, and eclipsed them all in the bounds he made and the wildness of his shouts. He was a stranger to all, but when the widow's dream was remembered, he was recognized as her son, and treated with respect. But the youth was yet without a name, for his mother had told him that he should win one for himself by his individual prowess.

Only a few days had elapsed, when it was rumored that a party of Pawnees had overtaken and destroyed a Sioux hunter, when it was immediately determined in council that a party of one hundred warriors should start upon the war-path and revenge the injury. Another council was held for the purpose of appointing a leader, when a young man suddenly entered the ring and claimed the privilege of leading the way. His authority was angrily questioned, but the stranger only replied by pointing to the brilliant eagle's feathers on his head, and by shaking from his belt a large number of fresh Pawnee scalps. They remembered the stranger boy, and acknowledged the supremacy of the stranger man.

Night settled upon the prairie world, and the Sioux warriors started upon the war-path. Morning dawned, and a Pawnee village was in ashes, and the bodies of many hundred men, women, and children were left upon the ground as food for the wolf and vulture. The Sioux warriors returned to their own encampment, when it was ascertained that the nameless leader had taken more than twice as many scalps as his brother warriors. Then it was that a feeling of jealousy arose, which was soon quieted, however, by the news that the Crow Indians had stolen a number of horses and many valuable furs from a Sioux hunter as he was returning from the mountains. Another warlike expedition was planned, and as before, the nameless warrior took the lead.

The sun was near his setting, and as the Sioux party looked down upon a Crow village, which occupied the centre of a charming valley, the Sioux chief commanded the attention of his braves and addressed them in the following language:

"I am about to die, my brothers, and must speak my mind. To be fortunate in war is your chief ambition, and because I have been successful you are unhappy. Is this right? Have you acted like men? I despise you for your meanness, and I intend to prove to you this night that I am the bravest man in the nation. The task will cost me my life, but I am anxious that my nature should be changed and I shall be satisfied. I intend to enter the Crow village alone, but before departing, I have one favor to command. If I succeed in destroying that village, and lose my life, I want you, when I am dead, to cut off my head and protect it with care. You must then

one of the largest buffaloes in the country and cut his head. You must then bring his body and my ad together, and breathe upon them, when I shall free to roam in the Spirit-land at all times, and over our great Prairie-land wherever I please. And when your hearts are troubled with wickedness remember the Lone Buffalo."

The attack upon the Crow village was successful, and according to his prophecy the Lone Buffalo received his death wound, and his brother warriors remembered his parting request. The fate of the Crow's mother is unknown, but the Indians believe

that it is she who annually sends from the Spirit-land the warm winds of spring, which cover the prairies with grass for the sustenance of the Buffalo race. As to the Lone Buffalo, he is never seen even by the most cunning hunter, excepting when the moon is at its full. At such times he is invariably alone, cropping his food in some remote part of the prairies; and whenever the heavens resound with the moanings of the thunder, the red-man banishes from his breast every feeling of jealousy, for he believes it to be the warning voice of the Lone Buffalo.

## THE ADOPTED CHILD.

BY MRS. FRANCES B. M. BROTHKESON.

"And, oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,  
Will it not seem as if the sunny day  
Turned from its door away?  
While through its chambers wandering, weary hearted,  
I languish for thy voice which passed me still,  
Even as a singing rill."

My gentle child—my own sweet May—  
Come sit thee by my side,  
Thy wonted place in by-gone years,  
Whatever might betide.  
Come—I would press that cloudless brow,  
And gaze into those eyes,  
Whose azure hue and brilliancy  
Seemed borrowed from the skies.

Thou ne'er hast known a mother's love,  
Save what my heart hath given;  
Thy fair young mother—long years since—  
Found rest in yonder Heaven.  
Where waves and dashing spray ran high  
We took thee from her grasp;  
All vainly had the Tyrant striven  
To rend that loving clasp.

We strove in vain life to recall,  
And 'neath the old oak's shade  
We laid her calmly down to rest,  
In our own woodland glade.  
Gently—the turf by stranger hands  
Was o'er her bright head pressed;  
And burning tears from stranger hearts  
Fell o'er that place of rest.

We took thee to our hearts and home,  
With blessings on thy head;  
We looked on thy blue eye—and wept—  
*Remembered was our dead.*  
For parted from our lonely hearth  
Was childhood's sunny smile;  
And hushed the household melody  
That could each care beguile.

Thy name—we knew it not—and then  
For many a livelong day  
We sought for one, all beautiful—  
And, sweetest, called thee May.  
With thee—came Spring-time to our home,  
Love's wealth of buds and flowers,  
Lingering—till in its fairy train  
Shone Summer's golden hours.

How will I miss thine own dear voice  
In Summer's soft, bright eve;  
A blight will rest on tree and flower—  
The hue of things that grieve;  
And when the wintry hour hath come,  
And 'round the blazing hearth  
Shall cluster faces we have loved—  
Lost—lost thy joyous mirth.

Another hand will twine those curls  
That gleam so brightly now;  
Another heart will thrill to hear  
From *thee* affection's vow;  
For I have marked the rosy blush  
Steal o'er thy brow and cheek,  
When gentle words fell on thy ear,  
Which only love can speak.

Tears—tears!—a shadow should not rest  
Upon thy bridal day;  
My spirit's murmurings shall cease  
And joy be thine, sweet May.  
They come with flowers—pure orange flowers—  
To deck thy shining hair;  
Young bride—go forth—and bear with thee,  
My blessing and my prayer.

# WHEN SHALL I SEE THE OBJECT THAT I LOVE.

A FAVORITE SWISS AIR.

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE

BY

JOHN B. MÜLLER.

COPYRIGHTED BY GEORGE WILLIG, NO. 171 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

*Not too slow.*

PIANO.



Wann wer - de oh wan wer - de ich, Die fer - nen blau - en Hoeh'n, Von  
When shall I see, when shall I see, The ob - ject that I love? The



mei - nem Vat - er - land wenn dich, Hel - ve - tien wie - der seh'n? Denk'  
friends, the home of in - fan - cy, The mai - den and the grove, The



ich da - ran, Schlaegt, selbst als Mann, Mir meine Brust mit Schmerz und lust', Denn  
 Val - leys fair, The wa - ter clear, The low - ing herds, The sing - ing birds, When

al - len Freu - den noch be-wust Moecht ich's noch ein-mal seh'n.  
 shall I see, when shall I see, The things I love so dear?

2.

When shall I see, when shall I see,  
 As I have seen before,  
 The gathering crowd beneath the tree,  
 With her that I adore?  
 And happy hear  
 Her voice so clear,  
 Blend with my own,  
 In liquid tone.  
 When shall I see, when shall I see,  
 The things I hold so dear?

2.

Zwar glaenzt die sonne ueberall  
 Dem Menschen in der Welt;  
 Doch wo zuerst ihr goldner Strahl  
 Ihm in das Auge faellt?  
 Wo er als kind,  
 • Sanft und gelind,  
 An mütter Hand,  
 Sprach und empfand,  
 Da ist allein sein Vaterland  
 Koennt' ich's noch einmal seh'n?



## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Edith Kinnaird, By the Author of "The Maiden Aunt."*  
Boston: E. Littell & Co.

Fiction has exercised an important influence over the public from the earliest ages of the world. Nor is the reason difficult to determine. Where one man takes delight in the subtleties of logic, ten derive pleasure from the indulgence of the fancy. The love of fiction is common to the unlettered savage as well as to the civilized European, and has marked alike the ancient and the modern world. The oldest surviving book, if we except the narrative of Moses, is, perhaps, a fiction—we mean the book of Job. To reach its date we must go back beyond the twilight of authentic history, far into the gloom of the antique past, to the very earliest periods of the earth's existence. We must ascend to the time when the Assyrian empire was yet in its youth, when the patriarchs still fed their flocks on the hills of Palestine, when the memory of the visible presence of the Almighty among men remained fresh in the traditions of the East. The beautiful story of Ruth comes next, but ages later than its predecessor. Then follows the sonorous tale of Homer, clanging with a martial spirit that will echo to all time. Descending to more modern eras, we reach the legends of Haroun El Reschid; the tales of the Provençal troubadours; the romances of chivalry; and finally the novels of this and the past century. For nearly four thousand years fiction has delighted and moulded mankind. It has survived, too, when all else has died. The Chaldean books of astrology are lost to the moderns; but the story of the Idumean has reached us unimpaired. The lawgivers of Judah are no more, and the race of Abraham wanders over the earth; but the simple tale of Ruth preserves the memory of their customs, and keeps alive the glory of the past.

It will not do to despise that which is so indestructible, and which everywhere exercises such powerful influence. Pedants may scorn fiction as beneath them, and waste their lives in composing dry treatises that will never be read; but the wise man, instead of deriding this tremendous engine, will endeavor to bend it to his purposes; and whether he seeks to shape the tale that is to be rehearsed on the dreary banks of the Orontes, or to write the novel that will be read by thousands in England and America, will labor so to mix instruction with amusement, that his audience shall insensibly become moulded to his views. The moral teachers of both ancient and modern times have chosen the vehicle of fiction to inculcate truth; and even inspiration has not scorned to employ it in the service of religion. The most beautiful fictions ever written were the parables of the Savior. But it is also true that some of the most deleterious books we have are romances. This, however, is no reason why fiction should be abandoned to bad men, or proscribed as it is by many well-meaning moralists. Wesley said, with his strong Saxon sense, that he did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes.

Hence, in criticising a novel, it becomes important to examine the tendency of the work. We utterly repudiate the idea that a reviewer has nothing to do with the morality of a book. We reject the specious jargon to the

contrary urged by the George Sand school. A novel should be something more than a mere piece of intellectual mechanism, because if not, it is injurious. There can be no medium. A fiction which does not do good does harm. There never was a romance written which had not its purpose, either open or concealed, from that of *Waverley*, which inculcated loyalty, to that of *Oliver Twist*, which teaches the brotherhood of man. Some novels are avowedly and insolently vicious; such are the *Adventures of Faublas* and the *Memoirs of a Woman of Quality*. Others, under the guise of philanthropy, sap every notion of right and duty: such are *Martin the Foundling*, *Consuelo*, *et id omne genus*. It is the novels of this last class which are the most deleterious; for, with much truth, they contain just enough poison to vitiate the whole mass. Chemists tell us that the smallest atom of putrid matter, if applied to the most gigantic body, will, in time, infect the whole: just so the grain of sophistry in *Consuelo*, admitting there is no more, in the end destroys all that the book contains of the beautiful and true. Said a lady in conversing on this subject: "I always find that people who read such books remember only what is bad in them." Her plain common sense hit the nail on the head, while transcendental folly hammered all around it in vain. We have spoken of *Consuelo* thus particularly because it is the best of its class: and of that enervating fiction we here record our deliberate opinion, that it will turn more than one foolish Miss into a strolling actress, under the insane and preposterous notion that it is her mission.

We do not say that art should be despised by the novelist; we only contend that it should not be polluted. We would have every novel a work of art, but the art should be employed on noble subjects, not on indifferent or disgraceful ones. If authors plead a mission to write, it must be to write that which will do good. A Raphael may boast of inspiration when he paints a Madonna, but not when his brush stoops to a Cyprian or a Satyr. The Pharisees of old prayed unctuously in the market-places: so the George Sands of our day boast of their superior insight into the beautiful and true. We doubt whether both are not impudent hypocrites.

The novel, which has proved the text to these remarks, belongs to a different, and, we hold, a better school. It originally appeared in Sharpe's London Magazine, and has just been republished by E. Littell & Co. Edith Kinnaird is a fiction which the most artistic mind will feel delight in perusing, yet one which the humblest will understand, and from which both may derive improvement. The heroism is neither a saint nor a fool, but a living woman; her sufferings spring from her errors, and are redeemed by her repentance: all is natural, beautiful, refreshing and noble. We rise from the perusal of such a fiction chastened and improved.

Instead of rendering its readers dissatisfied with themselves, with their lot in life, with society, with every thing, this novel makes them feel that life is a battle, yet that victory is sure to reward all who combat aright—that after the dust and heat of the struggle comes the repose of satisfied duty. Yet there is nothing didactic in the volume. Its

influence upon the heart is like that of the dew of heaven, silent, gradual, imperceptible. Is not this a proof of its intrinsic merit?

Consuelo herself, as an ideal, is not more lovely than Edith Kinnaird, while the latter, in the eyes of truth, is infinitely the nobler woman. We hope to hear from the author again. Let us have more of such novels: there cannot be too many of them. How can noble and talented souls do more good than by furnishing the right kind of novels. Just as the old religious painters used to limn saints and Madonnas, let us now write works of artistic and moral fiction.

*Jane Eyre. An Autobiography. Boston: William D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.*

Few novels published within the last ten years have made so great a stir among readers of all classes as this. The Harpers have sold a vast number of their cheap reprint, and we have here to notice its appearance in the old duodecimo shape, with large type and white paper. That the work bears unmistakable marks of power and originality cannot be questioned, and in a limited range of characterization and description evinces sagacity and skill. The early portions of the novel are especially truthful and vivid. The description of the heroine's youthful life—the exact impression which is conveyed of the child's mind—the influences which went to modify her character—the scenes at the boarding-school—all have a distinctness of delineation which approaches reality itself. But when the authoress comes to deal with great passions, and represent morbid characters, we find that she is out of her element. The character of Rochester is the character of a mechanical monster. The authoress has no living idea of the kind of person she attempts to describe. She desires to represent a reckless man, made bad by circumstances, but retaining many marks of a noble character, and she fills his conversation with slang, makes him impudent and lustful, a rascal in every sense of the word, without the remotest idea of what true chivalric love for a woman means; and this mechanical automaton, whose every motion reveals that he moves not by vital powers but by springs and machinery, she makes her pure-minded heroine love and marry.

There has been a great deal of discussion about the morality of this part of the novel. The question resolves itself into a question of art, for we hold that truth of representation and morality of effect are identical. Immoral characters may be introduced into a book, and the effect be moral on the reader's mind, but a character which is both immoral and unnatural ever produces a pernicious effect. Now the authoress of *Jane Eyre* has drawn in Rochester an unnatural character, and she has done it from an ignorance of the inward condition of mind which immorality such as his either springs from or produces. The ruffian, with his fierce appetites and Satanic pride, his mistresses and his perjuries, his hard impudence and insulting sarcasms, she knows only verbally, so to speak. The words which describe such a character she interprets with her fancy, enlightened by a reminiscence of Childe Harold and the Corsair. The result is a compound of vulgar rascalities and impotent Byronics. Every person who interprets her description by a knowledge of what profligacy is, cannot fail to see that she is absurdly connecting certain virtues, of which she knows a good deal, with certain vices, of which she knows nothing. The coarseness of portions of the novel, consisting not so much in the vulgarity of Rochester's conversation as the naïve description of some of his acts—his conduct for three weeks before

his intended marriage, for instance, is also to be laid partly to the ignorance of the authoress of what ruffianism is, and partly to her ignorance of what love is. No woman who had ever truly loved could have mistaken so completely the Rochester type, or could have made her heroine love a man of proud, selfish, ungovernable appetites, which no sophistry can lift out of lust.

We accordingly think that if the innocent young ladies of our land lay a premium on profligacy, by marrying dissolute rakes for the honor of reforming them, & in *Jane Eyre*, their benevolence will be of questionable utility to the world. There is something romantic to every inexperienced female mind in the idea of pirates and debauchees, who have sentiment as well as slang, miseries as well as vices. Such gentlemen their imaginations are apt to survey under the light of the picturesque instead of under the light of conscience. Every poet and novelist who addresses them on this weak side is sure of getting a favorable hearing. Byron's popularity, as distinguished from his fame, was mainly owing to the felicity with which he supplied the current demand for romantic wickedness. The authoress of *Jane Eyre* is not a Byron, but a talented woman, who, in her own sphere of thought and observation, is eminently trustworthy and true, but out of it hardly rises above the conceptions of a boarding-school Miss in her teens. She appears to us a kind of strong-minded old maid, but with her strong-mindedness greatly modified by the presumption as well as the sentimentality of romantic humbug.

*Novum Testamentum Domini Nostri Jesu Christi. Interpretre Theodoro Beza. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton.*

In relation to the character of this version it is scarcely necessary for us to speak. It has for centuries received the approbation of the wisest and the best; and the copy before us seems to us, upon a brief examination, to be accurate. The work is admirably printed, and does credit to the publishers. We confess that we believe that the use of this sacred work, in our seminaries and colleges, in the Latin, is desirable in reference to every interest of religion and morality. While we hesitate to affirm that Theodore de Beza's version of the New Testament Scriptures is a study of the classic Latin, we still believe that, stamped as it has been with the approbation of centuries, it is, in relation to all the moral considerations which should control our direction of the study of youth, worthy of all acceptance. The preface informs us that several editions were published during the lifetime of Beza, to which he made such improvements as his attention was directed to, or as were prompted by his familiarity, as Greek Professor, with the original. Since 1556, when it first appeared at Geneva, this work has kept its place in the general esteem.

The propriety of the use of this sacred volume in schools has been regarded as a question by some persons; but we cannot consider it a subject of doubt. After a careful consideration of every objection, we cannot see a reason why its gentle and holy truths should not be given to the mind and heart at the earliest period. There is nothing so likely to mark out the destiny of man and woman for goodness and honor, and prosperity, as the early and earnest study of the New Testament. Its Divine Inspirer said, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" and one of the great evidences of its heavenly origin, is the fact, that while its sublimity bows the haughtiest intellect to humility and devotion, its simplicity renders its most important teachings as intelligible to the child as the man, to the unlettered as to

the philosopher. The work is worthy the attention of all who desire to unite education with religion.

*The Princess. A Medley. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.*

The success of this poem is indicated not only by the discussion it has provoked, but its swift passage through three editions. Taken altogether we deem it the most promising of Tennyson's productions, evincing a growth in his fine powers, and a growth in the right direction. It has his customary intellectual intensity, and more than his usual heartiness and sweetness. As a poem it is properly called by its author a medley, the plan being to bring the manners and ideas of the chivalric period into connection with those of the present day; the hero being a knight who adores his mistress, his mistress being a lady who spurns his suit, and carries to its loftiest absurdities the chimera of woman's rights. There is no less fascination in the general conduct of the story, than truth in the result. The whole poem is bathed in beauty, and invites perusal after perusal. In Tennyson's other poems the general idea is lost sight of in the grandeur or beauty of particular passages. In the present we read the poem through as a whole, eager to follow out the development of the characters and plot, and afterward return to admire the excellence of single images and descriptions. In characterization the Princess evinces an improvement on Tennyson's manner, but still we observe the manner. He does not so much paint as engrave; the lines are so fine that they seem to melt into each other, but the result is still not a portrait on canvas, but an engraving on steel. His poetic power is not sufficiently great to fuse the elements of a character indissolubly together.

*The Origin, Progress and Conclusion of the Florida War. By John T. Sprague, Brevet Captain Eighth Regiment U. S. Infantry. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.*

This large volume seems to have been a labor of love with its author. It is full of interesting and valuable matter regarding a very peculiar contest in which our government was engaged; and to the future historian Captain Sprague has spared a great deal of trouble and research. The work is well got up, is illustrated with numerous engravings, and contains full accounts of the origin and progress of the war, the Indian chiefs engaged in it, and a record of all the officers and privates of the army, navy, and marine corps, who were killed in battle or died of disease. Captain Sprague says, "the causes of the difficulties in Florida must be apparent to the minds of careful and intelligent readers; causes not springing up in a day, but nourished for years, aggravated as opportunities offered to enrich adventurers, who had the temerity to hazard the scalping-knife and rifle, and were regardless of individual rights or of law. It must be remembered that Florida, at the period referred to, was an Indian border, the resort of a large number of persons, more properly temporary inhabitants of the territory than citizens, who sought the outskirts of civilization to perpetrate deeds which would have been promptly and severely punished if committed within the limits of a well regulated community. . . . They provoked the Indians to aggressions; and upon the breaking out of the war, ignominiously fled, or sought employment in the service of the general government, and clandestinely contributed to its continuance." In these few sentences we have the philosophy of almost all our Indian border wars. The criminals of a community are ever its most expensive curses.

*The Poetical Works of John Milton. A New Edition With Notes, and a Life of the Author. By John Mifflin Lowell: D. Bixby & Co. 2 vols. 8vo.*

Lowell is a manufacturing city of Massachusetts, the Manchester of America, and a place where we might expect every thing in the shape of manufactures except classical books. Yet it rejoices in a publisher who has really done much for good literature. If our readers will look at their American editions of Faust, of Goethe's Correspondence with a Child, of Southey's Chronicle of the Cid, they will find Mr. Bixby on the title page, and Lowell as the city whence their treasures came. We have now to chronicle another feat of the same enterprising publisher—an edition of Milton, in two splendid octavos, printed in large type on the finest paper, after the best and most complete London edition, illustrated with foot notes of parallel passages from other poets, and constituting altogether the best American edition extant of the sublimest of poets, and having few rivals even among the finest English editions. The life of the poet by Mitford, extending to about a hundred pages, embodies in a clear style all the facts which have been gathered by previous biographers, without reproducing any of their bigotries. All the lies regarding Milton's character are disposed of with summary justice; and the man stands out in all the grandeur of his genius and his purity. We hope that Mr. Bixby will be adequately remunerated for his enterprise in getting out this splendid edition. It is an honor to the American press.

*Eleventh Annual Report of the Secretary of the Board of Education of Massachusetts. Boston: Dutton & Wentworth. 1 vol.*

We strongly advise our readers to procure this document, and not be frightened from its perusal by the idea of its being a legislative paper. It is written by Horace Mann, one of the ablest champions of the cause of education now living, a man as distinguished for industry, energy, and practical skill, as for eloquence and loftiness of purpose. His report, considered simply as a composition, is written with such splendid ability, glows throughout with so much genuine philanthropy, and evinces so wide a command of the resources of expression and argument, that, apart from its importance as a contribution to the cause of education, it has general merits of mind and style which will recommend it to every reader of taste and feeling. The leading characteristic of Mr. Mann's writings on education, which lifts them altogether out of the sphere of pedants and pedagogues, is soul—a true, earnest, aspiring spirit, on fire with a love of rectitude and truth. This gives inspiration even to his narrative of details, and hurries the reader's mind on with his own, through all necessary facts and figures, directly to the object. The present report cannot but shame a mean spirit out of any person with a spark of manliness in him. We wish its accomplished author all success in his great and noble work.

*Aurelian, or Rome in the Third Century. By Wm. Ware, Author of Zenobia and Julian. New York: C. S. Francis & Co.*

This work has been known to the public for ten years as "*Probus*," and has now a reputation that promises to be as enduring as it is brilliant. It manifests an intimate knowledge of the manners, customs and character of the Romans; and conveys the most sacred truths through the medium of the most elevated fiction. It is for sale at the store of the Appletons, in Philadelphia.











Your affectionate Brother  
S. H. Walker





1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

3. The third part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

4. The fourth part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

5. The fifth part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

6. The sixth part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

7. The seventh part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.



## LE FOLLET

Boulevard St. Martin. 61.

*Catelles de Longchamp.*

*à M<sup>me</sup> Delaunay pl. de la Bourse, 51 - l'homme et pleure de M<sup>me</sup> Gilman, & M<sup>me</sup>  
 Ribes de M<sup>me</sup> Biensu, & de la Chambre d'Orléans, 41.*

# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1848.

No. 6.

## CAPTAIN SAMUEL WALKER.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

TIME and opportunity make men—and high talent in any profession or sphere of life is valueless unless called into action. This is strikingly exemplified in the career of the person with whom we now have to do.

Samuel Walker was born in the county of Prince George, Maryland, in the year 1815. His family, though respectable, had neither fortune nor influence sufficient to advance his interests; and at an early age he was thrown on the world, dependent for success only on his own exertions. Educated to no profession or business, the chances of his drawing a prize in the lottery of life seemed small indeed, yet it is probable no man of his grade in the service has, since the commencement of the Mexican war, attracted more attention. Of the early career of Walker we know little except that in 1840 he was one of the party of less than twenty men selected by Col. Harney, from the strength of the 2d Dragoons, to penetrate the great Payhokee or everglades of Florida. The history of this expedition is peculiar.

After the battle of Okeechobee the might of the Seminoles was broken, and they took refuge in the chain of lakes and immense hamacs which extend almost from Cape Florida to the Suwannee River. Divided into small parties, they defied the pursuit of heavy columns, yet frequently left their fastnesses to commit the most fearful atrocities. During the winter of 1839 and 40 they had been peculiarly bold, and had ventured even to attack, under the guns of Fort Micanopy, a party of mounted infantry which was escorting the young and beautiful wife of an officer of the 7th Infantry to a neighboring post. This party, with the exception of two or three persons, was destroyed. It became evident that no operations could lead to a good result unless the Indians were pursued to their own retreats, and treated as they had themselves conducted the war. Col. Harney, who was in command of one of the departments of Florida, immediately organized an expedition for the

purpose of entering the great everglade south of the Lake Okeechobee, in which the Seminoles were supposed to be in much strength. The country in which he was about to act seemed to be the realization of the poetic chaos. It was overgrown with trees of immense size, of kinds almost unknown in other portions of the peninsula, and grass of great height and strength rose two or three feet above the surface of the water, which not unfrequently had a depth of several feet. Notwithstanding, however, that this was the general character of the country there were often *portages*, or shoal and dry places, over which it was necessary to carry their boats by main force. In this kind of country the Indians had the manifest advantage, being acquainted with sinuous pathways, which, it is said, enabled them to thread all the intricacies of the hamac almost without wetting the moccasin. The party of Col. Harney, however, were picked men, inured to all the hardships of Indian warfare, and after several days of hide and seek, surprised a party of Indians, among whom was a chief of distinction. As this identical party had more than once surrendered and broken truce, Colonel Harney ordered all the men to be hung summarily, and took the women with him to the nearest post as prisoners. So important was this service that the names of all the party were mentioned in general orders, and the enlisted men advanced in grade. The effect on the Indians was great; large parties came in and surrendered, and they remained almost quiet until their last attempt was crushed by Gen. Worth in the brilliant affair of *Pilaklakaha*, April 17, 1842.

Previous to this time, young Walker had been discharged from the service, by reason of the expiration of his enlistment, and with some funds he had amassed while in the army, proceeded at once to Texas, then embroiled with the abrasions of the great Comanche race and the minor tribes strewn along her northern frontier. He was one of the party

of the famous Jack Hays, when in 1844 that leader defeated, with fifteen men armed with Colt's pistols, then novelties in the West, a large force of Indians. In this encounter Walker was wounded by a lance, and left by his adversary pinned to the ground. After remaining in this position for a long time, he was rescued by his companions when the fight was over.

The disastrous expedition commenced under the command of Gen. Somerville, and terminated at Mier by the surrender of the whole party to Don Pedro de Ampudia, since become a person of most unenviable notoriety, is well known. One of the most conspicuous members of this foray, for it scarcely deserves another name, was Walker. He distinguished himself during the long siege the Texans maintained in the house they had seized, until forced for want of provisions and ammunition to surrender. With the rest he was marched to the castle of Perote, suffering every indignity which Mexican cruelty and ingenuity could invent. On this sad march, at Salado, Walker performed perhaps the most brilliant exploit of his life. Wearied out by cruelty, the Texans resolved to escape, and on this occasion Walker was the leader. The prisoners were placed in a strong stone building, at the door of which two sentinels were placed, while their escort bivouacked in front of the building. Walker, at a concerted signal, threw open the door, seized and disarmed one of the sentinels, while a gallant fellow named Cameron, a Highlander, was equally successful with the other. The unarmed prisoners immediately rushed through the gateway and seized the arms of the Mexican guard. No scheme was ever more daringly planned or more boldly executed. Within the course of a moment the two hundred and fourteen Texans had changed places with the numerous Mexican guard. Outside of a court-yard, in which the guard had bivouacked, was a strong cavalry force, which the Texans charged with the bayonet and routed, and immediately resumed their march back to the Rio Grande.

They deserved success and liberty, but ignorant of the country, soon became lost in the mountains, were overpowered and taken back to Salado. They found Santa Anna there, and the Mexican President decimated the party.

The Texans in their escape and conflicts had lost five men, and Santa Anna demanded the decimation of the rest. A bowl was brought, and a bean for every man was placed in it, every tenth bean being black. The bowl was covered, and the whole party were then ordered in succession to take out one bean. The twenty-one individuals who had chanced on the black beans were immediately shot. This was the famous *Caravanza* lottery, the mere mention of which is sufficient to make the bosom of every Texan boil with indignation, and which is the origin of the intense hatred borne by all the people of that state to Santa Anna. This worthy has during the whole war carefully avoided the Texan Rangers, and had he come in contact with them, they would doubtless have exacted a fearful retribution.

Walker with the survivors of the party were taken

to Perote, whence he was lucky enough to escape, and returned to Texas, into the service of which he was at once received.

When the Mexican war began Walker was the captain of a company of Texan Rangers stationed on the Rio Grande, and immediately offered his services to General Taylor, who accepted them, and stationed him between Point Isabel and the cantonment for the purpose of keeping open the communication. On the 28th of April he discovered that the Mexican troops were in motion, and at once, with his small command of twenty-five men, set out to report the fact to the general. On his way he encountered the Mexican column, and it is not improbable that with his small party he was in contact with one wing of the force which subsequently fought at Palo Alto. The Texans were pursued to Point Isabel, on which place they fell back, having lost several men, but killed more of the enemy than their own force numbered.

In spite of the intervening force of the enemy, Walker determined to reach General Taylor on that night, and accompanied but by six of his men set out. After charging through a large body of Mexican lancers, he reached Gen. Taylor on the morning of the 30th.

On the 1st of May Gen. Taylor broke up his camp, and what followed is well known. On the 3d Walker was again employed in the perilous service of ascertaining the condition of Fort Brown, which was then being bombarded by all the batteries of the city of Matamoras. His reconnoissance was one of the boldest feats performed during the war, and though May, who had command of a hundred horse for the purpose of covering him, presuming he must have been captured returned to Gen. Taylor, Walker again returned on the 4th, having accomplished his duty alone.

At Palo Alto and La Resaca Walker again distinguished himself, and was mentioned by Gen. Taylor in the dispatch with the highest terms of commendation. For his distinguished services, on the organization of the Mounted Rifles, he was appointed a captain of cavalry in the regular service.

After sharing in all the perils of the war, Walker devoted himself to the pursuit of the Guerilleros, who infested the road from Vera Cruz to the capital, and uniformly maintained his high reputation. In the affair of La Hoya, Sept. 20, 1847, he acted independently, and was perfectly successful.

In the expedition of Gen. Lane, which terminated so gallantly at Huamantla, Walker served for the last time. The prize he had proposed to himself was great, being nothing less than the capture of Santa Anna. Walker on this occasion commanded the whole cavalry force, and led the advance. His charge into the town, from the covering of Magues, is described by old soldiers who saw it as having been terrific. Passing completely through the town, he pursued the enemy's retreating artillery. After the success was sure, Walker returned, and was treacherously shot from a house on which a white flag was hanging. Within thirty minutes he died,

after a brilliant victory, in gaining which he had been an important actor. With a force of one hundred and ninety-five men he had beaten and routed five hundred picked lancers, and given the tone to the events of the day.

No man was more regretted than Capt. Walker, who had enjoyed the confidence of every officer with whom he had served. Gen. Scott and Gen. Taylor both highly estimated his good qualities, and reposed the greatest trust in him.

When the news of his death reached the United States, the people were every where loud in their regrets, and he will be remembered as one of the heroes of the Mexican war.

Captain Walker had risen by his own exertions. Brought up in a good school, "the Light Dragoons of the U. S.," his knowledge of tactics, acquired in

Florida, was most useful to his first service as an officer in the army of the Texan Republic. He is spoken of as having possessed every requisite for a cavalry officer—a quick perception, a keen eye, a strong arm, perfect control of his horse, thorough knowledge of military combination, and the rarer and more valuable faculty of winning the confidence of his men. Had he not been cut off so untimely in his chosen career, he could not but have become a distinguished general.

Captain Walker died at the age of 33, in sight almost of the famous dungeon of Perote, where he had long been a prisoner. There was something like retribution in the fact that more than one other Texan, who, like himself, had been confined there, contributed to raise above its battlements the colors of the United States.

## L A M A R T I N E T O M A D A M E J O R E L L E .

## FROM THE FRENCH.

BY VIRGINIA.

WHAT! offer thee the tribute of my numbers?  
Thou daughter of the East! whose infancy  
The warring desert winds rocked to its slumbers—  
Dost thou demand incense of Poesy?

Flower of Aleppo! whom the Bulbul choosing  
Would wander from his worshiped rose of May,  
O'er thy fair chalice her remembrance losing,  
To languish 'mid thy leaves his moonlight lay!

Bear odors to the balm pure sweets exhaling?  
Hang on the orange bough a riper load?  
Lend fires to Syria's East at dawn unveiling?  
Pave with new stars\* the Night's all-glittering road?

No verses here!—Verse would despair of raising  
Aught save an image dark and faint of thee;  
But gently in yon basin's mirror gazing  
Behold thyself! Embodied Poesy!

When through the kiosque's grated ogive straying,  
The sea-breeze mingles with the Moka's fume,  
Where softly o'er thy form the moonbeams playing  
Glance on thy couch, rich from Palmyra's loom—

When on the jasmine tube thy lip half closes,  
Veiled with its golden threads in bright array,  
While ruffling at thy breath, fragrant with roses,  
Murmur the drops within the Narquité—

When as winged perfumes rise into thy brain,  
In light caressing clouds around thee wreathing  
All love's and youth's lost visions throng again,  
An atmosphere of dreams thy listeners breathing—

\* The road of heaven, star-paved. PARADISE LOST

When in thy tale the Arab steed forth starting  
Yields foaming to thy curb of infancy,  
And that triumphant glance obliquely darting  
Equals the summer-lightning of his eye—

When thy fair arm, of loveliest symmetry,  
Supports the fairer brow in thought reclining,  
While gleams with diamond fires thy poniard nigh  
In quick reflection of the torch's shining—

Naught is there in the murmured words of feeling,  
Naught in the Poet's ever dreaming brow,  
Naught in pure sighs from purest bosoms stealing,  
Naught redolent of Poesy as thou!

With me the age has flown when Love, life's flower,  
Perfumes the heart—my warmest accents falter,  
And beauty o'er my soul has lost her power—  
Cold is the light I kindle on her altar!

The harp is this chilled bosom's only queen,  
But how would homage from its depths have burst  
In gushing minstrelsy at bright sixteen,  
If *then* these eyes had rested on thee first!

How many stanzas had thy lover given  
To one sweet vaporous wreath that lately graced  
Thy meditative lip, or how had striven  
To stay that form by unseen artist traced!

That shadow's vague enchanting outline cast  
On yonder wall, to arrest with poet's finger  
Thy beauty's mystic image fading fast,  
As round thy form fond moonbeams cease to linger!

## PHANTOMS ALL.

### A PHANTASY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE E. BUTLER.

It was with a feeling of regret, such as stirs one's heart at parting with a dear friend, that I turned the last page of Irving's most delightful visit to Abbotsford, which he has given us in language so beautiful from its simplicity, so graphic in its details, and so heart-deep in its sincerity, that with him we ourselves seem to be partakers also of the hospitality and kindness of the immortal Scott.

"Every night," says Irving, "I retired with my mind filled with delightful recollections of the day, and every morning I arose with the certainty of new enjoyment."

And so vividly has he painted for the imagination of his happy readers those scenes of delight, those hours of social interchange of two great minds, that we are admitted as it were into free communion with them. On the banks of the silvery Tweed we stroll delighted, or pause to view the "gray waving hills," made so dear to all the lovers of Scott and Burns, through the enchantment which romance and poetry have thrown around them. We listen for the tinkling chime of the fairy bells as we pass through the glen of Thomas the Rhymer, almost expecting to see by our side, as we muse on the banks of the goblin stream, the queen of the fairies on her "dapple gray pony." Again, through the cloisters of Melrose Abbey we wander silently and in awe, almost wishing that honest John Boyer would leave us awhile unmolested even by the praises of his master the "*shirra*," whom he considers "not a bit proud," notwithstanding he has such "*an awfu' knowledge o' history*!" Or it may be we recline amid the purple heather and listen to the deep tones of the great magician himself, as he delights our ear with some quaint tradition of the olden time, while Maida, grave and dignified as becomes the rank he holds, crouches beside his master, disdaining to share the sports of Hamlet, Hector, "both mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound" frolicking so wantonly on the bonny green knowe before us!

But at length the hour of parting comes. We feel the hearty grasp, and hear the farewell words with which Scott takes leave of his American friend, and as with them our delusion wrought by the magic pen of Irving vanishes, we would fain stay the enchantment—too bright to pass away unlamented!

"The pen of a ready writer, whereunto shall it be likened?

Let the calm child of genius, whose name shall never die,  
For that the transcript of his mind hath made his thoughts immortal—

Let these, let all, with no faint praise, with no light gratitude, confess

*The blessings poured upon the earth from the pen of a ready writer,*"

Closing the volume which had so enchained my senses, my mind, from dwelling upon the presence

of Scott himself, as introduced through the informal courtesy of our beloved Irving, naturally turned to the varied and wonderful productions of that master mind, and to the many characters thereby created, seeming to hold a sacred place in our thoughts and affections, as friends whom we had once known and loved!

I was suddenly aroused from my ruminations by a light tap on the shoulder. Judge of my astonishment when Meg Merrilies stood before me, clad in the same wild gipsy garb in which she had warned the Laird of Ellangowan on Ellangowan's height! In her shriveled hand it would seem she held the very sapling which for the last time she had plucked from the bonny woods which had so long waved above her bit shealing, until driven thence by the timorous and weak-minded laird. With this she again touched me, and in a half inviting, half commanding tone said:

"Gang wi' me, leddy, gang wi' me, and I will show ye a bonny company, amang whilk ye'll soon speer those ye're thinking o'."

I confess it was not without some trepidation I arose to follow my strange conductor, who, seizing my hand, rather dragged than led me through several long dark passages, until suddenly emerging from one still more gloomy than the others, my eyes were almost blinded with the glare of light and splendor that flashed upon them.

"Gang in amang them a', my leddy," cried Meg, letting go my hand and waving me toward the entrance, "and gin ye suld see bonny Harry Bertram, tell him there is ane he kens o' will meet him the night down by the cairn when the clock strikes the hour o' twal."

Obedying her mandate, I now found myself in a lofty and spacious saloon. From the ceiling, which was of azure sprinkled with golden stars, were suspended the most magnificent chandeliers, brilliant with a thousand waxen tapers. Gorgeous and life-like tapestry adorned the walls—massive mirrors reflected on every side the blaze of elegance, while the furniture, patterning the fashions of the different ages from the times of the Crusades to that of Elizabeth, was of the most choice and beautiful materials.

But of this I took little note—other and "more attractive metal" met my eye, for around me were kings and princes—peer and peasant—lords and ladies—turbaned infidel and helmeted knight—the wild roving gipsy and the wandering troubadour. In short, I found myself in the world of the immortal master of Abbotsford, and surrounded by those to whose enchanting company I had oft been indebted for dispelling many a weary hour of sickness and gloom—friends whom at my bidding I could at any

moment summon to my presence—friends never weary of well-doing—friends never weighing down the heart by their unkindness, or chilling by their neglect. My heart throbbed with a delight before unknown; and I eagerly looked about me, recognizing on every side those dear familiar ones with whom, for so many years, I had been linked in love and friendship.

The first group on whom my eyes rested were our dear friends from Tully-Veolan accompanied by the McIvors.

The beautiful, high-souled Flora was leaning on the arm of the good old Baron Bradwardine, while the gentle Rose shrank almost timidly from the support of the noble but ill-fated Fergus. They were both lovely—Flora and Rose; but while the former dazzled by her beauty and her wit, the latter, in unpretending sweetness, stole at once into our hearts. But not so thought Waverly. With "ear polite" he listened to the somewhat tedious colloquy of the old baron, yet his eloquent eyes, his heart speaking through them, were fixed upon the noble countenance of Flora McIvor.

"Come, good folks," cried a merry voice—and the bright, happy face of Julia Mannering was before me—"I am sent by my honored father, the colonel, to break up this charmed circle; and he humbly requests to be put under the spell himself, through the enchanting voice of Miss McIvor—one little Highland air, my dear Flora, is all he asks—but see, with sombre Melancholy leaning on his arm, he comes to enforce his own request."

And the gallant Colonel Mannering, supporting the fragile form of Lucy Bertram, clad in deep mourning robes, now approached, and after gracefully saluting the circle, solicited from Miss McIvor a song. Waverly eagerly brought the harp of Flora from a small recess, and as he placed it before her, whispered something in a low tone, which for a moment crimsoned the brow of the maiden, then coldly bowing to him, she drew the instrument toward her, and warbled a wild and spirited Highland air, her eyes flashing, and her bosom heaving with the exciting theme she had chosen.

"Pro-di-gious!" exclaimed a voice I thought I knew; and, sure enough, I found the dear old Dominie Sampson close at my elbow—his large, gray eyes rolling in ecstasy—his mouth open, and grasping in his hands a huge folio, while Davie Gellatly, with cap and bells, stood mincing and grimacing behind him—now rolling up the whites of his eyes—now pulling the skirts of the unconscious pedagogue—and finally, surmounting the wig of the Dominie with his own fool's cap, he clapped his hands, gayly crying, "O, braw, braw Davie!"

Julia Mannering now touched the harp to a lively air, when suddenly her voice faltered, the eloquent blood mantled her cheek, and her little fingers trembled as they swept the harp-strings.

"Ah, ha!" thought I, "there must be a cause for all this—Brown must be near!" and in a moment that handsome young soldier had joined the group. Remembering the commands of Meg Merrilies, I

was striving to catch his eye, that I might do her bidding, when the gipsy herself suddenly strode into the circle and fixing her eyes upon Brown, or rather Bertram, she waved her long skinny arm, exclaiming,

"Tarry not here, Harry Bertram, of Ellangowan; there's a dark deed this night to be done amid the caverns of Dorncleugh, and then

The dark shall be light,  
And the wrong made right,  
When Bertram's right, and Bertram's might,  
Shall meet on Ellangowan Height."

I now passed on and found myself in the vicinity of Old Mortality and Monkbarrow, who were deeply engaged in some antiquarian debate—too much so to notice the shrewd smile and cunning leer which the old Bluegown, Edie Ochiltree, now and then cast upon them.

"Hear til him," he whispered to Sir Arthur Wadour—"hear til him; the poor mon's gone clean gyte with his saxpennies and his old penny bodles! odd, but it gars me laugh whiles!"

Both Sir Arthur and his lovely daughter, Isabel, smiled at the earnestness of the old man, and slipping some money into his hand, the latter bade him come up to the castle in the morning.

At this moment radiant in *spirituelle* beauty, glorious Die Vernon, like another Grace Greenwood, swept past me, followed by Rashleigh, and half a score of the Osbaldistons. She was, indeed, a lovely creature. The dark-green riding-dress she wore fitting so perfectly her light, elegant figure, served but to enhance the brilliancy of her complexion, blooming with health and exercise. Her long black hair, free from the little hat which hung carelessly upon her arm, fell around her in beautiful profusion, and even the golden-tipped riding-whip she held so gracefully in her little hand, seemed as a wand to draw her worshipers around her.

Turning suddenly and finding herself so closely followed by Rashleigh, her beautiful eyes flashed disdainfully, and linking her arm within that of Clara Mowbray, who, with the gay party from St. Ronan's Well, were just entering the saloon, she waved her hand to her cousin, forbidding his nearer approach, and, with the step of a deer, she was gone.

An oath whistled through the teeth of Rashleigh, and his dark features contracted into a terrible frown.

"Hout, mon—dinna be fashed! Bide a bit—bide a bit! as my father, the deacon—"

"Ah, Bailie, are you there?" cried Rashleigh, impatiently; "why I thought you were hanging from the trees around the cave of your robber kinsman, Rob."

Ere the worthy Nicol Jarvie could reply to this uncourteous address, the smiling Mr. Winterblossom approached, and in the name of the goddess, Lady Penelope Penfeather, commanded the presence of the angered Rashleigh at the shrine of her beauty. This changed the current of his thoughts, and with all that grace of manner and eloquence of lip and eye, which no one knew better how to assume, he followed to the little group of which the Lady Penelope and her rival, Lady Binka, formed the attraction. But what



ever may have been the gallant things he was saying, they were soon ended in the bustle consequent upon the sudden rushing in of the brave Captain McTurk, followed by the enraged Meg Dods, with no less a weapon in her hand than a broom-stick, with which she was striving to belabor the shoulders of the unhappy McTurk.

"*Hugh, sirs!*" she cried, brandishing it above her head, "I'll gar ye to know ye're not coming flisking to an honest woman's house setting folks by the lugs. Keep to your ain whillying hottle here, ye ne'er-do-weel, or I'll mak' windle-strae o' your banes—and what for no?"

Happily for the gallant captain, Old Touchwood here interposed, and by dint of coaxing and threats of joining himself to the gay company at the Spring, the irascible Meg was finally marched off.

A deep sigh near me caused me to look around, and there, as pure and as lovely as the water-lily drooping from its fragile stem, sat poor Lucy Ashton. And like that beautiful flower, the lily of the wave, seemed the love of that unhappy maid:

"Quivering to the blast  
Through every nerve—yet rooted deep and fast  
Midst life's dark sea."

Her eyes were cast down, and her rich veil of golden tresses sweeping around her. At a little distance, with folded arms and bent brows, stood the Laird of Ravenswood, yet unable to approach the broken-hearted girl, as her proud, unfeeling mother, the stately Lady Ashton, kept close guard over her; and it made me shudder to behold, also, the old hag, Ailsie Gourley, crouching down by her bonny mistress, and stroking the lily-white hand which hung so listless at her side, mumbling the while what seemed to me must be some incantation to the Evil One.

"Wae's me—wae's me!" exclaimed that prince of serving-men, Caleb Balderstone, at this moment presenting himself before his master; "and is your honor, then, not ganging hame when Mysie the puir old body's in the dead thraw! *Hech, sirs*, but its awfu'! Ane of the big sacks o' siller—a' gowd, ye maun ken, which them gawky chields and my ain sell were lifting to your honor's chaumer, cam down on her head! *Eh!* but it gars me greet—ah! wull-a-wins, we maun a' dee!"

"Ah, she is a bonny thing, but ye ken she is a wee bit daft, puir lassie!" cried Madge Wildfire, smirking and bowing, to catch the eye of Jeanie Deans, who, leaning on the arm of her betrothed, Reuben Butler, stood gazing with tearful eyes upon that wreck of hope and love exhibited in the person of the ill-fated Lucy of Lammermoor.

Bless that sweet, meek face of Jeanie Deans! Many a lovelier—many a fairer were in that assemblage, yet not one more winning or truthful. The honest, pure heart shone from those mild blue eyes; one might know *she* could make any sacrifice for those she loved, and that guided and guarded by her *own* innocence and steadfast truth, neither crowns nor sceptres could daunt her from her noble purpose.

And there, too, was Effie. Not Effie, the Lily of St. Leonards, such as she was when gayly tending her little flock on St. Leonard's Craigs—not Effie, the poor, wretched criminal of the Tolbooth—but Effie, the rich and beautiful Lady Staunton, receiving with all the ease and elegance of a high-born dame the homage of the nobles surrounding her, of whom none shone more conspicuous than his grace the Duke of Argyle, on whose arm she was leaning.

With the step and bearing of a queen a noble lady now approached, and as, unattended by knight or dame, she moved gracefully through the brilliant crowd, every eye was turned on her with admiration.

Need I say it was Rebecca, the Jewess.

A rich turban of yellow silk, looped at the side by an aigrette of diamonds, and confining a beautiful ostrich plume, was folded over her polished brow, from which her long, raven tresses floated in beautiful curls around her superb neck and shoulders. A simarre of crimson silk, studded with jewels, and gathered to her slender waist by a magnificent girdle of fine gold, reached below the hips, where it was met by a flowing robe of silver tissue bordered with pearls. In queenly dignity she was about to pass from the saloon, when the noble Richard of the Lion Heart stepped hastily forward, and respectfully saluted her. He still wore his sable armor, and with his visor thrown back, had for some time been negligently reclining against one of the lofty pillars, a careless spectator of the scene around him. The lovely Jewess paused, and with graceful ease replied to the address of the monarch; but at that moment the voice of Ivanhoe, speaking to Rowena, fell on her ear—and with a hurried reverence to Cœur de Lion, she glided from the apartment.

"No, Ivanhoe," thought I, "thou hast not done wisely—beautiful as is the fair Rowena, to whom thy troth stands plighted—thou shouldst have won the peerless Rebecca for thy bride."

I was aroused from the reverie into which I had unconsciously fallen by a hoarse voice at my elbow repeating a *Pater Noster*, and turning around, I beheld the jovial Friar of Copmanhurst, one hand grasping a huge oaken cudgel, the other swiftly running over his rosary.

Mary of Avenel next appeared, and (or it may have been fancy) near her floated the airy vision of the White Lady.

There was Sir Piercie Shafton, too, and the miller's black-eyed daughter. The voice of the knight was low and apparently his words were tender; for poor Mysie Happer, with cheeks like a fresh-blown rose, and sparkling eyes, drank in with her whole soul the honeyed accents of the Euphoist.

"Certes, O my discretion," said he, "thou shalt arise from thy never-to-be-lamented-sufficiently-lowliness; thou shalt leave the homely occupations of that rude boor unto whom it beseemeth thee to give the appellation of father, and shalt attain to the all-to-be-desired greatness of my love, even as the resplendent sun condescends to shine down upon the earth-crawling beetle."

I now approached a deep embrasure elevated one

step above the level of the apartment, over which magnificent hangings of crimson and gold swept to the floor. Not for a moment could I doubt who the splendid being might be occupying the centre of the little group on which my eyes now rested enraptured.

The most lovely, the most unfortunate Mary of Scotland was before me, and, as if spell-bound, I could not withdraw my gaze. How did all the portraits my fancy had drawn fade in comparison with the actual beauty, the indescribable loveliness of this peerless woman. How was it possible to give to fancy any thing so exquisitely graceful and beautiful as the breathing form before me. Ask me not to depict the color of her eyes; ask me not to paint that wealth of splendid hair—that complexion no artist's skill could match—that mouth so eloquent in its repose—those lips—those teeth. As well attempt to paint the strain of delicious music which reaches our ears at midnight, stealing over the moonlit wave; or to color the fragrance of the new-blown rose, or of the lily of the vale, when first plucked from its humble bed. For even thus did the unrivaled charms of Mary of Scotland blend themselves indescribably with our enraptured senses.

On a low stool at the feet of Mary sat Catharine Seyton, whose fair, round arm seemed as a snow-wreath resting amid the rich folds of her royal mistress' black velvet robe. Yet not so deeply absorbed was she in devotion to her lady as to prevent her now and then casting a mischievous glance on Roland Græme, who, with the Douglas, were also in attendance upon their unhappy queen. Drawn up on one side was the stately figure of the Lady of Lochleven, with a scowl on her face, and a bitter look of hate fastened on the unfortunate Mary.

With regret I at length moved away from this enchanting presence, my sympathies to be soon again awakened for the gentle Amy Robsart, Countess of Leicester.

She was reclining on a sofa of sea-green velvet, seeded with pearls, bearing in its centre the cypher of herself and lord, surmounted by a coronet. At her feet knelt the Earl of Leicester with all the outward semblance of a god. One little hand rested confidently in his, the other nestled amid the dark locks clustering over his high and polished brow. Ah! little did she dream of guile in her noble lord! How could she, when with such looks of love he gazed upon her—with such words of love delighted her trembling heart.

The fawning villain, Varney, stood at a little distance behind the unconscious Amy, even then, as it seemed to me, plotting her destruction with the old arch hypocrite, Foster, with whom he was holding low and earnest conversation. Tressilian—the brave, good Tressilian—as if sworn to protect the lovely lady, leaned on his sword at her right hand, his fine eyes bent with a look of mingled admiration and pity on her ingenuous countenance.

"The queen! the queen!—room for the queen!" echoed around. Hastily rising to his feet, and imprinting a slight kiss on her fair brow, the earl left his lovely bride, and was the next moment by

the side of the haughty Elizabeth—England's maiden Queen.

"Then, earl, why didst thou leave the beds  
Where roses and where lilies vie,  
To seek a prim-rose, whose pale shades  
Must sicken when those gauds are by?"

"But Leicester (or I much am wrong)  
It is not beauty lures thy vows,  
Rather ambition's gilded crown  
Makes thee forget thy humble spouse.

"Last night, as sad I chanced to stray,  
The village death-bell smote my ear;  
They winked aside, and seemed to say,  
'Countess, prepare—thy end is near!'"

"Thus sore and sad that lady grieved,  
In Cumnor Hall so lone and drear,  
And many a heartfelt sigh she heaved,  
And let fall many a bitter tear.

"And ere the dawn of day appeared  
In Cumnor Hall, so lone and drear,  
Full many a piercing scream was heard,  
And many a cry of mortal fear.

"The death-bell thrice was heard to ring.  
An aerial voice was heard to call,  
And thrice the raven flapped his wing  
Around the towers of Cumnor Hall."

It was pleasant to turn from a scene of such confiding love on one part, and base hypocrisy on the other, to look upon the honest countenance of Magnus Troil, who, with his daughters on each arm—the stately, dark-eyed Minna, and the no less lovely Brenda—were now approaching me. Behind followed Norna of the Fitful-head, in earnest conversation with the Pirate Cleveland. As I looked upon her tall, majestic person, her countenance, so stern and wild, rendered more so, perhaps, by the singular head-dress she had assumed, and her long hair streaming over her face and shoulders, I could no longer wonder at the power she had obtained over the minds of the ignorant peasantry and fishermen of Jarlsklof.

"Whist! whist! Triptolemus!" quoth Mistress Barbara Yellowway, pulling the sleeve of the Factor, "dinna be getting ower near the hellicat witch—wha kens but she may be asking for the horn o' siller, man."

This speech had the desired effect; and the trembling Triptolemus hastily placed the bold front of Baby between him and the object of dread.

Here, too, was Mareshal Dalgetty—and nothing but the respect due to so much beauty as was here assembled, I felt sure, could have prevented the appearance of his brave charger, Gustavus, also upon the scene. He was accompanied by Randal of the Mist.

With her little harp poised lightly on her arm, sweet Annot Lyle tripped by the side of the moody Allan, striving by her lively sallies to break the thrall of the dark fit which was about to seize upon him.

Fair Alice Lee, and the brave old knight, Sir Harry, did not escape my notice—not Master Wild-

rake, or the gay monarch, Charles, still under the disguise of Louis Kerneguy; and whose shuffling, awkward gait, and bushy red head, caused no small mirth in the assembly, as wondering to see one of so ungainly an appearance in such close attendance upon the lovely Alice.

"Old Noll" had grouped around him in one corner the "Devil-scaring-lank-legs," the "Praise-God-bare-bones," and the "smell-sin-long-noses" of the day; but not finding any thing very attractive in that godly company, I passed on to where Isabella of Croye and the gallant Quentin Durward were holding earnest converse—not aware, unfortunately, that the snaky eye of the Bohemian was watching all their movements.

I quickly stepped aside as I saw the miser, Trap-bois, eagerly advancing toward the Lady of Croye, his eyes gloating over the rich jewels which adorned her person, and his long, skinny fingers seeming ready to tear the coveted gems from her fair neck and arms. Indeed, but for the presence of his stern daughter, Martha, I doubted whether he would not at least make the attempt.

"Father, come home! this is no place for you—come home!" she said, in deep, slow tones.

"Nay, daughter, I would but offer to serve these rich nobles for a small con-sider-ation; let me go, Martha—let me go, I say!" as placing her powerful arm within his, she drew him reluctantly toward the door.

Suddenly a flourish of warlike music swelled through the lofty apartment—peal on peal reverberated around—and while I listened with awe to notes so grand and solemn, the music as suddenly changed its character. Now only the dulcet tones of the harp were heard, sweet as the soft summer shower when the tinkling rain-drops merrily pelt the flowers—strains so sweetly harmonious as seemed too heavenly for mortal touch. And as fainter and fainter, yet still more sweet, the ravishing melody breathed around, one by one the company glided out silently and mournfully—the tapestried walls gradually assumed the appearance of my own little parlor—the rich and tasteful decorations vanished—and *where was I?* Seated in my own comfortable rocking-chair, reclining in the same attitude as when so suddenly summoned forth by the gipsy carline. Truly,

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

## HOMEWARD BOUND.

BY E. CURTISS HINE, U. S. N.

For weary years my feet had wandered  
On many a fair but distant shore;  
By Lima's crumbling walls I'd pondered  
And gazed upon the Andes hoar.  
The ocean's wild and restless billow,  
That rears its crested head on high,  
For years had been my couch and pillow,  
Until its sameness pained my eye.

The playmates of my joyous childhood,  
With whom I laughed the hours away,  
And wandered through the tangled wildwood  
Till close of sultry summer day;  
My aged, gray, and feeble mother,  
Whom most I longed to see again,  
My sisters, and my only brother,  
Were o'er the wild and faithless main.

At length the lagging days were numbered,  
That bound me to a foreign shore,  
And glorious hopes that long had slumbered  
Again their gilded plumage wore;  
Fond voices in my ear were singing  
The songs I loved in boyhood's day,  
As in my hammoc slowly swinging  
I mused the still night-hours away.

And sylvan scenes then came before me,  
The bright green fields I loved so well,  
Ere Sorrow threw his shadow o'er me,  
The streamlet, mountain, wood and dell;  
The lonely grave-yard, sad and dreary,  
Which in the night I passed with dread,  
Where, with their sleepless vigils weary,  
The white stones watch above the dead;

Were spread like pictured chart around me,  
Where Fancy turned my gazing eye,  
Till slumber with his fetters bound me,  
And dimmed each star in memory's sky.  
Then came bright dreams—but all were routed  
When morning lit the ocean blue,  
And I, awaking, gayly shouted,  
"My last, last night in famed PERU!"

"Farewell PERU! thy shores are fading,  
As swift we plough the furrowed main,  
And clouds with drooping wings are shading  
The towering Andes, wood and plain.  
The passing breeze, thus idly singing,  
A sweeter, dearer voice hath found,  
And hope within my heart is springing,  
Our white-winged bark is HOMEWARD BOUND!"

'T was night—at length my feet were nearing  
The home from which they long had strayed;  
No star was in the sky appearing,  
My boyhood's scenes were wrapped in shade.  
I paused beside the grave-yard dreary,  
And entered through its creaking gate,  
To find if yet my mother, weary  
Of this cold world, had shared the fate

Of those who in their graves were sleeping,  
But could not find her grass-grown bed,  
Though many a stranger stone was keeping  
Its patient watch above the dead.  
But HERE was not among them gleaming,  
And so I turned with joy away,  
For many a night had I been dreaming  
That there she pale and faded lay!

## POOR PENN—.

### A REAL REMINISCENCE.

BY OLIVER BUCKLEY.

"I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest;—most excellent humor."

SOME years ago, ere yet I had reaped the harvest of "oats" somewhat wildly sown, I resided in one of our principal western cities, and, like most juveniles within sight of the threshold of their majority, harbored a decided predilection for the stage. Not a coach and four, as is sometimes understood by that expression, but that still more lumbering vehicle, the theatre, which hurries down the rough road of life a load of passengers quite as promiscuous and impatient. The odor of the summer-fields gave me less delight than that which exhaled from the foot-lights; and the wild forest-scenes were less enchanting than those transitory views which honest John Leslie nightly presented to the audience, too often "few" if not "fit." There is something, too, in the off-hand, taking-luck-as-it-comes sort of life among actors, which to me was especially attractive; and I was not long in making the acquaintance of many. But the memory of one among the number lingers with me still, with more mingled feelings of pain and pleasure than that of any other. Poor Penn—, I will not write his name in full, lest, should he be living, it might meet his eye and give his good-natured heart a moment's discomfort. To him more than any other my nature warmed, as did his to me, until we were cemented in friendship. What pleasant rambles of summer-afternoons, after rehearsal; what delightful nights when the play was done, what songs, recitations and professional anecdotes were ours, no one but ourselves can know. The character he most loved to play was Crack, in the "Turnpike Gate." Poor Penn—! I can see him yet—"Some gentleman has left his beer—another one will drink it!" How admirably he made that point! But that is gone by, and he may ere this have made his last point and final exit. After six months of the closest intimacy, I suddenly missed my hitherto daily companion, and all inquiries at his boarding-house and the theatre proved fruitless. For days I frequented our old haunts, but in vain; he had vanished, leaving no trace to tell of the course he had taken. I seemed altogether forsaken—utterly lost—and felt as if I looked like a pump without a handle—a cart with but one wheel—a shovel without the tongs—or the second volume of a novel, which, because somebody has carried off the first, is of no interest to any one. At last a week went by, and I sauntered down to the ferry, and stepping aboard the boat suffered myself to be conveyed to the opposite shore. On the bank stood the United States barracks, and gathered about were groups of soldiers, looking as listless and unwarlike as if they had just joined the "peace-league."

But their present quiet was only like that of a summer sea, which would bear unharmed the slightest shallop that ever maiden put from shore, but when battling tempests rise can hurl whole navies into wreck. Suddenly catching a glimpse of a figure at a distance which reminded me of my friend, I eagerly addressed one of the soldiers, and pointing out the object of my curiosity, inquired who he was.

"That's our sergeant," replied the man.

"Oh!" I ejaculated in my disappointment, feeling assured that a week would not have raised Penn—to that honor, and I sat down on the green bank and watched the steamboats as they passed up and down between me and the city. And as I gazed, many a sad reflection and strange conjecture passed and re-passed along the silent current of my mind. How alone I felt! Even the groups of soldiers standing about were but as so many stacks of muskets. My eyes wandered listlessly from object to object, and rested at last on a pair of boots at my side, such as had been moving about me for the last half hour, and they, that is my eyes, not the boots, naturally, but slowly, followed up the military stripe on the side of the pantaloons, then took a squirrel leap to the Uncle Sam buttons on the breast of the coat, and passed leisurely from one to another upward, until they lit at last full in the owner's face! That quizzical look—that Roman nose! There was no mistaking Penn—, Sergeant Penn—, of the United States Army! My surprise may easily be imagined. However, a few minutes explained all.

Alas! for poor humanity,  
Its weakness and its vanity,  
Its sorrow and insanity,  
Alas!

My friend in an evil hour had been led astray—had imbibed one "cobbler" too many for his leather; and like most men in similar circumstances, grew profoundly patriotic, and in a glorious burst of enthusiasm, enlisted! His fine figure, with a dash of the theatrical air, promoted him at once to the dignity of sergeant; and never did soldier wear his honors "thrust upon him" with a better grace than did Poor Penn—. Whether in his sober moments he regretted the rash act, I do not know; he was too proud to acknowledge it if he did. Taking me by the arm, he conducted the way to the barracks, and with an air of indescribable importance, exhibited and explained the whole internal arrangements. On the first floor, which was paved with brick, there was an immense fire-place, built in the very centre of the great room, and steaming and bubbling over the fire

hung a big kettle, capable of holding at least thirty gallons. Over it, or rather beside it, stood the soldier-cook, stirring the contents, which was bean-soup, with an iron ladle. In the room above were long rows of bunks, stacks of muskets, with other warlike implements and equipage. A number of men were lounging on the berths, some reading, some boasting, and others telling long yarns. There was one stout, moon-faced gentleman laying on his broad back "spouting" Shakspeare. This individual, to whom I was introduced, turned out to be Sergeant Smith, another son of Thespis, who had left the boards for a more permanent engagement, not with the enemy, for those were days of peace, but with that stern old manager, Uncle Sam. Sergeant Smith was, perhaps, the most important person in his own estimation, on the banks, not even excepting the captain. There can be no doubt but that the stage suffered a great loss when he left it, for, indeed, he told us so himself. In a little while the call sounded, the roll was called, and all hands turned in to dinner. Penn— had provided me a seat by his side; and, for the first time in my life, I sat down to soldier fare. There was a square block of bread at the side of each pewter plate, a tin cup of cold water, and very soon a ladle-full of the steaming bean-soup was dealt round to each. It was a plain but a substantial dinner. Poor Penn—, as he helped me to an extra ladle of soup, observed, with the most solemn face imaginable, that the man who had n't dined with soldiers "didn't know beans," an expression more apt than elegant. During the space of three months I made weekly visits to the barracks, and was gratified to find that my friend Penn—, in spite of his formidable rival, Sergeant Smith, was fast rising in the confidence of the commanding officer and the estimation of the men. Smith, too, was judicious enough to hide any jealousy he might have felt, and like a true soldier, imitated his superior, and treated Penn— with marked distinction.

Such having been the state of affairs for so long a time, my surprise and indignation may easily be imagined, when upon calling, as usual, to see my friend, Sergeant Smith, with a most pompous air, informed me that he was not acquainted with the person for whom I inquired.

"Not acquainted with Penn—?" cried I, with the most unbounded astonishment.

"No, sir," proudly replied the imperturbable sergeant, assuming the strictest military attitude, looking like a very stiff figure-head, seeming as if it would crack his eyelids to wink.

"Not acq—"

"No, sir," cried he, with great determination, before I could finish the word. "Do you suppose an officer of the United States army, an unimpeached soldier, capable of being acquainted with a *deserter*?"

"A *deserter*!" echoed I; "Penn— a deserter!" and the truth flashed across my brain, writing that terrible word in letters of fire, as did the hand on the walls of Belshazzar. The next moment, by permission of the guard, who knew me, I passed down into

the long damp basement of the barracks, where the offenders were imprisoned. At the farther end, among a number of fellow-culprits, my eager eye soon discovered the object of its search. He was sitting with folded arms, perched on a carpenter's bench, and with the most wo-begone countenance imaginable, whistling a favorite air, and beating time against the side of the bench with his long, pendulous legs. I can hear the tune yet, "Nix my Dolly;" and who that has ever seen "Jack Shepherd" has forgotten it?

"Hallo!" cried I, "Penn—, how is this?"

He looked at me a moment with surprise, and after exclaiming, "How are you, my boy?" gave the bench a salutary kick, and whistled more vigorously than ever "Nix my Dolly;" and having gone through the stave, he turned to me and exclaimed,

"Look you, my boy, be chaste as snow, you shall not escape calumny—and to this complexion you may come at last." Again he took sight at the blank stone wall, whistled, and beat time.

"But, come," said I, "how did you get here?"

"Get here?" echoed he, "the easiest way in the world! Sergeant Penn— crossed the river on a three hours' leave of absence—took a glass too many—stayed over the time, and his friend, Sergeant Smith, feeling anxious for Penn—'s welfare, went after him and had him arrested as a deserter—and here he is! 'Nix my Dolly,' etc. etc.; and he settled again into his musical reverie.

"Well, what will be the upshot of it?" said I.

"The *down-shot* of me, maybe!"—Nix my Doll—"at least, I shall be shipped off with these fine fellows to the west; and if the court-martial happen to sit on my case after dinner, I may get off with *merely* having my head shaved, and being drummed out!" Poor Penn—, at the thought of this, kicked the bench furiously, and whistled with all the vigor he could muster.

"When do you go?" asked I, eagerly.

"Next Sunday," he replied, and added, "Look here, my boy, let me bid you good-by now, for the last time"—and he pressed my hand warmly—"for the last time, I say, for it would unman me to see you on that day, and Penn— would fain be himself, proud and unshaken even in his disgrace. There—there—go, my dear boy, let this be the last visit of your life to the barracks. God bless you!" and after giving his hand a hearty grasp, I turned hurriedly away, to hide my feeling. In passing the door I gave a hasty glance back, and saw Penn— sitting as before, his arms folded, his heels beating the bench, but so slowly, that their strokes seemed like the dying vibrations of a pendulum; and the whistle was so low that it was scarcely audible. With a heavy heart I passed away, much preferring to acknowledge the acquaintance of a "deserter" like Poor Penn— than to continue that of the unimpeachable Sergeant Smith. Another week brought around the day of my friend's departure, and I found it impossible to resist the temptation to take a farewell look at my old companion. Accordingly I crossed the river, and taking my station behind a large tree

of the river, so that I could see Penn—  
 ug him see me, I awaited with melan-  
 e the moment when the deserters should  
 The steamboat was puffing and groaning  
 and in a few moments the heavy door  
 room swung open; there was a sudden  
 irons, and soon I saw prisoner after  
 erge, dragging long heavy chains,  
 attached to their ankles. I counted  
 y came out—counted a dozen—but yet  
 counted eighteen—nineteen—but the  
 d last, proved to be him. No language  
 the solemn majesty with which he  
 the rear of that dishonored line. No  
 l as he stepped to tell of his disgrace;  
 ators, instead of suspecting him as being  
 y easily have imagined him to be one of  
 who had the rest in charge. This,

to me, was a matter of much surprise, and turning  
 to an old soldier at my side, I inquired,

"What does this mean, isn't Penn— one of  
 them?"

"Of course he is," was the reply.

"But why does n't he wear a chain like the rest?"

"Wear a chain," said the soldier, "you don't  
 know Penn—, Sergeant Penn— that was. He wear  
 a chain! Why, bless your heart, he carries as heavy  
 a chain as any of them, but he's got it twisted around  
 his leg, under his pantaloons, clear above his knee!  
 He's too proud to drag it—he'd die first!"

Poor Penn—! I could have embraced him for that  
 touch of pride; and felt assured that whatever the  
 penalty might be which he was doomed to suffer,  
 that he had "a heart for any fate!" What that fate  
 was I have had no means of knowing, for I have  
 never since heard of poor Penn—.

## A SONG.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

the juice of the honey fruit,  
 re translucent, amber-hued,  
 es of southern isles, to suit  
 ury that fills my mood.

me only such as grew  
 rarest maidens tent the bowers,  
 fed by rain and dew  
 first had bathed a bank of flowers.

t have hung on spicy trees  
 of fur enchanted vales,

And all night heard the ecstasies  
 Of noble-throated nightingales:

So that the virtues which belong  
 To flowers may therein tasted be—  
 And that which hath been thrilled with song  
 May give a thrill of song to me.

For I would wake that string for thee  
 Which hath too long in silence hung,  
 And sweeter than all else should be  
 The song which in thy praise is sung.

## THE ENCHANTED ISLE.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

a ocean of the Night  
 yeth an Enchanted Isle,  
 veil of mellow light,  
 aseth like affection's smile

with a rosy hue  
 cts in that country fair,  
 ner twilight, when the dew  
 ling in the fragrant air.

is music evermore,  
 smeth sleeping on the breeze.  
 d of sweet bells from the shore  
 ag along the summer seas.

are rivers, bowers, and groves,  
 untains fringed with blossomed weeds,  
 veet birds that sing their loves  
 ately flowers or tasseled reeds.

beautiful of earth,  
 is valued, all that's dear,  
 pure of mortal birth,  
 immortal beauty here.

buds that ever grew  
 in Hope's ephemeral tree,

All loves, all joys, that e'er we knew,  
 Bloom in that country gloriously.

There is no parting there, no change,  
 No death, no fading, no decay;  
 No hand is cold, no voice is strange,  
 No eye is dark—or turned away.

To us, who daily toil and weep,  
 How welcome is Night's starry smile,  
 When in the fairy barge of Sleep  
 We visit the Enchanted Isle.

All holy hearts that worship Truth,  
 Though bleak their daily pathway seems,  
 Find treasure and immortal youth  
 In that fair isle of happy dreams.

But, if the soul have dwelt with sin,  
 It landeth on that isle no more,  
 Though it would give its life to win  
 One glimpse but of the pleasant shore.

Their joys, which have been thrown away,  
 Or stained with guilt, can bloom no more,  
 And o'er the night their vessels stray  
 Where pale shades weep, and surges roar.

## THE CONTINENTS.

BY J. RAYARD TAYLOR.

I HAD a vision in that solemn hour,  
Last of the year sublime,  
Whose wave sweeps downward, with its dying power  
Rippling the shores of Time !  
On the lone margin of that hoary sea  
My spirit stood alone,  
Watching the gleams of phantom History  
Which through the darkness shone :

Then, when the bell of midnight, ghostly hands  
Tolled for the dead year's doom,  
I saw the spirits of Earth's ancient lands  
Stand up amid the gloom !  
The crowned deities, whose reign began  
In the forgotten Past,  
When first the glad world gave to sovereign Man  
Her empires green and vast !

First queenly ASIA, from the fallen thrones  
Of twice three thousand years,  
Came with the wo a grieving goddess owns  
Who longs for mortal tears :  
The dust of ruin to her mantle clung,  
And dimmed her crown of gold,  
While the majestic sorrows of her tongue  
From 'I'ye to Indus rolled :

" Mourn with me, sisters, in my realm of wo,  
Whose only glory streams  
From its lost childhood, like the arctic glow  
Which sunless Winter dreams !  
In the red desert moulders Babylon,  
And the wild serpent's hiss  
Echoes in Petra's palaces of stone  
And waste Persepolis !

Gone are the deities who ruled enshrined  
In Elephanta's caves,  
And Brahma's wailings fill the odorous wind  
That stirs Amboyna's waves !  
The ancient gods amid their temples fall,  
And shapes of some near doom,  
Trembling and waving on the Future's wall,  
More fearful make my gloom !"

Then from her seat, amid the palms embowered  
That shade the Lion-land,  
Swart AFRICA in dusky aspect towered—  
The fetters on her hand !  
Backward she saw, from out her drear eclipse,  
The mighty Theban years,  
And the deep anguish of her mournful lips  
Interpreted her tears.

" Wo for my children, whom your gyves have bound  
Through centuries of toil ;  
The bitter wailings of whose bondage sound  
From many a stranger-soil !

Leave me but free, though the eternal sand  
Be all my kingdom now—  
Though the rude splendors of barbaric land  
But mock my crownless brow !"

There was a sound, like sudden trumpets blown,  
A ringing, as of arms,  
When EUROPE rose, a stately Amazon,  
Stern in her mailed charms.  
She brooded long beneath the weary bars  
That chafed her soul of flame,  
And like a seer, who reads the awful stars,  
Her words prophetic came :

" I hear new sounds along the ancient shore,  
Whose dull old monotone  
Of tides, that broke on many a system hoar,  
Wailed through the ages lone !  
I see a gleaming, like the crimson morn  
Beneath a stormy sky,  
And warning throes, my bosom long has borne,  
Proclaim the struggle nigh !

" The spirit of a hundred races mounts  
To glorious life in one ;  
New prophet-wands unseal the hidden founts  
That leap to meet the sun !  
And thunder-voices, answering Freedom's prayer,  
In far-off echoes fall,  
As some loud trumpet, startling all the air,  
Peals down an Alpine vale !"

O radiant-browed, the latest born of Time !  
How waned thy sisters old  
Before the splendors of thine eye sublime,  
And mien, erect and bold !  
Pure, as the winds of thine own forests are,  
Thy brow beamed lofty cheer,  
And Day's bright oriflamme, the Morning Star,  
Flashed on thy lifted spear.

" I bear no weight," so rang thy jubilant tones,  
" Of memories weird and vast—  
No crushing heritage of iron thrones,  
Bequeathed by some dead Past ;  
But mighty hopes, that learned to tower and soar,  
From my own hills of snow—  
Whose prophecies in wave and woodland roar,  
When the free tempests blow !

" Like spectral lamps, that burn before a tomb,  
The ancient lights expire ;  
I wave a torch, that floods the lessening gloom  
With everlasting fire !  
Crowned with my constellated stars, I stand  
Beside the foaming sea,  
And from the Future, with a victor's hand  
Claim empire for the Free !"

## JEHOIAKIM JOHNSON.

### A SKETCH.

BY MARY SPENCER PEASE.

WHAT unlucky star it was that presided over the destiny of my cousin Jehoiakim Johnson I am not astrologer enough to divine. Certain only am I that it could have been neither Saturn, Mercury, Mars, nor Venus; for he was far from being either wise, witty, warlike, or beautiful.

Cowper says every one falls "just in the niche he was ordained to fill." Cowper was mistaken in one instance, for Cousin Jehoiakim had no niche to fall into, but went wandering about the world, (our world,) without any thing apparently to do, or any where apparently to stay: And just the moment you wished him safe in Botany Bay, just that very moment was he standing before you with his—but never mind a description of his face and person. *All* cannot be handsome; folks unfortunately do not make themselves—and precisely the moment you became indifferent as to his presence, or if—a *very* rare thing—you wished it, that very instant he was no where to be found.

"Our world" was situated in good old New England, around and about Boston; and we, "our folks," were of the better class of farmers, and lived within a day's ride of the city.

Never in my life have I been happier than in that free, green country, with the broad, bright sky above me, and the clear, heaven-wide air around me; and bird and beast frolicking in freedom and gladness near and about me. I loved them all, and all their various noises, even to the unearthly scream of our bright, proud peacock. I shut my eyes and see them still; the world of gay-plumaged birds, with their sweet, wild songs, the little white-faced lambs, the wee, *roly-poly* pigs, the verdant ducks, the soft, yellow goslings, and the dignified old cows stalking about. Well do I remember each of their kind old faces. There was the spotted heifer, with an up-turned nose, and eyes with corners pointing toward the stars. If ever a cow is admitted into heaven for goodness, it will surely be Daisy. Then there was the black Alderny, and the—but leaving beef *revue-nons à nos moutons*—Cousin Jehoiakim. Still the place of all others to enjoy life, life unconstrained by city forms, life free, free as heaven's wind, is on a New England farm. My heart bounds within me as I look back at the dear old homestead. Just there it lies in the bend of the time-worn road that winds its interminable length through dark elms—the gothic ivy-clad elms—and through black giant pines, and the bright-leaved, sugar-giving maple, and golden fields, hedged in by ragged fences, formed of the roots and stumps of leviathan trees.

You see that picket-gate? open it, and a path bordered on each side by currant bushes, and gooseberry bushes, and the tall cyranga, and the purple lilac, will lead you through an arbor of fine Isabella's and Catawba's to the dear old homestead, now in possession of Brother Dick and little Fanny, his better half.

I could describe every nook of that darling old house, and every thing surrounding it, from its old-fashioned chimneys—wherein the domestic swallows have sung their little ones to sleep each successive summer, time out of mind—to the unseemly nail that projected its Judas-point from one of the cross-pieces of that same little gate, and which always contrived to give a triangular tear to my flying robes every time they fluttered through that dear little gate. Just imagine the happy moments I spent under the great old willow by the well, darning those same triangular rents. Still has all this nothing to do with Cousin Jehoiakim Johnson. You have probably seen folks that were often in your way; now, he was never any where else. Always in the way, and always ungraceful. He was not ungraceful for lack of desire to please: bless his kind, officious heart! Oh, no! Was there a cup of coffee to be handed, and were there a half dozen waiters ready to hand it, he was sure to thrust forth at least ten huge digits, and if he chanced to get it in his grasp, wo to the coffee! and wo to the snow-white damask table-cloth! or worse, wo to one's "best Sunday-go-to-meetin'" silk dress. Nature uses strange materials in concocting some of her children—most uncouth was the fabric of which she constructed Jehoiakim Johnson.

Poor fellow! he is dead now—peace to his soul. Do you know I fancy it lies hid in the breast of my dog Jehu—the most ungainly, the best-natured creature alive. My baby rides his back, and pulls his ears. I never heard him growl. Oh! he is a jewel of a dog.

Poor Cousin Jehoiakim! Among his other *plaisanteries* he came near losing for me a noble husband. Patience, and I will relate how it came to pass.

Sister Anna and myself—that sister of mine, by the way, was a complete witch; all dimples and fun, with blue eyes that darted here and there, dancing in her head for very gladness; with a mouth on which the bright red rose sat like a queen on her throne. Her words I can liken to nothing but to so many little silver bells, ringing out into the clear air in joy and sweetness. And never have I heard those



musical bells jingle one harsh or unharmonious sound. She is married now—poor thing—and the mother of three “little curly-headed, good-for-nothing, mischief-making monkeys.”

Notwithstanding her exceeding loveliness, Cousin Jehoiakim preferred me, and actually offered me his great broad hand, as you shall see. She was a perfect Hebe, while my style of beauty was more of the—though to confess the “righty-dighty” truth, as little folks say, my beauty was of that order which took the keenest of eyes to discover. There were a pair, however, dark, and full of soul, that dwelt with as much delight on me as though I were Venus herself.

Oh! those were dear, darling eyes, and were in the possession of the best, yes, the very best specimen of Nature's modeling that New England contained; Nature wrought him from the finest of her clay, after her divinest image, and his parents named him Edgar Elliott.

Sister Anna and myself had been making our usual Christmas visit to Aunt Charity, or Aunt “Charly,” as we used to call her, in good old Yankee language. Aunt Charity dwelt in Boston; and was the wife of a very excellent man, in very excellent circumstances; and the mother of seven dear, excellent boys, of whom Cousin Jehoiakim Johnson was *not* one.

How delightfully flew our days on this particular Christmas visit. I felt myself in a new world. A world of brighter flowers, and brighter sunshine; for, although I was eighteen, never until then had I been any thing but a wild, thoughtless, giddy child. And then?—the truth is a new star had burst upon my horoscope, bright and beautiful, that so bewildered my eyes to look upon, I was forced to awake my heart from its long sleep, to supply the place of eyes. Steadfast it gazed into that bright star's heaven-lighted depths, until I recognized it as my guiding star—my Destiny!

Oh, Love! thou angel! thou devil! thou blissful madness, thou wise folly! Thou that comest clad in rainbow garments, with words more full of hope than was the first arch that spanned high heaven, stouter hearts than mine have been compelled to own thee master. Prouder hearts than mine have listened to the witcheries of thy satin-smooth tongue until they forgot their pride. More ice-cold ones than mine have been consumed in the immortal fire thou bildest—the heart thine altar, Love, thou monarch of the universe!

Every thing has an end—a consolation oftentimes—rhapsody, as well as love, and so had that happy Christmas-time, when we were so merry, when I first saw that master-piece of nature—my Destiny—Edgar Elliott.

Anna and myself had been home but three weeks—three dreary years of weeks, Anna said—when we received a letter containing the joyful intelligence that Edgar Elliott, his aristocratic sister Jane, his unaristocratic sister little Fanny, and Herbert Allen—a young lieutenant, by the way, and, by the way, *the red-hot flame of my harem-scarem sister*—would

all four honor Dough-nut Hall, the name we had playfully given our old homestead, with a speedy and long visit.

Joy and hope danced in our hearts when, clear and sunny, the promised day at length had come, the snow five and a half feet deep—the greatest depth of snow within the memory of the “oldest inhabitant”—the mercury full ten degrees below zero. I had just changed my dress for the fifth time, and sister Anna was offering me this consolation, “I must say, Clara, that that is the most unbecoming dress you have, you look like a perfect scare-crow,” when the sound of sleigh-bells coming up the avenue, sent my heart up in my throat, and myself quicker than lightning down to the “hall-door,” there to welcome—not my darling Edgar and his proud, beautiful sister, and Anna's Adonis lieutenant, and Brother Dick's pretty little Fanny—no, none of these, oh, no! who but my long-visaged, good-for-nothing cousin Jehoiakim Johnson.

“Fiddle-de-dee!” exclaimed a voice at my elbow; and my disappointed sister skipped, with chattering teeth, back into the house.

The stage drove off, after depositing cousin Jehoiakim and a Noah's-ark of a trunk.

“Wall, Cousin Clarry!” exclaimed he, *springing* toward me with one of his own peculiar bear-like bounds. “How du you du? I guess you didn't expect me this time, no how.”

“I can't say that I did,” said I; “but do come in, this air is enough to freeze one.”

“Wall, here I am again,” said he, rubbing his great hands together before the blazing hickory. “But if that *was* n't a tarnel cold drive; and if this is n't a nation good fire, then I don't know. But how are uncle and aunt, and Cousin Anna, and Dick, and little Harry?”

“All quite well. Where have you been since you left here, cousin?”

“Why I went right to Cousin Hezekiah's; but I did not stay there quite two months, because little Prudence caught the brain fever, and I was obliged to keep so still that it was very unpleasant. I went from there to Cousin Ebenezer's. Wall, I stayed to Cousin Eb's four months or so; then I went to stay a couple of months with Cousin Pildash and Azy, (Achsa.) So this morning I came from Uncle Abimelech's. I only stayed there a few weeks, because—But, Cousin Clarry, du look! if there is n't a sleigh-load of folks coming.”

I *did* look, and saw coming through the great open gate, and up the avenue, a sleigh, all covered with gold and brown, glittering in the sun's setting rays. I saw the long, white manes of the ponies, and the heavy plumes of my beautiful friend, Jane, streaming far in the wind; and then I saw little Fanny's bright, happy face, and the fierce moustache of Anna's lieutenant; and then I saw a pair of dark, earnest eyes, full of devotion, gazing into mine as though at the shrine of their soul's ideal. “Never shall I forget the look they wore, so inexpressibly full of affection was it.

What a pity stars should set. What a pity that

eyes, once overflowing with the light of wildest, truest love, should grow cold and dim. A pity, too, that love cannot always be love—that it should find its grave so often in hate, or indifference, or in sober friendship. Still that it does not always, let us bless Love, and think that the fault lies in us, and not in Love, that we are grown so like the clay of which our bodies are made, that Love, the spirit, cannot find an abiding-place within us; and, as years come over us, we are content more and more to harden our hearts, and bask, like butterflies, in the external sunshine of this beautiful world, until the world within—the world of thought and feeling—is a weary one, gladdened only with a few flowers of transcendent sweetness and brightness—rewards of merit from this work-day, lesson-learning earth.

Meantime were those warm eyes looking love upon me; and meantime, from out a world of buffalorobes and furs, were our merry friends emerging; and then a fervent pressure of a soft, warm hand sent the bright blood burning to my very temples. Then came numerous other shakes of the hand, and questionsounded upon question, and laughpealed upon laugh; a gayer, merrier, madder party never met together. Sister Anna, and Brother Dick's little love of a Fanny, were a host of mirth in themselves. The accession of so many merry faces seemed to act on the uncouth spirits of my Cousin Jehoiakim like so much exhilarating gas; for scarcely were we housed, when he suddenly caught me up in his windmill arms, and twirling me around as though I had been a feather, exclaimed, "Bless us! Cousin Clarry, I have scarcely had a chance to say how du you du, and to tell you how g'ad I am to be here once more. Arn't you tickled to death to see me?"

Indignant and breathless, I sprang from him, saying, "Really, Cousin Jehoiakim, I should be much more delighted to see you if you would be kind enough to manifest a less rude way of expressing your joy."

"Oh! beg pardon, Cousin Clarry. I forgot you had grown up into a young woman; another word for touch-me-not—ha! ha! ha! I guess you are all dressed up, tu; you look like a daisy, anyhow."

With that he threw himself back in a perfect roar of ha! ha's! and he! he's! My eyes glanced around to see the effect produced on my friends by my *gauche* cousin. The great blue eyes of the aristocratic Jane opened themselves wider and more wide, while the merry black ones of little Fanny seemed to enjoy the sport. The lieutenant's moustache curled itself a little more decidedly, as he surveyed Jehoiakim Johnson; looking upon him, probably, as on some savage monster. I thought I perceived a darker shade in Edgar's eyes. It soon passed over, and we all became quiet and chatty. The twilight deepened around us, meantime, and the shadows formed by the blazing hearth grew more and more opaque, and more and more fitful, lengthening themselves over carpet, chairs, and sofas, to the very farthest corner of the room, darting all manner of fantastic forms upon Sister Anna and her handsome lieutenant, as they sat over by the window, in earnest conversation. Yes, Sister Anna, for once wert thou earnest.

Upon our group on the sofa, before the hearth, fell also those strange fire-light shadows. Sweet little Fanny! how like a little fairy didst thou look in that flickering fire-light; thy graceful form, half reclining, thrown carelessly on the sofa; thy long, curling hair flowing in dark clouds over thy snow-white dress, and nearly hiding thy happy, child-like face, and bright eyes, that glanced out on Brother Dick, who, entranced, was devoutly bending over thee, gazing on thy sunny face—what he could see of it. Sweet little Fanny! And thy proud, beautiful sister, Jane—sitting beside me, and near thee; well did that gleaming light reveal her noble outline of face and form contrasting so finely with thine. Nor did those wayward shadows spare our dear mother, but daguerreotyped all manner of merry-andrews on her sober satin dress, as she sat over on a lounge, quietly talking with my dear, sweet Edgar, who employed his leisure moments in throwing sundry loving glances over at me. Nor did these weird shadows spare our Cousin Jehoiakim Johnson in the great old-fashioned arm-chair, where he had flung himself, seemingly wrapped in meditation most profound. They frolicked over his broad, square shoulders like the Liliputs upon Gulliver, dancing all sorts of fantastic dances, pulling at his ears, and tweaking his substantial nose, when a snore of most immense magnitude broke on our quiet ears. Then another and another, each louder than the last. Ah! Cousin Jehoiakim, most profound was thy meditation.

Now I am not going to weary your patience by telling you how just then our "help" entered, one bearing a tray-full of tall sperm candles, another an immense waiter, crowned with the thick-gilt, untarnished china, that had been handed down in our family by four successive generations—we had begged our dear mother to let the tea, the tea only, be handed around as it was done in Boston; she in an evil hour consenting. Nor how Cousin Jehoiakim, aroused from his meditation by the glare of light, starting up, cast his eyes upon Mercy, the stout serving maiden, and bearer of that same precious porcelain—for which my dear mother's reverence was as great, every whit, as that of Charles Lamb's for old China; and how the next moment the waiter was in the hands of my six feet seven and a-half cousin, with "Du let me help you, young woman!" and how the next instant the six feet seven and a-half formed a horizontal line with the floor, instead of a perpendicular one; and how the glittering fragments of gold and white glistened from under every chair, and from the hearth, and out from among the ashes, like unto so many evil eyes glaring upon him for his stupidity and carelessness; and how little Fanny unwound from one foot of the prostrate six feet seven and a-half several yards of snow-white muslin—the innocent cause of the disaster; and how, light as a bird, she sprung, merrily laughing, from the room, with the fluttering fragments of her cobweb dress gathered in an impromptu drapery around her graceful little form.

No; I will not fatigue you with the history of that unlucky adventure; nor how, but a short time after, when we had taken tea from less costly China, and

had fallen into a witty, merry uttering of each other's thoughts, we were interrupted by screams the most—but never mind what kind, seeing I have said you shall not be fatigued with a description of what was nothing but an immense kettle of boiling lard flowing quietly and river-like over the long length of the before so spotless kitchen floor, with many a cluster of dough-nut islands interspersed, by way of relieving the said river of monotony. Our dear mother was famed for miles around for the profusion and superiority of her dough-nuts, hence our soubriquet—"Dough-nut Hall." And, seeing that Mercy was only scalded half to death, the guilty culprit, who insisted that the kettle was "too heavy for a woman to lift," escaping unhurt, that is bodily—his remorse of conscience being truly pitiable. No; none of all this, with long, ugly sentences, shall you have; no, nor a detail of his many daily, hourly, and almost momentarily, misadventures; how once, when we were sitting in Miss Elliott's room, in hebolted with, "Bless my soul! what a lot of industrious women-folk! 'How doth the busy bee;'" that new and elegant little poem was, word for word, recited. Little Fanny he found making a bead purse for Brother Dick, and examining her box with every conceivable shade of bead duly assorted, and separated from each other by innumerable partitions. No matter what he said about them, only the beads were spilled, and the purse could not be finished; and then were Miss Jane's delicate brushes passed through his wondering red hair before a saving hand could arrest them; then was Miss Jane's beautiful inlaid dressing-box broken irreparably; and then—but I will tell you what I will relate you—all about our sleigh-ride and country ball. Yes! that you must know; not because it is worth telling, but because I should like you to hear it—all about how I nearly lost my darling. But to commence.

Rumors were afloat of this said ball, the countryest kind of a country ball, to take place in Squire Brown's barn, the largest, best built barn for miles around. Our city friends entered into the spirit exactly, and determined on going. Cousin Jehoiakim? Oh, he need know nothing about it," said Sister Anna; "or we can easily deceive him as to the day, without telling him very much of a lie." Ah! Sister Anna. The important day arrived. In one great band-box reposed various satins, laces, and ribbons too numerous to mention; the owners thereof were standing cloaked, hooded, and muffled, ready to start. The distance was ten miles. We had cast lots for the sleighs, and had agreed on exclusiveness, though not exactly the exclusiveness that Sister Anna wickedly proposed, viz., that each brother should take his respective sisters in due decorum. The new "cutter" of my brother's was drawn by himself; and he had already started with his little Fanny by his side. The proud, beautiful Jane—I really believe I had forgotten to mention that, while Cousin Jehoiakim was upsetting chairs, and spilling pitchers of water, and breaking glasses, and treading on people's toes, and the cat's tail, a distant cousin of ours arrived—rather a guess cousin than Cousin Jehoiakim; tall as the

last named, to be sure, but bearing about the same resemblance to him as a vigorous, graceful young willow does to an overgrown mullen stalk. This new cousin—by cognomen Clarence Spencer—the family name our own, by the way—proud and beautiful as the haughty Jane herself—had seen fit to fall most gracefully in love with her. These two, therefore, were just started on their way to the ball, in Clarence's own incomparable turn-out. Lieutenant Allen had drawn the Elliott's beautiful gold and brown sleigh. He was holding the impatient ponies, and Sister Anna was arranging the cushions when Cousin Jehoiakim hove in sight. Sister Anna sprung like a doe to the front seat, threw the heavy buffalo-ropes about, making them and the great handbox fill up the back seat, and seating herself by the lieutenant—all this quicker than lightning—and giving the ponies a touch of the whip, on they dashed to the imminent peril of their necks as well as her own. A saucy toss of the head was all she vouchsafed me. All, then, were on their way save Edgar and myself, who were expecting a quiet, loving talk in the comfortable old-fashioned "pung," with a gig top, that papa used in his frequent drives to Boston.

"Wall, now, Cousin Clarry, I reckon you thought I did n't snuff what was going on."

Poor fellow! he looked so good-natured, truly my heart smote me.

"There is another cutter in the barn, cousin," replied I, "and you can take your pick of the horses."

"You are very kind, Cousin Clarry, but there ain't no occasion of calling any more of the poor dumb critters out into the cold. I guess you can make room for me; I will ride on top until we catch up to some of the two-seated sleighs."

Time was too precious to waste in words, and as Cousin Jehoiakim good naturedly persisted that he should be very comfortable on the top, on the top he seated himself. I saw that Edgar did not like the arrangement, but he was too polite, or too proud to interfere. "Let us overtake the others," said he. A bright smile passed over his face. I saw he meditated some mischief. I knew it could not be very mischievous mischief, for a kinder, nobler heart never beat more warmly in any human breast. Forward dashed the horses, throwing the white, sparkling snow before and around them into the bright sunshine. Faster and faster sped the spirited horses, until we passed, first—yes, it was no illusion, his lips were actually pressing her little rosy mouth. Then, Lieutenant Allen, you are not the first man that has done the like; it is a way they all have, ever since Adam gave Mother Eve her first love-kiss. What man would not part with some years of his life for the privilege of pressing to his own a pretty little soft mouth?

Ah, Sister Anna! the question was actually popped; and on that memorable day of the ball, thy giddy heart was actually caged. We came so noiselessly and swift through the soft snow that we actually took thee by surprise. Thy blushes were beautiful; but on we sped, and our next tableaux presented Cousin Clarence gazing most intensely and earnestly into the great deep-blue eyes of the beautiful Jane

Elliott, as though he were pouring forth a question from his soul to hers. Her delicate hand lay in his, and her stately, graceful head inclined gently toward him. They were so earnestly occupied, he in talking, and she in listening, that they did not see us until we had passed them; and after we passed them we were not long in overtaking Dick and his little Fanny. Bless the lovers! Her curly-headed little head started, quick as lightning, from its warm resting place, though not so quick but that my practiced eye saw it take leave of Brother Dick's manly shoulder. Her fun-loving spirit could not resist the ludicrous appearance of Cousin Jehoiakim, perched upon the top of our pung like some immense bird of prey. Brother Dick joined in her pealing, merry laughter, and the old woods rang again. The stump of a tree grew at the road-side, near an immense snow-bank. Edgar, as though he had been on the look-out for such a fine opportunity, speedily and dexterously ran one runner of our pung over the stump, and over went the pung. By a skillful movement he righted it instantly. The friendly side preserved me from the snow; but Cousin Jehoiakim—alas! for gravity on a gig-top. In this deep bank of snow, his heels high in air, stood my inverted cousin. As soon as I could speak from convulsive laughter, I implored Edgar to go back to my cousin's assistance.

"As you please," said he. Now you must know that I was the only one that treated Cousin Jehoiakim kindly. Sister Anna and Brother Dick made a complete butt of him; the rest did not treat him at all, except to an occasional shrug of the shoulder from Anna's lieutenant, or a gay laugh from little Fanny. And, forsooth, because I was civil to him, and talked to him, and excused his awkwardness, why Edgar saw fit, in his wisdom, to be jealous of him. Was there ever any thing more absurd? Yes, since time out of mind have men, the wisest and the best of them, been just so absurd; and unto all eternity will they, the wisest and best of them, be just so absurd again.

By the time we had reached again the spot, the others had come up, and were engaged in disentombing the imbedded unfortunate.

"That was a cold bed, any how," said he, shaking himself from head to foot like a huge Newfoundland dog, and smiling upon us with his imperturbable good-nature; "but why, in the name of all that is good, did you not help a feller out sooner? If it had been feathers instead of snow, I should surely have been suffocated."

"Thank your stars for your safe deliverance," said the laughing Fanny.

"What were you thinking of, cousin?" said Anna, in a choking voice.

"I could think of nothing but the ten commandments; and I wondered what sinful iniquity my grandfather had been guilty of, that I should be visited in such an awful manner for his transgressions. But where on earth is my hat? I have looked in the hole, and all about for it."

"Look on your neck, Hoiky; you are wearing it for a stock," said my brother.

"By gracious! so I am."

27\*

I brushed the snow from his shoulders and hair, and assisted his long neck from its cumbrous stock, and pinning on the crown-piece, the hat was quite wearable again.

"Mr. Johnson will ride much more comfortably in one of the double-seated sleighs," said Edgar.

"Most certainly, Mr. Elliott," replied Cousin Jehoiakim, "you know I begged you to let me out the first sleigh we met. I reckon you *did* let me out to some purpose at last. By jimminy! but that was a cool dip. Wall, Cousin Anny, what do you say to my riding along with you, though I had a leetle rather sit alongside of Clarry, yet if you've no objections I hav'n't none."

So now was my turn to pay back my sister by as provoking a toss of the head as she gave me. Our ride the rest of the way was pleasant. Edgar's eyes grew warm and loving. Among the other interesting things we talked of, Edgar poured into my greedy ears the wonders and beauty of the almost new doctrine of the transcendentalists. He described the home he was going to give me, and called me his little wife, and said—but dear me, I am not going to tell you all he said. His passionate words and the love in his soul-full eyes lay deep in my heart as we stopped before Squire Brown's.

Then came the dressing, and then it was we found that Cousin Jehoiakim had contrived to crush the great bandbox on the seat beside him. The beautiful lace dress Miss Elliott was to have worn over a satin was torn and spoiled, also Anna's and my wreaths, also things too numerous to mention. When we told of the disaster, Brother Dick said that Anna and I looked much prettier in our own uncovered hair than with an artificial flower-garden upon our heads—that the elegant white satin of Miss Jane needed no lace to make it more beautiful—adding, in an undertone, that he would give more to see a woman dressed in the simple white muslin his little Fanny wore than for all the laces and satins that could be bought.

When we entered the ball-room we found Cousin Jehoiakim already dancing with a red-haired young lady, in a blue gauze dress. Seeing us, and wishing to astonish us, he attempted a quadruple pigeon-wing, which unfortunately entangled his great feet in the blue gauze dress, and ended in his own subversion and the dismemberment of the thin gauze. The young lady was obliged to retire for the night, while Cousin Jehoiakim slowly picked himself up. He was so much abashed I had to console him by asking him to dance with me. I really pitied the poor fellow, he could get no one but me to dance with him, still he tried so hard to make himself agreeable, and was so determinedly good-natured that it was not his fault that he could not be a second Apollo.

I was Edgar's partner for a reel.

"You seem to take very great interest in the well-doing of that odious cousin of yours," said he.

"Poor fellow! why should I not?" replied I.

"Because he is awkward and disagreeable," said he, half laughing at his own reason.

"He is as the Lord made him," replied I, in a tone of affected humility.

"But the Lord did not make you to dance with him and lavish so much attention upon him; you will oblige me very much, Clara, by not dancing any more with him and making yourself so ridiculous."

Now there was not very much in those words to take offence at, and I should, like a submissive woman that was about to be a wife, have promised obedience, but, unfortunately, being a daughter of Eve I inherited somewhat of her pride and vanity. In a different tone of voice Edgar might have said even those words without offending either pride or vanity, but his voice was cold, and his eyes were colder, and I, driving my heart away from my lips and eyes, replied—"I trust Mr. Elliott does not flatter himself he has yet the entire control of my actions."

"Just as you please."

The reel was finished, and he was off. I repented as soon as the words passed my lips—the first angry words I had spoken to him. But then, thought I, sitting down on a bench by myself, why is he so foolishly provoking and unreasonably jealous of my poor cousin. He to be so unkind, he who had ever been the noblest and most loving of sons, the kindest and truest of brothers. For a moment my heart misgave me at the thought of becoming his for life, it was only a moment. I saw through the dim vista of years a vision of peace and love.

Cousin Jehoiakim came and sat down beside me. "Ah! Cousin Clarry," said he, abruptly taking my hand and holding it, "you are good and kind to me, how happy I shall be when you are my own little wife, when the time comes to give you my hand as I already have my heart."

Cousin Jehoiakim sentimental! I looked up—Edgar's cold blue eyes were fastened upon me. I hastily drew my hand from my cousin, and sprang toward the glooming Edgar.

"Is it not near time to go, dear Edgar?" exclaimed I, grasping his hand in my own.

"Mr. Johnson can see you home. I have engaged to go with a friend of mine back to Boston."

"Edgar!"—but he was gone.

You may depend I did *not* ride home with Mr. Johnson, but begged a seat with my sister, leaving my cousin the "pung" with the gig-top all to himself. Whether he encountered any more stumps or pit-falls I cannot say. He and the pung came safely home, as did the rest of us.

"Mother," exclaimed I, "I do wish you would contrive some means to get rid of my odious Cousin Jehoiakim, he is the torment of my life."

"Mamma," chimed in Anna, while a smile twinkled in the corner of her eye, "Cousin Jehoiakim has ruined my beautiful French wreath, and has broken my Chinese pagoda, and my exquisite Chinese mandarins, and soiled my Book of Beauty, and has broken my new sett of chess-men that Uncle Eb. brought from the East Indies, and has—dear mother, can you not think of some means of sending him to Uncle Abiram's, or to Halifax?"

"Yes, mother," said Brother Dick, with a laugh,

"Hoiky has been here mischiefing long enough; do invent some means of packing him off. We have been victimized long enough. He has broken every fishing-rod I have, and has lost my hooks, and he has lamed my beautiful pony Caesar, and ruined my gun, and yesterday, in shooting game, he shot my dog Neptune, that I have been offered fifty dollars for, and would not have taken one hundred."

"Wife," said our dear papa, coming into the room, "it is of no use, I can be patient no longer, you *must* devise some method of letting Nephew Jehoiakim understand we do not wish his presence any longer. Poor fellow! I would not for the world be unkind to him. I will give him an annual stipend that will support him liberally during his life, willingly, gladly, but I cannot have him here any longer. He is utterly incorrigible."

"What has he done now?" asked our dear mamma.

"He left the bars down that led into my largest best field of wheat, and half the cattle in the country have been devouring it. They have ruined at least a couple of hundred dollars worth. The money is not what I care so much for, but it was the best wheat-field for miles around, and I had a pride in having it yield more than any field of my neighbors. I have borne with him day after day, hoping he might do better. Poor fellow! he is sorry enough always for his mistakes. The other day he left the garden-gate open, and the cows got in and eat all my cabbages and other vegetables; then he leaves the barn-door open, and the hogs go in and the calves come out."

"We will see," said our dear mamma.

The next morning at the breakfast-table said our dear mother—

"You will have a delightful day to ride in, dear nephew."

Cousin Jehoiakim opened wide his eyes, inquiringly.

"Richard, my son, I hope you did not forget to tell Mr. Grimes to let the stage stop here this morning. It will be very inconvenient for your cousin to be obliged to stay another day. I packed your trunk this morning early, dear nephew, just after you left your room, knowing how you disliked the trouble."

Still wider opened my cousin's eyes.

"Harry, my son," said mamma to my little brother, "those cakes and dough-nuts are for your cousin to take with him for his lunch."

"May n't I have a piece of pie then?"

"Go and get what you want of Mercy, my dear. I put some runs of yarn in your trunk, dear nephew, you may give them with my love to sister Abigail, and tell her the wool is from white Kitty. She will remember the sheep. Give my love to brother Abiram with this letter."

Still wider opened Cousin Jehoiakim's eyes.

"You will find also in your trunk a dozen and a half of new linen shirts that I have taken the liberty of putting there instead of your old ones."

"Thank you, dear aunt, you are very kind. I

really am very sorry to leave you all. I have enjoyed myself very much here; but Aunt Abigail will feel hurt if I do not pay her a visit. I shall come again as soon as I can, so do not cry your eyes out, Cousin Clarry."

The stage came and Cousin Jehoiakim went.

And the way I lured back my flown bird would make quite an interesting sentimental little story of

itself. Bless his bright eyes! they are shining on me now, full of mischief at this sketch I am giving you, beloved reader. But *did n't* we have a nice wedding time? There was Anna and her brave lieutenant, Brother Dick and his bright little Fanny, the beautiful, majestic Jane, and my beautiful, majestic Cousin Clarence, and my darling, good Edgar, and, dear reader, your very humble servant.

## CORIOLANUS.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

How many legends have been told or sung  
Since Rome—the nursling of the wolf—arose,  
Lean, gaunt and grim, and lapped the bubbling blood  
Of fallen and dying foes.

How many lyrics, which, like trumpets heard  
At dawn, when, clad in steel, the long array  
Of marshaled armies glittering in the sun  
Stretch, like the skies, away.

But none so golden, chivalric and holy  
As that of thine, Coriolanus—none  
In the imperial purple of old days  
But pale before its sun.

True, thou wast proud, and deemed the people base,  
Prone to idolatry of those who sought  
Their April smiles—who fawned to win their votes,  
Nor dreamed them dearly bought.

Thou, who hadst stood where death reigned like a king,  
First in Corioli—thy wounds in front—  
Preferring neigh of steed and clash of arms,  
The battle's deadly brunt,

To silken ease, and mirth, and song, and dance,  
And festal follies in Etruscan halls—  
Bacchantic revels, when the sun went down,  
Beyond the city walls,

Couldst well gaze on the mass with eagle eye,  
Demanding as a right their voice, and blush  
To bare thy scars, while thy patrician scorn  
Made cheek and forehead flush.

The base cabals—the hate which drove thee forth  
A wanderer, ennobled thee: thy fame  
Looked lightning on the curs that dared abuse,  
But lacked the power to shame.

Prouder thy spirit in that trying hour  
Than theirs who stung thee: well might'st thou go forth  
Undaunted, for thy fame was not of Rome,  
But, rather, of the earth.

Yet it was hard to leave thy wife and babe—  
Virgilia and thy little one—hard to break  
The bonds that held thee to them: Rome grew dear—  
Most dear for their sweet sake.

But as their forms waxed dim, thy festering heart  
Looked from thine eyes; thy swelling nostrils told

The inward struggle, and thy heaving chest  
A human ocean rolled.

Kneeling upon the ground, thy sinister arm  
Adjuring heaven, thy soul broke forth in tones  
Of thunder; but thy agony in that hour  
Pale Rome repaid with groans.

Coldly, with stately step and placid brow—  
A lull—the herald of the approaching storm—  
Thou went'st thy way toward Antium—trod its streets  
Without the thought of harm.

Humble was thy approach, but thou went'st forth  
A Mars of the time—thy snorting steed arrayed  
And glittering with gold, while at thy heels  
A thousand clarions brayed.

Rome from her seven hills looked down with fear,  
Appalled and breathless, while her people stood  
Like men awoke from sleep, amazed, aghast—  
With agues in the thought of harm.

Like an avenging angel with the sword  
Of wrath unsheathed, careering toward thy home  
Through flame and blood, thou rodd'st: thy coming shook  
The hundred gates of Rome.

She, who abused, beseeched thee, but in vain—  
Humbled herself before thee; yet thy hate  
Was unappeased; and, like one stricken dumb,  
Rome gazed upon her fate.

But when Volumnia came—thy mother—she  
Who bore thee 'neath her heart, and, at her side  
The one who, in thy softer hours, with love  
Thy trembling lip called bride,

Leading thy child—thy boy—the old hours came  
Like south wind over thee; thy icy soul  
Dissolved in tears; thy hard—thy iron heart  
Acknowledged love's control,

And Rome was saved—Rome, who had wronged, was free!  
—Thou lost!—O, never from the depths of Time  
Came sweeter record of the power of love  
Than this, in my poor rhyme.

Never was story fuller of the strength  
Of love o'er hate: undimmed by age, it breathes  
A perfume, and a crown around thy brow,  
Coriolanus, wreathes!

# LENNARD.

## A TALE OF MARION'S MEN.

BY MRS. MARY G. HORSFORD.

—“ Mightier far  
Than strength of nerve or sinew, or the sway  
Of magic potent over sun or star  
Is Love, though oft to agony distrest,  
And though his favorite seat be feeble woman's breast.”

### I.

NIGHT o'er the Santee! up the sky  
The pale moon went with misty eye;  
And in the west a brooding cloud—  
Departed day's wind-lifted shroud—  
Waved slowly in the depths of blue,  
While now and then a world looked through  
The broken edge, as from above  
Steals down a seraph's glance of love,  
Through sorrow's cloud and mortal air,  
On breaking hearts or tearful prayer.

### II.


Within the recess of the wood  
That on the river's margin stood,  
Encamped beneath the shade  
Of solemn pine and cypress tree,  
And tulip soaring high and free,  
A patriot band had made  
Their pillows of the moss and leaves,  
Through which the moaning south-wind grieves  
When day forsakes the glade.  
And all save one slept hushed as night  
Beneath the starry Infinite—  
That one a boy in years,  
Whose daring arm and flashing eye,  
When death and danger hovered nigh,  
Belied the trembling fears  
And shrinking dread that seemed to speak,  
From quivering lip and pallid cheek  
At sight of war's array;  
The first the fearful strife to bide,  
Forever at his captain's side,  
Was Lennard in the fray;  
Yet strange to tell, though oft beside  
That captain's form he dared to bide  
The cannon's fiery blast,  
His hand no human blood had shed,  
Beneath his steel no foe had bled,  
When in the battle cast.  
So said his comrades tried and cold,  
Who marveled that a heart so bold,  
Should beat in pitying breast.  
And now beside the smouldering fire,  
He marked its flickering flames expire,  
And watched his leader's rest.

### III.

That leader—in the civil strife  
Then waged for Liberty and Life,  
No braver spirit stood,  
Between his country and the chain,  
Mistaken tyranny would fain  
Have cast o'er lake and wood;

And though in manhood's early morn,  
Young Huon led through strife and scorn  
A trusty troop and free,  
Who left their homes his lot to share,  
For Freedom sworn to live and dare,  
Or die—at Fate's decree;  
And from the covert solitude  
Of dark morass and thicket rude  
Guerilla warfare waged,  
On Tory band, unwary foe,  
And struck full many a dauntless blow,  
While hate and conflict raged.

### IV.

One hour from midnight and the sleep  
That wrapped the stalwart frame so deep,  
Was woke by guard and sign;  
The forest sounded with the tramp  
Of rushing steeds, until the camp  
Was reached by foremost line  
Of the brigade of fearless men,  
Who rode through wood, and brake, and fen,  
As speeds the red deer to his glen.  
No gorgeous suit of war array,  
No uniform of red or gray  
In that rude band were seen;  
The ploughman's dress, but coarse and plain,  
And marred by  with many a stain,  
Betrayed no gilded sheen;  
Their only badge the white cockade,  
No dagger's point or glittering blade  
Was worn with martial pride,  
But sabre hilt and rifle true,  
Of times of dark, ensanguined hue,  
Were ever at the side.  
They hailed their comrades in the fight,  
With blazing fires illumed the night,  
And waged with jest and smile,  
As toward the lurid torches' light  
Rode up their chief the while.  
No pert gallant or Conrad he,  
With gay plume waving haughtily;  
Nor donned he aught his troopers o'er,  
Save that the leathern cap he wore  
In front a silver crescent bore,  
Inscribed with “Death or Liberty.”  
Of stature low, the piercing eye,  
And forehead broad, and full, and high,  
And lined with lofty thought;  
Were all that marked from his compeers,  
The man who through long, gloomy years  
With tireless vigor wrought,

Nerved by defeat for loftier aim,  
To build his country's Hope and Fame,  
And win for her a seat divine  
Beneath bright Freedom's hallowed shrine;  
And few, though rashly brave, would dare,  
To start the Swamp Fox\* from his lair.  
Or in his fastness wild and dun,  
Cope with the rebel Marion.

## V.

Soon Huon by the river's tide  
Sought out his brave commander's side,  
And listened with respectful air,  
To learn what new emprise to share,  
What lurking foe to shun or brave.  
Short was their conference and grave,  
Ere Huon bade a trooper call  
His page, young Lennard, to his aid;  
And passing 'neath the cedar tall,  
And giant oaks' far spreading shade,  
The boy with graceful step and light,  
Stood quickly in his captain's sight,  
And Marion thus, in kindly tone,  
Spoke with a frankness all his own.  
" 'T is said, my boy, thy heart is brave,  
Thy courage sure, and caution grave;  
This night, then, we will task thy power.  
Seek, ere the closing of the hour,  
The village inn that stands below,  
Embowered within the coppice glade,  
And learn the bearings of the foe—  
Their force in camp, and field, and shade;  
But ere the silver moon again  
O'er Carolina's hills shall wane,  
Meet us beside the deep lagoon  
Beyond, that knows no scorching noon."

## VI.

Anou, far down the silent wood,  
Undaunted by its solitude,  
Sped Lennard on his way;  
Until beneath a blasted pine,  
Beyond the forest gray,  
That tall, and bald, and hoary white,  
Gleamed through the dusky veil of night,  
As through Life's mist on human sight  
Gleams vital truth divine,  
He paused, and from a whistle clear,  
Drew notes that thrilled the valley near.

## VII.

Within the rebel camp, meanwhile,  
No slumbers winning smiles beguile,  
From care to dreams away;  
The troop who view with fearless heart  
The coming strife and battle's mart;  
And thus with blithesome song, though rude,  
Awake the echoes of the wood:

Though dark the night,  
And fierce the fight,  
We fear no living foe;  
The swamp our home,  
The sky our dome,  
Our bed the turf below;  
We hail the strife,  
And prize not life,  
Unblest by Freedom's smile;

And Age and Youth,  
To patriot Truth,  
Pledge hopefully the while.

Our Country's name  
Must sink in shame,  
Or sound in triumph free;  
Then, brothers, on!  
For Marion,  
Our homes and liberty.

## VIII.

'T was morning—from the golden sky  
Night fled before day's burning eye,  
As flies the minister of sin  
From souls that kneel to God, to win  
Courage to meet the tempter's wile,  
And strength upon the strife to smile.  
Scarce had the cloudless sun betrayed,  
The flowers that bloomed in meadows low,  
Ere toward a thickly shaded glade,  
An armed horseman traveled slow;  
And paused beside a gushing spring,  
Whose gentle murmurs thrilled the air,  
As thrills an angel's unseen wing  
The distant blue when mounting there.  
The dark trees hung above its wave,  
A tapestry of green,  
And arching o'er the waters, gave  
A softness to the sheen  
Of mellow light that darted through  
The dewy leaves of richest hue;  
While round the huge trunks many a vine,  
Had bade its graceful tendrils twine;  
The blossoming grape and jessamine pale,  
Loading with sweets the summer gale.  
Not long with hasty step he trod  
The narrow path and flowery sod,  
Ere gently o'er the sere leaves' bed  
A maiden passed with faltering tread.

## IX.

Oh! light was the step of the blooming girl,  
And glossy the hue of the raven curl,  
And joyous the glance of the dark eye's play,  
When the pride of the village was Morna Grey.  
But ruthless war to her dwelling came,  
Her brothers slept on the field of fame,  
Her father's blood on his hearth was shed;  
And the desolate orphan in anguish fled  
To the cottage of one who her childhood nursed,  
And who soothed the spirit that grief had cursed;  
And now in the depths of that speaking eye  
There slumbered a sadness still and high,  
But veiled with a clear and mellow light,  
Like the softened glow of a moonlit night;  
And the rose on her cheek that came and went,  
Like the hues of the West when day is spent,  
Told how the chords of the heart below,  
Quivered and shrunk at the breath of woe.  
But why did a prelude of coming ill,  
With a fiercer pang her bosom thrill,  
And pale her cheek to a deadlier hue,  
As she sought the spring where the jessamine grew?  
She had come to meet for a moment there,  
Ere he sought the field in the strife to share,  
One who her father had blessed in death,  
As she pledged her faith with faltering breath;  
And Huon with joyous smile and gay,  
Welcomed the presence of Morna Grey.

\* Swamp Fox was the cognomen bestowed on Marion  
y the British.



## X.

But the words they spoke were short and few—  
 A soldier must be to his duty true;  
 And ere a half hour had hastened by,  
 She watched his steed as it hurried nigh,  
 O'er the verdant plain to the cedars tall,  
 Where his men were waiting their leader's call.  
 As she dashed the drops that dimmed her sight,  
 From the dark-fringed lids where they trembled bright,  
 A rustling was heard in the brushwood near,  
 And a crone, whose wild and fantastic gear  
 Betrayed the erring of mind within,  
 Stood in her presence with mocking grin.  
 "Said I not sorrows in dark array,  
 Crowded the future of Morna Grey?  
 Why from the cheek do the roses fly?  
 Where is the light of the flashing eye?  
 Where has the rounded lips, ruby red,  
 Gone, since we parted beside the dead?  
 The white owl entered the casement high,  
 O'er the brow of the dying I saw it fly;  
 Pressager of death! I hailed its wing,  
 She scorned the omen but felt the sting  
 Of bitter grief, when another day  
 Bore her angel Mother from earth away.  
 I warned her, when on the coming blast  
 I saw the phantom-like shades flit past;  
 She smiled on my words as idle play,  
 But wept when her sire, in the midnight fray,  
 Felled to the dust by the Tory's blade,  
 Died in the home where his bones are laid;  
 When the cold drops stood on the forehead fair,  
 And the curdling blood on the thin, gray hair.  
 But the dead in silence forgotten sleep;  
 She is weaving on earth a vision deep,  
 Of joyous hopes that must fade and die,  
 Like the bow that smiles when the tempests fly,  
 In vain the strength of her youth is shed,  
 In a path where she trembles and fears to tread;  
 In vain—in vain would the fragile form,  
 Brave the hot breath of the cannon's storm;  
 The bullet speeds on its mission free—  
 A broken heart and a grave I see."

"Though dark my way, I fear it not;  
 Speed, woman, to thy sheltered cot,  
 Lest thou, with no protector nigh,  
 Should catch some hostile wanderer's eye.  
 My trust is in that mighty Power,  
 Who rules the battle's wildest hour;  
 And woman's love is like the flower  
 That bloometh not in sunny bower;  
 But when the dark and solemn night,  
 Has gathered round with storm and blight,  
 Unfolds its petals bright and rare,  
 And sheds its fragrance on the air;  
 And if it dare and peril all,  
 Asks only to preserve or fall,  
 His bleeding land requires his arm—  
 God will protect the brave from harm.

"Behold!" and Morna turned to gaze  
 Upon the huge tree, dark and lone,  
 The withered finger of the crone  
 Marked out, and glancing in the rays  
 Of morn, beheld a serpent coil  
 Its glossy length, with easy toil,  
 Up the brown trunk, till close it hung  
 Above the wild bird's nest and young;  
 While round and round, with scream of dread,  
 The frightened fled in anguish fled;

And vainly sought to drive the foe  
 From his dark aim again below.

## XI.

Moments there are when Reason's control,  
 Yieldeth to Fancy in heart and soul;  
 When the spirit views with prescient eye,  
 The common light and shaded sky,  
 An omen finds in the falling leaf,  
 And symbols in all things of joy or grief.  
 And this was one, for on that failing strife  
 Had Morna cast her dearest hope in life.  
 Must she behold with power as vain to shield,  
 Earth's only blessing from her presence torn?  
 Was there a fiercer pang for her revealed  
 In that short conflict than she yet had known?  
 Her dark eyes grew more wildly bright,  
 And gleamed with an intenser light,  
 As closer drew the venomed fang,  
 And shrill the lone bird's accents rang.  
 But, hark! a shot—a rustling fall—  
 Approaching steps—a sportsman's call—  
 The parent bird is in the dust;  
 And o'er the path that homeward led,  
 With fleeting step fair Morna fled,  
 And breathed a prayer of thanks and trust.  
 Though sweet to live, more blest to die,  
 For those that strong affections tie  
 Has fettered to the clinging heart,  
 With links not Death can wholly part.

## XII.

The day wore on, and down the West,  
 The sun had rolled in his unrest;  
 While gorgeous clouds of gold and red,  
 Reflected back the splendor fled;  
 And twilight—pensive nun, to pray,  
 In silence drew her veil of gray.  
 The last bright gleam was waxing pale,  
 And low night winds began their wail,  
 When near a ruined house, that stood  
 Within a grove of tulip wood,  
 Young Lennard paused and gazed awhile,  
 With clouded brow and saddened smile,  
 On trampled flowers, and shrubs, and vine,  
 Torn from the pillar it would twine  
 With verdant bloom, and casting round  
 Its scarlet blossoms on the ground.  
 A waste of weeds the garden lay,  
 And grass grew in the carriage way;  
 Cold desolation, like a pall,  
 Had spread its mantle over all;  
 Yet not the creeping touch of Time,  
 Had wrecked that dwelling in its prime.  
 The fierce and unrelenting wrath  
 Of human war had crossed that path,  
 And left its trace on all things near,  
 Save the blue sky above our sphere.  
 Anon, with hurried step and free,  
 He crossed the ruined balcony,  
 And passing by the fallen door,  
 Stood on the dark hall's oaken floor.  
 Lighting the pine-torch that he bore,  
 He watched its lurid beams explore  
 The gloomy precincts, and passed on,  
 As one who knew each winding well,  
 To a low room that lay beyond,  
 And echoed to the south wind's knell.  
 Upon the threshold crushed and lone,  
 By rude warauder's hand o'erthrown,

The holy volume lay ;  
 He raised it from its station there,  
 And smoothed the crumpled leaves with care,  
 Then sadly turned away  
 To gaze upon a portrait near,  
 Whose thoughtful eyes, so calm and clear,  
 And chastened look and lofty mien,  
 And forehead noble and serene,  
 Told of a spirit touched by time  
 Only to soften and sublime ;  
 Of woman's earnest faith and love  
 Surmounting earth to soar above.

## XIII.

With quivering lip the boy gazed long ;  
 Unheeded and unmarked a throng  
 Might there have met, so fixed his soul  
 On Memory's unfolding scroll.  
 He knew not that the hours crept by,  
 And sullen grew the deepening night ;  
 Again he met his mother's eye,  
 As erst in joyous days and bright,  
 And heard the accents clear and mild,  
 Now hushed in death, breathe o'er her child  
 A fervent blessing and a prayer ;  
 Again his father's silver hair  
 Gleamed on his sight, although the tomb  
 Had closed him in its rayless gloom.

## XIV.

His leathern cap aside was flung,  
 And o'er his brow the dark locks hung  
 In wild confusion, as he stood  
 Amid that haunted solitude,  
 Raising the blazing torch to throw  
 Upon the pictured face its glow.  
 In him a careless eye might see  
 A semblance of that face in life ;  
 With more of fire and energy  
 To brave the storm and strife ;  
 With more of earthly hope to claim,  
 And less of Heaven—yet still the same.

## XV.

But suddenly the mystic spell  
 That bound him to the Past was rent ;  
 The vivid lightning, forked and red,  
 Flashed through the broken casement, blent  
 With the loud thunder's awful roar,  
 Prolonged and echoing o'er and o'er.  
 The warring of the world without  
 Offended not the struggling heart ;  
 Roused from the apathy of thought  
 He sought the casement with a start,  
 And watched the raging storm sweep by  
 With kindling cheek and flashing eye.

## XVI.

On ! on ! it came with fiery breath,  
 Instinct with rage and winged with death,  
 As downward swept, ere Time begun  
 His swift and varied race to run,  
 Through realms chaotic and sublime,  
 With wing of light and forehead pale,  
 Immortal in remorse and crime,  
 Thrilling the Infinite with wail,  
 The apostate troops from lands of light  
 To darkness, shame and withering blight.  
 On ! on ! it came, and in its path  
 The tall trees bent beneath its wrath,  
 And fell with hollow, crashing sound,  
 Torn and uprooted, to the ground.

Still nearer grew the lightning flash,  
 And heavier broke the thunder crash ;  
 And as, with almost blinded gaze,  
 Watched Lennard the electric blaze,  
 He saw through rain and densest night  
 A thin, pale line of waving light  
 Speed to a lofty oak, whose head  
 Sunk powerless to its parent bed.

## XVII.

The hours passed on—the storm had spent  
 The fury to its madness lent,  
 And wild and sullen clouds on high  
 In broken masses swept the sky,  
 As Lennard left the ruined hall,  
 And, bounding o'er the garden wall,  
 Walked swiftly o'er the lonely plain,  
 Till 'neath the blasted pine again  
 He paused, and blew the whistle low ;  
 Soon from a clump of firs below  
 An aged servant slowly led  
 A saddled steed : the pale moon shed  
 Its fitful gleam as Lennard sprung  
 Light to his seat, then fearless flung  
 The bridle loose, and spurring, soon  
 Drew up beside a deep lagoon,  
 Whose stagnant waters 'neath the moon  
 Glimmered through bush and hanging vine,  
 And cypress bald and ragged pine.  
 Concealed within the spectral gloom,  
 Of wide morasses and forest tomb,  
 His comrades there he found ;  
 By many a devious winding led,  
 Where the pale fire-flies' torches shed  
 A fitful gleam around,  
 He paused at length where Huon stood,  
 Amid his faithful band, though rude,  
 And thus his errand told :  
 " Where bends the Santee in the plain  
 Has Tarleton's troop encamped again,  
 With careless movement bold ;  
 One half his men will march to-night  
 To join the troop on Charleston height,  
 The guard will be both dull and light ;  
 A few short hours, with speed and care,  
 Must lead us to the station there."

## XVIII.

His mission o'er, with thoughtful look,  
 The boy sought out a shaded nook,  
 Apart from all—yet near  
 The opening where the men had laid  
 Their rations on the mossy glade,  
 Beside the swamp-marsh drear.  
 Silent was he, reserved and shy,  
 Seldom raising cap or eye ;  
 Not many days since first his hand  
 Had joined him to that patriot band ;  
 Yet none more truly did fulfill,  
 The duties of his arm required,  
 Though slight withal, and often still  
 When the loud signal-gun was fired,  
 The herald of the coming fight,  
 His cheek would pale like flowers at night  
 Beneath the autumn's chilling blight ;  
 None knew his residence or name,  
 Save that of Lennard, which he told  
 The morn when to the camp he came,  
 And begged that he might be enrolled  
 In Huon's corps, to serve with those  
 Who bled to heal their country's woes ;

Of late his arm had bolder grown  
When in the rout and skirmish thrown,  
And stronger, too, and Huon loved  
The slender boy who at his side  
Stood nobly when o'er War's red tide  
The fiery death-shot moved.

## XIX.

'T was midnight, as with silent tread,  
Like one who bears the coffined dead,  
His valiant troopers Marion led  
Through long and dark defile;  
And on they marched till morning light  
With streaks of crimson touched the night;  
Then, unannounced by trumpet-clang,  
Fell on the slumbering foe;  
Swift to his post each warrior sprang,  
Above, around, below;  
And soon in close and eager strife,  
As o'er the tomb meet Death and Life,  
The hostile forces stood;  
The sabre flashed in day's bright eye,  
The whizzing shot, death-winged, swept by,  
The turf grew red with blood;  
And where the charge was hottest made,  
Where boldest fell the flashing blade,  
Was Huon foremost there;  
And ever near his daring hand  
The youngest, gentlest of his band,  
Stood Lennard on that day;  
Fierce raged the conflict o'er the dead,  
Until, o'erpowered, the vanquished fled;  
Yet ere they left the fray  
One aimed the bloody lance he bore  
At Huon's heart—a moment more,  
And Lennard fell, his life-blood o'er  
The green turf welling fast;  
The blade that sought his leader's breast  
His hand aside had cast;  
Swift to his aid his comrades prest;  
The death-hue on his forehead lay  
As Huon flung both sword and lance  
With quivering lip away,  
And met in Lennard's dying glance  
The smile of Morna Grey.

## XX.

Beside the Santee's murmuring wave,  
They made the early dead a grave;  
And sometimes on its borders green  
The passing traveler has seen  
A spot where pale wild roses blow  
The lofty oaks and firs below—  
The turf is verdant with the spray—  
There sleeps the dust of Morna Grey.  
And Huon?—Still his daring arm  
Was lifted in his country's aid,  
Though life had lost its sunniest charm,  
And o'er the future hung a shade;  
And time would fail me now to tell  
Of all the deeds his valor wrought,  
How, when Fort Moultrie's color fell,  
He mounted 'mid the flames and shot  
The merlon height, and fixed on high  
The starry banner 'mid the sky.  
Nor how he died—the nobly slain,  
In bearing from the battle-plain  
The flag intrusted to his care.  
But deeds like these were common then  
As life, and light, and air;  
Brave deeds that shall forever round  
Our nation's annals cling;  
Perchance some louder harp shall sound,  
Some bolder spirit sing.  
For me—the first pale star on high  
Herald's the night with beaming eye,  
And down the west has rolled the sun—  
My song is o'er—my task is done.

## NOTE.

During the Revolution, a young girl plighted to a son of Marion's corps, followed him without being discovered to the camp, where, dressed in male attire, and unknown to him, she enrolled in the service. A few days after a fierce conflict that occurred, she stood by him in the thickest of the fight, and in turning away a ball aimed at his heart received it in her own, and fell bleeding at his feet. She was buried on the banks of the Santee. He was afterward distinguished in the service at Fort Moultrie, and at Savannah, where he received his death wound in carrying off the flag which was intrusted to

## THE POLE'S FAREWELL.

BY WM. H. C. BOSMER.

WARSAW, farewell! Alone that word  
Fame's dark eclipse recalls;  
The voice of wail alone is heard  
Within her ruined walls—  
Her pavement rings beneath the tread  
Of bondsmen by their master led.  
Hope kindles on my native shore  
No more her beacon fires—  
The Northern Bear is trampling o'er  
The dust of fallen sires,  
And signal ever to destroy  
Hath been his growl of savage joy.  
Oh! for one hour of glory gone—  
An arm of might to hurl  
The Czar, in thunder, from his throne,  
And Freedom's flag unfurl;

Then welcome, like a bride, the grave,  
Unbranded by the name of slave!

Our snowy Eagle\* screams no more  
Defiance high and loud;  
The wing is broken that could soar  
Through battle's smoky cloud,  
And wounded by a coward's spear,  
His perch is now lost Poland's bier.

Once happy was the hall of Home,  
Now Desolation's lair—  
Blood stains its hearth, and I must roam  
A pilgrim of despair,  
Leaving, when heart and brain grow cold,  
My weary bones in foreign mould.

\* The Ensign of Poland is a White Eagle.

# THE FORTUNES OF A SOUTHERN FAMILY.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

## PART I.

"Oh! it is pleasant for the good to die—to feel  
Their last wild pulses throbbing, while the seal  
Of death is placed upon the tragic brow;  
The soul in quiet looks within itself,  
And sees the heavens faintly pictured there."

Now, would that I could wield as magic a pencil as did Benjamin West, that mighty paint-king, how quickly would glow upon canvas one of the most beautiful and magnificent landscapes that ever entranced the eye of a scenery-loving traveler—a landscape upon which you might gaze enraptured every day for years, as I have done, and yet never tire nor grow less fond of beholding it. I would paint for your especial gratification, a living, a breathing picture of my old homestead, endeared by so many joy-fraught hours, and the surrounding scenery, through which I roved until I knew its every nook and corner as well as my dog-leaved spelling-book, by the venerable Dilworth. But, as it is, dear reader, I must be content to offer you a rude "*pen and ink sketch*," excavated from the ruins of my childhood recollections of as exquisitely beautiful and picturesque a spot as ever riveted the human gaze.

Imagine, for a moment, that we are standing upon a ledge of moss-grown rocks, projecting from a red hill-side, and whose verge beetles over a foaming river, which swirls and rages amongst the uplifting crags, flashing with diamonds in its rush and impetuosity, and then, placid and almost waveless, creeping on through the gnarled old forest with a faint murmur, seeming like a huge serpent of silver asleep in the gushing sunshine.

We are leaning against a rugged mass of the gray ledge—your head is resting upon your right hand, and you are gazing intently down at the circle and whirl of the romping waters. Only a few yards above, a cool spring gushes up, quick and bright, dimpling and laughing in the arrowy sunshine, then flashing and foaming over the dark rocks, and twisting in and out among the bare roots of the majestic oak that cools us with its shadows, falls in a golden shower to the mossy basin at your feet, and leaping over the steep precipice, mingles in foam with the seething river below. We are turned toward the west, and as you raise your eyes to a level with the horizon, one of the most stupendous views of the Blue Mountains that ever caused man to stop in breathless awe, now presents itself to your astonished gaze. Mountain towers behind mountain, and peak behind peak in wild sublimity, like giant waves heaved along the blue sky, almost seeming as if they were the ramparts of the world. Their sloping sides are dark with forests, save here and there, where the axe has penetrated their recesses, and blocked out spaces

which, having been touched with the magic of the plough, now smile with fertility. And yonder, a little to your right, lifting his narrow pinnace above all the rest, stands time-honored Currahee, with his red cap on—for thus we are accustomed to designate the barren soil which crowns his lofty summit.

Now, for a moment, permit me to call your attention farther up the river. Did you ever see a more entrancing and exquisitely beautiful cascade, steeped as it is in the softness, and glowing with the brightness of a cloudless spring morning? See how the wreathes of foam come bounding along, like a pack of ravenous wolves chasing each other, and stop suddenly in their mad career, for an instant equipoising upon the very brink, as if they had shrunk back and feared to take the awful leap, then, pushed on by the rush of the waters behind, descend like a shower of diamonds, and come whirling and dashing through the narrow gorge at our feet. And is not that deep basin at the base of the falls glorious? What an angry aspect its surface puts on, plunging and surging like a mass of living snow, while the flashing sunlight is perpetually endeavoring to paint a rainbow in the ever-mounting spray, and yet never quite succeeds. And those massive rocks, too, piling themselves up so quaintly on either side of the falls, just where they take the final plunge—are they not magnificent? How verdant and mossy, and superb in their ruggedness! Oh! if we were only upon one of those ledges—that one that seems ready to bow itself into the foaming torrent; if we only stood there, by that wide-spreading, gnarled old oak, twisting its dark roots in and out amongst the deep crevices like a knot of huge serpents, what a glorious prospect would burst upon your sight! There are so many entrancing scenes about my birth-place, but, among them all, none as magnificent as the one you behold from that mossy ledge. But the bridge—did you look at the old bridge? See where it stands festooned with shadows. That is a dear spot to me, for with it are associated some of the most treasured recollections of my boyhood. One end of this time-worn fabric opens into a sandy lane, with broad, green margins on both sides next the zig-zag fences, where I have so often gathered a bunch of flowers for my instructress, as I passed through it on my way to the school-house; the other is embowered by a clump of oak and beech trees, which, together with a few hemlocks and chestnuts, out-skirt a superb grove of evergreens, in the midst of which towers the little white cottage of Farmer Daniels. There was always a dream-like stillness about the old bridge that pleased me; and I have spent whole hours in peeping through the crevices of those time-worn and trampled planks, at the dark, deep waters creeping and dimpling be-

neath the massive and sodden arches with a low gurgle, receiving a sheet of silver sheen as they stole away into the rich sunshine; and, in gazing over the rude balustrade where the gaudy butterflies flitted around, or rested by the river's brink, opening and shutting their unruffled fans; or in flinging pebbles into the placid waters, and then watching the widening circles as they swept down with the current. But there is yet another thing about the old bridge for which I have cherished memories; that venerable buttonwood tree, gnarled and twisted into the quaintest and most comical deformity, that looms up from that high bank at the end of the lane. That bough which projects so far over the rippling surface, making a horizontal bend, like that of a man's arm, and then shooting up several yards at an obtuse angle, terminating in a mass of luxuriant foliage, was my favorite seat, when fishing, through many a long summer.

Now, look still farther down the river. Follow the grass-fringed banks in their graceful curve around yonder dark, gray promontory, until your eye rests upon a long ridge of snowy foam, where a stream of considerable magnitude mingles its waters with those of the river. Glancing a little way up this stream, a huge old mill presents itself to view, blackened with exposure, and grown picturesque by the lapse of years. Here and there the green moss adorns its roof, and slumbers along the walls with a quaint richness, especially where the heavy water-wheel, revolving in a sea of foam, keeps it shadowy and moist. A short distance above stands the pond—a broad, beautiful expanse of water, glittering like a sheet of untarnished silver; and, in a shady nook, close by the dam, where the large weeping-willow sways its long, drooping branches to and fro wearily, floats a little boat, endeared by many a fond remembrance.

Turn once more, and mark how the river, increased in size by the addition of the mill-stream, having swept around Castle-Hill, (so named from its rugged front and frowning aspect,) comes resplendently into view again, glowing like a sheet of burnished white, in strange and singular contrast with the many and dense shadows which always fringe its banks like heaps of black drapery. See where it takes a sudden bend, flowing back toward the falls, and then curving gracefully to the west, dividing against a jutting rock, and sweeping around it and the adjacent woodland, forming an island about a mile in circumference. That large white building, which crowns the summit of that gentle declivity on the nearest side of the island, with a neat porch in front, half embowered by vines and fruit trees—that is my birth-place. There never was a spot at once so tranquil and picturesque as that where stands my dear old homestead. Is it not a beautiful mansion-house? How sequestered and deliciously cool? The slope down to the river's brink is covered with a wilderness of shrubbery; while to the right of the garden-fence spreads a magnificent grove of white pines, once making a famous playground for us children. Down yonder, in that old field waving with long grass, beyond the grove, is a patch of splendid blackberry bushes; and near that

old ivy-bound oak on the bank, leaning so gracefully over the placid waters, as if to greet his image reflected in its vast mirror, is a fine place to hunt summer grapes. At the building, that little right-hand window with a shutter, around which are trailed pea-vines and purple morning-glories, and just above the roof of the porch, opens into a small chamber—my sleeping-room. At night you can behold a most magnificent prospect from that little window. It looks directly down upon the river, which, when there is a full moon and cloudless sky, seems like one broad belt of molten silver, weaving its way in and out among the gnarled old trees, at intervals, sparkling through openings in the thrifty foliage with exceeding beauty; and again, entangled in the black shadows flung upon it by the beetling crags above. Then all is so silent, too, save the snowy water-fall sending up its eternal anthem to the skies, yet coming to your ears with such a pleasant sound that you never tire in listening. Sometimes the sky is full of golden stars, and then the scene is so beautiful—oh! so very beautiful! Many a time have I stolen from my bed, far away in the night, while all the rest were in deep repose, to gaze upon the soft moonlight flashing over the meadows until they looked like acres of green velvet, and gathering upon the dark foliage until it almost seemed as if it were sprinkled with amber dust, or to gaze at the deep blue cerulean, studded with innumerable burning orbs.

There is another object to which I must direct your particular attention, since it assumes an important place in the relation of my story. Trace the road from where it leaves the east end of the bridge with an abrupt curve, sweeping around that magnificent grove of evergreens, passes the old mill, and turning to the east again for a short distance, threads its way along a grassy lane, and you arrive before a neat, commodious frame building, prettily white-washed in front, and hedged in by a rustic fence, with a little gate opening next the road. This was the dwelling of our schoolmistress, the remembrance of whom will ever be an oasis upon the deserts of memory—for to her I owe some of the most pleasurable moments of my boyhood existence. A more Christian-like spirit, a soul fraught with greater or intenser sympathies, and a mind less selfish in its manifestations, or imbued with more genial influences than hers, never existed within the compass of human being. As a teacher, she was firm, yet mild; as a neighbor, kind and obliging—in a word, her whole demeanor was such that the heart unconsciously awakened to affectionate regard. The dwelling of our schoolmistress was originally built, at her request, by a benevolent farmer, with the understanding between them that some future day should witness a transfer of ownership, and contains but three apartments—a large room, which, in the words of the old song, serves for "parlor, for kitchen, and hall," and two small chambers, but all as neat as hands can make them. Its white front, and massive stone chimnies, were completely embowered by a clump of superb maples, whose heavy branches twining their dark foliage, form a delightful arbor over the very entrance, from the first bursting forth of the tiny buds into perfect life and beauty, until autumn

comes with its garment of mourning, and the sere and yellow leaves slowly forsake the limbs which have been their birth-place. A thicket of damask and white roses, lilac trees, and clusters of pale-blue clematis, with a wealth of other flowers, luxuriate beneath, where they receive just enough of the warm and rich sunshine that flashed through the woven shades upon them in the morning, and of the scented dew-drops which the wind shakes from the leaves above at nightfall, to make them the most beautiful flower-plot in all the neighborhood. At the back, a low shed, extending the whole length of the house, one corner projecting further than the rest, and covering a cool spring that gushes up, quick and bright, with a sweet impetuosity, and goes dancing merrily across the green meadow, bright and glorious in the sunlight, but sullen in the shade. The scenery around, too, is magnificent. Here spreads a vast and unbroken forest, whose mighty solitudes once echoed to the whar-whoop of the savage, and looked upon his horrid rites beneath a midnight moon, or scowling sky; and, in the dim distance loom the granite-based mountains, like giant pillars to the vault of heaven, from whose tempest-beaten summits fifty centuries have looked down, unnoted and unknown.

Our schoolmistress was a widow, the Widow White, as she was usually designated. A woman of middle-age at the commencement of my story, she had devoted many years to securing a decent competence for her declining years, and for her only child such an education as would prepare him for an honorable station in society. Early wedded to a young clergyman of promising expectations, she was left a widow shortly after the birth of a son, and only a few days after her husband had assumed his duties as pastor of the little flock amidst which she had scarcely taken her abode. Thus left alone at the very period when most she needed a protector, she began her course with the unfaltering energy which ever characterized her undertakings. Yielding to conscientious scruples, she refused the assistance kindly offered by the surrounding community, and having chosen a vocation, assiduously applied herself to the accomplishment of her cherished purpose. Ere long, she had heaped together an amount of money sufficiently large to purchase the comfortable homestead I have pointed out.

There it is that the opening scene of my story commences. The sun was setting leisurely behind the western mountains in a mass of lurid clouds, and drowsy twilight had already begun to blur the fine scenery in the east, when Widow White sat down to her evening repast. A fire of hickory reflected a ruddy glare upon the hearth, before which reclined innocent pusey, with eyes half-closed, gazing intently at the flames as they crept slowly around the logs, and uniting, darted suddenly up the wide-mouthed chimney. The pine floor and splint chairs were scoured with scrupulous exactness; a small, oblong looking-glass, crowned with shrubs of evergreen, rested upon the high mantle-piece; the two windows were adorned with curtains of coarse, but milk-white linen, and, in one corner, stood a quaint bedstead of

curled maple, covered with a counterpane of old-fashioned dimity, which lay upon it like a sheet of snow. In the centre of the room was placed a small table, covered with a cloth of freshly ironed linen, which fairly rivaled the ermine in whiteness, upon which sat a garniture of glossy porcelain. A plate of venison and nut-brown sausages, surrounded by pearly and yellow eggs, sent up its savory odors to tempt the palate, while a pitcher of rye-coffee, on which the heavy cream was mounting like a foam, stood at its side; and, near by, a loaf of warm wheat-bread, a saucer of wild-honey, and another of golden butter—these constituting the wholesome repast of which Widow White was partaking.

"Heaven be praised for a comfortable house and bountiful meal!" she piously ejaculated, rising from her seat with the expression of gratitude warm from her heart. "If we always have as good, we shall never have cause to complain."

Although no apparent attention was paid them, these words were evidently intended for her son, a tall, premature-looking youth, between the ages of fourteen and fifteen, who had entered the room only a few moments before, and now stood leaning against the mantle-piece, beating the devil's tattoo upon the wall, and, from time to time, whistling snatches of a popular air. His strongly marked features, though handsome, were bold and repulsive, the upper lip curling with half a sneer—but it was merely the soul imaged in the countenance, for, lad as he was, the spirit had quaffed many a deep draught of sinfulness, while mildew and iciness had crept down and sullied the purity of his heart, whose stern monitor-angel, conscience, still vainly strove to awaken rich melody from the chords which had once vibrated to its slightest touch.

"David," again spoke Widow White in a subdued tone of voice, raising her eyes to the face of her son, "for the last few days I have been thinking deeply of the past—thinking what a mighty change fourteen short, rapid years have wrought in every thing around me. You were a babe in the cradle then, and the grave of your father was fresh in the lonely churchyard. The sky of my life was black with the storms of adversity, and I was very unhappy, for it almost seemed as if the day which had departed from it never would dawn again. But amidst all this gloominess and desolation, one star beamed with a constant and steady radiance, and that star was yourself. I loved you as my life, and many, many a time, as I rocked you to repose, have I pictured out a bright and glorious future for you, while my mind thrilled with the pleasure of its own creations. But a blight has come upon it all. I loved you *too* well—too well for either mine or your own good. Yielding to the fondness of a mother's love, I indulged almost your every wish, until now, turbulent and self-willed, you spurn my best and holiest affections as a mockery, and I find, almost too late, that I have greatly erred. I speak this in no spirit of unkindness, David. I feel it to be my duty as a Christian—my duty as a mother, to talk with you as I am now doing. God knows how fearful was the struggle within my mind before

I could bring myself to the determination I have. But I am resolved now; the scales have fallen from my eyes, and I can plainly see both your danger and my own. You are trembling upon the very brink of destruction, and I would ever feel as if there were a curse upon my soul, were I to see it all, and yet not endeavor to save you. I have come to an unshaken determination. There must be a reformation."

"Another sermon, I suppose. It is bad enough to hear one every Sunday, but one every day is intolerable *and* insufferable," insolently broke in the lad, and he kicked the cat across the room, and began to whistle snatches of a lively air.

The widow turned with a deep sigh to the window, while a gleam of sharp agony shot across her face, and then seeming not to heed the interruption, she continued:

"Yesterday I was in the village, and saw Mr. Warwick, the saddler. I have made arrangements with him for your becoming an apprentice to the trade, and to-morrow you are to go there. It is the best thing I can do for you, David, and the fullness of a mother's heart alone prompted it. If you conduct yourself properly, you may still become an honorable man, and occupy an honorable station in society; but if you persist in your vicious habits, God only knows where you will end." Here she paused for a moment, and then added: "To-night I am going away for some hours. Mrs. Williams is very sick, perhaps dying, and has sent for me. I may not return until quite late, but, in the morning before you go, we can talk this subject over fully."

There was such an earnestness and depth of feeling in his mother's remarks, that David White felt but little inclined to reply the second time, but the dark thoughts and evil feelings rankled deeply in his heart, though no tongue gave them utterance.

Widow White gazed intently into the fire for several minutes after she had ceased speaking, and then taking her bonnet from the bed, advanced to the door, but stopped a moment on its threshold, and turning to her son, said, "Should you become drowsy before I return, carefully cover up the fire ere retiring to bed." She closed it after her, and David was alone.

He stood still until the last echo of his mother's footsteps died away in the distance, and then crept stealthily to the front window, where, seeing her passing the gate into the lane, he broke out into a low laugh, and returned again to the fire-place.

"So, I must be a saddler, must I? Ahem! Well! it takes two to play at that, so we'll see who makes high, low, Jack, and the game this deal. Hurst was about right when he said things would come to a compass afore long. Guess they have, but who cares? I reckon I know which side my bread is buttered!"

Here David White again crossed over to the window, and looked out. His mother was far away in the lane, and just turning the last pannel of the garden fence, where the road branched off, and led by the old mill. Withdrawing from the window, he took a *small hand-saw file*, and a rudely fashioned key from

his pocket, passed over to the bed, and lifting the foot-valance, drew out a large and strong oaken chest; then glancing hurriedly around the room to be sure that no one was present, he applied the key to the lock. It did not quite fit, but, after carefully filing and applying it for some time, the bolt turned in its socket, and the chest stood open before him. In rummaging the till, he at length discovered the object of his search, a purse of silver coin, the accumulated gains of months, and placed there by his mother only a few days previous. This was not her usual depository for money, but, in the present instance, it had been laid aside until the absent minister of the village should return, into whose hands she was accustomed to deliver her spare funds for safe keeping. Laying the purse by his side, he locked the chest, and having arranged every thing as nearly as possible as he found it, retired through an opposite door into his chamber.

"Twenty dollars and a shilling, I think they said," muttered he to himself. "A good round sum for one evening's work. I wonder if I had n't better take mother's fashion, and praise Heaven for it?"

Having entered his chamber, he sat down to count his newly-acquired treasure, and finding the amount as large as he expected, carefully deposited it, with the exception of a few dollars, in a leathern belt around his person. Then assuming his shot-pouch, and flinging his rifle to his shoulder, he stooped down, and taking a small bundle, wrapped in a silk handkerchief, from his trunk, retired from the house, slamming the door violently after him, and walked rapidly on, until he reached the summit of an eminence near the old moss-grown mill, which was the last place from which he could see the home he was leaving, perhaps forever. Here he stopped for a few moments, leaned his rifle and bundle against a large, long-limbed, butter-nut, and sat down upon a decaying log at its foot, to gaze, for the last time, upon the old mansion which had been his home from earliest remembrance.

It has been said that there are times when the stoniest hearts are softened; when the sternest natures are made mild, and when the most abandoned are like little children. That moment had now come for David White. It was strange, passing strange. He had committed crime upon crime, yet scarcely felt a moment's remorse; for years he had acted toward his mother as if his whole soul were naught but selfishness; but when he came to leave that mother, that old homestead, and all the bright and beautiful objects around it, a softness breathed over his iron-nature, and the fount of tears sent up its gushing libations. I have often thought that such feelings must be akin to those mysterious, indefinable, and gloomy forebodings—those dim and indescribable fears and shrinkings within self, that sometimes come over our spirits like a creeping, icy thrill—in the midst of a giddy round of pleasure, or, as we stand by the grave's brink to see our friends entombed, and yet which no earthly or human cause is able to explain.

He was beholding every thing for the last time, and he looked around him as the dying man upon his nearest friends, when he feels the cold hand of death

pressed heavily upon his brow, and the silver chords of his spirit's harp gathering to their utmost tension, and snapping, one by one, like reeds before the blast. There was the home which had sheltered him in his helplessness, glowing in a shower of soft moonlight, and seeming more beautiful than he ever saw it before. There the only true love this wide world of cold and bitter heartlessness can know, beamed on his infant eyes; and there he had spent the only happy moments in all his boyhood existence. In that little room he had first learned to pray, and there, first forgotten the duty. There his mother had watched over him night after night, when he had a burning fever, and the grave had half-opened its terrible portals for his entrance. And now he was going to abandon that mother who had loved and cherished him so fondly—leave her all alone, a joyless, childless widow, and for what cause? He choked down the emotion that rose to his mind, and turned hurriedly in another direction. Not more than twenty paces from him, a stream went dancing and bubbling across the road like a track of liquid silver—the stream that was fed by the cool spring at home; and he remembered how he had gazed in transport, many years ago, at the bright-hued insects floating in the meek, golden-colored sunshine, now sinking their velvet feet into the moist sand upon the water's brink, and sipping tiny draughts; or, resting upon the edges of the blue and crimson flowers that looked up like gems from the verdant grass, opening and shutting their unruffled fans, woven of gold and sunlight. He turned away from the scene sick at heart, but still another object presented itself to view, awakening old memories. A little farther on yonder in the green meadow, through which murmured the mill-stream, and by the drooping-willow whose long branches rippled in the current, was a deep place, in the midst of which loomed up a dark-gray rock, like a lone sentinel to the rapid waters, and the scene made his heart bound again. There he had angled for trout for many a summer, and looked down delighted into the music-breathing waters, watching the silver and mottled fishes as they went trooping swiftly past, like guests to a fairy wedding. The tears gushed into his eyes as old recollections came thronging to his mind, and he faltered in his determination. He turned, and took one step toward home, but vicious impulses triumphed, and the rainbow that had begun to arch his heart faded in darkness. He disappeared down the slope toward the old bridge, and David White was ruined forever.

Meanwhile Widow White had almost reached her destination. A few steps farther on rose a little white-washed cottage, with sloping roof, and two large china-trees embowering it in front. As she arrived at the small trellis-work gate, a light met her eye, faintly twinkling through the dark foliage of an intervening bough, and reflecting a ruddy glare upon the side-walk that lay entombed in shadow. She opened the gate, followed the narrow foot-path leading to the front door, and found herself in a dark entry, with a few rays of light shimmering through the key-hole of a door immediately before her. As she

28\*

put her hand to the latch, a stifled sob broke upon her ear, and noiselessly opening the door, she glided into the apartment. It was indeed the chamber of death. On a little table by the fire-place, amidst a number of glasses and vials, burned a solitary candle over a long and lengthening wick, shedding a dim radiance throughout the room. By the side of an old-fashioned bedstead, hung with snow-white valance, knelt the old gray-headed minister, and his low voice, broken and thrillingly solemn, went up in earnest prayer for a departing soul. Upon the bed itself, propped up with pillows, lay the invalid. Three days ago the flush of health had mantled her cheek, and brightened in her eye, and now, how ghastly and changed she was! The sunken and mist-covered eye; the pallid cheek; the hueless lips, and painful breath, too truly testified that the dark angel Azrael was watching by the couch-side. At the head of the bed sat the daughter, a little girl apparently five years of age, with her head bent upon her knees, and her hands clasped beneath her face, weeping bitterly. The supplicating accents of the gray-haired minister ceased, and he arose from his kneeling posture, his eyes streaming with tears, and clasping in both of his the thin white hand that rested upon the snowy counterpane, leaned gently over, and placed his lips close to the ear of the dying woman.

"My dear Mrs. Williams," said he kindly, "we all feel that you are rapidly sinking; do you die happy? Do you feel that there is a Jesus in heaven, through whose mediation you will be saved?"

There was a rustling of the bed-clothes, a faint murmur, and the sufferer languidly turned her eyes upon the speaker. A dimness was in those sunken orbs; a clamminess upon her wan brow, and her breast heaved wildly beneath the linen that lay in snowy waves across it. But she did not appear to have heard the inquiry of the minister.

"The Widow White—has she not come yet? It is getting late—quite late," feebly spoke the sufferer.

Until then Widow White had stood unnoticed in the dark shadow, unwilling to interrupt; but, hearing this inquiry, she glided to the bedside.

"Yes, Mrs. Williams, I have come," and she laid her hand upon the dewy brow of her she had named, and tenderly smoothed back the long hair that lay loosely upon it.

A gleam of satisfaction shot across the wan countenance of the sufferer as these words fell upon her ear. A light, almost preternatural, stole to her eyes, until they sparkled as the diamond, and she lifted her head upon her hand, and strove to speak. But the effort was too great for her debilitated condition—a weakness came over her, and she sunk back exhausted to her pillow. Ere long, however, she recovered sufficient strength to speak, and turning toward Widow White, clasped her hand affectionately.

"I feel that my life is fast ebbing away," she began in a subdued and thrilling voice. "A few short hours will pass by, and this body will be a soulless mass. But I do not fear to die; for me, death has no terror, nor the grave a victory. I am standing upon its very brink,



and look down into its blackness without an emotion save that of pleasure. This is a vain and heartless world! I have found it so, again and again, and the grave is the only place where I can find rest from its temptations and persecutions, and I feel glad that the time is almost here, when rest, both for body and soul, will be attained. But there is one thing that troubles me. My husband slumbers beneath the heavy sod in the village grave-yard; I am standing upon the very brink of eternity; I have no relatives living on this side of the Atlantic, and when I am gone, what is to become of my poor friendless, motherless child? I know there is One above who has promised to take care of the orphan, but still, it would give me a pleasure to know, that when my mouldering body reposes in 'that bourne whence no traveler returns,' that the light of a pleasant home would shed its radiance on her girlish years. I fear to trust her to the world. I fear its buffetings—I fear its bitterness—I fear its selfishness!—I have keenly felt them all, and they bowed my strength of spirit almost to the dust!—they sullied my purity of purpose, and my love of God! Three years ago I took up my abode in this community. Life was in its spring-time of joyousness. Pleasure opened her thousand portals, and nature breathed in beauty. Then a stern blight came upon it all! The gloom of death shadowed my dwelling, and soon the cold and rigid form of my beloved partner was carried out, and laid in the narrow bier where the 'dust returns to dust as it was.' The feeling of desolation entered my heart; I sorrowed in tears, and life almost became a weariness. Then you, Widow White, came to me in my distress, like a ministering angel; advised me, prayed with me, and led me on, until a light broke in upon my soul, and a new life spread out its million paths to happiness. From that moment I loved you as my own mother in heaven. And now I have a request to make—the request of a dying woman—will you grant it?" and she grasped the arm of the listener with a wild eagerness, and looked into her eyes, as if she saw down into the very soul, and read her every thought.

"Mrs. Williams," began Widow White in reply, in a tone of voice thrillingly solemn, her eyes dimmed with tears, and her whole frame trembling with emotion, "Mrs. Williams, you know how endeared you are to me—that I love you as if you were my own daughter, and that if I could comply with any thing that would give you pleasure in a dying moment, I would most willingly do so."

"Thank God!—thank God!" exclaimed she fervently, clasping her hands as if in prayer. "I have prayed for this, again and again, and now it has come to pass—when the grave closes over my mouldering remains, my child will have a home and a mother still! Widow White, cherish her as your own. Educate her for heaven, and if we mortals, after death, are sent as ministering angels to the living, then will I be your guardian spirit. Our kind minister, into whose hands I have committed them, will inform you of my little worldly concerns after I am gone, for my strength is fast failing me, and I feel that I have little

time left for words. Mary, dear, come to my bedside. A little nearer for I am quite weak and exhausted. I am dying, Mary. I am going far away—away to heaven. In a short time, my body will be cold and motionless, and then I cannot hear you, or speak to you any more. Then you will have no mother; she will be dead. In a few days I will be laid in the cold and dark ground, and you will never see me again in this world. When I am dead, this lady will be your mother. She will take care of you, and be kind to you, just as I am; and you must obey her, and try not to be naughty. If bad feelings come into your mind, think of your dead mother, and how she talked to you and advised you when she was dying. If you do what is right, God will love you, and bless you, and take care of you, and when death comes, you will go to live with Jesus, where there is nothing but happiness; but if you are wicked, God will hate you, and when you die, you will go down to hell, where all the bad people dwell, and where there is nothing but misery and anguish. Now kiss me, for I am too weak to talk to you any longer," and the dying woman drew the child to herself, and imprinted a lingering, burning kiss upon her forehead.

She sunk back exhausted to the pillow, and her breath came in painful gasps from her parted lips, while her hands moved about spasmodically on the white counterpane—the excitement of the last hour had been too much for her weakened condition. She lay thus for several moments, and then suddenly started from her recumbent position, and sat upright in the bed. A glorious lustre broke through the mist that welmed her eyes, and a faint color sprang to her pallid cheek. She clasped her daughter in her arms with an hysterical sob; looked wildly into her face; pressed a burning, quivering kiss upon her forehead, and then her lips gave forth fragments of speech, broken, but beautiful. But this did not last long; a weakness came over her almost preternatural strength; she loosened the embrace that circled her child; the color fled her cheek, the brightness her eye; the death-rattle rung out shrilly upon the air, and she fell back motionless to the bed. They looked upon her countenance—a single glance was sufficient—it was cold, calm, passionless—the seal of the grave was upon it.

The gloom of death had shadowed that cottage for two days, and now it was desolate indeed. The stealthy tread of those who came to gaze upon the dead and prepare its burial, no longer broke the solemn hush that brooded over the dwelling. The departed was in truth the departed—they had borne her over the threshold of her home, and laid her remains in the narrow house where all must one day repose—a plain head-board alone marking the grave in which slumbered what was once Eliza Williams. Like others, she had died sincerely mourned by many—like others, futurity would leave no memorial to tell that she had ever existed. Decay, and rude hands, and careless feet, after the lapse of years, would mar her last resting-place, as many in the grave-yard had already

been marred, but the form below could never know nor feel the injury—she slept, and would sleep, as sleep the dead, until the trump of Gabriel awakens and clothes the dry bones in the habiliments of another world.

And now they were alone—the mother and her adopted daughter, making preparations for a final departure from that desolate old homestead. The ashes lay cold upon the hearth-stone, and a gloomy loneliness reigned throughout the whole building, flinging a pall over the feelings of Widow White. A chill crept over her as the large gray cat came purring to her side, and rubbed his soft coat against her ankle; and tears sprang to her eyes when she saw the countenance of the little child wearing such a sad and mournful expression, and she vowed in her heart that no blight should come over her youthful prospects, if it were in her power to prevent it.

Ere long, the necessary preparations were completed, and the two bade a final adieu to the lonely dwelling, and passed slowly along the road toward the mansion of Widow White.

#### PART II.

“Parent! who with speechless feeling,  
O'er thy cradled treasure bent,  
Found each year new charms revealing,  
Yet thy wealth of love unspent;  
Hast thou seen that blossom blighted  
By a drear, untimely frost?  
All thy labor unrequited?  
Every glorious promise lost!”

Time, at whose touch the monument of a thousand ages crumbles to dust; at whose embrace empires totter to ruin, and at whose breath cities rise and sink like bursting bubbles in a pool, rolled on his car of wonderful mutations.

Ten years—ten short, rapid years had lapsed away into the infinitude of the past, and mighty changes had marked their progress. The wave of population, like the ocean at its flood, had gradually advanced over the land, and many new habitations sent up their curling smoke within sight of the old homestead of Widow White. The mansion-house itself had changed but little, though one of the tall maples had been cut away from the massive stone chimney at the south end of the building, and the moss had crept over the sloping roof in spots, giving a quaint richness of appearance to the time-honored shingles. The huge old mill below the dam had grown a little more picturesque with the lapse of years; but it was fast going to decay, for its owner was long since dead, and there being some still pending lawsuit between the heirs concerning this piece of property, no repairs had been made, or even any attention paid to its mouldering condition; and for several twelvemonths it had ceased to send up its daily medley of pleasant sounds. The old wooden bridge that spanned the river where it swept across the mouth of the valley, seemed as it ever did, save that rude hands had leveled the magnificent clump of trees that had embowered one end, and enveloped it, during half the day, in a mass of dense shadows, which always slept about this old fabric, and darkened the waters like

heaps of black drapery. The scenery around was still as magnificent and entrancing as ever, though, immediately surrounding the dwelling of Widow White, it had undergone a very material change. The adjacent hills that gradually sloped down to the river's brink, were still dark with forests, though here and there the settler's axe had penetrated their sun-hidden recesses, and blocked out spaces, in the midst of which arose many a comfortable farm-house. But, at the time of which I speak, stern-browed winter had breathed over the scene, and the gnarled oak forest stood out like an army of skeletons against the stormy sky.

But ten years had not thus glided away without leaving their stern impress upon Widow White. She had become thinner and paler; many white hairs had crept in amongst the auburn that once adorned her head; and her hazel eye had assumed a milder, more subdued expression. The sudden departure of her self-willed son, and the manner of it, had caused her many a heart-pang; yet for months after it occurred she entertained serious hopes of his becoming repentant and returning; and this, for a time, had served to buoy up her depressed spirits; but when years had gone by, and no intelligence reached her concerning him, hope fell to the ground, and her ardent expectancy settled down into a stern grief. Mary, the adopted daughter, stood upon the threshold of womanhood, in all the flush and spring-time of life and enjoyment. Widow White seemed to love her as if she were her own child, and watched over her with the tenderest care and solicitude. At this period Mary was near sixteen years of age, and rather striking in her appearance, though by no means what would be strictly termed beautiful. Indeed, the contour of her features, as a whole, was rather commonplace than otherwise; but a soul beamed out through her flashing black eye, and lit up her countenance with a sweetness, a loveliness, which was strange, and sometimes startling, from the brilliancy of its expression. A ruddy glow, like the blush of a summer sunset, dwelt in either cheek, and a slight contraction at both corners of the mouth gave her face a half-mirthful look; but her forehead, full in the upper and lateral portions, seemed almost too severely intellectual for the other features. She possessed a wealth of luxuriant black hair, which she had a quaint method of coiling around her head in a single massive braid, singularly contrasting with the alabaster whiteness of the delicate temples upon which it rested. She was very happy at the home she occupied, which was often enlivened by the joyous snatches of music that broke from her ruby lips as from a bird; but she had but a faint, a dream-like remembrance of the scenes connected with her early childhood.

It was a cold afternoon in December—cold even for that ice-clad month. Dark, gloomy, stern-browed winter had spread his varied desolations around. The first snow of the season had fallen during the night previous, and lay upon the ground to the depth of several inches, in some places, drifted into the ravines, leaving the declivities almost entirely uncovered, and at others, overspreading the soil with an unruffled sheet of stainless white. The winds had awakened

from their August slumbers, and blustered and shrieked dismally through the leafless forests, then sweeping out among the houses, sought entrance, but finding none, flung themselves despairingly against the doors, and mocked at the clattering windows, which every now and then threatened to burst from their casements; anon, swept moaning around the corners, now muttering, and now whispering at the crevices, then passing up toward the eaves, died away in sobbings and wailings. Even the dark blue cerulean wore a chilly aspect; and the huge masses of heavy, leaden-colored clouds that piled themselves up so quaintly over by the lofty-peaked, snow-capt mountains, drifted wildly before every impulse of the ice-winged lord of the storm.

Late on this afternoon a solitary traveler on horseback might have been seen winding slowly along the serpentine road that led over the hill above the falls. This traveler was David White. At his heart, were the same fierce and turbulent passions—the same dark thoughts and bad feelings—the same willful and perverse nature that dwelt there, when I left him, ten years ago, forsaking home and happiness; time had only served to deepen the impressions, and crime almost entirely to blot out the few remaining influences of a religious education, while the vicious impulses strengthened. But, in person, he was greatly changed. From the stripling he had become the man. A half sneer was on his countenance as in boyhood; and the same restless, wicked eye lighted up his features with an evil fire. It was a face that told the wily hypocrite—the man who could assume any character he chose—now, high-minded and honorable, and again, crime-seeking and fiendish, just as circumstances required. The cheeks were thin and sunken, and the deep pallor which had stolen away the rosy tints of health, plainly showed a course of continual dissipation. In person, he was somewhat above the standard height, and slender in his make, though his frame exhibited great powers of endurance, and no common share of muscular strength.

He wound slowly down the hill, stopped for a moment to gaze at the falls, adorned with huge, long icicles, and a shore of frozen foam; then moved on again, passed leisurely along the curving lane, and paused once more at the old bridge, to look up and down the river; after which he advanced a short distance into the magnificent grove of evergreens which skirted the road, and fastening his horse securely to one of the strongest pine saplings, bent his steps toward the home of his childhood. By this time the last flashing gleams of sunset were dying away in the west, and dark-hued twilight began to shroud the east in a mist-like dimness.

David White had been a wanderer in foreign lands. More than once had he stood amidst a field of the ghastly dead and shrieking wounded, when the tide of a great battle raged fiercest and strongest, his foot-hold bathed in the life-blood of his comrades. Such scenes ever tend to pervert the kinder tendencies of our nature, and to render the mind adamant in its manifestations; nor were his less susceptible to these influences than others. When first he entered the

ranks of the army, and joined in the death-dealing battle, he saw the daily commission of crimes which made his soul shrink even to contemplate; but, by degrees, he learned to look upon them merely as the amusements of a passing hour, and finally, to lend a ready hand to their accomplishment. Then his heart grew still colder and more feelingless. He thirsted for excitement, lawful or unlawful. He longed for the bloody onset to come; the deafening roar of the cannon was a music in his ears, and the murderous combat brought a restlessness that pleased him. But human nature is strange—passing strange. At intervals he was mild and gentle. Standing upon the battle-field, when night had drawn her silvery curtain over the ghastly and hideous spectacle, when the booming shot and frightful discord—the shriek, the groan, the shout, and ceaseless rush of angered men were passed away, he had looked round upon the cold and bloody scene, and wept—his sternness softened, and he became as other men. He brought water to the wounded and dying soldier; staunched the flowing blood; pillowed his head upon his knee, and as the body shuddered in the last fierce agony, and the enfranchised spirit went trembling up to God, tears fell like jewels on the pallid face of the dying, and thoughts, of which the good might have been proud, flashed through his mind. Who, at such moments, would recognize David White, the bold, dark, dangerous man? But thus it is; mirthful feelings will sometimes obtrude when the heavy clod is falling upon the coffin of a friend, and the grave closing over him forever; thoughts of the last agony, the bourne of death, and the curtailed futurity, will sometimes come like a pall over our minds, when the dance is at its flush, and pleasure in its spring-time; and moments will sometimes roll round when a softness breathes upon the hearts of hardened men.

David White was again amongst the scenes of his boyhood; but he looked upon them merely as the passing traveler—with an idle curiosity. Change had been more busy than he expected, yet nothing around him served to awaken emotion. Not even when he stood upon the little eminence, and on almost the very spot where he had stood ten years ago, to bid a final adieu to home, and then to pass on to ruin, did he seem to remember, save by a faint and sickly smile, half-sneering in its expression. Yet, had he seen it when environed by other circumstances, perhaps his heart might have been touched—but now it was feelingless.

Arrived at the old homestead, he knocked loudly at the door—but no one answering the call, he lifted the latch and entered the apartment. A large hickory fire was blazing on the hearth, casting a ruddy glare upon the floor, and radiating a pleasant heat throughout the room. Upon a worsted hearth-rug reclined a large gray cat, which he thought the very same he had kicked across the room on the evening of his departure, and which started up at his approach, and took refuge beneath the bed. Finding that no one was conscious of his presence, he flung off his dark overcoat, and laying it on a little pine table by the window, drew a large rocking-chair from its nook in the corner,

and seating himself by the hearth, began very complacently to contemplate the ornaments upon the mantle-piece. But soon growing tired of this employment, he left his seat and crossed over to some pictures that hung against the opposite wall. At this moment a door opened to his left, and turning, he beheld Mary entering the apartment, her cheeks rosier than ever with recent exercise.

"Good evening to you, my pretty lass," he observed in his blandest tones, and slightly bowing as she drew back in surprise at his sudden appearance. "A widow was once the occupant of this dwelling—the Widow White she was usually called; is she still living, and a resident here? and if so, will you be so kind as to inform her of my presence."

Mary replied briefly in the affirmative, and hastened out to call her mother from an out-house, a new building which had lately been erected to subserve the two-fold purpose of kitchen and dairy, where they both had been busily engaged at the time of his arrival, while he sauntered familiarly to his seat by the fire, and commenced drumming a tune upon the head-board of the mantle-piece. In a few moments the widow made her appearance, and politely requested her guest to be seated.

He flung himself carelessly into the chair he had occupied, and slightly turning in his seat, fixed his dark eyes on her face, and remarked, "You seem to be quite comfortably situated, Mistress White; this pleasant fire and comfortable apartment contrast finely with the cold and dreariness without doors."

"Yes, thanks to Providence! things have gone especially well with me for many years, indeed, much more so perhaps than I really deserve. Though this world often requires much care and toil from us frail mortals, it also yields many blessings for which to be thankful."

"That is true," replied he; and then breaking off suddenly from the topic of conversation, remarked, "But I perceive, Mistress White, that you do not recognize your quondam friend. I hope you do not suffer prosperity to dampen your recollection of old times."

The widow stopped her knitting for a few moments, leaned slightly forward, and scrutinized the features of the stranger; then recovering her former position, answered, "I have a faint, a dream-like recollection of your countenance. It seems that I have seen it before, yet I cannot distinctly remember where."

"Look again!" exclaimed he, divesting himself of a pair of false whiskers, and again bending his dark eyes searchingly upon her face. "Now do you know me?"

She gazed but an instant, a deathly pallor sprung to her cheeks, and extending her arms as if to embrace, she tottered toward him, exclaiming, "It is!—I cannot be mistaken!—it is my long lost son, David White! Oh, David! David!" and she fell upon his neck, and twined her arms around him, sobbing aloud in her ecstasy of enjoyment.

"Tut-tut, mother—what's the use of carrying on so? To be sure I am your son, in flesh and blood, and just the same as ever, only changed a little for the better. But where's the use in crying? I reckon

I am not going to die, that you should take on after this fashion."

Here he rudely shook off her embrace, and reseated himself, while a sharp pang, such as she had not known since the years of his boyhood and unfeeling transgressions, struck deeply into her heart as his light mocking tones smote upon her ear, and sinking into a chair, she gave vent to her feelings in a gush of tears.

Who, at that moment, to have looked upon the dark countenance of David White, and to have witnessed his heartless and unmanly actions, would have recognized the cradle-joy of his mother's early widowhood—the babe that smiled so sweetly upon the beholder—the little prattler for whom she had pictured out such a bright and glorious future. She had loved him—still loved him with all the devotedness and dewy freshness of life's morning hours; she had cherished and watched over him with the tenderest care and most affectionate solicitude, and now, when the fountains of deep-toned feeling and sympathetic emotion should have sent up their gushing libations, and she should have been reaping the rich benefits of her manifold attentions, the son, so fondly cherished, and so dearly loved, turns, like the frozen serpent that the shepherd warmed in his own bosom, to sting his benefactor.

But if we look back to this man's infancy, it will be found that much of this harvest was unconsciously sown by the mother. Domestic education exerts a great power in forming the manners and regulating the conduct which is to guide the future man; and as the system of Widow White had been injudicious, though she discovered her error at the last, it was too late for reform—her son was ruined, and an ingratitude engendered which would tinge the whole stream of her future life with bitterness. The mother is almost always the arbiter of her child's destiny; and if she misguide the bark of his life so that it finally anchors in a gulf of base and stormy passions, can it be wondered that his sympathies should be blunted, and the manifestations of his mind vile and ignoble?

"There, now! I didn't mean to hurt your feelings," again spoke the son, first breaking the silence which had existed for several minutes, and the mother looked up half smilingly through her tears as these gentle words came to her ear, they were so unlike the mocking tones with which he had sought to evade her welcome. The kind manner of their utterance went to her heart, and the best affections of her nature gushed to meet them.

"You look worn and tired with your journey, David—would you not be the better of some supper? something warm might refresh you," and she took a step toward the door in execution of her kind purpose.

"No, no—my time is precious, and I have none to waste in eating. I must be back to the Bend before nine, and there is famous little moon left to light the way."

"So soon! Why not remain with us to-night, and then return in a more comfortable manner in the morning? You surely have no imperative necessity to visit the Bend on such a blustering night as this. The

north, too, is black with a gathering storm. You had better stay."

"I can't. It is impossible. I have a very urgent necessity to return, and quickly told, too—money; I must have money, and in no small amount either. It is absolutely necessary that I have twenty-five dollars, and that I have it now. I am in debt, and the debt must be paid—paid to-night. It has been a long time since I asked you for money, but I reckon you have enough of the mother about you to let me have that sum."

"In debt, David! to whom?"

"To the boat for my passage. But it is getting late, and I have no time to ask or answer questions; so, once for all, will you let me have it or not?"

The mother was deeply imposed upon, but never, even for an instant, did the thought flash across her mind that his statements were false, and only used for the purpose of extortion. Obtaining the specified amount, she placed it in his hands with a gush of tears, for her feelings were greatly hurt at his harsh words.

He received the money, bade her farewell in blander tones than his previous conversation, and hastened from the dwelling. When he arrived at the spot where was fastened his horse, his mind was fired to a high degree of excitement by the dark thoughts rankling within. His face was pale with anger; his heavy brows worked and knit themselves over eyes that flashed like fire, and he was muttering slowly to himself in broken expressions, while his fingers played unconsciously about the handle of the bowie-knife which slightly protruded from beneath his vest. Having taken a sudden turn in the undergrowth, he unexpectedly stood immediately before the horse, which, seeing him indistinctly, became affrighted, and ran back with an impetuosity that almost tore up the sapling by its roots.

"So, so," he muttered between his clenched teeth, as composedly as his anger would permit. "Easy, Oliver, easy!" and advancing, he tenderly patted him on the neck, while the restive animal, recognizing his voice, greeted him with a low neigh.

Detaching the bridle from the mass of twigs that entangled it, he carefully led the way out into the road, and brushing off the snow which had collected upon the saddle, leaped to his seat, still agitated with the deep passion he was in vain endeavoring to control.

"On!" burst from his lips in a hoarse whisper, which seemed like a low shout suppressed by a strong will. "On!" and he struck the spurs fiercely into the sides of his steed, and dashed swiftly across the old bridge, the clattering hoofs ringing out upon the still night with a strange distinctness.

At first, the moon looked down brightly from the starry sky, shedding around a shower of flashing beams, which rested upon the sheeted snow until it became dazzling in its whiteness. Soon, however, the heavy masses of clouds in the northeast, that drove wildly before every ice-winged impulse of the storm-king, overwhelmed and shrouded the silver disc from sight, and gave forth the tempest they had so long threatened. Still, now and then, as the wrathful clouds would separate for a moment, a faint

lustre would dart forth, sprinkling, as with the purple glories of the orient morn, the torn and ragged opening, and illuminating the landscape with a quaint beauty—half light and half shadow—then all would become dark again. But soon, even this ceased, and the heavens were hung with black. Still his horse plunged on amid sheets of driving and whirling snow, never stopping his speed for an instant.

Ere long the impetuous rider drew up before a dark, weather-beaten, dilapidated building, at the north end of the village, and dismounted. The old chestnut by the fence creaked dimly as the windswept fiercely up from the valley below, and through one of the swaying boughs came a faintly twinkling light, which seemed forcing itself through the folds of a window-curtain. Knocking loudly at the front door, it was presently opened, and giving some hasty directions concerning his horse, he hurried through a dark, narrow entry, and guiding his way up a creaking staircase by the aid of a balustrade which ran along either side, at length stood before a small door, through whose key-hole issued a narrow stream of light, slightly illuminating the thick gloom around him. Here he paused for a short time to recuperate his exhausted energies, and to subdue the passion that still somewhat agitated him. Then pushing open the door, he entered the apartment.

It was a gaming-room. Six or eight small tables stood about on the floor, at each of which, where the forgotten candles burned dimly over the long and lengthening wicks, sat several men—some, with faces brightly haggard, gloating over their unhallowed gains—others, dark, sullen, silent, fierce, gazing furtively at their piles of lost money. Here rattled the dice-box, and yonder fell the dirty cards—all were busily engaged—all were motionless, save their hands and eyes—all were hushed, save when they uttered solitary words to tell their bets.

David White had almost reached the centre of this room before any one was cognizant of his presence; then, several looked up with a nod of recognition, and once more bent themselves, pale, watchful, though weary, to the duties of the game. The emotion which had so recently agitated him was passed away, and his countenance wore the same expression which most frequently lurked over it. Crossing over to a table at the farthest end of the apartment from the door, he addressed a few words to its occupants; assumed a vacant chair by its side, and joined in the play. For hours he sat grasping the cards with trembling avidity, winning and losing, apparently unmindful of either. But this was merely the gilded outwardness—within, rankled fierce passions, like the lightning in the summer-evening cloud. The night glided on; its dank air grew fresher; the fire burned low on the hearth-stone; the raging storm was hushed to stillness, and there was sounding from the antique clock that adorned the mantle-piece. Save two men the room was deserted. One by one the rest had stolen away, until these two were its only occupants. The last stake of David White was in the pool; the cards had been dealt, and the game was about to be played which was to determine the

ownership of the large pile of silver that lay in the middle of the table. He had lost, won, and lost again—doubled his bets—trebled them, until all had been swept away—money, horse, and even his Bowie-knife. Then he had contrived to borrow—won again, and now the last stake trembled in the scales. The game was played—once more he was penniless. He sat still for several minutes, his eyes gazing on vacancy, and when he arose he seemed like a strange man, his face was so changed with the workings of evil passions.

"There! now you have it all, and I am ruined! Do you hear?" exclaimed the frenzied man, his lips quivering with emotion as his voice became elevated with excitement. "And who is the dastardly craven that made me so? Who was it found me pure, and innocent, and stainless as the babe unborn, and lured me from happiness to scenes of madness and debauchery—of crime and wretchedness? Say! who was it did all this? Who was it first placed the cards in my hands, and trained my youthful mind to the cheateries of the gaming-table? And who, when I became older, taught me to revel in human gore, and to delight in carnage and distress, making me the heartless villain that I am? Who was it did all this, I say? Was it not you, Wilson Hurst—was it not you that did it?" and the frantic man struck the table a tremendous blow with his clenched fist as this last question trembled on his white lips, while he glared fiercely upon the listener.

His mind had now worked itself up to the highest pitch of excitement; his countenance wore a deathly pallor; his heavy brows lowered fearfully above eyes that flashed like fire; his nostrils were widely distended, and, as the air breathed through it seemed to choke him; his teeth chattered with rage, while the white foam oozed between, gathering in a thick froth about the parted lips, and with an exclamation that almost froze the blood to hear, he flung himself upon his companion. But his adversary had foreseen the whole, and was fully prepared to meet this sudden attack. Taking advantage of his cat-like eagerness, he threw him to the floor, overpowered, and finally, exhausted with struggling, thrust him out the street door, and shut it in his face.

Left to himself, he gradually became calm and collected, and then other and gentler thoughts grew busy. He stood there in the still moonlight, the cool breezes of morning fanning his feverish brow, from which distilled great drops of moisture in the anguish of his spirit.

"What a change! what a change!" exclaimed he wildly, smiting his breast with his hands. He was thinking of childhood, of those hours of innocence forever gone, and he buried his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud. The strong man was bowed—yes! he who, undaunted, had stood amidst the angered rush of battle; he who, fearless, had seen his comrades falling around him like trees before the hurricane; he who, unappalled, had heard the shrieks of the wounded and dying, wept at the recollection of childhood. What a scene for God and the angels to look down upon!

David White sedulously strove to renew the acquaintanceships of his boyhood, but amongst none, either of those who remembered him, or others to whom he was a perfect stranger, did he contrive to make a friend. His company, however, was not avoided, for his conversation abounded with strange and interesting adventures in various foreign lands, often instructive; but there were too many demands for the possessor of an able body, and too extensive a prevalence of sound morality, for him to find a spirit any way congenial to his own in the vicinity of his home. He therefore took up his residence at the Bend, which was a kind of stopping-place for boats passing up and down the river, and where congregated all grades of society. His pursuits were now undisguisedly those of a gambler—and still further, though unknown—those of a smuggler. His mother received frequent, though indirect communications concerning her son's course of conduct at the neighboring village—indeed, few days passed in which she did not incidentally obtain such intelligence. He appeared occasionally at the old homestead, but his stay was seldom prolonged beyond a few hours. His conduct cost his mother many a heart-pang, but the day when she could influence his mind had long since gone by, and she entertained no hope of a reformation—indeed, such an occurrence would have appeared almost a miracle in the eyes of those acquainted with his character and mode of action. Thus months lapsed away into the infinitude of the past; summer came round, and soon an eventful and crime-stained night rolled into its place.

The moon waxed high in her career. Midnight was gathering slowly over the earth; that hallowed and mysterious hour, the isthmus between two days. But the deep-toned thunder was muttering at intervals in the sky, and the torn clouds swept on in massy columns, dark and aspiring, growing blacker and blacker as they rolled up the great heavens, and portending a terrible convulsion of the elements. The night was far advanced, and in all respects suited to the purpose of David White. Twelve o'clock was already striking, when he issued from a private door of the time-worn building, where had occurred the gambling scene on the stormy night of the winter before. Since then, the two men had made friends; fortune had changed, rechanged, and changed again; and now, almost penniless, he had resolved on a bold stroke, by which to replenish his purse, and furnish means whereby to indulge his consuming and all absorbing love of gaming. After entering the street, he glanced cautiously around, and then advancing to the iron-gray charger that was tied with a stout bridle to the horse-shoe at the doorpost, adjusted the accoutrements, leaped to the saddle, and rode hurriedly along the road leading to the old homestead.

Meantime the aspect of the heavens had materially changed. The black, opaque mass of vapors had extended its dark and jagged front a third of the way around the horizon, piling its frowning steeples high up toward the zenith. Here and there overhead, the sky was blotted with isolated black clouds, which

were fast increasing in size and joining into one. The thunder, which had been occasionally muttering on high, now rattled incessantly, and the forked lightning rushed down in sheets of lurid flame. Ere long, the huge mass of sweeping clouds had reached the zenith, and were rolling darkly onward toward the opposite horizon. Directly the wild uproar died nearly altogether away, and intense darkness shrouded the skies and earth in its folds. The air grew heavy, and seemed to be forcibly pressed toward the ground. This was that strange pause in the strife of the elements, apparently as if the combatants were gathering all their strength for the fearful contest that was to follow. But this pause was only momentary, and soon was at an end. Then a distant, sullen, bellowing murmur came surging up from the depths of the forest, followed by the sorrowful moaning of the trees along the road-side. David White grew pale, and could almost hear the beating of his own heart as he bent forward in the saddle, and listened to the approaching rush and roar of the lashed winds. He had not expected such a wild fierceness in the storm, but now he had gone too far to recede; he was in the very midst of the forest, and the danger was the same either way, so he spurred on the plunging animal beneath him with a desperate energy. At that instant a blinding flash shot down from a cloud almost directly overhead, drank up the thick darkness, and wrapped the air in sheets of lurid flame, while the tall trees stood out like a spectral throng in its supernatural glare. Before a clock could tick, the report followed with a roar, deafening and tremendous, rattling and echoing along the sky like the simultaneous discharge of a thousand deeply freighted cannon. Terrified at the unearthly glare and stunning thunder-bolt, the horse plunged aside with a fierce impetuosity, that would have flung the rider to the earth had he not clung to the mane with his utmost strength; and even for minutes after "the jaws of darkness" had devoured up the scene, and the fearful report had died away in the distance, his eyes still ached with the intense light, and his ears rung with the deafening bolt that had followed.

Now came the arrowy flight and form of the hurricane itself. It crushed the tall and sturdy trees to the ground as if they had been a forest of reeds. On it came, darker, fiercer, and more impetuous, as if under the influence of some angry fiend enjoying a triumph. The shrieking of the lashed winds; the crashing thunder; the noise of the giant monarchs of the forest upheaving from their deep-set foundations, and toppling to the ground; the rush and howling of the tempest—all mingled in one swelling uproar, and deafened the very heavens. Now the whole malignity and embodied power of the hurricane was upon them. The shivering horse sprang forward into the shelter of a huge rock that frowned upon the road like some stern sentinel guarding the passage, and David White leaped from the saddle, and crouched in terror against the dark mass that towered above and afforded protection.

On it came, winding its tortuous pathway from

right to left and from left to right, crushing and twisting the Titans of the woods from their trunks in its awful rush of destruction. The wheeling clouds and tumultuous atmosphere were lashed through and through with the fiery lightning, and masses of loose leaves, and branches, with all their wealth of mangled foliage—saplings twisted up by the roots, and bunches of shrubs tossed themselves impetuously into the air, flung into the wildest and most rapid agitation—now rushing together as if consolidating into masses—now scattered abroad in the deepest confusion, while a stubborn oak, disdainingly to bend, was dashed headlong across the road, where the horse and his rider had stood only a few moments previous, and hurling the soil to their very feet.

Rush after rush of the trooping winds went by—each succeeding onset wilder and more impetuous than the last, until at length the sullen distant roar—and then the low, surging murmurs announced that the greatest danger had overblown, and that the hurricane was winding its tortuous pathway through the forests many miles away to the right.

Gradually the devastations of the awful skies became mellowed down; the wheeling clouds began to dispart, and a gush of heavy drops came pattering from above. Moaning pitifully, the prostrate and bowed trees and undergrowth lifted their mangled boughs from the compressed state into which they had been forced—those which had survived the tempest, seemingly with a painful effort, regaining their upright and natural position.

Soon the heavy and dank air grew fresher; the wrathful clouds separated, and the moon once more gleamed forth in resplendent beauty and brightness. By degrees the gloom retired from the face of the heavens, the stars looked down gloriously from their sapphire thrones, and a silvery gush played amidst the swaying foliage, where the rain-drops glistened on their leaflet platforms like so many diamonds. Then the lucid milky-way, whose loveliness flushes the firmament, bent itself across the concave above, one broad flame of pure transparent white, as if some burning orb had fled along the sky with so swift a flight, that, for a moment, it had left its lustre in the vault of heaven. Gradually all was lulled into stillness, and nature became as one great solitude.

Awe-stricken and bewildered, David White remounted his quivering steed, and slowly wound his way along the ruin-covered road. One by one the appearances which told a near approach to his destination came into view; and finally he stood before the home of his childhood, which was now to be the scene of a great and heinous crime. Carefully hitching his horse in the dark shadows of some ancient oaks at the head of the lane, he softly opened the gate, and glided round the house until he stood at a little window which looked out from his mother's chamber, and next the old stone chimney. For the night, she was absent at a distant neighbor's, which circumstance, together with that of her having withdrawn a large amount of funds from the possession of the village minister, had induced the present visit.

But when he saw the shutter open, a thing wholly unexpected, it flashed through his mind that he was watched—that this was an allurement to ensnare him; so he shrunk back into the dense shadows of the maples, and glanced hurriedly around him. Satisfied with his investigation, he ventured to the window, and peered cautiously into the chamber, but seeing nothing to excite his fears, gently raised the sash, and leaped into the apartment. The moon shone so brightly that he had no occasion to strike a light, but its silver disc was fast verging toward the horizon, and warned him to haste, else be left to return in darkness. Fumbling in his coat-pocket, he at length produced a large bunch of keys, and stooping down, applied one to the heavy oaken chest beneath the window-sill. Fortunately it suited the lock; the bolt turned without difficulty, and he lifted the massive lid, which he upheld with one hand, while he rummaged the till with the other. At this moment a slight rustling reached his ears from the furthest corner of the apartment from the window.

"What the deuce is that?" exclaimed he, starting up from his kneeling posture, and turning anxiously in the direction whence the disturbance had proceeded, at the same time thoughtlessly relinquishing his grasp of the lid, which fell with a heavy crash upon the arm still resting beneath.

"Furies!" shouted he, writhing in agony, and releasing the bruised member from its painful position.

At these words a faint scream of terror issued from the bed which stood only a few feet distant. Mary White had been awakened by his outcry, and starting up in alarm, beheld a man standing by the window, which occasioned the involuntary exclamation that had just burst from her lips. She had sat up until quite late, every moment expecting the young lady who was to have been her companion for the night; and then the convulsions of the tempest had kept her wakeful, and prevented her retiring. The tedium of the hours becoming irksome, she had sauntered into her mother's chamber, and opened the window to gaze out upon the lulling war of the elements; but growing wearied of this employment, and a drowsiness stealing over her, she had flung herself upon the bed, and almost immediately sunk into a refreshing slumber, from which the late disturbances in the apartment had just awakened her. The first impulse that entered her mind was to gain the door and escape, but her nature was one on which fear acted as a sudden paralysis. All power of volition deserted her; and she stood motionless as carved marble, with her eyes glaring, and her finger pointed toward the spot where was the object of her terrors.

"Who's there? stand back!" burst from his lips in nervous agitation as the shriek rung out upon the air, and turning round, he rushed to the bedside, but started back; and there was the confusion of cowardice in his manner as he exclaimed, "You here, Mary! what in the world brought you into this room at such a time of night as this?"

"David White!" exclaimed she, shrinking back, when the moonlight fell upon his features, and she recognized the intruder.

"No one else, my pretty lass," replied the vile man, becoming emboldened by the time and situation; and with a graceful bend of his fine form, he threw his arm around her waist, and attempted to press his lips to her cheek; but fear gave her an almost preternatural strength, and she thrust him forcibly from her.

"What! are you determined to fight shy?" said he, with a dark sneer, again advancing toward her.

"Off! off!—do you dare to lay that vile hand on me again?" and as he caught her arm, she struck him forcibly in the face with her clenched fist, and releasing his grasp, darted toward the door with the swiftness of the deer.

He sprung after her with arms outstretched, and his eyes on fire with fierce rage. His hand clutched the folds of her dress as she reached the door, and he jerked her toward himself with a violence that was almost stunning.

"Ha!" shouted he, inebriated with passion, as her pallid face turned to his, "is this your game? Take that, then!" and he plunged a glittering knife deeply into her bosom.

She clasped her hands convulsively, turned her eyes heavenward, and with a single groan, the utterance of the last mortal agony swelling in her soul, sunk, pale and quivering, slowly to the floor. Then a deep stillness reigned around, broken only by the gurgling sound of the blood as it gushed from the deep wound near her heart, and gathered in a dark, clotted pool by her side.

"'T was quickly done!" muttered he, in stifled tones of still unsubdued ferocity. "Let this finish it well!" and he made a random stab, which was followed by a spasmodic movement of the body; and drawing the blade from its fleshy sheath, he composedly wiped off the warm blood against the bed-clothes, and thrust it back into his bosom with a low, savage laugh.

He then crossed over to the chest, and cursing his carelessness, abstracted the money from its careful hiding-place, and quitted the scene of his exploit with hurried steps, passing out the front way, and flinging the door wide open as he departed. Within an hour and a half more he was at home. There all was silent and dreary, but he had no observation to fear. Striking a light, he carefully washed the blood from his hands, and disarraying himself of the cast-off clothing which he had assumed for the occasion, thrust them into the fire, and watched until the whole was entirely consumed. Having thus guarded against direct evidence, he made some artful dispositions of negative disproof, that he might be provided with full armor against all suspicions; and then retiring to his homely bed with a feelingless heart, and unmurmuring conscience, he slept soon and deeply.

### PART III.

"Alas! for earthly joy, and hope, and love,  
Thus stricken down, e'en in their holiest hour!  
What deep, heart-wringing anguish must they prove,  
Who live to weep the blasted tree or flower.  
Oh, wo! deep wo to earthly love's fond trust,  
When all it once has worshiped lies in dust!"

Time glided on—days dawned and waned—weeks came and went—soon months were numbered with



the ruins of the past, and when the old year, with sober meekness, took up his bright inheritance of luscious fruits, a pomp and pageant filled the splendid scene. The yellow maize and golden sheaves stood up in the fields, and the fading meadow, like a crushed flower, gave out a dying fragrance to the fresh, cool winds, that, sporting playfully amongst the tree-tops, swept downward from their high communion, and stooped to dally with its sweet decay. Then the apple-boughs were heavily laden with crimson fruit, peeping like roses from their garniture of woven foliage; the purple grape-clusters dotted the creeping vine, half transparent in their tempting lusciousness; the red cherries seemed, in the distance, like the burning brilliancy of a summer sunset struggling through the branches and tangled leaves that intervened; and the downy peach peered provokingly from amongst the sheltering green, where, all the summer long, it had stolen the first blush of saffron-vested Aurora, when seraph hands unbar the gates of morning, and the last ray of golden light that paused at the flame-wrought portals of expiring day to look reluctant back. Another change came over the face of nature, and delicate-footed spring seemed to have come again with her lap full of leaves and blossoms. The trees cast aside their long-worn garniture of green, and flaunted proudly in gorgeous robes of gold and crimson. The blushing rose once more sought the thorny stem that had slept so long desolate; and the changeful-hued touch-me-not looked up smilingly from the pallid grass, where nestled thousands of purple violets peeping out timidly from their shady nooks; and the waning year smiled—smiled as smiles the dying man, when the life-blood quickens in his veins, for almost the last time to linger on the cheek and lip, brighten in the eye, and give a joyous swell to the heart that lies in ruins. The gorgeous pageant went by, and the trees put on their robes of mourning—anon, tossed their huge branches to the sky, leafless and desolate, save where the ivy, creeping gracefully up the twisted trunk, or the sacred mistletoe, luxuriant on the dying bough, wore a fadeless green amidst the desolations that surrounded them. The clear, unsullied sky assumed a deeper, peculiar blue; the night reigned with a clearer, intenser brilliancy, and the thronging stars beamed with an almost unnatural brightness; the cold, hurrying winds awoke from their sluggishness, and took their way over hill and meadow with a dismal tone, like the midnight howl that comes to the ear of the dying with hideous tales of the noisome grave; and the fleecy mass of trooping clouds, driving wildly before every ice-winged impulse of the wintry storm, seemed like sheets of floating snow dotting the vast cerulean. Still another change—the earth was clad in a robe of spotless ermine, and the gray dawn opened her pale eye on iciness and desolation; men hurried to and fro as nature were a plague, and they its victims; the sparkling, tripping, garrulous brooks, whose sweet voices had so long gone up like a spirit's on the air, now sped their way with a faint and death-like gurgle; the laurel, pine, and cedar, disdaining to be poor pensioners on the bounties of a gushing sun-

shine, or, with a cringing obsequiousness, to yield conformity to the golden mutations of a passing hour, expanded their foliage of living green, unchanged amidst the bleakest ruins of winter, while the stern-browed year, old, wrinkled, and hoary, drew near and nearer his death-time. Ere long spring came. As the grim darkness flees before the many-tinted dawn, until at last she stands blushing upon the eastern horizon in perfect beauty, so fled the stern winter before the radiant footsteps of this flower-goddess. At her approach the wooing south-winds swept downward from their sky-built thrones, and stooping to the hill-tops, laid their soft fingers on the expanding buds, stealing a fragrance, and whispering their heaven-taught melody amongst the gaarled old branches; then crept stealthily into the valleys below, and drinking in their rich gush of pleasant sounds, glided back exulting to their high communion. The merry-voiced waters, freed from their icy fetters, and sparkling like a sheet of silver sheen, went dancing and leaping on—on with a winged impetuosity to their ocean home. Anon, the yellow violets shook off their winter slumbers, and opened their smiling cups to the arrowy sunshine; then came a wealth of painted flowers, and soon the life-breathing spring had attained its zenith. A thousand glad voices rose and swelled amid the forest's leaf-wrought canopy; its breezes were awake with spicy odors, and the bird warbled as life were new, and this creation's morn. In the orchards, the peach-trees were glorious with pink blossoms, sprinkling the tall, waving grass with rosy flakes at every gush of the wooing zephyr, which, laden with sweetness, swept sighing across the meadows.

Anon, a spring sunset came on. The lurid disc of the sun wheeled slowly down to the western horizon. Pile on pile of clouds, heaped up in gorgeous magnificence, varying from red to purple, and from purple to gold, gathered fantastically in the sky—now like a molten ocean with uplifting rocks, and then like toppling steeples whose summits reached the stars. Gradually the day went down behind the everlasting hills, and the brilliant hues insensibly died away through all the variations of the many-tinted rainbow, until only a faint golden mellowness suffused the western sky, slowly fading into a deep azure as it approached the zenith. At length twilight, twin sister to the cold, gray dawn, shrouded the heavens in misty dimness. Universal silence seemed to pervade the whole face of nature. The voice of the feathered songsters was hushed in the grove, and the breeze, which all day long had refreshed the deep woods with its joyous ministrations, lulled into stillness, as if its kind office were now completed. Then the brighter stars came out, one by one, and assumed their sapphire thrones in the vaulted cerulean, and the round, bright front of the full moon floated over the eastern mountains, whose dark umbrage glowed with the silver glories of the thronging night—the night whose morrow had but its dawn for David White, the condemned felon. Ten long, weary months had come and passed away with their pomp and mutation, finding and leaving him within a

prison's walls; and now, the lapse of a few short, rapid hours would behold a tenement in ruins, and a soul set free. Another day-break, and he would know the untried and unimaginable realities of a shoreless eternity, from whose everlasting portals men have so often shrunk back appalled. Oh, what a bewildering rush of thoughts crowded upon his mind. He stood by the prison-window, through whose iron bars came trooping the silent moonbeams, lighting up his countenance, ghastly and contracted with anguish, then flashing along the darkness, rested upon the floor in mellow radiance. At the farthest verge of the western horizon, just where the gray outlines of the mountains stood forth like shadows against the deep blue of the sky, huge masses of clouds piled themselves up into strange and fantastic forms, indistinct and dark, from whose bright centre, ever and anon, leaped the fierce lightning, like the tongues of a thousand adders forked in flame, and boomed the loud thunder as the din of a far-off battle. While he gazed, old memories thronged from the past; the fount of tears sent up its gushing libations, and he buried his face in his hands, and strove to pray. Oh, how sorrow, and suffering, and solitude, and the certainty of a near death bow the strong spirit! It may have become darkened by fierce and unruly passions; grown callous and crime-stained amidst the roll of years, and almost destitute of a single virtuous impulse, yet, for a time, under such circumstances, a softness will gather about the heart; a thousand little harps, untuned before, quiver with a rich gush of melody, and the angel in our nature spring up and assert its influence. But no one, in whom the mind has not been crushed or debilitated by the decay of the body, has stood upon time's furthest brink in perfect consciousness, as David White did at that moment, without thinking with an aching intenseness on the dread hour when life must end; and as he leaned his head against the iron bars of the narrow lattice, the balmy breeze laying its cool hands upon his feverish brow, and the soft moonlight playing upon his wan features like the kiss of a tender bride, his soul was wrought with a stern agony, and his frame with a shudder—for dark thoughts and sad images of death and eternity came thronging—for no Jesus was there to light the breathless darkness of the grave—no Hope stood by to point exultant to a sinless heaven!—for him, futurity was a dark and impenetrable gulf, without a wanderer or a voice.

Suddenly he started. An overpowering, yet unutterable awe crept over him—a fearful but undefined sensation—a presentiment that something terrible was about to happen. He strove to shake it off, but could not—like an icy thrill it ran, slow and curdling, through his veins. A low rustling, as of silken drapery, struck upon his ear. He turned to know the cause, and leaned eagerly forward. A shriek, wild and agonizing, burst from his pallid lips; his hair stood upright, and his arms fell nerveless to his side—his blood ebbed back upon the heart, returned with tenfold violence throughout his system, seemed to thicken, and then stagnate; his pulses bounded, staggered and ceased; cold moisture bathed his wan

forehead, and his whole frame appeared stiffening with the death-chill. A few feet distant, by a window the very counterpart of the one near which he stood, loomed forth a shape—a substance, yet it cast no shadow—the moonlight shone through it, resting on the floor like slightly tarnished silver. He looked on speechless and motionless; his whole soul concentrated into an intense and aching gaze. At first, it floated before his fixed and dilating vision, indistinct and mist-like; but, as he gazed, it assumed the outline of a human form—then the features of Mary White, the foster-sister whom he had murdered. The apparition grew still plainer. The ghastly countenance; the fallen lip; the sightless eye, dull and open with a vacant stare; the deep, solemn, mysterious repose which ever accompanies the aspect of death; the deep wound near the heart, from which gushed life's crimson torrent, falling at her feet without a sound—each—all, for one short, passing, fearful, agonizing moment, trembled into terrible distinctness. Then she lifted an arm reeking with blood, and pointing through the window at a new-made gibbet and its dangling rope, smiled a faint and sickly smile, and vanished as a dying spark. The trance passed from his spirit, and nature recommenced her operations like the clanking of a vast machinery. Yet his eye, as if it could not recover from its vision of terror, remained glaring upon the spot where the spectre had been; and it was not until several minutes had elapsed that the sharp agony which had contracted his features died away. He sprang forward with a wild cry, but the echo alone replied. No voice but his own awoke the awful stillness, pulsing it reigned around him. The stars glittered as brightly, the moon shone as gloriously, and, as he held his breath, the faint and confused murmur of the distant water-fall, and the caroling of the night-wind in the gnarled old forest, almost seeming to be a part of the silence, came up through the window to his ear as distinctly and steadily as ever—every thing belied the scene he had just witnessed. Was it a dream? He grasped his arm until it pained him—he was awake—there was no change—all appeared as it had been. He attempted to shake the iron bars of the lattice—they were firm in their sockets. He groped his way to the other side of the room, passed his hands along the walls—nothing but darkness was there. He stood where first he had stood when he beheld the apparition—the unearthly visitant was there no longer. He bent forward, and strained an aching gaze—in vain; nothing underwent a change. Then he felt that he had seen the dead—the murdered. His mind recoiled upon itself, and the very marrow in his bones crept at the thought. He flung himself upon his pallet, and for the hundredth time strove to sleep. Black despair had eaten down into his very heart's core, and remorse, like an old vulture, gnawed at his vitals; yet for a few brief, agonizing moments he slept, but only as the fiends of hell might be supposed to sleep. A dream, a series of change and torture, bewildering and terrible, came, like a blight, over his spirit.

Now he felt the cold hand of death upon his brow, and his whole body seemed to be encompassed in a

mass of ice. His blood waxed thick in its courses; his heart staggered, fluttered, gave one agonizing throb, and for a moment ceased to pulsate; cold dews gathered on his brow, and a stinging sensation pervaded his whole system; his eyelids trembled, and the balls rolled, gave out a dying lustre, glazed, grew fixed and sightless in their sockets—then came the last convulsive and impotent contest with the King of Terrors—the groan, the gasping breath, the half-uttered words upon the quivering lip—the death-rattle, the soulless face, and the pulseless silence. He recovered. Above him was a sky of livid flame, upon whose high zenith dread darkness sat enthroned. Around him spread a shoreless ocean of molten fire. No wave agitated its placid bosom—no sound—no wind breathed over its fearful stillness. A lone rock, cold, barren, and dismal, yet like an oasis in a desert, lifted its gray summit from the sluggish surface. Upon this he stood, rigid and motionless, like a marble statue on its pedestal; and, ever and ever, around and above him, rushed to and fro shadowy forms, upon whose countenances was engraven unutterable anguish. Suddenly, over the vast and dreary profound, went the low, deep, muffled tolling of a bell, bursting on the red air like the knell of hope, peace, and mercy, lost forever to another soul. As it ceased, the boundless sea of ebbless and unextinguishable flame, that glowed with a lurid but intolerable light at his feet, began to uplift in one mighty and unbroken mass. Slowly—slowly it rose up—up—up, until the liquid fire was frothing, and the sky and ocean seemed to blend—the flames flowed back, returned, and closed hissing around him. A groan, deep, intense, and fearful, bubbled up in a gush of blood, and echoed in the distance like fiendish laughter. Higher and higher rose the living flames. They were about to close over him—his head sunk upon his bosom, and a voice—the voice of her whom he had murdered, shrieked in his ear—“THE OCEAN OF REMORSE!”

“A change came o’er the spirit of his dream.”

He stood upon the narrow verge of an awful precipice. Night, black, rayless night, enshrouded the yawning gulf below, save that, ever and anon, hideous and fleshless forms—skeletons wrought in lurid and undying flame—strode to and fro within the thick panoply of gloom; while, at intervals, howls of despair came up from its midst, like howls from the lips of the damned in hell. With a thrill of horror, he turned hurriedly from the scene, and cast his despairing eyes heavenward. In the centre of a massive cloud, burning with the brilliancy of a summer sunset, appeared a vast city, with domes and palaces of pearl and ruby, and whose gates were gates of burnished gold. As he gazed, they were flung open on silent hinges, and a host, clothed in spotless white, entered their portals, welcomed with swelling anthems and seraphic songs. Then the toppling precipice began to reel and stagger beneath his feet—a fierce bright flame burst from amidst the night below, more brilliant than the sun’s intensest ray. It drank up the darkness, and filled the gulf with liquid fire. It flashed through his eye-balls like a glance of lightning. He felt his foothold totter on

the eve of its awful rush of destruction, and turned to flee, but started aside with a wild cry. The same voice was in his ear, and it shrieked in exulting tones—“THE MURDERER’S DOOM!”

But where was the mother during these fearful and agonizing moments! Had *she* forgotten the son that once nestled on her bosom? Had *she* forsaken the child she bore, now that the dark hour of adversity had come? Ah! no. It is not a mother’s nature to forget or to forsake! Though crime and infamy enshroud his name; though base heartlessness and vile ingratitude shut-to the portals of his soul; though he fling off the hoarded wealth of her affections as the oak the clinging ivy when the storm comes, yet the mother will love—must love—it is the thirst of her immortal nature. No, no! Widow White had not forgotten, neither had she forsaken her son. Villain as he was, and stained with the blood of her foster-child, her heart warmed toward him—the mother was the mother still! Though absent, her mind was racked with agony—stern agony. For hours had she paced up and down her dim-lit chamber, her hands folded across her breast, and her eyes fixed upon the floor—thought and feeling were busy. To the casual observer her features exhibited scarcely an evidence of internal emotion; but the arched lip, bloodless with pressure, and the swollen veins upon her high forehead betokened how severe was the struggle going on within. There are some persons who can stand by the bedside of a dying relative, and, with an almost unruffled countenance, behold him stiffened in the cold arms of death—who can look upon the corpse for the last time, follow it to the grave, and see it laid beneath the heavy sod with so little apparent concern, that the beholder considers him heartless; but draw aside the curtain which separates the inner from the outer being, and the features of the spirit are seen to be distorted with anguish. To this class of individuals belonged Widow White. Oh, how she felt as she trod to and fro within that dim-lit room! Her son—her only son, in the endearing playfulness of whose infantile smiles she had so often exulted; upon whose boyish accents she had so frequently hung with transport, and for whom she had pictured out such a bright and glorious future. Was a condemned felon, and the morrow would open its great eye upon him for the last time. The lapse of another day!—and that son, so cherished, and so fondly loved, would fill a murderer’s grave, and she would look upon his face no more. She knew that it was appointed for all to “pass through the dark valley of the shadow of death,” but what a horrible, detestable, and ignominious death was his! Could it be true? Was he—her son, in the prime of manhood and enjoyment—the life-blood coursing freely and strongly throughout his system—unshattered by disease—to die—to be a sport for the winds—to hang—ay—ay—to hang!—to be cut down—to be thrust into the coffin, blackened, distorted, and hideous, the rope still around his neck—to be laid in the ground with infamy around his name—to rot—to be a banquet for the worms? Horror of horrors! She would not believe it! Surely it was a dream!

Thus that agony-fraught night lapsed away, and the morning, which, from the birth of creation, has never failed, dawned once more—dawned as it ever dawns, bright, glorious, and magnificent, bearing the impress of a mighty God. That morning witnessed a terrible—a horrible scene. Another human being took his exit from the transitory splendors of this decaying world, and entered upon the untried and unimaginable realities of a futurity, whose secrets none can ever know until the silver chord is loosened, and the golden bowl is broken. Upon what state of existence David White entered when eternity closed its everlasting portals, and the enfranchised spirit went up to the Eternal Judge, it is not for me to say. God is just, and whatever was apportioned, it was good and right. Let it suffice to know, that, be his

doom what it may, it is irrevocable—sealed forever.

From that eventful day, Widow White became thinner and paler, and the expression of her countenance was that of a strong heart in ruins, and with its energies prostrated. Three weeks went by, and she, too, was gone. They carried her out from the desolate homestead, and laid her cold remains beneath the grassy sod, where neither the war of the elements, nor of human passions could ever disturb her more. Since then many years have lapsed away into the dim and shadowy past, and now, a sunken grave alone marks the last resting-place of Widow White—the victim of a broken heart, and of her own injudicious education of a son in his infancy and boyhood.

## THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

BY MARION H. RAND.

ALAS, the romances! the beautiful fancies!

We fling round our thoughts of a poet;  
How can we believe that the web which we weave  
Has no solid basis below it?

Youth, beauty and grace—a soul-speaking face,  
And eyes full of genius and fire;  
The softest dark hair, with a curl here and there;  
All this, without fail, we require.

A warm feeling heart, affection or art  
Unknown to its deepest recesses;  
A brow fair and high, where her thoughts open lie  
To him who admiringly gazes.

But let this bright thought, this idol, be brought  
To nearer and closer inspection—  
Alas! 't is a dream! 't is a straying sunbeam,  
Of far more than human perfection.

Then turn for awhile from the heavenly smile  
That haunts thy fond fancy, young dreamer;  
Turn from the ideal to gaze on the real,  
And see if she be what you deem her.

She is young, it is true, her eyes dark and blue,  
But sadly deficient in lustre,

While often is seen in one hand a pen,  
In the other a mop or a duster.

Her hair, of a shade inclining to red,  
Is tied up and carefully braided;  
And the forehead below (not as white the snow)  
By no drooping ringlet is shaded.

Her little hands write, but they're not always white,  
With marks of good usage they're mottled,  
While the face, once so fair, has been tanned by the air.  
Until 't is considerably freckled.

She has her full part of a true woman's art,  
Her share of a woman's warm feeling!  
She knows what to hide, with a true woman's pride,  
When the world would but scorn the revealing.

This earth is no place fancy beauties to trace,  
Or seek for perfection uncertain;  
Then why mourn our fate, when sooner or late,  
Reality peeps through the curtain.

But if we must cling to the form lingering  
And cherished within us so dearly,  
We must gaze from afar, as upon some bright star,  
And never approach it more nearly.

## THE HUMAN VOICE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

We all love the music of sky, earth and sea—  
The chirp of the cricket—the hum of the bee—  
The wind-harp that swings from the bough of the tree—  
The reed of the rude shepherd boy:  
All love the bird-carols when day has begun,  
When rock-fountains gush into song as they run,  
When the stars of the morn sing their hymns to the sun,  
And hills clap their hands in their joy.

20\*

All love the invisible lutes of the air—  
The chords that vibrate to the hands of the fair—  
Whose minstrelsy brightens the midnight of care,  
And steals to the heart like a dove:  
But even in melody there is a choice,  
And, though we in all her sweet numbers rejoice,  
There's none thrills the soul like the tones of the voice.  
When breathed by the beings we love.

# VENICE AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS.

[WRITTEN IN 1826.]

BY PROFESSOR GOODRICH, YALE COLLEGE.

BRIGHT glancing in the sun's last rays,  
The Fairy City rose to view :  
It seemed to "swim in air"—a blaze  
Of parting glory round she threw.

Midst silent halls and mouldering towers,  
And trophies fallen from side to side,  
Awe-struck, I saw a few brief hours,  
The grave of Venice' ruined pride.

Light from her native surge she sprung,  
The Venus of the Adrian wave ;  
And o'er the admiring nations flung  
The spell of "BEAUTIFUL and BRAVE."

Her Winged Lion's terror shook  
The Sultan's throne :—o'er prostrate piles,  
"Breaker of Chains," she proudly spoke  
Her mandate to a hundred isles.

Astonished Europe saw that hour  
Her blind old chieftain guide her wars,  
And twice, in one brief season, pour  
Her fury on Byzantium's towers !

Saw when in Mark's proud porch,  
Abased in dust the eastern crown was laid,  
And when, with frantic pride, she placed  
Her foot on Barbarosa's head !

Gone, like a dream ! wealth, pomp and power !  
And Learning's toils, so nobly urged !  
Doomed 'neath a tyrant's lash to cower,  
She gnaws the chain she once had forged.

And still that tyrant bids to stand,  
In mockery of her former state,  
Those emblems of her wide command,  
The three tall Masts where glory sate :

And high upreared on column proud,  
And glancing to the wide-spread sea,  
Her Winged Lion stands, aloud  
To tell a nation's infamy !

Oh, how unlike the day, when round  
Those Masts and 'neath that Lion's wings,

Exulting thousands thronged the ground,  
And spoke the fate of distant kings.

When brightly in the morning beam  
Her galleys, ranged in stern array,  
Impatient stood, till Pontiffs came  
To bless the parting warrior's way.

They go beneath the drum's long roll,  
The cymbal's clang, the trumpet's breath ;  
While Beauty's glances fire the soul,  
And Honor smooths the road to death.

Tread now that court ! The unbended sail  
Flaps idly in the passing wind ;  
And dark below, each dull canal  
Is stagnant as its owner's mind !

Yet here, how many a burning soul  
Has poured at moon-lit eve the song,  
While conscious Beauty, panting, stole  
To hear the strain her praise prolong !

Hark to that shout ! Her nobles come,  
In many a galley ranged, and gay  
With waving flag and nodding plume,  
To grace fair Venice' bridal day.

See ! on the foremost prow, a king  
In form—eye—soul !—again  
The exulting Doge has cast the ring  
That weds him to the Adrian Main !

Mark now that wretch with downcast eye,  
And abject mien, *once* free, *once* brave !  
It is the *People's Doge* ! and he  
Is now an Austrian tyrant's slave.\*

And she, the Beautiful One, lies  
Fallen to earth ; while by her side  
Moulder her towers and palaces,  
The grave of VENICE' ruined pride !

\* I have here used the license, in order to carry out contrast, of supposing that the Office of Doge, like *mus* the institutions of Venice, is preserved by the Aust government ; though I believe it has been abolished.

## SONG.—THOU REIGN'ST SUPREME.

Thou reign'st supreme, love, in my heart,  
O'er every secret thought ;  
Thou canst not find the smallest part  
Where thou abidest not.  
All blest emotions, every sense  
Are consecrate to thee ;  
Would that affection so intense,  
But filled thy heart for me !

Thou reign'st supreme, love, eyes that burn  
With the soul's restless fire,  
Their liquid glances on me turn,  
Yet no fond thoughts inspire.

E'en in that hour for thee I long.  
Like a wild bird set free ;  
Ah ! would that love so true and strong  
But filled thy heart for me !

Thou reign'st supreme, love, while I live  
Thine shall be every breath ;  
And be thou near me to receive  
My last fond sighs in death ;  
Thus to expire were joy, were bliss,  
May such my portion be !  
Oh ! would that love as deep as this,  
But filled thy heart for me !

# THE NEW ENGLAND FACTORY GIRL.

## A SKETCH OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

For naught its power to STRENGTH can teach  
Like EMULATION—and ENDEAVOR. SCHILLER.

(Concluded from page 292.)

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE RETURN—THE LOSS.

How vexatious is delay of any kind when one's mind is prepared for a journey, "made up to go," as a good aunt used to say. Mary grew anxious and almost impatient as April passed and found her still an inhabitant of the city of looms and spindles. The more so, that spring was the favorite season, and she longed to watch its coming in the haunts of her childhood; and in the busy, bustling atmosphere by which she was surrounded, none gave heed to the steps of "the light-footed maiden," save that our heroine's companions availed themselves of the balmy air to dress more gayly. In our larger cities the ladies are the only spring blossoms. It is they who tell us by bright tints and fabrics, that the time has come when nature puts on her gay apparel; yet it is in vain that they imitate the lilies of the field, there is a grace, a delicacy in those frail blossoms, that art never can rival.

Mary had so longed for the winter to pass, she had even counted the days that must intervene before she could hope to see her mother, and all the dear ones at home. The little gifts she had prepared for them were looked over again and again; and each time some trifle had been added until she almost began to fear she was growing extravagant. But she worked cheerfully, and most industriously, through the pleasant days, and when evening came, she would dream, in the solitude of her little room, of the meeting so soon to arrive.

"A letter for you, Mary—from home, I imagine," said her gay friend, Lizzie Ellis, bursting into her room one bright May morning. "I called at the post-office for myself and found this, only. It's too bad the people at home don't think enough of their sister to write once a month; but I'm not sorry that your friends are more punctual. There's good news for you, I hope, or you'll be more mopeish than ever."

"Mary's lip quivered as she looked up. The instant the sheet was unfolded in her hand, she saw that it bore no common message. There was but a few lines written in a hurried, nervous manner; and as her eye glanced hastily over the page, she found that she was not mistaken.

"Poor little Sue is very ill," said she, in reply to her friend's anxious queries; "mother has written for me to come directly, or I may never see her again"

—her tone grew indistinct as she ceased to speak; and leaning her face upon Lizzie's shoulder, a burst of tears and choking sobs relieved her. Poor Sue—and poor Mary! It would not have been so hard could she have watched by her sister's bedside and aided to soothe the pain and the fear of the dear little one who had from the time of her birth been Mary's especial care.

Delay had before been vexatious, but it was now agony. The few hours that elapsed before she was on the way, were as weeks to Mary's impatient spirit; and then the miles seemed so endless, the dreary road most solitary. The night was passed in sleepless tossing, and the afternoon of the second day found her scarcely able to control her restless agitation. She was then rapidly nearing home. Every thing had a familiar aspect; the farm-houses—the huge rocks that lifted their hoary heads by the roadside—the dark, deep woods—the village church—were in turn recognized. Then came the long ascent of the hill, which alone hid her home from view. Even that was at last accomplished, and she caught a glimpse of the dear old homestead, its rambling dark-brown walls, half-hidden by the clump of broad-leaved maples that clustered about it. Could it be reality, that she was once more so near all whom she loved? There was no deception; it was not the delusive phantom of a passing dream; her brother's glad greeting was too earnest; her mother's sobbed blessing too tender. After the hopes and plans of many weeks, even months, such was her "welcome home."

"You are in time to see your sister once more," said Mrs. Gordon, as she released Mary from a fond embrace; and a feeble voice from the adjoining room, a whisper, rather than a call, came softly to her ears.

"Dear Susie—my poor darling!" were all the spoken words, as she clasped the little sufferer in her arms. The child made no sound, not even a murmur of delight escaped her wan lips. She folded her thin, pale hands about her sister's neck, and gently laying her head upon the bosom which had so often pillowed it, lay with her large spiritual eyes fixed upon those regarding her so tenderly, as if she feared a motion might cause the loved vision to vanish. Fast flowing tears fell silently upon her face, but she heeded them not; then came fierce pain, that distorted every feature, but still no moan, no sound.

"Speak to me, Susie, will you not!" whispered

Mary, awed by the fixed, intense gaze of those mournful eyes.

"I knew you would come, sister, to see me once more before I go," was the murmured reply. "I knew God would let me meet you here, before he takes me to be an angel in heaven. I am ready now, for I said good-by to mother and Jamie, and all, long ago. I only waited for you, dear Mary. Kiss me, wont you—kiss me again, and call mother—I feel very strangely."

Her mother bent over her, but she was not recognized; her father took one of those emaciated hands within his own, but it was cold, and gave back no pressure. Awe fell upon every heart in that hushed and stricken group; there was no struggle with the dark angel, for the silver chord was gently loosened. The calm gaze of those radiant eyes grew fixed, unchangeable—a faint flutter, and the heart's quick pulsations forever ceased—wings had been given that balmy eve to a pure and guileless spirit.

Mary calmly laid the little form back upon the pillow. Her mother's hand closed the already drooping lids; a sweet smile stole gently round the mouth, and its radiance dwelt upon the marble forehead.

"It is well with the child," said the bereaved parent—and her husband bending beside the bed of death, prayed fervently, while the sobs of his remaining children fell upon his ears, that they might be also ready.

"Oh, mother, how can I bear this! how can you be so calm and resigned!" said Mary, as her mother sat down beside her in the twilight, and spoke of the sorrowful illness of their faded flower. "I had planned so much for Susie; I thought as much of her as of myself, and here are the books, and all these things that I thought would make her so happy; she did not even see them. Why was she taken away, so good, so loving as she always was?"

"And would you wish her back again, my child; has she not more cause to mourn for us, than we for her? Think—she has passed through the greatest suffering that mortal may know; she has entered upon a world the glory of which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive of;" and would you recall her to this scene of trial and temptation? Rather pray, dear Mary, that we may meet her again in her bright and glorious home. I, her mother, though mourning for my own loneliness and bereavement, thank God that my child is at rest."

"If I could only feel as you do, mother; but I cannot. Poor Susie!" and Mary's tears burst forth afresh.

She begged to be allowed to watch through the night beside the form of the lost one, even though she knew the spirit had departed. But her mother would not allow this—some young friends whom Mary could not greet that night, though she loved them very dearly, claimed the sad duty. And again, after a year of new and strange life, she found herself reposing in her own quiet room, with sighing trees, the voice of the brook, and the low cry of the solitary whippo-wil, to lull her to sweet sleep.

—  
It was Sabbath morning, calm and holy. The

bell of the little village church tolled sadly and reverentially, as the funeral train wound through the shaded lane. All the young people for miles around had gathered in the church-yard; and as the coffin was borne beneath the trees that waved over its entrance, they joined in the procession. It passed toward the place of worship, and for the last time the form of their little friend entered the sacred walls.

The simple coffin was placed in the broad central aisle, the choir sung a sweet yet mournful dirge; then the voice of music and of weeping was hushed, for the man of God communed, with faltering voice, with the Father in heaven, who had seen fit in his mercy to take this lamb to his bosom; and when the prayer was ended, and an earnest and impressive address was made to those who had been bereaved, and those who sympathized with them, the friends and playmates of the little one clustered about the coffin to take a farewell glance of those lifeless yet beautiful features.

The pure folds of the snowy shroud were gathered about the throat, and upon it were crossed the slender hands, in which rested a fading sprig of white violets, placed there by some friend, as a fit emblem of the sleeper. Her sunny curls were smoothly bound back beneath the cap, and its border of transparent lace, threw a slight shadow upon the deeply-fringed lids that were never more to be stirred. Oh! the exceeding beauty and holiness of that childish face, in its perfect repose! None shuddered as they gazed; the horror of death had departed; but tears came to the eyes of many, as they bent down to kiss that pure forehead for the last time.

Aye, "the last time!" for the lid was closed as the congregation passed, one by one, once more into the church-yard, shutting out the light of day from that still, pale face forever. The mother gazed no more upon her child—brother and sister must henceforth dwell upon her loveliness but in memory—the father wept—and man's tears are scalding drops of agony.

Many lingered until the simple rites were ended, and then turned away under the shade of sombre pines, to think of the loneliness that must dwell in the hearts of those from whom such a treasure had been taken; and they, as they turned to a home that seemed almost desolate, tried in vain to subdue the bitterness of their anguish. *They had seen her grave*—and who that has stood beside the little mound of earth that covers the form of some one loved and lost—has forgotten the crushing agony that comes with the first full realization that all is over—that hope—prayer—lamentation—is of no avail, for the "grave giveth not up its dead until such a time as the mortal shall put on immortality."

The dark hearse, with its nodding plumes, bears the rich man from his door, to a grave whose proud monument shall commemorate his life, be its deeds good or evil. Perhaps an almost endless train of costly equipages follow; and there are congregated many who seem to weep, but I question if in all that splendor there lingers half the love, or half the regret which was felt for the little one whose mournful

burial we have recorded; or if the grave, with its richly wrought pile of sculptured marble, be as often visited, and wept over, as was the low, grassy mound marked only by a clambering rose-tree, whose pure petals, as they floated from their stems, were symbols of the life and death of the village favorite.

It was many days before the household of Deacon Gordon regained any thing like serenity; but the business of life must go on, come what may, and in the petty detail of domestic cares, the keenness of grief is worn away, and a mournful pleasure mingles with memories of the past. It was in this case as in all others; gradually it became less painful to see everywhere around traces of the child and the sister; they could talk of her with calmness, and recall the many pleasant little traits of character which she had even at so early an age exhibited. The robin that she had fed daily, came still at her brother's call to peck daintily at the grain which he threw toward it. The pet kitten gambled upon the sunny porch, or peered with curious face over the deep well, as if studying her own reflection, unconscious that the one who had so loved to watch her ceaseless play was gone forever. Even Mary could smile at its saucy ways; and though the memory of her sister was ever present, she could converse without shedding tears, of her gentleness and truth, thanking God she had been taken from evil to come.

Then she felt doubly attached to her mother. She was now the only daughter; and though Mrs. Gordon seemed perfectly resigned, and even cheerful, she knew that many lonely and solitary hours would come when Mary was once more away. And James had so much to tell, for he, too, was home for a few days of the spring vacation, the rest being passed in the poor student's usual employment—school teaching. They would wander away in the pleasant afternoon to the depths of the cool green wood, and sit with the shadows playing about them, and the wind whispering mystic prophecies as it wandered by, recalling for each other the incidents of the past year, and speculating with the hopefulness of eager youth, on the dim and unknown future.

A new friend sometimes joined them in their woodland walks. The young pastor of the village church, who had sorrowed with them at their sister's death, and who, having made Mary's acquaintance in a time of deep affliction, felt more drawn toward her than if he had known her happy and cheerful for many years. Somehow they became less and less restrained in his presence, and at last James confided to him his hopes and prospects. Mary was not by when the disclosure was made, or she would have blushed at her brother's enthusiastic praise of the unwavering self-denial which had led her away from home and friends, and made her youth a season "of toil and endeavor;" and she might have wondered why tears came to the eyes of their friend while he listened; and why he so earnestly besought James to improve to the utmost the advantages thus put before him. Allan Loring was alone in the world, and almost a stranger to the people of his charge, for he had been scarce a twelvemonth among them.

Of a proud and somewhat haughty family, and prejudiced by education, he had in early youth looked upon labor of the hands as a kind of degradation; but the meek and humble faith which he taught, and which had chastened his spirit, made him now fully appreciate the loving and faithful heart, which Mary in every act exhibited, and he looked upon her with renewed interest when next they met.

Again the time drew near when Mary was to leave her home. A month had passed of mingled shadow and sunshine within those dear walls. It was hard to part with her mother, who seemed to cling more fondly than ever to her noble-minded daughter; her father and Stephen, each in their blunt, honest way, expressed their sorrow that the time of her departure was so near at hand; but still Mary did not waver in her determination, though a word from her mother would have changed the whole color of her plans. That mother saw that for her children's sake it was best that they should part again for a season—and she stifled the wish to have them remain by her side. So Mary went forth into the world once more with a stronger and bolder spirit, to brave alike the sneers and the temptations which might there beset her pathway; with the blessings of her parents, the thanks of an idolized brother, and "a conscience void of offence," she could but be calmly happy, even though surrounded by circumstances which often jarred upon her pure and delicate nature, and which would have crushed one less conscious of future peace and present rectitude.

Beside, Mr. Loring had seemed, she knew not why, to take a deep interest in all her movements. He had begged permission, at parting, to write to her occasionally; and his letters, full of friendly advice and inquiry, became a great and increasing source of pleasure. There was nothing in them that a kind brother might not have addressed to a young and gentle sister; and Mary's replies were dictated in the same spirit of candor and esteem. So gradually her simple and child-like character was unfolded to her new friend, who encouraged all that was noble, and strove to check each lighter and vainer feeling which sprung up in her heart. At times she wondered why one so wise and so good should seem interested in her welfare; but gradually she ceased to wonder why he wrote, so that his letters did not fail to reach her. Still noisy and fatiguing labor claimed her daily care; but in the long quiet evenings she found time for study and reflection; thus becoming, even in that rude school, "a perfect woman, nobly planned."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE REWARD.

Are you fond of *tableaux*, dear readers? If so, let me finish my simple recital by placing before you two scenes in the life of our little heroine—something after the fashion of dissolving views.

Four years had passed since first we looked in upon that quiet country home. Four years of cheerful toil—of mingled trial—despondency and hope to



those who then gathered around that blazing hearth. One, as we have seen, had been taken to a higher mansion—others had gone forth into the world, strong only in noble hearts, firm in the path of rectitude. We have witnessed the commencement of the struggle, followed in part its progress—and now let us look to its end. No, not the end—for life is ever a struggle—there may be a cessation of care for a season, but till the weary journey be accomplished, who shall say that all danger is passed.

It was the annual examination at one of our largest New England female schools. The pretty seminary-building gleamed through the clustering trees that lovingly encircled it, and its snowy pillars and porticoes—vine-wreathed by fairy-fingers—gave it an air of lightness and grace which village architecture rarely shows. Now the shaded path which led to its entrance was thronged, as group after group pressed upward. Carriages, from the simple "Rockaway" to equipages glittering with richly plated harness, and drawn by fiery, impatient steeds, stood thickly around. It was the festival-day of the village, and each cottage was filled to overflowing—for strangers from all parts of the Union were come to witness the *debut* of the sister, the daughter, or the friend.

Many were the bright eyes that scarcely closed in sleep the night preceding this eventful anniversary. There was so much to hope—so much to fear. "If I *should* fail," was repeated again and again; and their hearts throbbed wildly as the signal-bell was heard, which called them to pass the dread ordeal. Such a display of beauty—genuine, unadorned beauty—rarely greets the eye of man. More than a hundred young girls, from timid fifteen to more assured one-and-twenty, robed in pure white, with tresses untortured by the prevailing mode, decorated only by wreaths of delicate wild flowers, or the rich coral berry of the ground-ivy, shaded by its own dark-green leaves. A simple sash bound each rounded form, and a knot of the same fastened the spotless dress about the throat. Then excitement flushed the cheeks which the mountain air had already tinged with the glow of health, and made bright eyes still brighter as they rested on familiar faces.

The exercises of the day went on, and yet those who listened and those who spoke did not weary. The young students had won all honor to themselves and their teachers; and as the shadows lengthened in the grove around them, but one class remained to be approved or censured.

"Now sister—there!" exclaimed a manly-looking Virginian, as the graduates came forward to the platform. "Who is that young lady at their head. I have tried all day to find some one that knew her, but she seems a stranger to all."

"With her hair in one plain braid, and large, full eyes? Oh, that is Miss Gordon; she has the valedictory, though why, I'm sure I don't know, for she has been in school but about a year, and Jenny Dowling, my room-mate, has gone through the whole course. Miss Gordon entered two years in advance. She was a factory girl, brother—just think of *that*; and worked in Lowell three or four years. Miss

Harrison wished me to room with her this term—but not I; there is too much Howard spirit in me to associate with one no better than a servant-girl. Some of them seem to like her though; and as for the teachers, they are quite carried away with *her*. Miss Harrison had the impertinence to say to me only last week, that I would do well to take pattern by her. Not in dress, I hope—" and the young girl's lip curled, as she contrasted her own richly embroidered robe with the simple muslin which Mary Gordon wore.

Clayton Howard had not attended to half that his sister said, for with low and earnest voice Mary had commenced reading the farewell address which she, as head of her class, had been chosen to prepare in its behalf; and his eyes were riveted on the timid but graceful girl. We have never spoken of our heroine's personal attractions, choosing first to display if possible, the beauty of heart and character which her humble life exhibited. The young Southerner thought, as he eagerly listened, that the flattered and richly attired belle of the fashionable watering-place he had just left, was not half as worthy of the homage which she received, as was this lowly maiden. If beauty consists in regularity of features, Mary would have little in the eye of those who dwell upon outline alone; but there was a high intelligence beaming from her full, dark eyes, a sweet smile ever playing about the small exquisitely formed mouth, and a mass of soft, rich hair, smoothly braided back, added not a little to perfect the contour of her queenly head.

Her voice grew tremulous with deep feeling as she proceeded, her eyes were shaded by gathering tears, and when, in behalf of those who were about to leave this sheltered nook, she bade farewell to the companions whose love and sympathy had made their school days pleasant; the teachers who had been their friends as well as guides; scarce one in that crowded hall deemed it weakness to weep with those now parting. Never more could those cherished friends meet again; they were going forth, each on a separate mission, and though in after years, greetings might pass between them, the heart would be utterly changed. The unreserved confidence, the warm affection of girlhood passes forever away, when rude contact with the world has chilled trust and childlike faith. And they knew this, though it was *felt* more fully in after years.

But tears were dried, as the enthusiasm which lighted the face of the reader—as her topic turned to their future life—was communicated to those who listened. She spoke to her classmates of the duties which devolved on them as women; of the strength which they should gather in life's sunshine, for the storm and the trial which *would* come. That their part in life was to shed a hallowed but *unseen* influence over its strife and discord—

"Sitting by the fireside of the heart

Feeding it flames."

"In that stillness which best becomes a woman,

Calm and holy."

And when she ceased, and the gathered crowd turned slowly from the threshold, many hearts—beating in proud and manly bosoms—felt stronger

and purer for the words they had that hour listened to, from one who, young as she was, had learned to think, and to act, with a sound judgment, and bold independence in the cause of truth, which shamed them in their vacillation.

Young Howard was leaning behind a vine-wreathed pillar, to watch the one in whom he had that day become strangely interested. His heart beat fast as she approached his hiding-place, and then sunk within him, as he noted the warm blush which stole over her face, as two gentlemen, whom he had not before noticed, came to greet her.

"Dear sister," said one, kissing her burning cheek, "have I not reason to be proud of you."

The other, older by ten years than the first speaker, grasped the hand which she timidly extended to him, and whispered, "I, too, am proud of my future wife."

Howard did not hear the words, but the look which accompanied that warm pressure of the hand did not escape him. It destroyed at once hopes, which he had not dreamed before were fast rising in his breast, and he turned almost sadly away from that happy group to join his sister.

"See," said the young girl, as she took his arm, "there is Mr. Loring, one of the finest-looking men I know of, and belongs to as proud family as any in Boston, yet he is going to throw himself away on Mary Gordon. To be sure he is only a poor country clergyman, but he might do better if he chose, I'm sure."

Her brother thought *that* was hardly possible, though he did not say so; neither did he add—lest he should vex his foolishly aristocratic sister—that but for Mr. Loring the chances were that she would be called upon, so far as his inclinations were concerned, to receive Miss Gordon not as a room-mate, but as a sister, before the year was ended.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE BRIDE AND THE WIFE.

A stranger would have asked the reason of the commotion in the village, though every one of its inhabitants, from highest to lowest, knew that it was the morning of their pastor's bridal. None, not even the oldest and gravest of the community, wondered—or shook their heads in disapprobation of the choice. They had known Mary Gordon from her earliest childhood—they saw her now an earnest and thoughtful woman, with a heart to plan kind and charitable deeds, and a hand that did not pause in their execution. They knew, moreover, that for two years she had refused to take new vows upon herself because she felt that her mother needed her care; but now that health once more reigned in the good deacon's dwelling, she was this day to become a wife, and leave her father's roof, for a new home and more extended duty.

Again we look upon the village church, but it is no mournful procession that passes up its shaded aisles. There are white-robed maidens thronging around, and men with sun-burned faces. Children,

too, scarce large enough to grasp the flowers which they tear from the shrubs that climb to the very windows of the sanctuary; and through the crowd comes the bridal train. Mary Gordon, leaning upon the arm of her betrothed, is more beautiful than ever, for a quiet dignity is now added to the grace that ever marked her footsteps; and he, in the pride of his manhood, looks with pride and tenderness upon her.

The deacon is there, with his heavy, good-natured face, lighted by an expression of profound content; and his wife is by his side, looking less calm and placid than usual, though she is very happy. It may be that she fears for her daughter's future welfare, though that can scarcely be when the dearest wish of her heart is about to be fulfilled; or, perhaps, as her eye wanders from the gay group around her, it rests upon a little grassy mound not far away, and she is thinking of one who would have been the fairest and the best beloved of all.

Stephen seemed to feel a little out of place, as he stood there with a gay, laughter-loving maiden clinging to his arm; but the happiest of all, if we may judge from the exterior, was James; arrived but the night before, after an absence of nearly two years. He had just been admitted to the bar, and Mr. Hall, who was present at the examination, said it was rare to meet with a young man of so much promise, and knowing his untiring industry, he had little doubt of his success in after life. So James—now a manly-looking fellow of three-and-twenty—was, after the bride, the observed of all observers; and not a few of the bride's white-robed attendants put on their most witching smile when he addressed them.

Despite of all the sunshine and festivity at a bridal, there is to me more of solemnity, almost sadness, in the scene than in any other we are called upon to witness, save that more mournful rite, when dust is returned to dust. There is a young and often thoughtless maiden, taking upon herself vows which but few understand, in the depth of their import, vows lasting as life, and on the full performance of them depends, in a great measure, the joy or misery of her future years. Then, too, in her trust and innocence, she does not dream that change can come, that the loved one will ever be less considerate, less tender, than at the present hour. True, she has been told that it may be so—but the thought is not harbored for an instant. "He never could speak coldly or unkindly to me," she murmurs, as eyes beaming with deep affection meet her own. Then, too, the proud man that stands beside her, may be but taking that gentle flower to his bosom, to cast it aside when its perfume may have become less grateful—leaving it crushed and faded; or, worse still—and still more improbable, though it is sometimes so—there may be poison lurking in the seemingly pure blossom, that will sting and embitter his future life. Oh, that woman should ever prove false to the vow of her girlhood!

All these thoughts, I say, and many more scarcely less sorrowful, come to my mind when I look upon a bridal; and tears will start, unbidden it is true, when the faces of those around are radiant with

smiles. But perhaps few have learned with me the truthful lesson of the poet—

"Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—  
Things that are made to fade, and fade away,  
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours."

How could I call up such a train of sombre thought when speaking of Mary Gordon's marriage? None doubted her husband's truth, her own deep devotion, as they crowded around when the simple rite was ended to congratulate them, and breathe a fervent wish that their joy might increase as the years of their life rolled onward. They went forth from that quiet church with new and strange feelings springing up, and as Mary looked upon the throng who still reiterated their friendly wishes, she felt an inward consciousness that God had blessed and sustained her through those years of trial and probation.

"Who would have thought that the deacon's Mary would ever have grown up such a fine woman?" said Aunt Gould, as she wiped her spectacles upon the corner of her new gingham apron. "The deacon himself aint got much spirit in him, and as for *Miss Gordon*, I don't believe she ever whipped one of them children in her life. She always let 'em have their own way a great deal too much to suit me. Jest think of her letting Mary go off to Lowell, in the midst of that city of iniquity, and stay three or four years, jest because James must be college larned. As if it war n't as respectable to stay to home and be a farmer, as his father and his grandfather was before him. I have n't much 'pinion of him, but Stephen Gordon is going to make the man. Steddy and industrious a'most as the deacon himself."

So we see the differences of opinion which exist in the narrowest community; for Mrs. Hall, as she turned toward her own bright home, said to her husband that Mary Gordon was a pattern to the young girls now growing up in the village. But for her honest independence and hardihood in braving the opinion of the world, her family might have been living without education, and without refinement. Now she had won for herself the love of a noble heart—could see her brother successful through her efforts, and knew that their parents were happy in feeling that they were so. "She has been the sun of that household," replied her husband, "and I doubt not will ever be the happiness of her own."

They were sitting alone—the newly made husband and wife—on the eve of their marriage-day. They were in their home, which was henceforth to be the scene of all their love and labors. The last kind friend had gone, and for the first time that day they could feel the calm, unclouded serenity which the end of a long and often wearisome toil had brought.

The moonlight trembled through the shaded casement, and surrounded as with a halo the sweet, serious face that looked out upon the night; and far around, even to the rugged mountains that rose as sentinels over the green valley, earth and air were bathed in that pure and tender radiance. The flowering shrubs that twined about the little porch seemed to give forth a more delicious perfume than when scorched by the sun's warm kiss. The neighboring

orchards almost bending beneath the clusters of buds and blossoms that covered the green boughs, waved gently in the light breeze that showered the sunny petals as it passed upon the freshly springing grass beneath. The low cry of the whippo-wil came now and then from a far-off wood; save that, and the rustle of the vines clinging about the casement, no sound broke the sabbath-like repose. The church—scarce a stone's throw from the little parsonage—stood boldly relieved by the dark trees which rose beside it; and not far away—not too far for them to see by day the loved forms of its inmates—they could distinguish the sloping roofs and brown walls of Mary's early home.

The young bride turned from the scene without, and when she looked up into her husband's face he saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"Are you not happy, my Mary?" said he, as he drew her more closely to his bosom.

"Happy! oh, only too happy!" was the murmured response, as he kissed the tears away. "I was but thinking of my past life; how strange it seems that I should have been so prompted, so guided through all. Then, stranger than the rest that you should love me so humble, so ignorant as myself. I may tell you now—now that I am your own true wife, how your love has been the happiness of many years. Ere I dared to hope that your letters breathed more than a friendly interest—and believe me I would not indulge the thought for an instant until you had given me the right so to do—though the wish would for an instant flit across my mind—I knew that one less wise, less noble than yourself would never gain the deep affection of my heart. I almost felt that I could live through life without dearer ties, if so you would always watch my path with interest, awarding, as then, praise and blame.

"But, strange as it may seem, you did love me through all, deeply, devotedly. Oh, what is there in me to deserve such affection! and when I read those blessed words—'I love you, *Mary*, have loved you from an early period of our correspondence,' it seemed as if my heart were breaking with the excess of wild happiness which rushed like a flood upon it. How could you love me? what was there in me to create such an emotion?"

Allan Loring thought that the wife was far more beautiful than the maiden, as she stood encircled by his arms, gazing with deep earnestness, as if she would read his very soul.

"I cannot tell you all there is in you to love and admire," said he, tenderly, "and, indeed, my little wife would blush too deeply at a recital of her own merits and graces. But this I now recall, that the first emotion of deep interest which I felt for you, arose as I listened to your brother's recital of your wonderful self-denial, and persevering effort for his sake. I saw, young as you were, the germ of a high and noble nature, best developed, believe me, in the rough and untoward circumstances by which you were surrounded. I wrote to you at first, thinking, perhaps, to aid you in the struggle for knowledge and truth; and as your mind and heart were laid open

before me, how could I help loving the guileless sincerity which every act exhibited.

I knew that the good sister, the affectionate child, could but make a true and gentle wife. So I thought myself fortunate, beyond my own hopes even, when I found you could grant me the only boon I asked, a deep and steadfast affection."

What heart is there that would not have been satisfied with such praise; and who, witnessing the calm spirit of content which animated both the husband and the wife, could have prophesied evil as the result of such a union.

We might follow our heroine still farther—might show her to you as the companion and assistant in her husband's labors of love, as he fulfilled the high mission to which he had been appointed—as the mother, training her little ones to usefulness and honor. But we will leave her now, assured that whatever storms may cloud the unshadowed morn of her wedded life—and all know that in this existence no home, however lofty or lowly, is exempt from suffering and trial—she bore a talisman to pass through all unscathed—strength, gained by patient endurance, and the knowledge of duties rightly performed.

It may be, dear lady—you who are now glancing

idly over these pages—that you are surrounded by every luxury wealth can command. You are lounging, perhaps, upon a softly cushioned divan, with tiny, slippered feet half buried in the glowing carpet. There are brilliants blazing upon the delicate hand which shields your face from the warm sunlight, and as you glance around, a costly mirror reveals at full length your graceful and yielding form.

"I have no interest in such as these," you say, as the simple narrative is ended.

I pray, in truth, that you may never learn the harsh lessons of adversity; but remember, as you enjoy the elegancies of a luxurious home, that change comes to all when least expected. And if misfortune should not spare even one so young and so beautiful; if poverty or desolation overshadow the household, it may be your part to sustain and to strengthen, not only by words, but by deeds. Well rewarded should I feel, if words from this pen could aid in removing one pang, could give a tithe of the strength of mind and heart such a lesson would call forth. God shield you, dear lady; but if the storm come, *remember that honest labor elevates rather than degrades*; and those whose opinions are of value will not hesitate to confirm the truth of the moral.

LINE S TO — .

BY W. HENRY STILWELL.

A SISTER's love I did not ask from thee,  
Though that were much—oh, more than earth hath  
None live to bear that gentle name for me, [given;  
Though one may lip it now, perchance, in Heaven.  
I know not even, for I never felt,  
The quiet yearnings of such love as this;  
Thou should'st have known a deeper feeling dwelt  
In the rapt glow of that impassioned kiss!

"I had no wish a brother's love to share"—  
I did not read thy features dreamingly,  
And peer into thine eye's deep azure, there  
Searching *another's* depths, in reverie!  
I did not press, all passionless, thy hand  
Or idly dally with thy taper finger,  
Or coldly gaze, for I could not withstand  
The high and holy hope which bade me linger!

I was not thinking of *another* then,  
In thy sweet face her features imaging,  
Tracing each thought-print o'er them—watching when  
Hope's earnest breathings to my lips might spring;  
Nor this—nor fame—though her ascending star  
Might shed its glory in a halo o'er me;  
No thought like this, that moment, rose to mar  
The vision that in beauty stood before me!

But it was marr'd, for even then the feeling  
Came o'er me, that thou never couldst be mine!  
And in the cloud of sadness, gently stealing  
Like a dim shadow o'er that brow of thine,

30

I read my destiny. Oh! life can bring  
No darker doom—no woe that may inherit  
So much of bitterness—no rack to ring  
With deeper agony, my fainting spirit.

To dwell, in thought, upon one image still,  
Till it becomes a portion of our being,  
Hath fix'd its features in the eye, until  
It hath become a part of sight—thus seeing,  
Even in tree, and rock, and rill, and flower,  
A form of borrow'd beauty, and a spell—  
A spirit of unspeakable heart—power—  
To move the waters in our soul's deep well!

Till every thought, that like a wavelet, breaks  
Upon the surface of life's charmed pool,  
Circling instinctively, unbidden, takes  
Form, hue, direction, from that magic rule!  
What is it but the yearning of the soul  
Toward one allied to it by heavenly birth?  
And seeking to unite, blend, melt the whole  
Into one miracle of love on earth!

Such have my feelings been—thy soul to mine  
Came robed in radiance of such heavenly hue,  
My spirit clasped it as a thing divine;  
And while I dreamed they into oneness grew,  
I suddenly awaked, to know that vision  
Had not appeared to any one but me!  
Why did I learn, waked from that dream elysian,  
A sister's love was all I shared with thee!

## THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF THE "DUTCHMAN'S FIRESIDE," ETC.

THERE WAS no inhabitant of all the East more favored by nature and by fortune than Adakar, son of Benhadad, of the famous city of Damascus, which Musselmen call the Paradise of the earth. He was young, rich, and beautiful; and being early left without parents, had run the race of sensual pleasures by the time his beard was grown. He became sated with enjoyment, and now passed much of his time in a spacious garden which belonged to him, through which the little river Barady, which flows from Mount Hermon, meandered among beds of flowers, and groves of oranges, pomegranates, and citrons, whose mingled odors perfumed the surrounding air.

Here he would recline on a sofa in listless apathy, or peevish discontent, sometimes half dozing, and, at others, inwardly complaining of the lot of man, which seemed to have ordained that the possession of that wealth which it is said can purchase all which is necessary to human enjoyment, should yet be incapable of conferring happiness. He became the victim of spleen and disappointment; and as he watched the butterflies flitting gayly about among the groves and beds of many-colored flowers, sipping their sweets, without labor or satiety, he often wished that he was like them gifted with wings to cut the trackless regions of the air, and freed from all the miseries of disappointed hope, inflamed imagination, and memory, which too often brings with it nothing but the sting of remorse. By degrees he rendered himself still more miserable by envying the happiness of these gilded epicures, and it became the dearest wish of his heart to become a butterfly, that he might pass his life among the flowers, and banquet on their sweets like them.

One day as he sat buried in these contemplations, his attention was attracted by a butterfly more beautiful than any he had ever seen before. Its body was of imperial purple, glossy and soft as velvet; its eyes shone like the diamonds of Golconda; its wings were of the color of the deep blue skies of Damascus, sprinkled with glittering stars; its motions were swift and graceful beyond all others, and it seemed to revel in the bliss of the dewy roses and honey-suckles, with a zest which made Adakar only repine the more, that he had lost the capacity of enjoyment by abusing the bounties of fortune.

"Allah!" exclaimed he, "if I were only that butterfly!" At that moment the luxurious vagrant, in the midst of its careless sports, and voluptuous banquet, became entangled in a web woven by a great black spider, which sat with eager impatience waiting until it had wound itself into the toils by its fruitless exertions, that he might seize and devour his prey. The heart of Adakar melted with pity; starting up from the spot where he was reclining, he

gently seized the little glittering captive and rescued it from the fangs of the spider, which at the same instant disappeared among the foliage of the orange trees.

Adakar sat down with the butterfly in his hand, and was contemplating its beautiful colors with increasing envy as well as admiration, when he thought he heard a low silvery whisper come from he knew not whither. He gazed around wistfully, but could see no tiny thing but the little captive in his hand, and was about setting it free, when another whisper, more distinct met his ear. "Adakar," it seemed to say, "thou hast saved me from the jaws of a devouring monster. I am a fairy transformed for a time by the malice of a wicked enchanter, and fairies are never ungrateful. Ask what thou wilt and it shall be granted. Wealth thou hast already more than enough. Thou art in the enjoyment of youth, beauty and a distinguished name, for thou art descended from the Prophet, and wearest the green turban. Dost thou wish to be any thing more? If so thou hast only to ask and it shall be given thee."

"Make me a butterfly like thee!" exclaimed Adakar with eager impetuosity; and at one and the same moment the butterfly disappeared, while he became transformed into its likeness.

At first his astonishment rendered him incapable of estimating the immediate consequences of the change, and he remained on the spot where it was accomplished, until seeing the great black spider cautiously emerging from his retreat and coming toward him, he spread his glittering wings, and mounting over the tops of the minarets of Damascus, at length settled down among the flowery meadows that environ the city. Here, for a time, he was delighted with his change of being, and eagerly enjoyed the freedom of thus roaming at will, and sipping the flowery banquet. But while he was thus solacing himself, a little boy, who had approached unseen, suddenly covered him with his cap, and he became a prisoner. The boy was however greatly puzzled to secure his prey, and while slipping his hand under the cap, raised it sufficiently to permit Adakar to escape.

From this time Adakar encountered unceasing perils from wanton boys, who sought the meadows to sport or gather flowers, and soon learned that his safety depended on perpetual watchfulness. If he lighted on a flower he felt his heart beating lest some secret enemy was near, and the honeyed dew, sweet as it was, became embittered by the apprehension of being caught at the banquet. In short, he lived in continual terror, and soon learned from experience that a life of fear is one of unceasing misery. Every living thing that approached was an object of dismay, and at length Adakar, who, through trans-

formed in appearance, was not divested of the consciousness of his identity, resolved to leave the haunts of men, for the purpose of seeking refuge in some unfrequented solitude, where he might repose in peace, enjoy his freedom and his flowers, and spread his gilded wings without the great drawback of perpetual apprehension.

Accordingly, he once more mounted high into the air, and spreading his silken wings directed his course toward Mount Horeb, at the foot of which lies the city of Damascus, in whose deep recesses he sought to escape from the dangers that beset him in the neighborhood of man. Here he sported among the flowers that nodded over the precipices which border the little river Barady, as it plunges its way through the gorges of the mountain.

"Here," thought he, "I shall surely be safe, since the foot of man can never reach these inaccessible cliffs." Scarcely, however, had the thought passed over his mind, when hearing a whistling noise in the air, he cast his eyes fearfully upward and perceived a bird darting toward him with such inconceivable swiftness, that he had scarcely time to shelter himself from its talons by crouching into a hole in the rock, where he remained throbbing with fear, not daring to look out to see whether his enemy was still on the watch.

"There is no safety for me here," exclaimed Adakar, who at length gathered sufficient courage to look out from his retreat, and seeing the bird had disappeared, once more flitted away. He visited the recesses of the forest, the cultivated plains, and the solitudes of the desert, but wherever he went he found enemies watching to make him their prey, and his life was only one long series of that persecution which strength ever wages against unresisting weakness. "What," thought he, "is the use of my wings, since they only enable me to encounter new dangers, and to what purpose do I sip the dew of the opening flowers, when death is every moment staring me in the face, and enemies beset me on every side? O, that I were a man again; I would willingly resign the unbounded freedom I enjoy, for that slavery which is accompanied by security."

Thus he continued to become every day more discontented with his lot, until by degrees the autumn came, and the flowers withered and died. The frosts, too, began to shed their hoary lustre over the green fields that gradually changed their hue to that of melancholy brown, and Adakar became pinched with both hunger and cold. The brilliant colors of his body and wings faded, as if in sympathy with the waning beauties of nature; his strength and activity yielded to the approach of expiring weakness; he had provided neither food nor shelter against the coming winter; and once more death stared him in the face with an aspect more dreary and terrible than it had ever presented before. The bare earth afforded no shelter, and the withered fields no food. "O,"

thought he, as he felt himself dying, "O, that the fairy would once more change me into a man!"

He had scarcely uttered these words when he found himself transformed according to his wish, and the fairy butterfly once more in his place.

"Adakar," said she, in her whispering, silvery voice, "thou hast first played the butterfly as a man, and now as an insect. In both situations thou didst pursue the same course. As a man thou livedst only for the present moment, regardless of the consequences of reveling in perpetual sweets, without looking to the period when the frosts of age would chill thy imagination, and the ice of winter freeze up thy capacity for those enjoyments of sense which constituted thy sole happiness, if happiness it may be called. As a butterfly thou didst sport through the spring-time and summer without for a moment thinking of providing food and refuge against the wintry barrenness and wintry cold. Thou hast learned that the beings which live in air, sport among gardens, groves, and flowers, and traverse the climes of the earth at will, are not necessarily happier than man, since they live in perpetual fear. Be wiser in future. Be content with thy lot, assured that the only way to be happy in this and every other state of existence, is to use the blessings bestowed on us by a beneficent Providence with sober moderation, and share them among others with a chastened liberality. Thou hast been a benefactor to me, and I have repaid the obligation by enabling thee thus to learn wisdom from bitter experience. The lesson has been dearly bought, but is fully worth the price. Go, and be thankful that thou wast created a man instead of a butterfly."

The fairy disappeared, and Adakar took his way toward Damascus, where his appearance caused great surprise, most especially to a hump-backed cousin, who had taken possession of his estate, after having convinced the bashaw of Damascus, by twelve purses of gold, that he was certainly dead. Adakar was obliged to appeal to the bashaw for the restoration of his property, but failed to establish his identity. He could only account for his absence by relating his transformation into a butterfly, of which the bashaw, being blinded to the truth by the glitter of gold, would not believe one word. He decreed the estate to the cousin, and consoled the other for his loss by inflicting the bastinado. Adakar passed several years as a water-carrier, until the benevolent fairy, finding that he had completed the circle of his experience by drinking at both extremes of the fountain, wrought a second transformation, by which Adakar became changed into the likeness of his cousin, and the latter into that of Adakar, who thus regained his estate at the expense of his beauty. He became a wise as well as a good man; and devoting himself to the study of philosophy, wrote a famous treatise, in which he clearly demonstrated that men were at least as well off in this world as butterflies.

## CINCINNATI.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES," ETC.

WHEN Columbus discovered the new world, he was in search of a western route to Cathay and India, whence he expected to bring back, if not treasures of gold and gems, intelligence of the wonderful land Marco Polo had described. It was not until long after the discovery of the continents of North and South America, that it was ascertained that a new region, broad as the Atlantic, lay between the ocean and the Indian Sea, as the Pacific was then called. So deep-rooted was this belief that the French colonists in Canada, long after they had begun to be formidable to their English and Hollandish neighbors, in spite of many disappointments, followed the tracery of the Ohio and Mississippi in the full confidence that this mighty current could end only in the Western Sea. They could not realize that nature in America had always acted on a grander scale than they were used to, and would have laughed, if told that not far above the mouth of the Ohio was another great artery which, by its tributaries, watered one valley, the superficies of which was larger than all Europe.

They, with their limited views, were the discoverers to Europe of the *Ohio*, which, in the language of the tribe that dwelt on the bank from which the white man first beheld it, signified *Beautiful Water*. This the French translated into their own language, and by the term of *La Belle River* it was long known in the histories of the Jesuit and Franciscan missions, which, until the land the Ohio watered became the property of the second North American race, were its only chronicles. Not until a later day did it become known to the English colonists, and then so slightly, that even in the reign of Charles II authority was given to the English governor of Virginia, Sir William Berkeley, to create an hereditary order of knighthood, with high privileges and brilliant insignia, eligibility to which depended on the aspirant having crossed the Alleghany Ridge, and added something to the stock of intelligence of the region beyond, the title to all of which had been conferred by royal patent on the colony at Jamestown.

Possessed of Canada, with strongly defended positions at Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg) and Fort Chartres, near the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, with the even then important city of New Orleans, the wily statesmen of the reign of Louis XIV. conceived the plan of enclosing the English colonies in a network of fortifications, and ultimately of controlling the continent. So cherished was this policy that treaties made in Europe between the crowns of France and England never extended their influence to America, and for almost a century continued a series of contests, during which Montcalm, de Levi, Wolf and Braddock distinguished themselves and died. The result is well known, Canada became

English, the northern point *d'appui* of the system was lost, and the Ohio was no longer under their control. This prologue to the beautiful engraving of Cincinnati is given because, though Pittsburg and Louisville are important cities, Cincinnati is the undoubted queen of the river.

It was not, however, until the war of the Revolution that serious attention was generally directed to the Ohio, for the brilliant expedition of Clarke against Kaskaskia (which is almost unknown, though in difficulty and daring it far exceeded Arnold's against Quebec,) was purely military. Immediately on the termination of the war, emigrants began to hurry to the Ohio, and by one of the hardiest of these, Cincinnati was commenced in 1780. By the gradual influx of population into the west Cincinnati thrived, and soon became the chief city of the region.

For a long while Cincinnati was merely the depot of the Indians and fur trade, the most valuable of the products of which required to be transported across the mountains and through forests to the sea-board. At that time Cincinnati presented a strange appearance; the houses were of logs, and here and there through the broad streets its founders so providentially prepared, were seen the hunter, in his leathern jerkin, the Indian warrior in full paint, and the husbandman returning home from his labors. Almost from the establishment of the northwest territory Cincinnati had been the home of the governor; and it was the residence of St. Clair, long the only delegate in congress of the whole north-west—a wilderness then, but now teeming with three million of men, and sending to Washington thirty-four representatives.

Cincinnati was the *point de depart* of many of the expeditions against the Indians between the revolution and the war of 1812. When that war broke out it acquired new importance. Military men replaced the hunter and Indian, and every arrival brought a reinforcement of troops. From Ft Taylor and Croghan marched with Gen. Harrison northward, and to it the victorious army returned from the Thames. When peace returned, a new activity was infused into Cincinnati; the vast disbursements made by the government had attracted thither many adventurers. Then commenced the era of *bateau* navigation, and the advent of a peculiar race of men, of whom now no trace remains. Rude boats were built and freighted with produce, which descended the river to New Orleans, where the cargo was disposed of, and the boat itself broken up and sold. The crew, after a season of dissipation, returned homeward by land, through the country inhabited by the Chactas and Chickasas, and the yet wilder region infested by thieves and pirates. It was so uncommon thing for the boatmen never to return. Exposure

to danger made them reckless; and they were often seen floating down the bosom of the stream, with the violin sounding merrily, but with their rifles loaded, and resting against the gunwales, ready to be used whenever an emergency arose. All the west even now rings with traditions of the daring of this race; and the traveler on the waters of the west often has pointed out to him the scene of their bloody contests and quarrels.

The era of steam began, and this state of things passed away. The mighty discovery of Fulton created yet more activity in the west; and a current of trade, second in importance to none on the continent, except, perhaps, those of New York and Philadelphia, sprung from it. As the States of Kentucky and Ohio began to fill up, the farmers and planters crowded to Cincinnati with their produce, and the character of the population changed. The day of the voyageur was gone, and lines of steamboats crowded its wharf. The peculiar character of the country around it, teeming with the sustenance for animals and grazing, made it the centre of a peculiar business which, unpoetical as it may seem, doubled every year, until in 1847 it amounted to more than the value of the cotton crop of the whole Atlantic frontier.

Other branches of industry also grew up. Shipyards lined the banks of the river, and more than one stately vessel has first floated on the bosom of the Ohio, in front of Cincinnati, been freighted at its wharves, and sailed thence to the ocean, never again to return to the port of its construction.

Long before the reign of merchant princes began, stately churches, colleges, and commodious dwellings had arisen, and replaced the hut of the early settlers, so that Cincinnati, with the exception of Philadelphia, is become the most regular and beautiful city of the Union. The scene of the accumulation of large fortunes, cultivation has followed in their train, so that it is difficult for one who first visits it from the east to realize that he is seven hundred miles from the seaboard.

Fulton had by his discovery overcome the difficulties of communication, and opened a market for its immense products; but yet another discovery was to contribute to its prosperity. By means of the magnetic telegraph communication between the seaboard of the Atlantic and the lakes is more easy than between New York and Brooklyn, and with the whole west Cincinnati has acquired new importance. It can not but continue to advance and acquire yet more influence than now it has.

## CLEOPATRA.

BY ELIZABETH J. FAMES.

ENCHANTRESS queen! whose empire of the heart  
With sovereign sway o'er sea and land extended,  
Whose peerless, haunting charms, and syren art,  
Won from the imperial Cæsar conquests splendid;  
Rome sent her thousands forth, and foreign powers,  
Poured in thy woman's hand an empire's treasures;  
Was Fate beside thee in those gorgeous hours  
When monarchs knelt, slaves to thy merest pleasures?  
When but a gesture of thy royal hand  
Was to the proud Triumvir a command.

O, bright Egyptian Queen! thy day is past  
With the young Cæsar—lo! the spell is broken  
That thy all-radiant beauty o'er him cast;  
His eye is cold—wo! for thy grief unspoken!  
Yet thy proud features wear a mask, which tells  
How true thou art to thy commanding nature:—  
Once more, in all thy wild bewildering spells,  
Thou standest robed and crowned, imperial creature:  
Thy royal barge is on the sunny sea,  
Oh! sceptered queen—goest thou victoriously?

But hark! a trumpet's thrilling call "to arms!"  
O'er the soft sounds of lute and lyre ringeth.  
Doubt not thy matchless sovereignty of charms,  
But haste—the victor of Philippi bringeth  
His shielded warriors and lords renowned—

With spear and princely crest they come to meet thee,  
Arrayed for triumph, and with laurels crowned,  
How will their stern and haughty leader treat thee?  
He comes to conquer—lo! on bended knee  
The spell-bound Roman pleads, and yields to thee!

Once more the world is thine. Exultingly  
Thy beautiful and stately head is lifted;  
He lives but in thy smile—proud Antony—  
The crowned of empire—he, the grandly gifted.  
The spoils of nations at thy feet are laid—  
The wealth of kingdoms for thy favor scattered:  
Oh! Syren of the Nile! thy love has made  
The royal Roman's ruin! crowns were shattered  
And kingdoms lost. Fame, honor, glory, power,  
Were playthings given to grace thy triumph-hour.

Another change!—the last for thee, doomed queen,  
Now calmly on thine ivory couch reclining—  
The impassioned glow hath left thy marble mien—  
And from thine night-black eyes hath past the shining.  
But still a queen! that brow, so icy cold,  
Its diadem of starry jewels beareth—  
Robed in the royal purple, and the gold,  
No conqueror's chain that form imperial beareth.  
To grace *Death's* triumph was but left for thee,  
Daughter of Afric, by the unrepentant free!



## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*An Universal History of the Most Remarkable Events of All Nations, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, forming a Complete History of the World. Vol. 1. Ancient History. William H. Graham: New York.*

This is one of the most useful works now issuing from the American press. Its publication has been commenced in this country somewhat in advance of the London and Leipzig editions, which have been previously advertised; thus securing an immediate circulation in the three great reading nations of the world. The entire work will embrace about twenty numbers, appearing at intervals of a month. The first four of these, two numbers of which are before us, are devoted to Ancient History, extending to the Fall of the Roman Empire.

No province of literature has been so modified by the vast increase of books as the writing of History. While the republican idea, which has struck such deep root into the world's politics, seems to tend toward an equalization of human intellect, it has, perhaps, made the depths of thought shallower, and weakened the concentration and devotion of mind which marked the scholars of former centuries. The fields of knowledge, once but a small manor, have broadened into a kingdom; and, grasping at total possession, men prefer the shortest and easiest ways of obtaining it. Works of the imagination, and fictions, illustrative of life and society, which are now multiplied to an indefinite extent, unfit the common mind for those grave and serious studies which were once almost the only road to literary distinction.

The consequence of this is, that books are written with a view to their being read; and where the subject is addressed to the understanding alone, polished and classic language, or more frequently an assumed peculiarity of style, is used to hold the ear captive, and through it the intellect. The modern writers of history especially, seize upon scenes and situations which involve strong dramatic effect, endeavoring, as it were, to reproduce the past, by painting its events with the most vivid colors of description. They do not give the polished, stately *bas-reliefs* of the old historians, but glowing *pictures*, perhaps less distinct in their outlines, but conveying a stronger impression of real life. The works of Prescott, (who has maintained, however, a happy medium between these styles,) Michelet, Lamartine, and Carlyle, furnish striking examples of this.

The present work fills a blank which has long existed among historical works—that of a Universal History, which, embracing the prominent events of all ages, placed before the reader in a clear and comprehensive arrangement, shall yet be so simple and brief as to command the perusal of the great laboring classes, who would shrink from the study of Rollin or Rotteck, as a task too serious to be undertaken. The abridgment of Schlosser's "Weltgeschichte," which we believe has never been translated, contains these qualifications in an eminent degree; yet its high philosophical tone is rather adapted to the scholar than the general reader. Gibbon's great work, from its magnificence of language, long retained a place in popular favor, and will always be read by the diligent historical student, but of late years it has ceased to be in common use. Our knowledge of ancient history has been wonderfully extended by the study of the modern Asiatic languages, and the restoration of tongues, which had been forgotten for centuries, and the Roman Empire, which once included in its history that of the greater part of the ancient world, is almost equalled

in interest and importance by the records of Egypt, India, and China. What is wanted, therefore, is a concise abstract, which shall embody the labor of all former historians and the discoveries of modern research.

The author of this work, judging from that portion of it already published, is equal to this task. He comes to it prepared by twenty years of study, and a familiar acquaintance with all the necessary authorities, not only those to whom we look for the solid record of fact, but those who have gone beneath the surface of events, and tracked the source of political convulsions by a thousand pulses back to the hidden heart of some great principle. This Philosophy of History, which has become almost a distinct branch of literature, gives vitality to the narrative, by leading us to causes which may still exist; thus connecting our interest in the Present with the fate of the Past. In this country, where every man is more or less a political philosopher, a history possessing merit of this character is likely to become exceedingly popular.

The utility of the present work to the general reader is greatly increased by the geographical and statistical accounts of the countries, which are given in connection with their history. In fact, some knowledge of their physical character, climate, and productions is necessary to a comprehensive idea of the people who sprung up and flourished upon them. These descriptions would become still more valuable if they were accompanied with maps; and we would suggest that this defect be remedied, if possible, in the succeeding numbers.

The author has chosen the epistolary form, as combining ease of style with a certain familiar license of language, and therefore better adapted for popular instruction. Commencing at the traditional period from which we date the origin of man, he describes the gradual formation of society, and marks out the first broad divisions of the race from which sprung the great empires of Egypt and the East. The geographical account of these countries is extended and complete, embracing also a graphic view of their modern condition. We notice that in common with several distinguished German historians, the author gives to the Hindoos the distinction of being the earliest race of men. "Above all the historical records of other nations," says he, "the Hindoos have brought forth the best evidence of the highest antiquity, and the earliest civilization. Therefore the supposition of those may be correct, who presume that man's first abode was somewhere in the neighborhood of the Himalaya mountains, which are the most stupendous on the globe."

The two remaining numbers devoted to Ancient History will bring us down to A. D. 476. The author dedicates his work to M. A. Thiers, as the "orator, statesman, historian, and friend of liberty."

*Lectures on Shakspeare. By H. N. Hudson. New York: Baker & Scribner. 2 vols. 12mo.*

We suppose that few of our readers are unacquainted with Mr. Hudson, the lecturer on Shakspeare, and the writer of various brilliant and powerful articles in the American Review. The lectures which compose the present volume have been delivered, at various times, in the principal cities of the Union, and have everywhere been welcomed as productions of the highest merit in one of the most difficult departments of critical art. The author has delayed the publication until the present time, in order that they might

be subjected to repeated revision, and every opinion they contain cautiously scanned. Many of the lectures have been re-written a dozen times; and probably few books of the size ever published in the country, have been the slow product of so much toil of analysis and research. Almost every sentence gives evidence of being shaped in the "forge and working-house of thought." All questions which rise naturally in the progress of the work are sturdily met and answered, however great may be their demand on the intellect or the time of the author. Every thing considered, subtilty, depth, force, brilliancy, comprehension, we know of no work of criticism ever produced in the United States which equals the present, either in refinement and profundity of thought, or splendor and intensity of expression. Indeed, none of our critics have devoted so much time as Mr. Hudson to one subject, or been content to confine themselves so rigidly to the central sun of our English literary system. We doubt, also, if there be any work on Shakspeare, produced on the other side of the Atlantic, which is so complete as the present in all which relates to Shakspeare's mind and characters. It not only comprehends the highest results of Shaksperian criticism, but it is a step forward.

This may to some appear extravagant praise, but for its justice we confidentially appeal to the record. The plays which have most severely tried the sagacity of Shakspeare's critics, are Hamlet, Macbeth, Lear, and Othello. We do not hesitate to say that Mr. Hudson's analysis and representation of these are the most thorough, accurate, and comprehensive which exist at present either in English or German. Compare him on these tragedies with Goethe, with Schlegel, with Coleridge, with Hazlitt, with Ulrici, and it will be found that he excels them all in completeness. It is needless to add that he is able to excel them only by coming after them; and that it is by diligently digesting all the positive results of Shaksperian criticism that he has been enabled to advance the science. He has grasped the principles which Schlegel and Coleridge established, and applied them to the discovery of new truths. By the most patient and toilsome analysis he has fully brought out many things which they simply hinted, and distinctly set forth conclusions which lay dormant in their premises. And in the analysis of individual character, meaning by that the resolving each Shaksperian personage into its original elements, and indicating the degree of general truth it covers, our countryman has hardly a rival. Few even of Shakspeare's diligent readers are aware of the vast stores of thought and knowledge implied in Shakspeare's characters, because the fact is so commonly stated in general terms. Mr. Hudson proves that the characters are classes intensely individualized, by showing how large is the number of persons each character represents, or of whom it is the ideal. He thus indicates the extent of Shakspeare's range over the whole field of humanity, and the degree of his success in *classifying* mankind. No one, therefore, can read Mr. Hudson's interpretative criticisms without new wonder at the amazing reach and depth of Shakspeare's genius.

It would be impossible in the space to which we are necessarily confined, to do justice to Mr. Hudson's powers of analysis and representation, as exercised through the wide variety of the Shaksperian drama. The volumes swarm with strong and striking thoughts on so many suggested topics, that it is difficult to fix upon any particular excellence for especial praise. The first quality which will strike the reader will be the author's opulence of expression and profusion of wit. Analogies with him are as cheap as commonplaces are to other men. He has no hesitation in announcing his analysis in a witticism, and condensing a principle into an epigram. His page often

blazes and burns with wit. South, Congreve, and Sheridan are hardly richer in the precious article. In Mr. Hudson, also, the quality has an individual character, and is the racier from its genuineness and from its root in his intellectual constitution. This wit is, perhaps, the leading characteristic of his style, though his diction varies sufficiently with the varying demands of his subjects, and often glides from the tingling concision of antithesis into the softest music, or rises from sarcastic brevity and stinging emphasis into rich and sonorous amplification. The analysis of Iago, and the analysis of the Weird Sisters, indicate, perhaps, the extremes of his manner. Throughout the volumes, whether the subject be comic or tragic, humorous or sublime, there is never any lack of verbal felicities. These seem to grow spontaneously in the soil of his mind; and there is no American writer whose style is more wholly free from worn and wasted images, phrases, and forms of expression. He is neither mediocre in thought nor expression.

We cannot resist the temptation to give a few of Mr. Hudson's sentences, illustrative of his manner of stinging the minds of his readers and enforcing their attention. Speaking of Sir Thomas Lucy, on whose manor Shakspeare is said to have poached, Hudson remarks: "This Warwickshire esquire, once so rich and mighty, is now known only as the block over which the Warwickshire peasant stumbled into immortality." Referring to those pureists who regard words more than things in their strictures on licentiousness, he calls them persons "whose morality seems to be all in their ears." Speaking of Hume, "an exquisite voluptuary among political and metaphysical abstractions," he puts him in a class of men who "study art as they study nature, only in the process of dissection—a process which, of course, scares away the very life which makes her nature; so that they get, after all, but a sort of *post-mortem knowledge of her*." Again, he observes—"Pope, for example, was the prince of versifiers, and Hume the prince of logicians: with the one versification strangled itself in a tub of honey; with the other logic broke its neck in trying to fly in a vacuum. It is by no means strange, therefore, that the thousand-eyed philosophy of Shakspeare should have seemed a perfect monster to the one-eyed logic of Hume." Perhaps the finest answer to the charge that Shakspeare was an unregulated genius, full of great absurdities and great beauties, is contained in Hudson's ironical statement of it: "He has sometimes been represented as a sort of inspired and infallible idiot, who practiced a species of poetical magic without knowing what he did or why he did it; who achieved the greatest wonders of art, not by rational insight and design, but by a series of lucky accidents and *lapsus naturæ*; who, in short, went through life stumbling upon divinities, and blundering into miracles."

By the publication of these lectures Mr. Hudson takes his place among the first thinkers and writers of the country. He has that in his writings which will make him popular, and that which will make him permanent. It is unnecessary to say that a book so strongly marked by individuality as his is calculated to provoke criticism. It contains many things which will be severely assailed by those whose opinions on certain theories of government and society are in exact opposition to those of the author. Some positions, critical and political, which he confidently states as settled, are still open to discussion. But take the work as a whole, as an embodiment of mental power, and there are few men in the country on whom it would not confer honor. It needs but a very small prophetic faculty to predict for a work so fascinating and instructive a circulation commensurate with its merits.

